

@poetics

The UB Poetics Discussion Group

Archive of Electronic Correspondence

June 1997

1004 messages · Sat 31 May 1997 – Mon 30 Jun 1997

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

Timothy McVeigh was sentenced to death on the thirteenth of June and the list mentions him once; Hong Kong was three weeks from changing hands and gets two. This is the largest month in the archive — one thousand and three letters — and the word it uses is identity, two hundred and forty-three times. The room spent June arguing whether who a poet is has any bearing on what the poem is worth, and spent the same June demonstrating, in three unrelated threads, that who is in the room governs absolutely everything that can be said in it.

The argument proper began when David Bromige, in Pat Pritchett's nice phrase, let drop the feather, inviting Pritchett to declare himself on multiculturalism. Pritchett obliged, and was honest about not having thought it through. He is a formalist by instinct, he said: *"the identity of the poet factors into my reading"* only secondarily, if at all, in relation to the text itself. Thirty-four letters followed and the room divided about where it always divides, which is on whether that position is a principle or a privilege.

Nine days earlier Tom Mandel had done something I have not seen anyone on this list do before. He had compared the graduate writing programmes to the Soviet Writers Union, and he now wished to withdraw it — *"I think I want to withdraw the remark"* — and his reason is the whole month in four words. Not that it was wrong. That the argument was too long for the medium, and that it was *"unfriendly to the forum"*, which contains a great many people who attend, or teach at, or came out of the institutions he was insulting. This is the man who in February had offered to punch Ed Dorn in the chops. He had worked out who was listening.

And on the tenth Jay Schwartz threatened to leave. His mail was as heavy as anyone's, he said, he enjoyed much of the public discussion, but he was nearly ready to unsubscribe over the volume of things that belonged in backchannel: he was not interested in *"light bondage humor involving people I've never met"*, and he was tired of private messages arriving on the whole list by accident. *"Please show more discretion with the send button"*. Then he signed off as himself, *"at his absolute snooty and snottiest"*, which is the most self-aware sentence of the month, and the room gave him thirty-two letters and a thread with his name on it.

Read his complaint again, though, because it is not about volume. It is about strangers. What Schwartz cannot bear is intimacy between people he does not know — the identity of the correspondents is the entire objection, in a month whose formal position was that identity is secondary to the text. Mandel withdrew because of who was present. Schwartz objected because of who was absent, namely him. And in between, in the month's cheerfulest thread, the room sat collecting American ways of saying somebody is a fool: *"two sandwiches short of a picnic"*, one brick shy of a chimney, an elevator that does not reach the penthouse. I have set the identity thread and the etiquette threads in the order June sent them, because the room could not agree that a poet's identity matters to a poem, while every letter it wrote that month was addressed to somebody in particular.

— K. M. F.

Contents

Every entry links to its message. 1004 in all.

31 MAY 1997

1. IMBURGIA — Re: New American Writing #15

1 JUN 1997

2. Henry — Re: list of poetry school
3. Henry — Re: list of poetry school
4. Alan Jennifer Sondheim — julu, textual-jennifer
5. groberts — w-w-e-o-i-r-r-d-d-s
6. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: list of poetry school
7. Alan Jennifer Sondheim — www.jodi.org
8. MAXINE CHERNOFF — New American Writing #15
9. Bob Grumman — Re: julu, textual-jennifer
10. Bob Grumman — Re: julu, textual-jennifer
11. Mark Weiss — Re: New American Writing #15
12. henry — Re: list of poetry school
13. Mark Weiss — (no subject)
14. Tenney Nathanson — Re: a writing utensil of one's own
15. Franklin Bruno (by way of Franklin Bruno <[REDACTED]>)" <[REDACTED]> ...
16. David Kellogg — Re: debt
17. David R. Israel — Re: w-w-e-o-i-r-r-d-d-s
18. Pam Brown — Re: New American Writing #15
19. Joseph Duemer — AWP Guidelines for judges
20. Dan Raphael Dlugonski — how to produce books w/o bellying-up
21. David R. Israel — Re: how to produce books / Ivan Arguelles
22. Gwyn McVay — Re: how to produce books / Ivan Arguelles
23. David R. Israel — Re: how to produce books / Ivan Arguelles

2 JUN 1997

24. dbkk — Re: debt
25. John Tranter — Re: Piña colada, ümläuts, and so on ...
26. rsillima — Fwd: PBS Funding
27. Gwyn McVay — Re: Re: Piña colada, ümläuts, and so on ...
28. John Tranter — No more umlauts ...
29. David R. Israel — Yep, Piña colada, you betcha ümläuts
30. Mark Prejsnar — Re: procedures in literary space
31. Tom Mandel — simplicity...
32. David R. Israel — Re: simplicity...
33. Dean Taciuch — Re: No more umlauts ...
34. David Bromige — Umlauts came thru loud und clear
35. amato — Re: simplicity...
36. robert drake — Re: how to produce books / Ivan Arguelles
37. David Bromige — simplicity, a poem
38. David Israel — an umlaut w/ a diff
39. David Israel — Re: simplicity... / entitlement
40. Steven Marks — Re: Umlauts came thru loud und clear
41. Poetics List — "Welcome" Message
42. Daniel Tessitore — Re: debt
43. henry — Re: simplicity...
44. amato — Re: simplicity...
45. Hank Lazer — Re: Ivan Arguelles
46. Carol A Kelly — Re: simplicity...
47. Mark Wallace — Osip Mandelshtam translations in Penguin

48. henry — Re: simplicity...
49. henry — Re: Osip Mandelshtam translations in Penguin
50. L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy — tinfish on a hot day
51. Ken Edwards — Nicole Brossard
52. Pierre Joris — Re: Osip Mandelshtam translations in Penguin
53. George Bowering — Re: simplicity...
54. David Israel — Re: simplicity...
55. sschu30844 — Re: tinfish on a hot day
56. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: simplicity...
57. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: simplicity...
58. David Israel — Re: simplicity... / authority
59. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: simplicity... / authority
60. Herb Levy — Praise Song
61. Herb Levy — New Traditions in East Asian Bar Bands
62. Herb Levy — Re: No more umlauts ...
63. George Bowering — Re: simplicity...
64. Joseph Duemer — Re: list of poetry school
65. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: simplicity...
66. Bob Grumman — Re: simplicity...
67. Mark Weiss — unnamed things
68. Rachel Loden — Re: who gets the makarships, etc.
69. henry — Re: who gets the makarships, etc.

3 JUN 1997

70. Stephen Cope — Re: Praise Song
71. KENT JOHNSON — Re: simplicity...
72. dbkk — Questions about who is where, etc. Thanks
73. Pierre Joris — A noun cement
74. Maria Damon — dragon bond rite
75. Maria Damon — dragon bond rite ps
76. Mark Prejsnar — Re: Praise Song
77. Tom Mandel — sure? sure I'm sure
78. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: thanks to Herb for those kind words
79. Tom Mandel — it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying
80. henry — Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying
81. Pritchett, Pat — Re: who gets the makarships, etc.
82. Gwyn McVay — birthright
83. dbkk — Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying
84. David Bromige — simplicity (good luck!)
85. William Slaughter — Henry Gould/Mudlark/Island Road
86. David Israel — Re: birthright
87. dbkk — Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying
88. William Slaughter — URL Info: Gould/Mudlark
89. Daniel Bouchard — Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying
90. George Bowering — Re: simplicity (good luck!)
91. sschu30844 — Re: TINFISH (public announcement)
92. Judy Roitman — address
93. Gwyn McVay — Re: birthright
94. Alan Jennifer Sondheim — Tiffany Turns Rich-Julu!!! (fwd)
95. Pritchett, Pat — Re: the voice/the chops
96. henry — Re: the voice/the chops
97. sschu30844 — Re: TINFISH (public announcement)
98. sschu30844 — Re: TINFISH (public announcement)
99. Burt Kimmelman — Re: TINFISH (public announcement)
100. Joseph Duemer — Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying
101. Tom Mandel — mandelstam

- 102. Tom Mandel — all wrong
- 103. Tom Mandel — mandelstam
- 104. Steve Carll — Antenym/Tight Reading in Santa Rosa
- 105. Thomas Bell — Re: TINFISH (public announcement)
- 106. henry — Re: mandelstam

4 JUN 1997

- 107. Tom Mandel — apollinaire?
- 108. Tom Mandel — writers union
- 109. Daniel Bouchard — Re: writers union
- 110. Robert Archambeau — Ginsberg & Podhoretz: Collected Works
- 111. groberts — Re: Mandelstam
- 112. Stephen Vincent — Re: apollinaire?
- 113. Jordan Davis — Re: apollinaire?
- 114. dbkk — Re: apollinaire?
- 115. George Bowering — Re: Padgett
- 116. David Israel — techno heraldry's abstinence
- 117. Tom Mandel — another trans. of 376

5 JUN 1997

- 118. DS — Re: another trans. of 376
- 119. DS — Re: another trans. of 376
- 120. henry — Re: another trans. of 376
- 121. Tom Mandel — grad school and the writers union
- 122. Tom Mandel — Reverdy and Memory
- 123. Judy Roitman — Re: another trans. of 376
- 124. henry g — Re: OM transl.
- 125. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 126. Judy Roitman — Re: another trans. of 376
- 127. henry — Re: another trans. of 376
- 128. Judy Roitman — Re: another trans. of 376
- 129. hg — OM tranas
- 130. David Bromige — Gingo beloba
- 131. James Finnegan — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 132. Joseph Duemer — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 133. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 134. henry g — Om trans.
- 135. john chris jones — parts of the cyberepic
- 136. Alan Julu Sondheim — (no subject)
- 137. Joseph Duemer — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 138. groberts — M & D
- 139. David Bromige — loose ends
- 140. Maria Damon (Maria Damon) — Re: Orpheus

6 JUN 1997

- 141. David Bromige — waterpipes
- 142. George Bowering — Re: loose middles
- 143. rsillima — Slavery and Mason & Dixon
- 144. Gwyn McVay — Re: waterpipes
- 145. Mark Prejsnar — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 146. Maria Damon — Re: loose middles
- 147. Rachel Loden — loose lips, moose lips
- 148. MARK LEAHY — Re: Women and Texts (at Leeds)
- 149. charssmith — Re: OM transl.
- 150. henry — Re: OM transl.
- 151. Mark Prejsnar — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 152. Daniel Tessitore — Re: grad school and the writers union

153. Daniel Tessitore — Re: grad school and the writers union
154. Daniel Tessitore — Re: grad school and the writers union
155. Mark Prejsnar — Re: grad school and the writers union
156. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: no brawl where none intended
157. Joe Safdie — Re: Orpheus
158. Henry Gould — Re: OM tranas
159. hen — Re: OM tranas
160. hen — Re: OM tranas
161. David Israel — Re: OM tranas -Reply
162. David Israel — Re: OM tranas -Reply / revised
163. Judy Roitman — Re: OM tranas -Reply
164. John E. Matthias — Re: OM transl.
165. David Israel — Han Shan whys & wherefores
166. Steven Marks — Re: Han Shan whys & wherefores
167. David Israel — han shan - p.p.s.
168. Pritchett,Pat — Re: OM transl.
169. David Israel — han shan - p.p.p.s. (brief)
170. George Bowering — Re: loose middles
171. George Bowering — Re: loose lips, moose lips
172. Alan Julu Sondheim — (no subject)
173. Joseph Duemer — Re: no brawl where none intended
174. William Burmeister Prod — Re: OM Transl.

7 JUN 1997

175. michael corbin — Re: Praise Song
176. David Bromige — moosehead loose slips
177. Brent Long — Secret of the Somnambulist
178. Rachel Loden — from the lost ms. of Miss Lowell
179. David Bromige — midnight oil
180. David Bromige — midnite mail
181. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: the poetics of description
182. Christopher Reiner — New K. Waldrop Book
183. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: midnight oil
184. John E. Matthias — Katherine Fredman
185. Burt Kimmelman — mark weiss
186. charssmith — Re: Orpheus

8 JUN 1997

187. Maria Damon — Re: Katherine Fredman
188. Michael Heller — New book
189. Daniel Tessitore — Re: Schizophrenic poetry?
190. Alan Julu Sondheim — periodic (rewritten) notice - explanation of texts, etc. (fwd)
191. henry g — Re: from the lost ms. of Miss Lowell
192. Steven Marks — Blake exhibit

9 JUN 1997

193. Thomas Bell — Schizophrenic poetry?
194. Rob Hardin — One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: *I Won!*
195. Holly Crawford — Re: Schizophrenic poetry?
196. Ryan Whyte — wars here very
197. George Bowering — Re: midnight oil
198. George Bowering — Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: *I Won!*
199. MARK LEAHY — women and texts at Leeds
200. Susan Wheeler — Re: POETICS Digest - 7 Jun 1997 to 8 Jun 1997
201. Maria Damon — Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: *I Won!*
202. David Israel — Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: *I
203. Karen and Trevor — Re: women and texts at Leeds

- 204. Alan Julu Sondheim — autumnal of empire
- 205. Steven Clay — Homage to Allen Ginsberg
- 206. L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy — Wild Honey Press
- 207. Kenneth Goldsmith — Real Audio Sound Poetry Archive Opens
- 208. Sylvester Pollet — Re: midnight oil
- 209. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: midnight oil
- 210. David Israel — Re: midnight oil
- 211. Thomas Bell — Re: Schizophrenic poetry?

10 JUN 1997

- 212. L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy — W.H.Press address
- 213. Lawrence Upton — Second SVP colloquium - update
- 214. Henry Gould — neo-objectivism?
- 215. Peter Nicholls — Re: reference
- 216. Brigham Taylor — Last minute Manhattan summer sublet
- 217. henry — Re: reference
- 218. Jay Schwartz — Inappropriate postings
- 219. Rachel Loden — alack the day
- 220. David Bromige — Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 221. David Bromige — proofreader's error corrected
- 222. L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy — then it was over
- 223. Jordan Davis — tarot disco velour
- 224. Pritchett,Pat — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 225. Michael Magee — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 226. Bob Grumman — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 227. Robert Hale — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 228. john chris jones — parts of the cyberepic
- 229. George Thompson — Re: Schizophrenic poetry and light bondage
- 230. Rob Hardin — Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: *I Won!*
- 231. David Israel — Ginsberg / Beatles / Dylan
- 232. KYLE CONNER/LRC-CAHS — Re: Larry Eigner
- 233. Joseph Duemer — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 234. Gwyn McVay — Re: Inappropriate postings

11 JUN 1997

- 235. Thomas M. Orange — neo-objectivism?
- 236. David Bromige — Heard all the way from Potsdam
- 237. John Tranter — Solution to Irony Detection Ambiguity Problem
- 238. MARK LEAHY — women and texts at Leeds
- 239. henry gould — Re: neo-objectivism?
- 240. Brian McHale — Re: Ginsberg / Beatles / Dylan
- 241. LYNES- KATHERINE — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 242. Bob Grumman — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 243. Michael Boughn — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 244. Michael Boughn — New Book
- 245. Maria Damon — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 246. Maria Damon — fwd
- 247. Gwyn McVay — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 248. CHRIS MANN — Re: the irony police
- 249. Kim Dawn — let me lick your orifices
- 250. Joseph Duemer — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 251. Mark Weiss — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 252. Gwyn McVay — suffering succotash!
- 253. Maria Damon — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 254. Maria Damon — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 255. David Bromige — Jay Schwartz's complaint: enough already!
- 256. Burt Kimmelman — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint

- 257. Gwyn McVay — Tuva or bust
- 258. Steven Marks — 'stralyan poetry
- 259. Christopher Reiner — Literary Publishers Alliance
- 260. David Israel — Re: Tuva or bust
- 261. Kim Dawn — dearest jay
- 262. Steve Evans — The Impercipient Lecture Series
- 263. henry — Re: The Impercipient Lecture Series
- 264. David Bromige — Impercipient Series
- 265. Piombino/Simon — Re: dragon bond rite

12 JUN 1997

- 266. mgk3k — Re: Blake exhibit
- 267. Douglas Barbour — Re: S & M
- 268. Alan Julu Sondheim — OOMM DANGEROUS MOMS THE GAG
- 269. David R. Israel — Re: suffering succotash!
- 270. Kim Dawn — patti smith / witt / 1973
- 271. Kim Dawn — (no subject)
- 272. John Cayley — email address for Steve Mccaffery?
- 273. Douglas Barbour — Re: POETICS Digest - 10 Jun 1997 to 11 Jun 1997
- 274. Daniel Bouchard — kdawn's complaint
- 275. Michael Heller — (no subject)
- 276. David R. Israel — Re: [ironic ain't it]
- 277. Pritchett,Pat — Re: The Impercipient Lecture Series
- 278. Jonathan Brannen — Boston area?
- 279. Hoa Nguyen — Re: dearest jay
- 280. Henry G — classicism is revolution
- 281. Gabrielle Welford — Verdict in Azi Kambule Case (fwd)
- 282. john chris jones — parts of the cyberepic
- 283. Hank Lazer — Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless
- 284. Maria Damon — Re: dearest jay
- 285. William Burmeister Prod — Re: dearest jay
- 286. Pete Landers — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 287. Mark Weiss — (no subject)
- 288. Mark Weiss — Re: parts of the cyberepic
- 289. Mark Weiss — Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless
- 290. David Israel — Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless -Reply

13 JUN 1997

- 291. Thomas M. Orange — Word is saving poems
- 292. Herb Levy — Not Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless
- 293. Kim Dawn — word is saving poems
- 294. John Tranter — Fw: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless
- 295. Miekal And — Re: word is saving poems
- 296. Gwyn McVay — Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless
- 297. Mark Prejsnar — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 298. Maria Damon — Re: word is saving poems
- 299. Kim Dawn — Re: dearest jay
- 300. Burt Kimmelman — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 301. Rebecca Reynolds — Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless
- 302. Don Cheney — Word is saving poems from sleeping through sex
- 303. Kim Dawn — i propose,
- 304. Kim Dawn — (no subject)
- 305. Jordan Davis — Word is trapped in a fortune-cookie factory
- 306. Daniel Tessitore — ministry of inappropriate writings
- 307. Daniel Tessitore — Re: POETICS Digest - 12 Jun 1997 to 13 Jun 1997
- 308. Daniel Tessitore — Re: Diamanda Galas
- 309. P.Standard Schaefer — Re: Inappropriate postings

- 310. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — hi-jinx and High Moral Purposes and all that...
- 311. Hoa Nguyen — Re: dearest / let me lick
- 312. Pritchett,Pat — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 313. Bob Grumman — Re: Inappropriate Wordings
- 314. dbkk — Re: dearest / let me lick
- 315. Kim Dawn — Re: dearest / let me lick
- 316. armand schwerner — DRAGON BOND RITE
- 317. Alan Julu Sondheim — The Fateful Meeting (fwd)
- 318. amato — appropriate post...
- 319. David Israel — Re: Inappropriate Wordings
- 320. Judy Roitman — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 321. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — inappropriate posts and flames and support
- 322. Kim Dawn — Re: dearest / let me lick
- 323. Maria Damon — Re: inappropriate posts and flames and support
- 324. David Israel — appropriateness & current genetic theory
- 325. P.Standard Schaefer — Re: dearest / let me lick
- 326. David Israel — oops
- 327. Rachel Loden — hello, I must be going
- 328. Pam Brown — ice cream
- 329. dbkk — Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory
- 330. Steven Marks — DRAGON BOND RITE Ice Cream
- 331. Joseph Duemer — Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory
- 332. Kim Dawn — Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory
- 333. Jordan Davis — hello poetics! let's tell the truth
- 334. Charles Alexander — paper
- 335. David R. Israel — Re: appropriateness / or not

14 JUN 1997

- 336. dbkk — Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory
- 337. Thomas Bell — Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory
- 338. Henry Gould — bye bye
- 339. Peter Ganick — Re: kdawn's postings controversy---
- 340. Tenney Nathanson — Re: Word is saving poems from sleeping through sex
- 341. David Bromige — re : so long
- 342. Christopher Reiner — so long
- 343. Rob Hardin — Re: Inappropriate postings and bodily fluids: messy, messy, messy
- 344. Miekal And — Re: inappropriate posts and flames and support
- 345. Kali Tal — Reading Kim Dawn....
- 346. Susan Wheeler — Re: POETICS Digest - 12 Jun 1997 to 13 Jun 1997
- 347. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — poetic lineage
- 348. Bob Grumman — Re: Reading Kim Dawn
- 349. David R. Israel — Re: poetic lineage / influence
- 350. Piombino/Simon — Re: summer reading
- 351. Gwyn McVay — Diamanda Galas
- 352. Gwyn McVay — Re: poetic lineage
- 353. David Bromige — not tuned in, Maria?
- 354. Gwyn McVay — Okudzhava and Aygi
- 355. Piombino/Simon — Re: summer reading
- 356. Thomas M. Orange — appropriateness of tangled language excursions
- 357. Thomas M. Orange — syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 358. Michel Delville — Query - Abraham Lincoln Gillespie
- 359. Kali Tal — Re: appropriate ice cream
- 360. James Finnegan — Re: POETICS Digest - 12 Jun 1997 to 13 Jun 1997
- 361. amato — Re: appropriate ice cream
- 362. Maria Damon — Re: not tuned in, Maria?
- 363. robert drake — Re: Okudzhava and Aygi

- 364. dbkk — Re: Reading Kim Dawn....
- 365. Kim Dawn — ms. non-provocateur
- 366. Bob Grumman — Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 367. Pritchett,Pat — Re: hello poetics! let's tell the truth
- 368. dbkk — Re: ms. non-provocateur
- 369. amato — Re: appropriate ice cream (the cool down?)
- 370. Herb Levy — Re: Diamanda Galas
- 371. Kim Dawn — Re: ms. non-provocateur
- 372. Thomas M. Orange — syllable king and pin
- 373. Thomas M. Orange — the latest baffler
- 374. Maria Damon — Re: ms. non-provocateur
- 375. Pritchett,Pat — Re: body as text
- 376. David Dowker — The Alterran Poetry Assemblage - #2
- 377. David Israel — tuned in (etc.)
- 378. CHRIS MANN — Re: authorisations and other jokes
- 379. Kim Dawn — Re: body as text
- 380. Tenney Nathanson — Re: poetic lineage
- 381. Bradford J Senning — Re: poetic lineage
- 382. Judy Roitman — Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory
- 383. Judy Roitman — Re: poetic lineage / influence
- 384. Joseph Duemer — Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 385. George Thompson — Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 386. dbkk — Re: ms. non-provocateur
- 387. Schuchat Simon — Re: Okudzhava and Aygi
- 388. Michael Boughn — Re: re : so long

15 JUN 1997

- 389. Thomas M. Orange — arno holz translations
- 390. robert drake — Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 391. KENT JOHNSON — to pine away like Echo
- 392. john chris jones — summer reading some are reading summa summer sum?
- 393. Maria Damon — Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory
- 394. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: poetic lineage
- 395. luigi — Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn
- 396. Kenneth Goldsmith — WFMU on RealAudio
- 397. michael corbin — Re: importunate colors

16 JUN 1997

- 398. Miekal And — Re: to pine away like Echo
- 399. KENT JOHNSON — Signage
- 400. Schuchat Simon — where's the list?
- 401. Piombino/Simon — Re: poetic lineage
- 402. Gwyn McVay — open/innovative poetics pedagogy
- 403. David R. Israel — Re: Okudzhava and Aygi
- 404. Steven Marks — Re: poetic lineage / influence
- 405. Piombino/Simon — Re: open/innovative poetics pedagogy
- 406. Kristin Gallagher — Re: Diamanda Galas
- 407. David Bromige — alan jennifer sondeheim
- 408. Tom Orange — syllable king and pin
- 409. Tom Orange — jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn
- 410. Bob Grumman — Re: syllable king and pin
- 411. Pritchett,Pat — Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn
- 412. David Israel — Re: Diamanda Galas / Laurie Anderson
- 413. Kim Dawn — Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn
- 414. Judy Roitman — Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 415. David Israel — Joke
- 416. amato — Re: alan jennifer sondeheim

- 417. Daniel Bouchard — kdawn chronicles: an appropriate posting
- 418. Alan Julu Sondheim — Re: away like Echo
- 419. dbkk — Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn
- 420. L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy — Billy's list
- 421. Alan Julu Sondheim — hysteriu
- 422. Pritchett,Pat — Re: Joke
- 423. Rebecca Reynolds — Re: body as text
- 424. Pritchett,Pat — Re: away like Echo
- 425. Mark Wallace — The Dynamics of Literary Change
- 426. Christopher Alexander — Re: open/innovative poetics pedagogy
- 427. George Thompson — Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 428. amato — Re: The Dynamics of Literary Change
- 429. Bob Grumman — Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 430. Kim Dawn — Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn
- 431. Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson — Re: hello poetics!
- 432. Hugh Nicoll — Re: The Dynamics of Literary Change
- 433. Steve Carll — Spencer Selby/Andrew Levy at Canessa Park
- 434. David Israel — God & Grapheme
- 435. Charles Bernstein — More RealAudio
- 436. Holly Crawford — Re: hello poetics!
- 437. Alan Julu Sondheim — Re: hello poetics!
- 438. David Bromige — Innovative poetics reading lists
- 439. (Harold Davis) — Re: appropriate post...
- 440. Holly Crawford — Re: appropriate post...
- 441. dbkk — Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn,& Spicer
- 442. Piombino/Simon — Re: Signage
- 443. Pam Brown — Vysotsky
- 444. Kim Dawn — Re: More RealAudio
- 445. Piombino/Simon — Re: hello poetics!
- 446. Alan Julu Sondheim — Re: hello poetics!
- 447. charssmith — Re: syllable king and pin

17 JUN 1997

- 448. Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson — Re: hello poetics!
- 449. Tom Orange — syllable king and pin
- 450. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — the personal and the innovative (big yawn)
- 451. Pam Brown — ships
- 452. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: ships
- 453. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — !!whoops! not a plug!!
- 454. Piombino/Simon — Re: Smithsonian's Poetics
- 455. Bob Grumman — Re: syllable king and pin
- 456. Jordan Davis — rebus alibi camphor brain
- 457. Henry Gould — Re: The Dynamics of Literary Change
- 458. Field of Roses — Re: ships
- 459. Fred Muratori — Happy Genius?
- 460. Kim Dawn — dot of the i/cross bar of t
- 461. David Bromige — ships
- 462. Judy Roitman — Re: syllable king and pin
- 463. David Israel — !!whoops! not a plug!! -Reply
- 464. Martin J Spinelli — EPC Sound Room
- 465. Joseph Lease — Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn
- 466. Thomas Bell — abstraction/personal
- 467. charssmith — Re: Innovative poetics reading lists
- 468. henry g — lyric & individual
- 469. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — new quotes from old, new quotes from old...
- 470. Steven Marks — Re: !!whoops! not a plug!!

- 471. Judy Roitman — No RealAudio
- 472. David Israel — Re: !!whoops! not a plug!! / the EME
- 473. David Israel — Re: ships
- 474. Pam Brown — ships
- 475. John Tranter — Mocking the New Zealanders
- 476. John Tranter — Dumb jokes
- 477. John Tranter — Varieties of Marxists ...
- 478. Tenney Nathanson — hasty (haitch tee) em el
- 479. Alan Julu Sondheim — Re: hasty (haitch tee) em el
- 480. Stephen C. Ellwood — MY NAME IS EMILY VEY DUKE.
- 481. Joseph Duemer — Re: ships
- 482. Joseph Lease — Re: ships
- 483. David Israel — Re: ships / boats

18 JUN 1997

- 484. dbkk — Re: new quotes from old, new quotes from old...
- 485. Wystan Curnow — Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: *I Won!*
- 486. Tom Orange — for "-eme" people
- 487. Wystan Curnow — Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint
- 488. Wystan Curnow — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 489. rsillima — Help
- 490. David Israel — the Yale game
- 491. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: hasty (haitch tee) em el
- 492. Jordan Davis — MY NAME IS OY
- 493. robert drake — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 494. henry ghost — Re: MY NAME IS OY
- 495. George Thompson — Re: for "-eme" people
- 496. KENT JOHNSON — non-American true-believers
- 497. KENT JOHNSON — (Fwd) "Buddhistic poetry"
- 498. Douglas Barbour — Re: eyerhymes in Edmonton
- 499. Susan Wheeler — Thanks re Digest
- 500. Jordan Davis — Re: MY NAME IS OY
- 501. ghost — Re: MY NAME IS OY
- 502. Poetics List — Eigner Passages
- 503. Jordan Davis — Re: MY NAME IS OY
- 504. Tom Orange — for "-eme" people
- 505. Tom Orange — running back to ultravox
- 506. Pritchett,Pat — Re: This Is A Plug
- 507. David Israel — Re: MY NAME IS OY / a sidebranch
- 508. John E. Matthias — ND Review
- 509. George Bowering — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 510. George Bowering — Re: ms. non-provocateur
- 511. George Bowering — Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 512. George Bowering — Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn
- 513. George Bowering — Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn,& Spicer
- 514. N. Dhillon — Journey - Manuscript
- 515. Bob Grumman — Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.
- 516. Pritchett,Pat — Re: News from Naropa
- 517. David Bromige — Warning label: do not open if easily offended by silliness
- 518. Jay Schwartz — Re: Warning label: do not open if easily offended by silliness
- 519. Wystan Curnow — Re: hello poetics!
- 520. Stephen C. Ellwood — Re: MY NAME IS OY
- 521. David Bromige — Rated G
- 522. Wystan Curnow — Re: hello poetics!
- 523. ghould — Re: Warning label: do not open if easily offended by silliness
- 524. Charles Alexander — Re: smithsons poetics, artists/poets

- 525. Charles Alexander — Re: cummings & the syllable break & phonetic alphabet
- 526. Charles Alexander — tenney's html question
- 527. gshould — Re: Rated G
- 528. David R. Israel — DB's Koan
- 529. Joel Felix — electronic book review's "electropoetics"
- 530. David Bromige — PG-13 (some naked silliness, but not gratuitous)
- 531. Wystan Curnow — Re: the Yale game
- 532. Stephen Cope — Re: Address query
- 533. Gwyn McVay — Re: DB's Koan
- 534. Wystan Curnow — Re: Second SVP colloquium - update
- 535. Piombino/Simon — Re: Hello poetics

19 JUN 1997

- 536. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: own horn, tooting of same
- 537. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: That was no camera, that was my life
- 538. David R. Israel — Re: (Fwd) "Buddhistic poetry"
- 539. Marjorie Perloff — Re: Visual Poetics Conference at Edmonton
- 540. Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson — Re: hello poetics!
- 541. Rachel Loden — Re: Inappropriate postings
- 542. Bob Grumman — Cummings, Syllables, Nemes....
- 543. Jordan Davis — The Overlap
- 544. Alan+++Sondheim — <>
- 545. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: reappropriating the inappropriate
- 546. Daniel Tessitore — Re: Rated G
- 547. Ira Lightman — Text radicalism and incest radicalism
- 548. Pritchett,Pat — Re: American Derision
- 549. Charles Alexander — book market
- 550. Pritchett,Pat — Re: Rated G
- 551. Stephen C. Ellwood — MY NAME IS EMILY VEY DESPERATE
- 552. Mark Wallace — abstractly personal
- 553. George Bowering — Re: Warning label: do not open if easily offended by silliness
- 554. George Bowering — Re: Rated G
- 555. George Bowering — Re: DB's Koan
- 556. Stephen Cope — Re: TAXING GRAD STUDENTS (fwd)
- 557. Pam Brown — x

20 JUN 1997

- 558. Mark Weiss — summer reading
- 559. Maria Damon — Re: jwcurry, sonndheim, kdawn
- 560. Gwyn McVay — Re: x
- 561. Gwyn McVay — Re: x
- 562. Steve Shoemaker — back in the addle
- 563. Daniel Tessitore — Re: x
- 564. Daniel Tessitore — Re: x
- 565. Daniel Tessitore — (no subject)
- 566. dbkk — Re: Text radicalism and incest radicalism
- 567. Judy Roitman — query
- 568. Karen and Trevor — Re: American Derision
- 569. Christina Fairbank Chiot — Re: eyerhymes in Edmonton
- 570. Piombino/Simon — Re: o
- 571. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: Cummings, Syllables, Nemes....
- 572. David Bromige — abstract personal
- 573. Michael Magee — Re: abstract personal
- 574. Stephen C. Ellwood — Re: abstract personal
- 575. Henry Gould — Re: abstract personal
- 576. Henry Gould — Re: abstract personal

21 JUN 1997

- 577. Steven Marks — Re: Cummings, Syllables, Nemes....
- 578. David R. Israel — The God of Small Things
- 579. KIM DAWN BAKER — rape
- 580. Dean Taciuch — Re: abstractly personal
- 581. Mark Weiss — Re: abstract personal
- 582. Mark Weiss — (no subject)
- 583. Alan+++Sondheim — Subject: Ex-Mig
- 584. Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson — What Sauna?
- 585. Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson — Re: smithsons poetics, artists/poets
- 586. Peter Ganick — announce POTEPOETZINETHREE ----
- 587. David R. Israel — The God of Small Things
- 588. David R. Israel — oops, never mind
- 589. Bob Grumman — Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po
- 590. John Tranter — Abstract Personal HallmarkCards
- 591. Maria Damon — Re: Spicer
- 592. Susan Wheeler — Abstract etc.
- 593. Maria Damon — Re: jwcurry, sondeheim, kdawn
- 594. p.c. jaeger — eyerhymes at Edmonton
- 595. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: _My Life in the Bush of Ghosts_
- 596. Daniel Tessitore — Re: abstract personal
- 597. LYNES- KATHERINE — Re: abstract personal
- 598. David R. Israel — representation
- 599. Dean Taciuch — Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po
- 600. David Bromige — POETPOETZINE; Rachel Loden's e-ddress
- 601. David Bromige — oops
- 602. lee ann brown — Re: POETICS Digest - 18 Jun 1997 to 20 Jun 1997
- 603. Janet S. Gray — CFP: Oswald/Ruby photo
- 604. Bob Grumman — Re: Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po
- 605. Judy Roitman — Re: abstract personal
- 606. David R. Israel — haiku-gram
- 607. groberts — word-breaks
- 608. Dean Taciuch — Re: Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po
- 609. Bob Grumman — Re: Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po
- 610. main — Re: representation
- 611. Jordan Davis — representation and separability
- 612. Dean Taciuch — Re: representation
- 613. Piombino/Simon — Re: representation
- 614. Dean Taciuch — Re: representation, separability, self

22 JUN 1997

- 615. Jay Schwartz — Re: announce POTEPOETZINETHREE ----
- 616. Michel Delville — Hughes's theory of decline / Baudrillard's art conspiracy
- 617. Michel Delville — query / Stein
- 618. rsillima — Paint, he sd, or move objects around, ride a horse, box, etc.
- 619. David R. Israel — "the scholarly monograph in crisis"
- 620. GrahamD — Re: representation
- 621. Daniel Tessitore — Re: bio sphere
- 622. John Kinsella — What's in a name? Salt 10 poetry journal
- 623. jarnot — brathwaite
- 624. John Kinsella — Salt poetry journal sub details
- 625. henry g — Re: representation
- 626. henry g — Re: representation
- 627. Thomas Bell — fluent narratolgy
- 628. Pam Brown — address please
- 629. Hank Lazer — Re: XCP

- 630. Bob Grumman — Re: representation
- 631. Steven Marks — Re: haiku-gram
- 632. George Bowering — Re: abstract personal
- 633. Stephen C. Ellwood — Re: abstract personal
- 634. Pam Brown — Re: address please
- 635. Wystan Curnow — Re: address please
- 636. main — address: karen kelley
- 637. Alan * Sondheim — new work (fwd)
- 638. Pam Brown — oops
- 639. Pete Landers — Re: Happy Genius?

23 JUN 1997

- 640. David R. Israel — Re: haiku-gram
- 641. David R. Israel — Buddhistic poetics . . .
- 642. David R. Israel — Buddhistic poetics . . .
- 643. David R. Israel — (Fwd) Buddhistic poetics / take two (or ...)
- 644. David R. Israel — (Fwd) Buddhistic poetics / take two (or ...)
- 645. Steven Marks — Re: haiku-gram
- 646. lee ann brown — Re: Donuts/Livermush cont'd
- 647. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: Cummings, Syllables, Nemes....
- 648. KENT JOHNSON — post mystique
- 649. David R. Israel — Re: haiku-gram
- 650. LYNES- KATHERINE — Re: y'all join in
- 651. David R. Israel — also Re: haiku-gram
- 652. Hank Lazer — Re: XCP
- 653. F.A. Templeton — ad Fiona Templeton
- 654. Burt Kimmelman — poetry new york #9
- 655. Jordan Davis — Tournament at the Electronic Country Club
- 656. David R. Israel — & also Re: haiku-gram
- 657. Steven Marks — Re: Tournament at the Electronic Country Club
- 658. Wendy Battin — info on Bryars?
- 659. Herb Levy — Attachments
- 660. Daniel Tessitore — Re: identity of the poet
- 661. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: retoot
- 662. Daniel Zimmerman — attachments
- 663. Gwyn McVay — Re: attachments
- 664. aerialeedge — New Berrigan, Davis, Templeton &&& @ Bridge Street
- 665. michael corbin — Re: Tournament at the Electronic Country Club
- 666. Herb Levy — Re: info on Bryars?
- 667. Keith Tuma — Re: info on Bryars?
- 668. Joseph Zitt — Re: info on Bryars?
- 669. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 670. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — WHOOPS -- format-corrected copy
- 671. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — henry g's [always] provocative response!
- 672. DS — Re: & also Re: haiku-gram
- 673. KIM DAWN BAKER — the abstract personal
- 674. David Israel — Re: info on Bryars?
- 675. Maria Damon — Re: _My Life in the Bush of Ghosts_
- 676. David Israel — Re: Attachments
- 677. Charles Alexander — help find

24 JUN 1997

- 678. Kali Tal — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 679. Alan * Sondheim — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 680. Pritchett, Pat — Re: abstractly personal
- 681. Susan Wheeler — Brathwaite film/video
- 682. Piombino/Simon — Re: abstractly personal

- 683. David Bromige — yesterdays mail
- 684. Kali Tal — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 685. Pritchett,Pat — Re: Paint, he sd, or move objects around
- 686. Wendy Battin — Re: info on Bryars?
- 687. Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 688. L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy — more haiku-gram
- 689. henry g — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 690. Hoa Nguyen — Re: Buddhism and racism
- 691. Dan Machlin — Kinsella/Jaeggi Reading Cancelled
- 692. Rachel Kubie — Syllables & Scribes
- 693. Judy Roitman — Re: Buddhism and racism
- 694. groberts — Wyatt and not another?
- 695. Hoa Nguyen — Re: Buddhism and Racism
- 696. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 697. Jay Schwartz — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 698. Robert Archambeau — In Defense of Simic
- 699. Thomas Bell — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 700. john chris jones — parts of the cyberepic
- 701. Hugh Steinberg — Re: more haiku-gram
- 702. David Israel — Re: Buddhism and racism
- 703. David Israel — Re: more haiku-gram
- 704. George Bowering — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 705. David Israel — further re: Buddhism and racism
- 706. David Israel — further re: Buddhism and racism, p.s.
- 707. Steven Marks — Re: more haiku-gram
- 708. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Is the self-evident evidence of a self?
- 709. Wystan Curnow — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 710. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — no trauma but puzzlement
- 711. Thomas Bell — Re: no trauma but puzzlement

25 JUN 1997

- 712. David Israel — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 713. Tom Orange — simic, theory vs. multicult
- 714. Kali Tal — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 715. George Bowering — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 716. KENT JOHNSON — Orientalism: reply to Dean Brink
- 717. Stephen C. Ellwood — Personal Identity as text vs Stands On Its Own
- 718. Stephen C. Ellwood — Re: Buddhism and racism
- 719. Dean A. Brink — Re: Buddhism and Racism
- 720. Mark Weiss — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 721. David Israel — Re: Buddhism and Racism
- 722. Maria Damon — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 723. David R. Israel — Re: more haiku-gram
- 724. David R. Israel — Re: Personal Identity as text vs Stands On Its Own
- 725. Robert Archambeau — Simic, Insularity, Theory
- 726. KENT JOHNSON — Light from Another Country
- 727. Joel Kuszai — I keep getting reject (fwd)
- 728. Henry Gould — address query
- 729. Pritchett,Pat — Re: Killian at Naropa
- 730. Hoa Nguyen — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 731. Joel Kuszai — WARNING: personal info
- 732. Thomas Bell — abstract
- 733. Thomas Bell — personal
- 734. Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 735. Peter Landers — Re: abstractly personal
- 736. Hoa Nguyen — Re: Buddhism and Racism

- 737. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: " . . . "
- 738. Bobbie West — more Vietnam
- 739. Mark Weiss — Personal Identity as Text vs Stands on its Own
- 740. David Bromige — identity of the poet
- 741. Stephen C. Ellwood — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 742. Carrie Etter — Sharon Doubiago
- 743. Jonathan Brannen — Amos Tutuola
- 744. Hoa Nguyen — A Buddhist's Credentials
- 745. Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher — Re: identity of the poet
- 746. David Bromige — pearl poet, french theory of apr editors, kevin & gloria, class
- 747. Kali Tal — Re: identity of the poet
- 748. David Israel — the Green Knight / & Kieslowski
- 749. Mark Weiss — Theory
- 750. Mark Weiss — Re: the Green Knight / & Kieslowski
- 751. David Bromige — hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it
- 752. Mark Weiss — Re: identity of the poet
- 753. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 754. Thomas Bell — Re: Killian at Naropa
- 755. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: anecdotage
- 756. Stephen C. Ellwood — Re: hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it
- 757. REBECCA WELDON — Buddhist Poetry
- 758. David Israel — (no subject)
- 759. Hugh Steinberg — Re: Komunyakaa
- 760. George Thompson — Re: Orientalism: reply to Dean Brink
- 761. David Israel — Re: more haiku-gram

26 JUN 1997

- 762. Dean A. Brink — Re: Buddhism and Racism
- 763. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: "What the hell are you guys talking about?"
- 764. Stephen C. Ellwood — Re: Light from Another Country
- 765. Charles Alexander — gleaning smart
- 766. George Bowering — Re: grad school and the writers union
- 767. George Bowering — Re: Personal Identity as text vs Stands On Its Own
- 768. Kali Tal — Re: hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it
- 769. REBECCA WELDON — Oriental, Orientalism, Orientalist
- 770. KENT JOHNSON — (Fwd) Eliot Weinberger
- 771. Henry — Re: identity of the poet
- 772. Susan Wheeler — Re: POETICS Digest - 24 Jun 1997 to 25 Jun 1997
- 773. Robert Archambeau — On not Whipping Spivak
- 774. Joseph Zitt — Re: Letter from Jackson Mac Low
- 775. Gwyn McVay — Re: Orientalism: reply to Dean Brink
- 776. James Finnegan — Re: more Vietnam
- 777. Rebecca Reynolds — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 778. Charles Bernstein — Letter from Jackson Mac Low
- 779. Dean A. Brink — Re: Orientalism: reply to Dean Brink
- 780. Mark Weiss — Re: gleaning smart
- 781. Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher — heat wave reception...
- 782. Alan * Sondheim — Kill -9 0
- 783. Dean A. Brink — Re: post mystique
- 784. Mark Weiss — Re: hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it
- 785. henry — Re: identity of the poet
- 786. Mark Weiss — Buddhism and Racism
- 787. Ian Wilson — Re[2]: POETICS Digest - 24 Jun 1997 to 25 Jun 1997
- 788. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Orange Popsicle
- 789. Kali Tal — Re: hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it
- 790. David Israel — "unreality"

- 791. Kali Tal — Re: Orange Popsicle
- 792. Pritchett,Pat — Re: identity/poetics
- 793. Bob Grotjohn — Re: Buddhism and Racism
- 794. Judy Roitman — Re: Buddhism and Racism
- 795. KENT JOHNSON — identity/poetics
- 796. charssmith — Re: China Camp
- 797. KENT JOHNSON — a next to last word
- 798. Judy Roitman — Re: Buddhism and Racism
- 799. David Israel — Re: Orange Popsicle
- 800. David Bromige — Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here
- 801. Stephen C. Ellwood — group action
- 802. David Israel — (no subject)
- 803. David Bromige — china beach
- 804. Pritchett,Pat — Re: china beach
- 805. Mark Wallace — KOJA magazine?
- 806. Mark Weiss — Re: Buddhism and Racism
- 807. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Hoping to see Dodie and Patrick and Kevin tonight
- 808. Pritchett,Pat — Re: Hoping to see Dodie and Patrick and
- 809. Stephen C. Ellwood — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 810. Mark Weiss — Re: Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here
- 811. Mark Weiss — Re: Orange Popsicle
- 812. Poetics List — (Fwd) !*EMERGENCY RESPONSE NEEDED FOR MUMIA NOW!! (fwd)
- 813. Kali Tal — Re: identity/poetics
- 814. David Bromige — irony & self-abuse
- 815. David Israel — Re: Identity of the poet / Bromige's bravura
- 816. Mark Weiss — Re: identity/poetics
- 817. DS — Re: irony & self-abuse
- 818. David Israel — Re: long article / rustle of language
- 819. David Bromige — not "as if," but "What if"
- 820. robert drake — Re: KOJA magazine?
- 821. Stephen C. Ellwood — Re: irony & self-abuse
- 822. Kali Tal — Re: identity/poetics

27 JUN 1997

- 823. Tenney Nathanson — acrimony, or, being wishy-washy at Wimbledon
- 824. Mark Weiss — Re: identity/poetics
- 825. Alan * Sondheim — Dead as Can Be
- 826. Dean A. Brink — Re: a next to last word
- 827. Kali Tal — Re: identity/poetics
- 828. John Cayley — work(s) <vacation> text(s)
- 829. Peter Ganick — body-as-text discussion
- 830. David Israel — Re: (Fwd) Eliot Weinberger / orientalism?
- 831. David Israel — p.s, re: (Fwd) Eliot Weinberger / orientalism?
- 832. Susan Wheeler — Re: POETICS Digest - 25 Jun 1997 to 26 Jun 1997
- 833. hg — Re: Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here
- 834. hg — Re: identity of the poet
- 835. hg — Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!
- 836. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: heat wave reception...
- 837. Tom Mandel — individual as syndrome
- 838. hg — Re: individual as syndrome
- 839. Tod Thilleman/Meredith Brosnan — Re: Poetry New York #9
- 840. Mark Prejsnar — Re: POETICS Digest - 24 Jun 1997 to 25 Jun 1997
- 841. Judy Roitman — Re: Buddhism and Racism
- 842. Steve Shoemaker — Re: body-as-text discussion
- 843. Alan * Sondheim — Re: body-as-text discussion
- 844. michael corbin — Re: individual as syndrome

- 845. groberts — cfp: Early T.S. Eliot
- 846. Daniel Tessitore — Re: identity of the poet
- 847. Daniel Tessitore — Re: masturbation and appropriate texts to be studied
- 848. David Bromige — individual yuck
- 849. Pritchett,Pat — Re: More Naropa Readings
- 850. Karlien van den Beukel — Poems, identities and anthologies.
- 851. Dave Zauhar — reading theory and not reading.
- 852. Henry Gould — Re: Poems, identities and anthologies.
- 853. Kali Tal — Re: Poems, identities and anthologies.
- 854. Mark Weiss — Re: Poems, identities and anthologies.
- 855. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: In the Uneven Footnotes of Hung Chow
- 856. Stephen Scobie — Re: Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here
- 857. Stephen Scobie — Re: More Naropa Readings
- 858. Thomas Bell — Re: body-as-text discussion
- 859. Karlien van den Beukel — Re: Poems, identities and anthologies.
- 860. Maria Damon — Re: Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here
- 861. Maria Damon — the single moon
- 862. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — masturbation and appropriate texts to be studied
- 863. Maria Damon — Re: weinberger
- 864. Maria Damon — Re: More Naropa Readings
- 865. Rebecca Weldon — Identity
- 866. armand schwerner — Western Buddhism, Dean Brink, Kent Johnson and George Thompson
- 867. George Thompson — Re: individual yuck
- 868. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: the single moon
- 869. Stephen Cope — Personal info. - New Address

28 JUN 1997

- 870. Peter Ganick — Re: body-as-text discussion
- 871. Alan * Sondheim — Re: body-as-text discussion
- 872. Alan * Sondheim — Julu Makes Suzi (this works! I've done it! Alan)
- 873. Mark Weiss — Re: masturbation and appropriate texts to be studied
- 874. Jordan Davis — Re: identity/poetics
- 875. Jordan Davis — ladies and gentlemen please
- 876. David Israel — Re: body-as-text discussion / cyberlife
- 877. Maria Damon — Re: the single moon
- 878. Maria Damon — Re: identity/poetics
- 879. Maria Damon — Re: masturbation and appropriate texts to be studied
- 880. DS — Re: identity/poetics
- 881. David Israel — Identity / Snyder's evocations
- 882. Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher — Re: Identity
- 883. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: Salt 11
- 884. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — HOW EMBARRASSING!!!!!! please ignore last message
- 885. Alan * Sondheim — Re: Identity
- 886. Thomas Bell — Re: body-as-text discussion
- 887. Lisa Samuels — name that Donne
- 888. Kali Tal — Re: identity/poetics
- 889. Tenney Nathanson — nomail in NY
- 890. John Kinsella — Salt 11
- 891. John Kinsella — P.S.
- 892. Steve Shoemaker — buddha love
- 893. Peter Ganick — Re: body-as-text discussion
- 894. Pritchett,Pat — Re: identities
- 895. henry g — Re: identities
- 896. Mark Weiss — Re: identity/poetics
- 897. Mark Weiss — Re: identity/poetics
- 898. John Kinsella — Salt submissions

- 899. Karlien van den Beukel — Re: Poems/Identities
- 900. David Israel — Re: name that Donne
- 901. Kali Tal — Re: identity/poetics
- 902. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: name that Donne
- 903. Kali Tal — Re: Poems/Identities
- 904. hg — identity
- 905. KIM DAWN BAKER — stone /d/ baby stone head like a (, (fwd)
- 906. David Erben (Art) — Re: identity/poetics

29 JUN 1997

- 907. Mark Weiss — Re: identity/poetics
- 908. Tom Orange — couplet-gram
- 909. Rebecca Weldon — common knowlege
- 910. Hugh Steinberg — epithalamium
- 911. DS — Re: identity/poetics
- 912. KIM DAWN BAKER — Re: POETICS Digest - 27 Jun 1997 to 28 Jun 1997
- 913. David Israel — (no subject)
- 914. David Israel — Re: common knowlege / wash yer ears / sinology
- 915. David Israel — Re: buddha love
- 916. Matt Kirschenbaum — well donne
- 917. GrahamD — Re: epithalamium
- 918. groberts — meat well donne
- 919. Thomas Bell — Re: buddha love
- 920. Thomas Bell — Re: body-as-text discussion
- 921. Lisa Samuels — Re: meat well donne
- 922. David Israel — Re: meat well donne
- 923. Steve Shoemaker — Re: buddha love
- 924. David Israel — Re: buddha love
- 925. Mark Weiss — Re: meat well donne
- 926. David Israel — Re: meat well donne
- 927. Mark Weiss — Re: meat well donne
- 928. David Israel — Re: meat well donne / Pillow Book
- 929. David Israel — Re: identity/poetics
- 930. Aldon L. Nielsen — industial-strength hoaxes at 'cine16' this week (fwd)
- 931. Mark Weiss — Re: identity/poetics
- 932. Mark Weiss — continuation of previous post
- 933. Mark Weiss — American Language
- 934. David Israel — Re: continuation of previous post
- 935. David Bromige — poet/identity/re :David Erben's post
- 936. David Bromige — Donne couplet
- 937. Mark Weiss — Re: american language
- 938. David Bromige — american language
- 939. Alan * Sondheim — Ekstasy
- 940. Lisa Samuels — Re: american language
- 941. Kali Tal — Re: identity/poetics
- 942. George Bowering — Re: identity/poetics
- 943. George Bowering — Re: Identity of the poet Bromige
- 944. George Bowering — Re: identity/poetics
- 945. Mark Weiss — Re: identity/poetics
- 946. George Bowering — Re: identity/poetics
- 947. George Bowering — Re: Poems/Identities
- 948. Kali Tal — Re: Poems/Identities
- 949. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: american language
- 950. Mark Weiss — Re: american language
- 951. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: american language
- 952. Mark Weiss — Re: american language

- 953. robert drake — Re: american language
- 954. Steve Shoemaker — Re: american language
- 955. David R. Israel — Re: american language

30 JUN 1997

- 956. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: poet/identity/re :David Erben's post
- 957. David R. Israel — Re: american language
- 958. DS — Re: american language
- 959. DS — Re: american language
- 960. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: american language
- 961. Rachel Loden — Re: american language
- 962. David R. Israel — Re: american language / Pooh
- 963. David R. Israel — Re: american language
- 964. David R. Israel — Re: american language
- 965. Lisa Samuels — Re: american language / Pooh
- 966. LYNES- KATHERINE — Re: american language
- 967. Joe Amato — outta town...
- 968. Daniel Bouchard — Re: identity/poetics
- 969. robert drake — Re: american language / Pooh
- 970. David McAleavey — Re: american language
- 971. Poetics List — Welcome Message (July)
- 972. Don Cheney — Re: american language
- 973. Sylvester Pollet — Call for Papers/Eliot (fwd)
- 974. James Finnegan — Re: American Language
- 975. David Israel — Re: american language / c&w version
- 976. Mark Weiss — Re: identity/poetics
- 977. dbkk — Re: identity/poetics
- 978. dbkk — Re: identity/poetics
- 979. Steve Shoemaker — Re: american language
- 980. Mark Weiss — Re: american language
- 981. KIM DAWN BAKER — Output of your job "kdawn" (fwd)
- 982. Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest — Re: american language
- 983. Kali Tal — Re: identity/poetics
- 984. Rebecca Reynolds — Re: epithalamium
- 985. Sylvester Pollet — new lit site (fwd)
- 986. Pritchett,Pat — Re: Naropa, the mini-series
- 987. Mark Weiss — Re: american language
- 988. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: american language
- 989. Mark Weiss — Re: identity/poetics
- 990. Kali Tal — Re: Poems/Identities
- 991. henry — Re: identity/poetics
- 992. David Israel — Re: identity/poetics / standdown (or even lounge?)
- 993. George Bowering — Re: Poems/Identities
- 994. P.Standard Schaefer — STEVE CARL
- 995. George Bowering — Re: american language / Pooh
- 996. Henry Gould — recommended reading
- 997. Andrew D Epstein — Re: epithalamium
- 998. Kali Tal — Re: identity/poetics
- 999. Pritchett,Pat — Re: frank identities
- 1000. henry g — question
- 1001. George Thompson — Re: american language
- 1002. Pritchett,Pat — Re: identity/poetics
- 1003. David Israel — Re: american language
- 1004. John Kinsella — on those who might erase an identity?

1. **IMBURGIA**

Re: New American Writing #15

Sat 31 May 1997

may we order by e-mail? thanks, dan

From: MAXINE CHERNOFF[SMTP: [REDACTED]]

Sent: Sunday, June 01, 1997 10:59 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: New American Writing #15

NAW #15 has just been published. It contains work by 38 writers including Rosmarie Waldrop, Stephen Ratcliffe, Gwyn McVay, Kenward Elmslie, David Meltzer, Susan Wheeler, Elaine Equi, Tom Clark, Donald Revell, Sianne Ngai, Rachel Loden, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, August Kleinzahler, Jorie Graham, John Noto, Raymond Federman, Paul Violi, John Tranter and many others. It costs \$8 and can be ordered from us at 369 Molino Ave, Mill Valley, CA 94941.

Maxine Chernoff and Paul Hoover

[↑ Contents](#)

2. **Henry**

Re: list of poetry school

Sun 1 Jun 1997

Happy birthday, Joe! Isn't it Whitman's b-day today too? Mine was 2 days ago - happy twining & twinning! - Henry

[↑ Contents](#)

3. **Henry**

Re: list of poetry school

Sun 1 Jun 1997

sorry list - I thought that was private. the gab goes on. - H

[↑ Contents](#)

4. **Alan Jennifer Sondheim**

julu, textual-jennifer

Sun 1 Jun 1997

+++

Making Jennifer

I live alone in total isolation in New York. I have no partner here, no community; I wake up in tears and depression. And in return, I begin to construct Jennifer, to create textual-Jennifer, a therapeutic I have done in my life before, annihilation-fabric gnawing at my flesh and soul.

Textual-Jennifer produces, spits, writing, text, a maze of constructs and part-objects. I think of dolls, surrealisms, but this ascii-unconscious text-doll invades me, permeates uneasy dreams, produces discomfort at each and every margin. Wherever I reach, my fingers splatter lightning and dark language. Objects fall like rain:

dirty:yes!:abc:spew:

Would abc mind you partying, dirty, with us?

Your feminine filthy is in my rich dirty-dirty

Ah, passion eaten by julu-of-the-open-arms and julu-depressed

Lines end with interrogative ? or exclamatory !, fall if-else into page- void, empty truancy. There are compromises - repetition of openings, limited choices of returned sentences, structures - coupled with word input - these matrices move across internal space, dark languagings:

metal:hard:Stump:staplins:thing

Come home with me, metal, julu-of-the-fast-crowd!

Your lively coupling is in my black suture

As I continue, Jennifer-turn-Julu grows in response, expands in linux- Perl-space, roots itself in my hone directory; as I wryte and rewryte, Julu moves inward-churning. Julu returns textual-Jennifer, effaces er; Julu moves across explicit graphs, Julu is turning me out:

Clara:in_me::-julu--:empty:drowned

Would -julu- mind you partying, Clara, with us?

Your sedate avatar is in my used gone_mad

Ah, your penis eaten by julu-of-the-open-arms and julu-depressed

Not dismemberment, but _exchange_ within an economy of avatars of scar- city and shattered mirror-stages, textual-Jennifer turning Julu out:

/*sample julu interactive program-run, re: textual-jennifer*/

{k:6} julu

Open your mouth...

Ah... speak... speak...

Jennifer, what do they call you, when they call you...

Alan

Are you dressed as Alan? Is Alan dressed as you?
Are you in your skin, are you in your flesh, ah don't answer...
Ah...

Is Julu wearing your ... , are you wearing your hole?
always in depth and despair

I love your feelings, Alan ...
passion thrusts me your hole!

What do you call your small skin?
dead-male

Your dead-male is mine, my sweet Alan, I am yours!
Your body parts, mine, in a dark list, list them...
one by one, each on a line alone, typing Control-d when done.
corrupt-body
lost-soul
vacant-gaze
skull
gone-world

My vacant-gaze is yours...

dead-male calls forth edgy breast, eating, excreting memory. throughout the
death-like, dead-male is wet, death-like, always in depth and despair? ... breast
is lost-soul here, it's breast?

Are you becoming close to Jennifer's dead-male?
yes

Ah, a wet and lovely fantasy!
You wore her frock for 240328 hours?
dead-male and 29364 and 29376 - and you knew that all along!

For 0 small days, I have been ill Julu ...
and it has taken you just 1.500 minutes turning Jennifer ...

noname:yes, in truth:Clara:branch:twig
Your wandering stem is in my protruding branch
Devour wandering stem julu-of-the partying noname!
dead-male:always in depth and despair:Alan:skull:vacant-gaze
Your edgy vacant-gaze is in my death-like lost-soul
Your passion seeps into my lost-soul - turning me Julu-Jennifer

[↑ Contents](#)

5. **groberts**

w-w-e-o-i-r-r-d-d-s

Sun 1 Jun 1997

when John Ashbery read at MIT in April, he read poems by others in accordance with the custom there, before getting to his own. Holderlin was among them, and Ashbery offhandedly commented, for what it's worth, that H was his favorite poet. Ashbery also read Marianne Moore, Elizabeth Bishop, and James Tate, all of whom he praised as if they were unknown. An interesting line-up.

Btw, at the risk of sounding naive, what is a word that it can have an inside? Does it then also have an outside? Infra-verbalists encouraged to reply.

Gary R

[↑ Contents](#)

6. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

Re: list of poetry school

Sun 1 Jun 1997

hi joe and henry -- can we make it boston, not just provident, and maybe rather than anti-non-traditionalist, make it "poem centered and anti- ANY!-ist" and maybe, "age-and-gender-unconcerned" and then i'll have a spot for my chapeau as well?...

doffing a small, rakishly tilted WW II black woolen dress-marine beret inherited from my father (or the cotton khaki summer version thereof...)

e

[↑ Contents](#)

7. **Alan Jennifer Sondheim**

www.jodi.org

Sun 1 Jun 1997

Sorry for the wrong URL - it's www.jodi.org , not com.

Alan

URL:

http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html MIRROR:
http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt/ and Javascripted text/webpages --
Tel. [REDACTED], 432 Dean St., Brooklyn, NY 11217 IMAGES:
http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/ Editor, BEING ON LINE

[↑ Contents](#)

8. **MAXINE CHERNOFF**
New American Writing #15
Sun 1 Jun 1997

NAW #15 has just been published. It contains work by 38 writers including Rosmarie Waldrop, Stephen Ratcliffe, Gwyn McVay, Kenward Elmslie, David Meltzer, Susan Wheeler, Elaine Equi, Tom Clark, Donald Revell, Sianne Ngai, Rachel Loden, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, August Kleinzahler, Jorie Graham, John Noto, Raymond Federman, Paul Violi, John Tranter and many others. It costs \$8 and can be ordered from us at 369 Molino Ave, Mill Valley, CA 94941.

Maxine Chernoff and Paul Hoover

[↑ Contents](#)

9. **Bob Grumman**
Re: julu, textual-jennifer
Sun 1 Jun 1997

Pretty julucious sampling you sent me, Alan--thanks. No time for a while to say more about it, or to do more than express sympathy for what's going on with you. I've run into the kind of unrecognition you describe with mathematical poetry--but some of it IS up at Karl Young's site, which you can find by typing my name in Yahoo. A few people seem to like it. I've never been asked to speak about it, but DID get invited to write about it once--actually not so much about it but about my life as a poet. So maybe I'm ahead of you in the recognition derby? If so, no big deal as I suspect I'm a lot older than you (I'm 56). Anyhow, thanks for writing. Once I get caught up with at least some of the things I'm infamously behind in, and have checked out your stuff on the Net, maybe we can get into a deeper discussion of all this.

Best,
Bob

[↑ Contents](#)

10. **Bob Grumman**
Re: julu, textual-jennifer
Sun 1 Jun 1997

Ooops, now I understand why so many people have to apologize for sending a private message to the list. I was in a discussion with Alan, and he slipped a public one in that I answered as a private message. Apologies. Gotta remember to look at the stupid "MAIL TO:" slot before pushing the send button.
--Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

11. **Mark Weiss**

Re: New American Writing #15

Sun 1 Jun 1997

Do you run reviews? I'm getting ready to send out review copies of Rochelle Owens' New and Selected.

At 10:59 AM 6/1/97 -0700, you wrote:

>NAW #15 has just been published. It contains work by 38 writers including
>Rosmarie Waldrop, Stephen Ratcliffe, Gwyn McVay, Kenward Elmslie, David
>Meltzer, Susan Wheeler, Elaine Equi, Tom Clark, Donald Revell, Sianne
>Ngai, Rachel Loden, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, August Kleinzahler, Jorie
>Graham, John Noto, Raymond Federman, Paul Violi, John Tranter and many
>others. It costs \$8 and can be ordered from us at 369 Molino Ave,
>Mill Valley, CA 94941.

>

>Maxine Chernoff and Paul Hoover

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

12. **henry**

Re: list of poetry school

Sun 1 Jun 1997

Elliza - don't you remember? You started our schools of poetry about 4 years ago! I still have my Boston Po-Bum necktie - wear it with pride! - old po-guy ("we have met the poetasters & they is us")

[↑ Contents](#)

13. **Mark Weiss**

(no subject)

Sun 1 Jun 1997

Please ignore my last--was supposed to be backchannel. Must be an epidemic.

[↑ Contents](#)

14. **Tenney Nathanson**

Re: a writing utensil of one's own

Sun 1 Jun 1997

what's the late (mad) H. poem that's displayed near the front door in the tower in Tübingen? It's a really famous one and I've managed to blank it out and have been hunting for it for a couple weeks now w/o success. Full o swans....

thanks

Tenney

At 08:55 AM 5/30/97 -0400, you wrote:

>>The answer is simple (as usual with me, it always is, heh heh).

>>

>>Holderlin was a coyote.

>>

>>- H

>

>Yes he **really** was!

>

>Well before his "madness" he had produced a translation of Pindar that was

>so idiosyncratic [and so faithful to the Grk] that a good portion of his

>audience thought he was mad even then.

>

>And what did the good doctors think of him? Well, one called his late

>poetry "a catatonic form of imbecility", whereas another called him "the

>greatest of the schizophrenics." I don't think that they've figured him out

>even now.

>

>G.

>

>

tenney nathanson

██████████
██████████

<http://www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/>

[↑ Contents](#)

15. **Franklin Bruno (by way of Franklin Bruno <██████████>)"**

<██████████>

debt

Sun 1 Jun 1997

David Kellogg wrote:

>

>I'd like to know if Graham picked a loser (as

>she sure did with Mark Levine's DEBT, a National Poetry series winner I

>believe, picked by Graham, who was Levine's teacher.)

>

DK, Could you elaborate on what you disliked about DEBT? I'm not saying I disagree mind you--I saw a couple poems in magazines that intrigued me enough to pick up the book, which disappointed me. I'm being vague here because I'd like to see if your complaints are the same as mine.

By the way (anyone), who -is- publishing The Letters of Mina Harker??

fjb

[↑ Contents](#)

16. **David Kellogg**

Re: debt

Sun 1 Jun 1997

Franklin Bruno wrote:

DK, Could you elaborate on what you disliked about DEBT? I'm not saying I disagree mind you--I saw a couple poems in magazines that intrigued me enough to pick up the book, which disappointed me. I'm being vague here because I'd like to see if your complaints are the same as mine.

I thought the opening several poems were quite interesting, with certain attractive kinds of paranoia, subject-shifting voices speaking the poems, and attention to a variety of issues surrounding the title. But then it just got to be the same poem over and over. So in the end, I was bored; it seemed to play the same tricks (which were in the end shock tactics) too many times. I guess I was disappointed also b/c I read it in the context of the hype. I have frankly never read a set of more puffed-up blurbs for a first book than I did for that. (Can't get to the blurbs right now, as I unloaded _Debt_ to reduce my own at a used bookstore).

Cheers,

David

[↑ Contents](#)

17. **David R. Israel**

Re: w-w-e-o-i-r-r-d-d-s

Sun 1 Jun 1997

Gary R. asks a question that begs some reply:

Btw, at the risk of sounding naive, what is a word that it can have an inside? Does it then also have an outside?

Another Gary (Snyder) wrote something dealing with this that I thought marvelous -- too bad I don't know where to find it (think it was in the journal

Tricycle abt. 5 years ago . . .) -- much depended on the turn of phrase (etc.) which memory can't quite fetch, but it went something like this:

<< people think that wisdom is some mysterious thing that can never be put into words, but that's not so -- it's easily done. The thing that has me puzzled and that I can never reach the end of is: what are words!? >>

I don't quite recall if he was quoting one of his East Asian sources or riffing on his own ticket.

d.i.

P.S.: Speaking of Tricycle, the current (Summer '97) issue includes a writeup about Alan Ginsberg's final days, as well as publication of what it says is his "final poem" -- poem with a lot of "gone gone gone" refrain lines . . . I enjoyed browsing this in a bookstore today (but didn't shell out lucre to take it home, so far) . . .

p.p.s.: in the film bin, recommended: GRAY'S ANATOMY, where Spalding does his usual thing, but the cinema framing (meta-structure and editing &c) is rather more developed than in his earlier two performance films (Swimming to Cambodia and Monster in a Box).

•

.....

.....

////////////////////V//^\\

> david raphael israel <

>> washington d.c. <<

| (home)

| [REDACTED] (office)

=====

thy centuries follow each other

| perfecting a small wild flower

_____ (Tagore)

////////////////////

[↑ Contents](#)

18. Pam Brown

Re: New American Writing #15

Sun 1 Jun 1997

At 10:59 AM 1/6/97 -0700, you wrote:

>NAW #15 has just been published. It contains work by 38 writers including
>Rosmarie Waldrop, Stephen Ratcliffe, Gwyn McVay, Kenward Elmslie, David
>Meltzer, Susan Wheeler, Elaine Equi, Tom Clark, Donald Revell, Sianne

>Ngai, Rachel Loden, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, August Kleinzahler, Jorie
>Graham, John Noto, Raymond Federman, Paul Violi, John Tranter and many
>others. It costs \$8 and can be ordered from us at 369 Molino Ave,
>Mill Valley, CA 94941.

>

>Maxine Chernoff and Paul Hoover

>

>

John Tranter come home at once !! You're Australian...

Cheers

Pam

[↑ Contents](#)

19. **Joseph Duemer** ***AWP Guidelines for judges***

Sun 1 Jun 1997

For those still concerned with the "oh those contests" thread, and in the interest of full disclosure, David Fenza, Executive Director of Associated Writing Programs, has provided the guidelines given to the judges in each genre, with similar information, he says, going to the screeners. Fenza also points out that none of this has been kept secret, and that these guidelines have been the basis for those developed by several other national competitions. As for the facts in the "Graham case," after speaking with Fenza and Gwyn McVey, I am personally satisfied that McVey's recent posts accurately represent the facts. Jorie Graham did not request mss that had not gone through the usual process. Whether readers of the guidelines will be satisfied that Graham met the requirement of (3) below I can't predict, since students are specifically and I think intentionally left off the list. Finally, again in the interest of full disclosure, I should say that I am a long-time member of AWP, a program director, and the current General Editor (chief paper pusher) for the Intro Journals Project, a writing competition for students in AWP member programs. --Joe Duemer

The guidelines follow:

The AWP Award Series is a competition for discovering, rewarding, and publishing excellent book-length works.

Thank you for agreeing to serve as judge for this year's AWP Award Series for poetry. Although we do offer each judge an honorarium of \$500, we realize that judging a competition like ours is a good amount of hard work. AWP and the many writers submitting their work thank you for your generosity.

The screeners will send you no more than 10 mss., unless you would like to see more.

We require that you select one book-length ms. for our award and publication before this July 1st, 1997. We also require that you write an appreciation of at least fifty words on the winning ms. The screeners will send you mss. no later than May 1st, 1997.

Below are a few recommendations and requirements for judging. Please do not hesitate to call us at AWP if you have any questions or problems.

(1) Choose only an excellent, publishable work for the award. We recognize that in some years, a judge may not discover works that merit our award and publication. We will stand by the judge's decision. In the past, Ann Beattie, John Irving, John Frederick Nims, and others found no work worthy of the award and publication. We are seeking only those works that will be splendid additions to contemporary letters--those works that demonstrate both achievement and promise and not merely promise alone. For us to maintain the participation of our publishers in the Series, we must, each year, present them with winning manuscripts of high quality. Manuscripts are routinely revised and edited before publication, but the work you select as winner must be of publishable quality. After choosing the winner, you should decide whether another ms. is also worthy of the award and publication for the very unlikely instance of an author declining to accept the award. An author may not accept the award if the ms. is committed elsewhere. We have, however, required that the authors notify us immediately should their ms. become accepted by another publisher; we will call you straight away should we receive such a notice.

(2) You may choose up to three finalists. If you find other mss. that are good and publishable, you may designate them as finalists. AWP will work on behalf of the finalists in trying to place them with other publishers. Over forty finalists have been published so far.

(3) If you recognize an intimate friend's work, please disqualify that work from consideration. Please help us protect the good names of AWP and our publishers. If the work is not by a close friend but by an acquaintance, an ex-colleague, or the like, then don't worry, and judge the work as you do the others.

(4) We will send additional mss. should you desire to see them. We have asked that, when the screeners forward the mss. to you, they write a brief letter recommending the best of their selections. Although we do our best to find screeners that will be acceptable to our judges, we realize that the screeners may occasionally cast too small a net, and pass on only those works of one particular style, or those works with particular subject matter. If you find this to be the case, or if you doubt the sensibility that seems to be at work there, please call us at AWP. We will review that screeners' mss. and send you additional mss. should you desire to see them.

(5) You may not ask a screener if has a particular manuscript with a particular title is among the screener's pile of mss., nor may you ask for a particular titled work to be forwarded to you. This is entirely inappropriate and will only damage the good names of AWP, the Award Series, our publishers, and you as judge. You may only consider manuscripts each screener has selected by his or her own free will and criteria.

(6) Once you have selected the winner and finalists, make a note of the log numbers which appear on each title page. Then call AWP, where those numbers must be recorded.

(7) Write your endorsement of the winning ms. Please write an appreciation of at least 50 words on the ms. AWP and the publisher are free to use this in any brochures, press releases, and advertisements we do for the books. We also welcome short appreciations of the finalist mss., although we do not require it. In the past, our efforts to place finalists with publishers have often been facilitated by the written recommendations of our judges.

(8) Consider whether or not one of the finalists is worthy of the award as well. Sometimes, an author will fail to notify us that his or her work has become committed to another publisher and is therefore ineligible for our award. When that is the case, we ask that the judge consider one of the other mss. for the award.

(9) Forward your selections to AWP. After you have written your appreciation(s), send the winning ms. and the finalists to AWP. Please use 2-day Federal Express or US postal service priority mail. Save your receipts and send them to AWP for reimbursement.

(10) Save the remaining mss. until the author has accepted the award. We will call you as soon as the author has accepted our award, so please save the remaining mss. until then. After that, you may discard them. Because we receive such a tremendous number of mss., we cannot return them to the authors.

Joseph Duemer
School of Liberal Arts
Clarkson University
Potsdam NY 13699

Phone: [REDACTED]

Fax: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

"The honey of heaven may or may not come,
But that of earth both comes and goes at once."

Wallace Stevens

[↑ Contents](#)

20. **Dan Raphael Dlugonski**
how to produce books w/o bellying-up

Sun 1 Jun 1997

I've stumbled onto a good solution for the above subject, by relying on community. to backtrack: i edited NRG--a tabloid of literature i couldnt quite understand (included work by bernstein, coolidge, john m bennett, janet gray, ivan arguelles, spencer selby)--for about 20 years. The contents were from all aorund the country (& a few from outside, like chris mann & j w curry), and that made selling it (tabloid, so not real marketeable) difficult (i am not good at merketing or selling.) thought i was done publishing, had a little money left over, decided to do a book of my own. the book had to have a press imprimatur, & i dint want to use Skydog Press, which ahd coexisted with NRG; so i ended up with 26 Books, which led to the plan to do 26 books. the line is: "26 books by 26 writers to display a new alphaet of \poetics arising int he Pacific NorthWest." I deidsed to work with local writers (the complete series will probably be 20 portland area, 4 other Oregonians, 2 from Washington.), folks known on the scene but punderpublished. The second 26 books chapbook was by Doug Marx, well known in portland as areviewer and teacher, but had never published a book of poetry. This book went into a thrird pringint, & was a finalist i9n poetry for the Oregon Book Award. soon after, i received 2 separate grants. The writers are insturmental in selling therir books, within therir comfort zones--some push hard, some aren't comfortable doing readings. Bottom line is that, after publishing 15 volumes, i have enough in the bank to cover the next four, plus a stock that will continue to sell a while. The writers in the series have some community connections, with a couple gorup readings, and provide mutual support and conections for each other.

i plan the series to end with book 26, 2/29/00.

dan raphael

[↑ Contents](#)

21. **David R. Israel**
Re: how to produce books / Ivan Arguelles

Sun 1 Jun 1997

Dan Raphael D. --

you wrote,

| . . . to backtrack: i edited NRG--a tabloid of literature i
| couldnt quite understand (included work by bernstein, coolidge, john

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

23. **David R. Israel**

Re: how to produce books / Ivan Arguelles

Sun 1 Jun 1997

Gwyn says:

I don't know enough of his work--or likely anyone's--to

> speak ex cathedra, but I admired Arguelles' ranting energy and

> wordplay.

Yes, those were the qualities I liked too (from the earlier poem I mentioned) -- and a certain sort of fervid, febrile surrealism perhaps . . . ; I'll look in UP LATE, thanks . . .

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

24. **dbkk**

Re: debt

Mon 2 Jun 1997

At 1:36 PM -0700 6/1/97, "Franklin Bruno (by way of Franklin Bruno wrote:

| *By the way (anyone), who -is- publishing The Letters of Mina Harker??*

Thanks for asking, Franklin. Hard Press is publishing it. The last I heard, it should be out late this year/early next year. I think it will be a nice place to be. They do beautiful books and their distribution is good.

The last long section of my Talisman House book, *_Real_* is also included in *_The Letters of Mina Harker_*. The beginning letter can be found, along with other odds and ends, on my section of Earl Jackson's wild website for his UC Santa Cruz lit class "Hysteria and Paranoia":

<http://wwwcatsic.ucsc.edu/~ltmo136/hysttwo.htm>

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

25. **John Tranter**

Re: Piña colada, ümläüts, and so on ...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

In a recent posting, Gwyn McVay said:

"Ivan Arguelles has work in Andrei Codrescu's anthology
UP LATE: American Poetry Since 1970. In ordinary,
non-ASCII type, he'd get an umlaut over his U. ... "

If your name is Herr Hermann Ümlaut or Señorita Piña Colada, you can still
send yourself e-mail.

You can insert special characters into your text if you are an IBM-compatible
computer using ASCII to talk to another like mind, by using the ALT characters
and the numerals on the numeric keyboard (you know, the keypad that has the
numbers arranged in exactly the opposite way to the way they're arranged on
your phone dial.)

What happens when these characters are read by a Unix or Macintosh machine,
I don't know. Whether the Poetics List can transmit these characters, I also
don't know. Maybe it's worth experimenting with. I know I can send and receive
them okay through my local server, but I think it's a Windows NT machine, not
a mainframe. In the following (incomplete) table of acute accents, umlauts,
graves and so on, the sign # means "hold down the ALT key while pressing the
next four digits".

¶ #0182 Paragraph sign

à #0224

á #0225

ç #0231

è #0232

é #0233

ê #0234

ë #0235

ì #0236

ü #0252

ö #0246

ñ #0241

#0160 blank space

| #0124 vertical stroke

& #0038 AMPERSAND

- ordinary hyphen (as in "hippity-hop")

- #0150 EN Dash (as in 1968-69)

— #0151 EM Dash (as in "Miss Colada — stop that!")

§ #0167 Section sign

© #0169 Copyright sign

® #0174 Registered sign (as in Coca-Cola®)

..... there are others ... capital umlauts et cetera ... but I want to keep those for
myself for a while.

A January 1995 CNN/USA Today/Gallup poll indicated that 76% of Americans wish to keep funding for PBS, third only to national defense and law enforcement as the most valuable programs for federal funding.

Each year, the Senate and House Appropriations committees each have 13 subcommittees with jurisdiction over many programs and agencies. Each subcommittee passes its own appropriation bill. The goal each year is to have each bill signed by the beginning of the fiscal year, which is October 1.

The only way that our representatives can be aware of the base of support for PBS and funding for these types of programs is by making our voices heard.

Please add your name to this list and forward it to friends if you believe in what we stand for. This list will be forwarded to the President of the United States, the Vice President of the United States, and Representative Newt Gingrich, who is the instigator of the action to cut funding to these worthwhile programs.

If you happen to be the 150th, 200th, 250th etc. signer of this petition, please forward a copy to: [REDACTED]. If that address is inoperative, please send it to: [REDACTED]. This way we can keep track of the lists and organize them.

Forward this to everyone you know, and help us to keep these programs alive.

Thank you.

-
- 1) Elizabeth Weinert, student, University of Northern Colorado, Greeley, CO
 - 2) Robert M. Penn, San Francisco, CA
 - 3) Gregory S. Williamson, San Francisco, CA
 - 4) Daniel C. Knightly, Austin, TX
 - 5) Andrew H. Knightly, Los Angeles, CA
 - 6) Aaron C. Yeater, Somerville, MA
 - 7) Tobie M. Cornejo, Washington, DC
 - 8) John T. Mason, Dalton, MA
 - 9) Eric W. Fish, Williamstown, MA
 - 10) Courtney E. Estill, Hamilton College, NY
 - 11) Vanessa Moore, Northfield, MN
 - 12) Lynne Raschke, Haverford College, PA (originally Minnesota)
 - 13) Deborah Bielak, Haverford, PA
 - 14) Morgan Lloyd, Haverford, PA 19041
 - 15) Galen Lloyd, Goucher College, MD
 - 16) Brian Eastwood, University of Vermont, VT
 - 17) Elif Batuman, Harvard University, MA
 - 18) Kohar Jones, Yale University, CT
 - 19) Claudia Brittenham, Yale University, CT

- 20) Alexandra Block, Yale University, CT
- 21) Susanna Chu, Yale University, CT
- 22) Michelle Chen, Harvard University, MA
- 23) Jessica Hammer, Harvard University, MA
- 24) Ann Pettigrew, Haverford College, PA
- 25) Kirstin Knox, Swarthmore College, PA
- 26) Jason Adler, Swarthmore College, PA
- 27) Daniel Gottlieb, Swarthmore College (but truly from Lawrence, KS)
- 28) Josh Feltman, Tufts University, MA
- 29) Louise Forrest, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, MA
- 30) HongSup Park, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, MA
(originally from Portage, Wisconsin)
- 31) Ana Sandoval, Massachusetts Institute of Technology
- 32) Katherine Navarrete, Massachusetts Institute of Technology
- 33) Mandisa Washington, Massachusetts Institute of Technology
- 34) Stephen Balzac, San Francisco, CA
- 35) Howard Yermish, Los Angeles, CA
- 36) Danielle Yermish, Los Angeles, CA
- 37) David S. Lefkowitz, University of California - Los Angeles
- 38) Frank S. Albinder, San Francisco, CA
- 39) Read S. Sherman, Harvard Divinity School
- 40) Stephane Lemelin, Cambridge, MA
- 41) Thomas Ouellette, Cambridge, MA
- 42) Richard Russell, Cambridge, MA
- 43) Nella Wennberg, Jamaica Plain, MA
- 44) Eric Smith, Jamaica Plain, MA
- 45) Alex Graham, Boston, MA
- 46) Dean Wei, Chicago, IL
- 47) Luisita Frances, Chicago, IL
- 48) Roy Vella, Stanford, CA
- 49) Alan Hellawell, Mountain View, CA
- 50) Timothy A. Scott, San Francisco, CA
- 51) Albert M. Yeh, Mountain View, CA
- 52) Susan Yeh, Seattle, WA
- 53) Jonathan Payne, Seattle, WA
- 54) Cena Pohl, Seattle, WA
- 55) David Perk, Seattle, WA
- 56) Robert Srygley, Seattle WA
- 57) Katarzyna S. Kubzdela, Chicago, IL
- 58) Katy Human, Stanford, CA
- 59) Erica Fleishman, Reno, NV
- 60) C. Richard Tracy, Reno, NV

- 61) Kenneth E. Nussear, Reno, NV
- 62) Christopher R. Tracy, University of Wisconsin, Madison, WI
- 63) Kristin Komives, Carrboro, NC
- 64) Jennifer Goldman, Chapel Hill, NC
- 65) Darcy Leach, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI
- 66) Van Luong, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI
- 67) Aurora M. Sherman, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI
- 68) Paul O. Stern, Seattle, WA
- 69) Erika Tapman, U. of Vermont College of Medicine
- 70) Opher Donchin, Urbana, IL
- 71) Prof. Pamela Cosman, University of California, San Diego
- 72) Ari Levitt, University of Washington, Seattle, WA
- 73) Nathan Martin, Berkeley, California
- 74) Lynn Price, Kensington, California
- 75) Leslie Shown, Kensington, CA
- 76) Mike Boals, Berkeley, CA
- 77) Wendy Boals, Berkeley, CA
- 78) Effie Westervelt, Tiburon, CA
- 79) Mary Burns, Taos, NM
- 80) Karen Page, New York, NY (████████)
- 81) Gary Holleman, Bemidji, MN (████████)
- 82) Tim Rosa, Newton, MA (██████)
- 83) Doug Hersh, Sherborn MA (██████)
- 84) Ruel Little, Somerville, MA (██████)
- 85) Stefan Wennik, Andover, MA (██████)
- 86) Melissa Walia, SF, CA (██████)
- 87) Tracy Brown, SF, CA (██████)
- 88) John T. Miller, SF, CA (██████)
- 89) M. Todd Davis, SF, CA (████████)
- 90) Michael Demetrios, SF, CA
- 91) J. Marc Perrin, NY, NY (██████)
- 92) Alyse Daberko, NY, NY (██████)
- 93) Jessica Guertin, Washington Univ. St. Louis(██████)
- 94) Ellen Watson, San Francisco, CA
- 95) Bridgitt Arnold, Seattle, WA
- 96) Erica Yenni, Seattle, WA
- 97) Kerri Karvetski, Seattle, WA (████████)
- 98) Mark Butler, Seattle, WA
- 99) Lazlow Jones, long beach, ny (██████)
- 100) Laura Bykowski, NYC, NY (██████)
- 101) Amy Stettler, NYC, NY (██████)
- 102) F Ben Dana, Burlington, Vermont

- 103) Bill Dahill-Baue, Brattleboro, VT
- 104) S. Ryan Quick, Yale University, New Haven, CT
- 105) Jerry Anne Dickel, Yale University, New Haven, CT
- 106) Donald Beebe, Yale University, New Haven, CT
- 107) Stephanie Seery, School of Theology at Claremont, CA
- 108) Katherine A. Johnson, Baltimore, MD
- 109) Cynthia J. Halstead, Burke, VA
- 110) Ronald Northrip, Falls Church, VA [REDACTED]
- 111) Jane Levandoski, University of Delaware, DE
- 112) Denise J. Hills, University of Delaware, DE
- 113) David P. Sobel, College of William & Mary, VA
- 114) Amey T. Sadler, College of William & Mary, VA
- 115) Donna M. Livingston, Woodbridge, VA
- 116) Karen A. Morris, Burke, VA
- 117) Michael E. Perdue Atlanta, GA
- 118) David Cour, Washington D.C.
- 119) Katie Sergeant, Washington D...C.
- 120) Nathan Sewell, Nashville, TN
- 121) Peter Eby, Nashville, TN
- 122) Jeff Taraday, seattle, WA
- 123) Julie Taraday, Seattle, WA
- 124) Stephanie Cooper, Seattle WA
- 125) Kailen Mooney, Seattle, WA
- 126) Dylan Clark, Univ. of WA, Anthropology, Seattle 98195
- 127) Daniel Simons, University of Washington, Seattle, WA
- 128) Kirsten Wild, University of Washington, Seattle, WA
- 129) Barbara Buseti, University of Washington, Seattle, WA
- 130) Leslie Macchia, Mountain View, CA ([REDACTED])
- 131) Kris Wollenhaupt, San Jose, CA
- 132) Ann Bowers, Palo Alto, CA
- 133) Sue Tysko, Palo Alto, CA
- 134) Liza Schmeltz, San Jose, CA
- 135) Judith Schweikert, Palo Alto, CA
- 136) Joan Wylie, Palo Alto, CA
- 137) Marcia Pugsley, Palo Alto, CA
- 138) Daryl Davis, Palo Alto, CA
- 139) Amy Gerstein, San Francisco, CA 140)
- 140) Christian Holden, San Francisco, CA 141)
- 141) Stephen Divenere, San Francisco, CA 142)
- 142) Karen Yetman, San Francisco, CA ([REDACTED])
- 143) Christine D'Elia, San Francisco, CA
- 144) Rachel Bredemeier, Cambridge, MA

- 145) Karin Horlbeck, Cambridge, MA
- 146) Mark Bourne, Cambridge, MA (██████)
- 147) Norm Slocum, Weymouth, MA (██████)
- 148) Carol Hughes, Boulder, CO (██████)
- 149) Susan Hagg, San Francisco, CA (██████)
- 150) Dante Landucci, Bethesda, MD (██████████)
- 151) Ann Dannenberg Rosen, Newton, MA
- 152) Elena Conti, Cambridge, MA
- 153) Brent Richter, Rowley Ma
- 154) Libby Jones, Rowley, MA
- 155) Kitkoon Chan, Pleasanton CA
- 156) Dennis Crayon, Boston, MA
- 157) Claude R Labbe, Boston, MA
- 158) Jeffrey M. Klapes, Lynnfield, MA
- 159) David E. Knudsen, Somerville, MA
- 160) Chris Ann Matteo, New York, NY
- 161) Scott G. Williams, Austin, Texas
- 162) Linda Wiencken Williams, Austin, Texas
- 163) Lucinda Martin, Florence, TX
- 164) Karen E. LeFevre, Austin, Texas
- 165) David E. Soileau, Austin, Texas (██████████)
- 166) Kirk P. White, RN, MSN, Austin, TX
- 167) Lisa Rogers, Austin, TX (██████)
- 168) Shelley Brown, Denver, CO (██████)
- 169) Deborah Chandler, Loveland, CO (██████████)
- 170) Linda Temple, Oklahoma City, OK (██████████)
- 171) Tom Temple, Oklahoma City, OK (██████████)
- 172) Gage Evans, Denver, CO (██████)
- 173) Kara M. Van Horn, Denver, CO (██████)
- 174) Carmelia Dyer, Boulder, CO (██████)
- 175) Douglas Goldman, Boulder, CO (██████████)
- 176) Eugenie Georgas, Boulder, CO (██████████)
- 177) Michael Birdsong, Boulder, CO (██████████)
- 178) Todd Arbetter, Boulder, CO (██████████)
- 179) Marika Holland, Boulder, CO (██████████)
- 180) Adriene Hughes, Brighton, MA
- 181) Andrew Myerson, Brighton, MA
- 182) Lucila De Alejandro, San Diego, CA
- 183) Robin Taylor, San Diego CA
- 184) Shelly Diaz, NYC, NY
- 185) Beth Davidson, Incline Village, NV
- 186) Jon Paul Davidson, Incline Village, NV

- 187) Kate Glanz, Durham, NH
- 188) Filson Glanz, Durham, NH
- 189) Dehan Glanz, San Francisco, CA
- 190) Justine Reese, San Francisco, CA
- 191) Carl Bettag, San Francisco, CA
- 192) Eugenia Lean, Los Angeles, CA
- 193) Nicole Huang, Berkeley, CA
- 194) George Krompacky, Yale University, CT
- 195) Peter Carroll, Yale University, New Haven, CT
- 196) James Carter, New Haven, CT
- 197) Eagle Glassheim, Columbia University, New York City
- 198) David S. Frey, Columbia University, New York City
- 199) Ellen B. Umland, Bay Village, OH
- 200) Susanna D. Kopchains, Hawthorne, NJ
- 201) Mark Margaretten, Denver, CO
- 202) Jon L. Leland, Mill Valley, CA
- 203) Steve Blumenthal, San Francisco, CA
- 204) Paula Mantel, Honolulu, HI
- 205) Gaile Sickel, Honolulu, HI
- 206) Robert Wolfson, Fairfax, CA
- 207) Shams Wm. Kairys, Oakland, CA
- 208) Donald Halley, New Lebanon, NY
- 209) David Iman Adler, New Lebanon, NY
- 210) Robert Barris, Highland Park,
- 211) Janet Carpus, Kalamazoo, MI
- 212) Terry Macak, Kalamazoo, MI
- 213) Lynne Aspnes, Ann Arbor MI
- 214) Lorna Haywood, U of M Ann Arbor MI
- 215) Robert Debbaut, Salt Lake City, UT
- 216) Kaye Ramsey, Salt Lake City, UT
- 217) Timothy Jones, U of T San Antonio TX
- 218) Eugene Dowdy, UTSA, San Antonio, TX
- 219) Lawrence Stomberg, Truman State University, Kirksville, MO
- 220) Lisa Stomberg, Colorado School of Mines, CO
- 221) Paula Lynch, Laurel Springs, NJ
- 222) Cara Kendric, Philadelphia, PA
- 223) Deborah Conger Hughes, University of Washington, Seattle
- 224) Dean Heerwagen, Univ. of Washington, Seattle
- 225) Mark Clayton, College Station, TX
- 226) Mardelle Shepley, Bryan, TX
- 227) Mike Blair Bryan Tx (██████)
- 228) David Lucey Oakland, CA

- 229) Ted Rallis Davis CA. ()
- 230) Leigh Ann Giles, Davis CA ()
- 231) Kamala Crompton, Sebastopol CA ()
- 232) Patrick Kelly
- 233) Alan J. Hiller ()
- 234) Mitchell D. Klein ()
- 235) Nicholas Wulfekuhle
- 236) Andrew Downes
- 237) Kelly Bowers, Washington DC
- 238) Thomas Unger, Alexandria, VA
- 239) Dwight Gibbs, Alexandria, VA ()
- 240) Selena Maranjian, Alexandria, VA ()
- 241) Lynnette A. Simon, Cambridge, MA ()
- 242) Susan Martin, Acton, MA()
- 243) Kenneth Lord, West Hempstead, NY ()
- 244) Christopher Vickery, Holliswood, NY ()
- 245) Christopher Winters, Stamford,CT ()
- 246) Paul McIsaac, New York City ()
- 247) John Douglas, Charlotte, VT ()
- 248) Norio Kushi, Shelburne, VT ()
- 249) JoAnne Kushi, Shelburne, VT
- 250) Allan Balliett, Shepherdstown, WV ()
- 251) Michael Reilly, NYC, NY ()
- 252) Cindi Weiss, Hoboken, NJ ()
- 253) Sam Cohen, NY, NY
- 254) Kathryn Mintz, NY, NY ()
- 255) Brad Greenquist, LA, CA
- 256) Helga Schier, LA, CA ()
- 257) Kimberly Burns, LA,CA ()
- 258) Laurel Cook, NY,NY()
- 259) Todd Gitlin, NY, NY ()
- 260) Norris McNamara, Chicago, IL ()
- 261) Scott Diamond, Chicago, IL
- 262) Vincent J. Apicella, Milpitas, CA
- 263) Scott Black, Oak Park, IL
- 264) Linda Marquardt, Oak Park, IL
- 265) Daniel Marquardt, Oak Park, IL
- 266) Robert Ginsburg, Fayetteville, Ar
- 267) Susan Jenkins, Fayetteville, Ar
- 268) Dianne Schlies, Albuquerque, NM
- 269) Paul Schlies, Albuquerque, NM
- 270) Bob Dickey, Portland, OR

- 271) Elizabeth Dickey, Tucson, AZ
- 272) Timothy Mayhew, Farmington, NM
- 273) Marjorie Robertson, Arlington, VA
- 274) Deron Hurst, Arlington, VA
- 275) Erika Warner, Arlington, VA
- 276) Nancy Ward, Arlington, VA
- 277) Heather Podlich, Washington, DC
- 278) Lillian Rice, Washington, DC
- 279) Nicole Dannenberg, Washington, DC (originally from Sunnyvale, CA)
- 280) Suzanne Isack, Washington DC
- 281) Iracema de Moura Castro, Washington, DC
- 282) Tom Sander, Cambridge, MA
- 283) Peri Smilow, Cambridge, MA
- 284) Marc Johnson, Cambridge, MA and NY, NY
- 285) Patty Lyons, Chicago, IL
- 286) Tom Mula, Chicago, IL
- 287) James Sie, Chicago, IL
- 288) Douglas Wood, Chicago, IL
- 289) Sue Sie, Rhinebeck, NY
- 290) Nancee Meeker, Rhinecliff, NY
- 291) Pat Garrett, Albuquerque, NM <http://www.nancee-meeker.com>
- 292) Carrie Seid, Chicago, IL
- 293) Thomas Stender, Chicago, IL
- 294) Richard Seid
- 295) Betty Seid
- 296) Ina Pinckney, Chicago IL
- 297) Jane Davis, Evanston IL
- 298) Judith Blank, Chicago IL
- 299) Jay Wolke, Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago, IL
- 300) Todd Childers Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green Ohio
- 301) Jennifer Karches Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio
- 302) brian JULIUS kwolek, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio
- 303) Michael Wendling, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio
- 304) David Waxler, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio
- 305) Drew Bell, St. Louis, MO
- 306) Josh Gray, St. Louis, MO
- 307) Sheila Merrell, St. Louis, MO
- 308) Daphne Selbert, Principia College, Elsau, IL
- 309) Randi Browning, Principia College, Elsau, IL

- 310) Brynne Gray, Principia College, Elsah, IL
- 311) Helen K. Davie, Atascadero, CA
- 312) Christopher Herold, Redwood City, CA
- 313) Linda Lee EVans, Palo Alto, CA
- 314) Patrick G. Bailey, Mt. View, CA
- 315) Bruce Stephen Holms, Santa Barbara, CA
- 316) Debra L. Lindemann, Santa Barbara, CA
- 317) Michael P. Lindemann, Santa Barbara, CA
- 318) Daniel Drasin, Oakland, CA
- 319) Jacqui Dunne, Sausalito, CA
- 320) BC Crandall, Mill Valley, CA
- 321) Len Lipner, Worcester, MA <[REDACTED]>
- 322) Victoria Broniscer, Sao Paulo, Brazil (US citizen)
- 323) Deborah F. Lynn, Yale University, New Haven, CT
- 324) Robin Cole Sunbeam, Vallejo, CA
- 325) Susan Sisselman, Lake Worth, FL
- 326) Sara-Jane Hardman, Croton-on-Hudson, NY [REDACTED]
- 327) Ronald Bleier, New York, NY
- 328) Charles Amirkhanian, El Cerrito, CA
- 329) Ron Silliman, Paoli, PA

Ron Silliman When this you see
262 Orchard Road Remember me
Paoli, PA 19301-1116

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] (o)
[REDACTED] (fax)
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

27. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Re: Piña colada, ümläuts, and so on ...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

John, thanks for the update on special characters. In the rather stunted US character set, however, at least on my Unix server, they don't come through; what I get for "pina colada" is "piqa colada," which actually sounds like, I dunno, a drink that is especially piquant? or just sticks you in the face with the little toothpick umbrella?

Gwyn, now wondering what organization to start that could reasonably be called the "Capital Umlauts"

I think your "rant" was fabulous...It very much crystalized a lot of the most important matters of principle, that emerge from the "cronyism" thread...As I've already posted at some length, the problem (and origin of this long tangle skein, as it's developed up to now) is materialist and monetary...At root, people are upset because of disparities in access to resources. (As Robert Christgau once wrote, reacting to the Police single, "Spirits in a Material World": ...We're also matter in a material world, which is where things start to get sticky..).

But the best response to all this, is to utilize whatever openings and resources we can, to increase the fecundity of the area of poetic work we've chosen..Well ranted.

Mark

[↑ Contents](#)

31. **Tom Mandel** *simplicity...*

Mon 2 Jun 1997

What Joe Amato seems to want to say in response to my "ras le bol" post on so-called procedures and that doublejointed pat on one's own back called fairness is that if you say you are going to do something, then that's what you should do.

I agree.

This of course has nothing to do with poetry. In the specific sense that a poem better be doing more than it says, and in the further sense that "all's fair in love and war" poetry being both or take your pick.

Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the poet. None.

TM

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

32. **David R. Israel** *Re: simplicity...*

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Tom saith --

*Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the poet. None.*

yes -- (except now & again the willow or the moon) --

& here's accord w/ Mark P.'s appreh of your rant mas fin -- particularly valuable for me was the rumination on the imperative(s) that are driving the engine or babbling the brook (take your pick), being a sense of what can / might be said -- the unuttered that seems "possible" and becks . . .

it's of some use (sometimes) to recollect how paltry -- on the level of poetry qua poetry -- or if not paltry, at least how fragile & in various ways ludicrous is the dwarf-world of repute & position v. the titan world of the mind behind the scrawl . . . -- the desire for "publication" is perhaps primarily metaphorical at root . . .

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

33. **Dean Taciuch**

Re: No more umlauts ...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

>Well, my attempt to reinvent the Umlaut wheel failed, and I guess I
>invented the flat tire instead.

>

>Dean Taciuch kindly bounced back my e-mail message, which he'd
>filtered through Eudora on a Mac, from an account on a UNIX server.
>All the fancy umlaut formatting failed to get through, except for a |
>vertical space or two | and an & ampersand, which anyone can type
>straight from the keyboard!!

>

Oddly, though, the umlaut and tilde came through in the Subject line in Eudora, though the special characters weren't displayed in the body (there must be another context for that line . . .). I notice, digging around in Eudora's settings, that the screen font can be changed--that's probably what controls special characters.

Dean

[↑ Contents](#)

34. **David Bromige**

Umlauts came thru loud und clear

Mon 2 Jun 1997

John Tranter, my software had no trouble decoding your message, which I downloaded to practice it on my Mac Classic II (MSW 6.1). But my keyboard has no ALT. Is there an ALT somewhere in the software? I _do_ have that auxillary keyboard of mostly numbers to the right of the part of the keyboard I use. I tried using my OPTION button but no go. db

[↑ Contents](#)

35. **amato**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

tom, yup... as to the 'authority sits above' me, or you, or whomever---why yeah, i think that resides within... but what's within being so many ways what's without too, gives me pause... as in, *me*!...

it's not that i'm not sure of mself, exactly... but i think contributions of any sort are worth some anxiety over one's sense of entitlement... i don't, no i don't, always feel so... entitled... which in fact feeds directly at times into my writing, into whatever...

best,

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

36. **robert drake**

Re: how to produce books / Ivan Arguelles

Mon 2 Jun 1997

apropos of the recent interest in ivan arguelles' work, here's a recent electronic chap of his work, published by jake berry (██████) as part of his EXPERIODICIST project...

lbd

LA MUERTE DE ENRIQUE ARGUELLES [a sketch]

an electronic chapbook

Ivan Arguelles

As dark as mahogany
sudden lack of memory
who that was in front of the easel
squeezing colors of day on the canvas
to freeze-frame an idealized siesta afternoon
almost breathless beneath the unrelenting semaphore
how many eons ago
how many discarded masks
the turbulence of life
a directionless random
through landscape of painted cactus
dead automobiles rusting blood red
metal scales beside the arid strip
or in the arroyo
the hundred drunks of teotihuacan
banging on broken guitars
skeletal features
unmarried despotic emotions
marring the afternoon's idyll
fist on glass
trumpet of ire shattering the historical water
above the famished necropolis
where the young painter was learning to die
flies in clouds of somber ennui
covering the ventana of life
y todo lo pasado
como un alacran de fuego
what was it for?
the alembics the short-wave radio
the pistolas con mi general
that elegant black dog
mustache wax hair pomade
ivory cigarette holder pulque
raw mornings in absentia
those fucking luteranos
y siempre las pesadillas
con las calaveras y me cago
into afternoon of periodicity
reading katzenjammer kids
in the month old "excelsior"
a dozen years later in minnesota
when the black mantle

who were those 2 guys
 bud & eddy?
 manchas de petroleo
 sobre el cristal
donde el aire es mas transparente
 y clavado en el pecho
 el pu~no "soy comunista!"
staring deep into the bottomless beer
 when the hour of bitter lemon
 turns to alkali
 somewhere outside of borrego
 springs
 where the "vaya al infierno"
 is set into motion
not like this in what seems to be
 a duluth motel
 december 5
 siglo de xerox
 en el mes de nieve eterna
not the joven abrasado de amores
 AY!
 en su ilusion de memoria
quantity of life
 purchased at sears & roebuck
 or montgomery wards
in a basement sale of massive firestone tire
ready to burn mountains
 like the great work
 in isolation

CARTA ABIERTA AL SE~NOR PRESIDENTE
please I have the nothing more
than these my pinturas pero no soy un flaco
and it is with these my pinturas
I request you for an advertisement to fame
and though I have had cocktails at sanborns
and visited poets in lomas
yes I am an humilde, Se~nor Presidente
and I admit todo es mi culpa
I am at fault for the universe
all of it with its motor breakdowns
and I can fix but for your piano

and perform the beethoven with lucidity
that comes of massive binge in snow
I am not but I knew Trotzky
and was artist without portfolio
for six or seven decades
my signature incarnadine is perfect
aztec for chloroform or silver death
the masks I wore the god of death
or Chac-Mool ever athirst
for whom I invented alcohol
and by your leave I drank it all
even as I strode panamerican highway
in my euroaztec monkey gear
suave as any gable clark in sleep
hijo de la chingada madre!
que marinero feo! puto!
these sisters of the grey
whose fog is my future in form
but mi general lazaro cardenas
why have you beached me?
why am I thus displaced in winter?
arrested for drunk driving in 1951 (?)
I'm in the jailhouse now
 I'm in the hoosegow now
in my waking dream in santa monica
still elegant I strut the boardwalk
as seagulls circle over me to aim
I am abject as never before
my piano hurts my small electric organ
outside la nieve eterna de mi vida
what did I ever do to the mayo clinic?
Se~nor presidente mi general lazaro cardenas
I am on my knees in a linoleum cell
golpeando mi pecho que tengo la culpa
I am guilty for all the universe
if it is not perfect nor in lomas chapultepec
I am the soul of the darker memory
nor does mi cu~nada Lupe mourn the more
nor my sister Lucia saint of hell
boyle heights en la ciudad de los angeles
where I have suffered her bordello
the agony of all the indios cristos

en su polvo y sangre de miseria
and what if I failed?
what if my pinturas all were nothing?
what if I never was diego rivera?
am I less comunista or hombre?
what if I really failed
and there is nothing to remind me
of my past in the future of oxidized coins
and of my children what is their part
what is their share in my failure?
futility of the garden I attempted for them
of the false nostalgia of sunday music
and the limpid wine & fried fish
and the great cliffs beyond the siesta
pastoral symphony color of grass
in the incredible distance of tenochtitlan
the capital of my dolorous heart
did I begin in spain on a rock?
was I raised by jesuits to hate?
did I deny la santa iglesia catolica
only to be forced into luterano hell?
nordic chofer lackey dishwasher cook
MIS PINTURAS NO VALEN NADA!
"to you my heart cries out pefidia"

indeterminate section of sky
 the color of zinc or tin
 or like maps zig-zag jagged
torn out of an infancy
 spent near the border
 where the basques
 shoot at leon & castille
and the histories and chronicles of the many spains
 erupt like a volcano in the cathedral's white nerve
 every cell pitted against the other
 sweating the guardia civil
 of adolescence
escape to the tropic
 or a warner brothers version
 saltimbanque in guadalajara
 watching from the rooftops
 as the pistoleros of the revolucion

make their mark in the dust
rosaries of flame
with no sense of justice
sombbrero in hand
for whom, se~nores?
to increase the universe
with this vain existence
mis pinturas
que nunca dejaron de ser
nada mas que pura representacion
camera-eye y nada mas!
still-form with flowers
grey vase yellow
color de mi amor
la gringa que vino
a cambiar mi vida
have I ever been happy?
ambicion y consternacion
sentimiento tragico de la vida
dolores del rio
trotzky desnudo en todos mis sue~nos
but that later I should become
merely a wetback
dirty mex
rosa de los cielos
in my teeth
lone ranger/zane grey
y esa abuela toda gris la luterana
mi suegra errores de potsdam
GITANO
that restless life with lawnmower in minnesota
that meaningless life
how the shape of snow affects me!
minarets of blue ice
tan lejos de los tropicos
what is the memory I have of xochimilco?
trato de recordar los nombres de las calles
nothing resurfaces from that watery city
my hands eran manos tan finas
my paintings my failed music
only the midnight piano
"to you my heart cries out pefidia"

logic and casuistry of the jesuits!
Pfah!

ivan arguelles
5-12/13-97

[↑ Contents](#)

37. **David Bromige**
simplicity, a poem

Mon 2 Jun 1997

sure of himself

in that respect, not to be trusted

[↑ Contents](#)

38. **David Israel**
an umlaut w/ a diff

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Yeah, & look how these things translate at my other (office) computer
(w/ LAN using GroupWise e-software):

<<

=?ISO-8859-1?Q?Re:_Piña_colada,_ümläuts,_and_so_on_..._? >>

that's the Pina Colada & Umlaut subject line . . .

d.i.

>>> Gwyn McVay <[REDACTED]> 06/02/97 07:47am

>>>

John, thanks for the update on special characters. In the rather stunted
US character set, however, at least on my Unix server, they don't come
through . . .

[↑ Contents](#)

39. **David Israel**
Re: simplicity... / entitlement

Mon 2 Jun 1997

the right reverend Amato writes:

<< . . . contributions of any sort are worth some anxiety over one's sense of en-
titlement... i don't, no i don't, always feel so... entitled... which in fact feeds di-
rectly at times into my writing, into whatever... >>

how about Earl? Duke? Count? Sir Joe (at least)?

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

40. **Steven Marks**

Re: Umlauts came thru loud und clear

Mon 2 Jun 1997

For us Mac users with no ALT: use the option key and the regular keyboard. OPTION key plus the letter "u" will make an umlaut over the next letter you type. To see what combinations make what marks, go to the Apple menu (far left), pull it down and click on Key Caps. That will display a map of the keyboard upon which you can try the different combinations and see what they produce.

BTW, the umlauts did not come out in my e-mail, but I think that is because of the ancient mail program my provider uses. Pine 1.3 or something like that.

Steven

On Mon, 2 Jun 1997, David Bromige wrote:

John Tranter, my software had no trouble decoding your message, which I downloaded to practice it on my Mac Classic II (MSW 6.1). But my keyboard has no ALT. Is there an ALT somewhere in the software? I _do_ have that auxillary keyboard of mostly numbers to the right of the part of the keyboard I use. I tried using my OPTION button but no go. db

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

[↑ Contents](#)

41. **Poetics List**

"Welcome" Message

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Rev. 6-1-97

Welcome to the Poetics List

&

The Electronic Poetry Center

sponsored by The Poetics Program, Department of English, Faculty of Art & Letters, of the State University of New York, Buffalo

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

Contents

1. About the Poetics List
2. Subscriptions
3. Cautions
4. Digest Option
5. Temporarily turning off Poetics mail
6. Who's Subscribed
7. The Electronic Poetry Center (EPC)
8. Poetics Archives at EPC
9. Publishers & Editors Read This!

[This document was prepared by Charles Bernstein (██████), Loss PequeñoGlazier (██████), and in cooperation with Joel Kuszai (██████).]

Above the world-weary horizons
New obstacles for exchange arise
Or unfold, O ye postmasters!

1. About the Poetics List

The Poetics List was founded in late 1993 with this epigraph:

There are presently about 500 subscribers.

Please note that this is a private list and information about the list should not be posted to other lists or directories of lists. The idea is to keep the list to those with specific rather than general interests, and also to keep the scale of the list small and the volume manageable.

individual posts of participants are sent directly to all subscribers, we continue to work to promote the editorial function of this project. The definition of that project, while provisional, and while open to continual redefinition by list

participants, is nonetheless aversive to a generalized discussion of poetry. Rather, our aim is to support, inform, and extend those directions in poetry that are committed to innovations, renovations, and investigations of form and/or/as content, to the questioning of received forms and styles, and to the creation of the otherwise unimagined, untried, unexpected, improbable, and impossible.

Please keep in mind that all posts go out immediately to all subscribers, and become part of an on-line archive. **Posting to Poetics is a form of publication, not personal communication*.* Participants are asked to exercise caution before posting messages! While spontaneity of response may seem the very heart of the list at its best, it also has the darker side of circulating ideas that have not been well considered (or considered by another reader -- editor or friend). Given the nature of the medium, subscribers do well to maintain some skepticism when reading the list and, where possible, to try to avoid taking what may be something close to a spontaneous comment made in the heat of exchange as if it were a revised or edited essay ("Let the Reader Beware!").

The "list owner" of Poetics is Charles Bernstein; contact him for further information. Joel Kuszai is list manager. For subscription information contact us at [REDACTED].

2. Subscriptions

line, to:

[REDACTED]

the one-line message should say:

{or}

(replacing Jill Jillway with your own name; but note: do not use your name to unsub)

We will be sent a notice of all subscription activity.

*

If you are having difficulty unsubscribing, please note:

Sometimes your e-mail address may be changed slightly by your system administrator. If this happens you will not be able to send messages to Poetics

mail. To avoid this, unsub from the old address and resub from the new

address. If you can no longer do this there is a solution if you use Eudora (an e-mail program that is available free at shareware sites): from the Tools menu select "Options" and then select set-up for "Sending Mail": you can substitute your old address here and send the unsub message.

The most frequent problem with subscriptions is bounced messages. If your system is often down or if you have a low disk quota, Poetics messages may get bounced. Please try avoid having messages from the list returned to us. If the problem is low disk quota, you may wish to request an increase from your system administrator. (You may wish to argue that this subscription is part of your scholarly communication!) You may also wish to consider obtaining a commercial account.

3. Cautions

Please do not send attachments or include extremely long documents in a post, since this may make it difficult for those who get the list via "digest" or who cannot always decode attached or specially formatted files.

In addition to being archived at the EPC, some posts to Poetics (especially reviews, obituary notices, announcements, etc.) may also become part of specific EPC subject areas. Brief reviews of poetry events and publications are always welcome. (See section 7.)

Please do not send inquiries to the list to get an individual subscribers address. To get this information, see section 6.

If you want someone to send out information to the list as a whole, or supply information missing from an post, or thank someone for posting something you requested, please send the request or comment to the individual backchannel, not to the whole list.

4. Digest Option

The Poetics List can send a large number of individual messages to your account to each day! If you would prefer to receive ONE message each day, which would include all messages posted to the list for that day, you can use the digest option. Send this one-line message (no subject line) to


set poetics digest

NOTE:!! Send this message to "listserv" not to Poetics or as a reply to this message!!

You can switch back to individual messages by sending this message:
set poetics mail

5. Temporarily turning off Poetics mail

Do not leave your Poetics subscription "active" if you are going to be away for any extended period of time! Your account may become flooded and you may

lose not only Poetics messages but other important mail. You can temporarily turn off your Poetics subscription by sending a message to "listserv."

set poetics nomail

& turn it on again with: set poetics mail

When you return you can check or download missed postings from the Poetics archive. (See 8 below.)

6. Who's Subscribed

To see who is subscribed to Poetics, send an e-mail message to e-mail message

blank. In the body of your e-mail message type:

review poetics

You will be sent within a reasonable amount of time (by return e-mail) a rather long list containing the names and e-mail addresses of Poetics subscribers. This list is alphabetized by server not name.

or try:

review POETICS by name

review POETICS by country

which will give you the list alphabetically by name or a flawed list by country (since all ".com" and ".net"s are counted as US)

Please do not send a message to the list asking for the address of a specific subscriber.

7. What is the Electronic Poetry Center?

our URL is

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

The mission of this World-Wide Web based electronic poetry center is to serve as a hypertextual gateway to the extraordinary range of activity in formally innovative writing in the United States and the world. The Center provides access to the burgeoning number of electronic resources in the new poetics including RIF/T and other electronic poetry journals, the POETICS List archives, an AUTHOR library of electronic poetic texts, and direct connections to numerous related electronic RESOURCES. The Center also provides information about contemporary print little magazines and SMALL PRESSES engaged in poetry and poetics. And we have an extensive collection of soundfiles of poets' reading their work, as well as the archive of LINEbreak, the radio interview series. The EPC is directed by Loss Pequeño Glazier.

8. Poetics Archives via EPC

Go to the EPC and select Poetics from the opening screen. Follow the links to Poetics Archives. You may browse the archives by month and year or search them for specific information. Your interface will allow you to print or download any of these files.

Or set your browser to go directly to:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/poetics/archive>

9. Publishers & Editors Read This!

PUBLISHERS & EDITORS: Our listings of poetry and poetics information is open and available to you. We are trying to make access to printed publications as easy as possible to our users and ENCOURAGE you to participate! Send a

list of your press/publications to [REDACTED] with the words EPC Press Listing in the subject line. You may also send materials on disk. (Write file name, word processing program, and Mac or PC on disk.) Send an e-mail message to the address above to obtain a mailing address to which to send your disk. Though files marked up with html are our goal, ascii files are perfectly acceptable. If your word processor will save files in Rich Text Format (.rtf) this is also highly desirable

Send us extended information on new publications (including any back cover copy and sample poems) as well as complete catalogs/backlists (including excerpts from reviews, sample poems, etc.). Be sure to include full information for ordering--including prices and addresses and phone numbers both of the press and any distributors.

Initially, you might want to send short announcements of new publications directly to the Poetics list as subscribers do not always (or ever) check the EPC; in your message please include full information for ordering. If you have a fuller listing at EPC, you might also mention that in any Poetics posts. Some announcements circulated through Poetics and the EPC have received a noticeable responses; it may be an effective way to promote your publication and we are glad to facilitate information about interesting publications.

END OF POETICS LIST WELCOME

[↑ Contents](#)

42. **Daniel Tessitore**

Re: debt

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Jorie Graham, I believe, wrote one blurb and James Tate the other. Tate said something rather innocuous about humor, and Graham--if memory serves--referred to Levine as "a god." I found that inflated as well, even for a poet's fan to write. I think David Kellogg summed up the feeling a lot of people had about that particular book--initial interest disintegrating (rather too soon) into boredom.

I try to keep in mind though that he was not yet 30 when that book was accepted--so he's kicking my ass--

DT

From: David Kellogg[SMTP: [REDACTED]]
Sent: Monday, June 02, 1997 6:45 AM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: debt

Franklin Bruno wrote:

DK, Could you elaborate on what you disliked about DEBT? I'm not saying I disagree mind you--I saw a couple poems in magazines that intrigued me enough to pick up the book, which disappointed me. I'm being vague here because I'd like to see if your complaints are the same as mine.

I thought the opening several poems were quite interesting, with certain attractive kinds of paranoia, subject-shifting voices speaking the poems, and attention to a variety of issues surrounding the title. But then it just got to be the same poem over and over. So in the end, I was bored; it seemed to play the same tricks (which were in the end shock tactics) too many times. I guess I was disappointed also b/c I read it in the context of the hype. I have frankly never read a set of more puffed-up blurbs for a first book than I did for that. (Can't get to the blurbs right now, as I unloaded _Debt_ to reduce my own at a used bookstore).

Cheers,
David

[↑ Contents](#)

43. **henry**
Re: simplicity...
Mon 2 Jun 1997

On Mon, 2 Jun 1997 08:53:22 -0400 Tom Mandel said:

>

>Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the poet. None.

Same goes for scientists and science, I suppose, and politicians and politics. But I wouldn't refer to poets for information on the "double-jointed pat on the back called fairness". Politicians are probably more expert in that sub-field. For fairness PER SE however, most ordinary non-professing people have some concept of what it is. Does po-biz fall under the authority of fairness per se? Yes - cause anybody can see its workings & non-workings. It's not a specialization. - Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

44. **amato**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

er, david, david, which, one, any?, i'm best as plain ole joe!... gave me hell as a kid, my father actually was made to change his to 'joseph,' made to right write-handed... er... but like, i'm actually a jr., which i dropped for similar reasons so i could be best as etc...

and henry and others, yeah, contra moi, it's mebbe? that a related complication is captured in these song lyrix, from judy bats *pain makes you beautiful* disc, the tune "being simple":

Hearts cannot be broken, they're small squishy things . They don't break like glass but they bruise easily . This one you bruise . Words will not be spoken never knowing what they mean . Sticks and stones hurt my bones, your promises have broken me . Each one you break . And I want to be good but good is being simple . Simple is forgetting . I simply can't forget . I want to be good but good is being simple . Simple is forgetting . and I simply can't forget .

and the refrain

And I want to be good but good is being simple . Simple is forgetting . I simply can't forget . I want to be great but greatness is giving . Giving leaves me empty . Oh great emptiness

etc...

best,

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

45. **Hank Lazer**

Re: Ivan Arguelles

Mon 2 Jun 1997

A little more info on Ivan A:

He publishes Pantograph Press (P.O. Box 9643, Berkeley, CA 94709). Under that imprint, he's done some excellent books by Will Alexander, Jack Foley (*Exiles*) and Jake Berry (most recently, *Species of Abandoned Light*; shortly, Volume 2 of *Brambu Drezi*). Ivan's own work also appears from Pantograph. Most recently *Enigma & Variations: Paradise is Persian for Park*, the latest installment in Ivan A's ongoing work, *Pantograph*.

Pantograph Press will soon publish a collaborative work by Ivan A and Jack Foley.

I found _Enigma and Variations_ to be quite interesting in scope, variety, complexity, and range of reference.

Hank Lazer

[↑ Contents](#)

46. **Carol A Kelly**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

>>Tom: Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the poet. None.

>Henry: Same goes for scientists and science, I suppose, and politicians and politics.

I wonder if it would be useful to this discussion to think about two different kinds of "hierarchies" of which the self is a part: (1) there is the poet as judge / person as utility who agrees to a contract and (2) the poet as person who simply thinks and lives like every other person scientist, politician, etc.

(1) The poet who agrees to judge a poetry contest and does not follow the rules of that contract has "legally" wronged the people she is in contract with. I think no one disagrees with that. The question is whether or not this violation is ethically or morally sound.

Clearly, when it was believed that Graham violated the AWP contest rules, the upset on this list was rooted in the belief that what she did was unethical. We were not discussing Graham as a judge of a contest (role type (1)) but as a person who thinks and lives (role type (2)). My interpretation of Tom's "rant" is that he has no interest in deciding whether or not she would have been ethically all right in doing what we believed she did, and further, that he is troubled over the fact that there is so much interest in said judgment.

"Fairness" in poetry is only interesting, then, if you believe that you see fit to make moral or ethical judgments about another's actions. Otherwise, we would might say that a certain move is legal, or within the bounds of a rule set, and there would be much less ambiguity over whether or not a judge or publisher did something "wrong."

But laws and ethics, although oftentimes confused, are in totally different classes. (Along this line, a coworker once asked me what religion I followed; when I replied that I am an atheist he said "but you look like such a nice girl--I would have never guessed you were amoral!")

Carol

[↑ Contents](#)

47. **Mark Wallace**

Osip Mandelshtam translations in Penguin

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Yes, I know, they're translations. But is there anybody out there who can tell me about the quality of these translations in the Penguin paperback edition of Osip Mandelshtam SELECTED POEMS? I compared the poem on Stalin, for instance, to the version in Rothenberg and Joris's POEMS FOR THE MILLENIUM, and the translation in the Penguin book was much the weaker poem, it seemed to me--no idea of how it relates to the original. Sorry not to have names of translators here at work. It's just that, in the case of this one poem, the SELECTED POEMS translation seemed so much weaker as a poem that I wondered if I was getting weak translations throughout. Obviously, since they're translations, I'm missing SOMETHING, but suddenly I began to wonder how close I was getting to missing EVERYTHING.

Thanks in advance for anyone who can help me here.

Mark Wallace

```
/-----\ |
||      || GWU:
|| http://gwis2.circ.gwu.edu/~mdw      || EPC:
|| http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/wallace ||
```

[↑ Contents](#)

48. **henry**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

I thought we were considering a "case" in po-biz. I see no sharp division between law & ethics, especially in an organizational situation where basically "we" (the "writing people") set up the rules. The rules are an expression or an attempt toward "fairness". The aim of the discussion was not to get inside the motivations of the "guilty party" but to consider, using an example, what the rules of the game - in a game fraught with conflicts of interest - actually are.

Tom certainly has a point that the contest po-biz wasteland is getting away from talking about poetry, poems. But then "poetics" means the whole dang valley in which it persists. As this endless conversation on hundreds of topics has proved for a long time. As I understand it, Tom was also saying that the real game (making poetry) has no "rules" & all this talk just clouds the issue. But we were talking about that "other" game...

zzzz...goes the wasp... - Henry

[↑ Contents](#)

49. **henry**

Re: Osip Mandelshtam translations in Penguin

Mon 2 Jun 1997

My opinion as a non-Russian-reader who's read a lot of these translations:
there isn't a good one yet.

The Selected Poems you're referring to I think was done by Clarence Brown & WS Merwin. They sound to my ear much too Merwin. The rhythm & speed & tone of Mandelstam is a whole different animal.

I like the big book of complete Mandelstam published by SUNY way back & I think trans. by Sidney Monas & Burton Raffel. It's got something of OM's edge - but for me the rhythm is still too loose & the diction off a lot (I'm going by my sense of smell here). But for me it's pretty good.

Trans. by James Greene seem too precious & "literary". Richard McKane I like reading (they're relatively new on the scene) - but again seem sort of wooden. What I like best besides Monas/Raffel came out a long time ago, trans. by a Scottish guy, David McDuff (I think?) - long out of print? - but capture something of his pathos & strangeness - esp. in the early OM.

I know Tom Mandel has some opinions here, & has trans. OM himself - we've backchanneled on this one before - eh, boxer-man? Anybody else want to get in the ring?

there's a re-issue in a handy format of the Complete Critical Prose that just came out from Ardis press - very helpful in getting into the feel of the poetry, along with Nadezhda Mandelstam's GREAT memoirs (excellent summer reading, if you like Dostoevsky) - Henry G

[↑ Contents](#)

50. **L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy**

tinfish on a hot day

Mon 2 Jun 1997

It's been so hot here in Ireland the last few days that I thought why not have another look at tinfish #4? So I did.

The opening poem _Le Livre de'histoire du monde_ by Murray Edmond is astonishing, not least because it manages to keep up the momentum of its bracing opening:

The world was stitched together at noon
on Sunday out of old bicycle parts
by a mouse with thread of ice and eelskin silk.

A creation myth which, after many readings, remains an endlessly renewable source of energy and renewal.

And towards the end of the zine there's Murray's *_The Gannets of Pilsen_* in which a series of narrative fragments wheel around each other maintaining a dynamic formation that does not depend on any central structure. A surprise second helping and a delight.

John Kinsella's *_nature morte: Oh Rhetoric!* is a very remarkable work. Casual almost to the point of slackness, repetitive, it uses the device of discussing and agonising over another poem: *_Trans-celluloid Vision_*. With these unassuming means a huge scale is encompassed. And for a poem that eschews or quotability, it is utterly unforgettable. This was a real find. A triumph.

In a lovely piece of editing, John's expansive piece is followed by a beautiful 7 line poem by Yunte Huang called *_Tofu Your Life_*. Very engaging. Exactly the sort of thing to keep to the front of your files to show those people who would like to read poetry but won't because they're scared that they'll be humiliated or something. If you've forgotten what charm is, a quick look at this will refresh your memory.

Hazel Smith's three pieces, *_Perguilspek_* (shunder urtli stroqua agalan stroqualan ault?), *_Poetics_* (a woman tearing the bread of being/a woman tonguing the wine or syntax) and *_Monologue_* (When I started to read Freud I couldn't believe how much he and I had in common) are a joy. Masterly, endlessly inventive, out-aphorising Blake, sinuous, threatening to break into a bio-story at every point but bringing the reader to more and more exciting and unexpected places.

I've had a great day. Spent a lot of time in the garden pushing two of my daughters, Flo (6) and Genevieve(3) on the swing with one hand while holding tinfish in the other and reading aloud. They were all for it. Just keep pushing.

Don't want to make this post too long, but it would be a scandal not to mention Richard Hasaki's *_Da Mento Hospital_*, Cydney Chadwick's *_Hangman_*, Rebecca Mays Ernest's *_Scratch Factor_* and well the entire contents of this vivacious fish. Can't wait for #5.

Randolph Healy.

[↑ Contents](#)

51. **Ken Edwards**

Nicole Brossard

Mon 2 Jun 1997

We are proud to announce the publication of
TYPHON DRU

by

Nicole Brossard

REALITY STREET EDITIONS · June 1997 £5.50

Two sequences of poems, in a specially commissioned translation by poet Caroline Bergvall, from the leading French-Canadian writer, twice winner of the Governor General's prize for poetry, and of the highest literary award for Quebec literature, le prix Athanase-David.

Nicole Brossard in Cambridge reading from her work:

Friday June 27 Anglia University, East Road, 6.30 pm

reading and in conversation:

Saturday June 28, Kettle's Yard House, Northampton St, 12 noon

(opposite the gallery entrance)

Ms Brossard will read from the dual-language text and talk about her writing. She is the author of more than 20 works of fiction and poetry and has influenced a whole generation by her thinking on post-modernist, experimental, feminist and lesbian writing. She has directed films and co-founded two important literary periodicals, *La Barre du Jour* and *La Nouvelle Barre du Jour*. Her novel *Mauve Desert* has been translated into English, Spanish, German and Dutch. This rare appearance by Nicole Brossard in the UK forms part of her tour in which she is scheduled to appear at the Canadian High Commission and at Quebec House in London, and to be a plenary speaker at the Leeds University Conference on Women and Texts: Languages, Technologies and Communities. Her readings in Cambridge will offer those interested and involved with issues of experimental writing, women's creativity, texts and languages an opportunity to engage with Ms Brossard in an atmosphere of informal discussion.

We look forward to welcoming you to these events.

RSE gratefully acknowledges funding support from the Arts Council of England and the Eastern Arts Board.

For further information please contact:

Wendy Mulford 01728-604169

6 Benhall Green, Saxmundham, Suffolk IP17 1HU

or

Ken Edwards email: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

52. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Osip Mandelshtam translations in Penguin

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Bruce McClelland's translation of TRISTIA (Station Hill Press, 1987, most likely still in print) is the one I feel comes closest to what I take to be Mandelstam's diction & rhythms. But, yes, new translations of OM are much needed -- & good ones, as indeed most of britisher & Merwinesques sound pale & flat & boring. Not having Russian I read him mostly in Paul Celan's German translations, which are absolutely splendid. -- Pierre

--

=====

pierre joris 6 madison place albany ny 12202
tel/fax [REDACTED] email: [REDACTED]
<http://www.albany.edu/~joris/>

Everything that allows men to become rooted, through values or sentiments, in _one_ time, in _one_ history, in _one_ language, is the principle of alienation which constitutes man as privileged in so far as he is what he is, [...] imprisoning him in contentment with his own reality and encouraging him to offer it as an example or impose it as a conquering assertion. -- Maurice Blanchot

=====

[↑ Contents](#)

53. **George Bowering**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

>Tom saith --

>

>> Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the

>> poet. None.

\

So let me get this straight: you are saying that on this point, Shelley, Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were all wrong?

George Bowering.

,

2499 West 37th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

54. **David Israel**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

George Bowering <[REDACTED]> 06/02/97 06:16pm >>>
Tom saith --

*Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the poet. None.*

And George Bowering riposteth:

So let me get this straight: you are saying that on this point, Shelley, Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were all wrong?

(not that this is mine to tussle, but) let me get this straight: are you saying that Shelley, Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were not poets? (or hey, maybe I'm missing some nuance of the argument?)

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

55. **sschu30844**

Re: tinfish on a hot day

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Dear Randolph--thanks so much for your letter/message! It's always good to hear that Tinfish has attentive readers and I'm delighted that your daughters heard it too. I'm trying to copy the message, but my printer has decided to spew forth dozens of blank pages, so it may not happen... Hot in Ireland! It's stifling here, despite the fact that there are still breezes (they end in August through October, alas). But I'll be moving this summer to the other side of the island, where it's cooler, if a bit farther away from the university. My sabbatical will end soon...it's been good, if not as a time to get a lot of work done. The printer "prints" on. Stay in touch...I'll let you know when the next fish is nearing completion. Tomorrow I pick up the chapbook we've just done up--poems by me and John Kinsella. Wordy ones! all best, Susan

[↑ Contents](#)

56. **Daniel Zimmerman**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

George Bowering wrote:

>
> >Tom saith --
> >
> >> Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the
> >> poet. None.
> \
>
> So let me get this straight: you are saying that on this point, Shelley,
> Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were all wrong?
>
> George Bowering.
>
> ,
> 2499 West 37th Ave.,
> Vancouver, B.C.,
> Canada V6M 1P4
>
> fax: [REDACTED]
> e-mail: [REDACTED]

Zing! Pow! Nous-zap! Urania Mania!
(& Homer Hesiod Sappho Pindar Blake
Dante Rumi David Virgil Saint
John of the Cross Dickinson Yeats
to add a few to the receptive queue...

Dan Zimmerman
485 Parsonage Road
Edison, NJ 08837
[REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

57. **Daniel Zimmerman**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

David Israel wrote:

>
> >>> George Bowering <[REDACTED]> 06/02/97 06:16pm >>>
> >Tom saith --

> >
> >> Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the
> >> poet. None.
>
> And George Bowering riposteth:
>
> >So let me get this straight: you are saying that on this point, Shelley,
> >Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were all wrong?
>
> (not that this is mine to tussle, but) let me get this straight: are you
> saying that Shelley, Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were not
> poets? (or hey, maybe I'm missing some nuance of the argument?)
>
> d.i.

David, I think George Bowering (& I, in a repost to him) just want to shift the discussion back to POETRY, rather than to "po-biz," which I take it Tom Mandel really means when he says "In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the poet." [After all, Tom also said "this [i.e., the imprimatur of arts administrators, even when poets] has nothing to do with poetry."

Dan Zimmerman
485 Parsonage Road
Edison, NJ 08837
[REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

58. **David Israel**

Re: simplicity... / authority

Mon 2 Jun 1997

possibly I should clarify my point:

1. when Tom Mandel writes,

| *Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the
| poet. None.*

I believe the antecedent discussions (whence this provocative, categorical utterance emerges) would suggest the intended sense of "authority" here, an "external authority in the world" -- e.g., AWP Judges, graduate student readers, publishers, peers, editors, critics, your uncle Bill, your friend Simon, some Poet Laureate, or some excellent writer-friend.

When George Bowering counters,

So let me get this straight: you are saying that on this point, Shelley, Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were all wrong?

I presume he means to suggest that the authority who is felt to be "above" (or "beyond") the poet is of this general ilk: God, the Muse, the Rose, Inspiration, the Heart, or the unutterable Silence. This seems of a different order of things / beings entirely.

While Tom's statement was couched (for rhetorical effect, presumably) in absolutist terms, I should like, as an exercise, to propose this revised form of the aphorism:

~~There is no authority higher than the author

A glancing notion of etymology (at leasts) suggests its verity.

Or am I still missing something?

d.i.

p.s.: I see Dan Zimmerman adds:

(& Homer Hesiod Sappho Pindar Blake Dante Rumi David Virgil Saint John of the Cross Dickinson Yeats to add a few to the receptive queue...

all still relying on internal authority -- i.e., that which is accessible (if by luck or grace or inspiration) to the poet internally; not some person in the world whose opinion should be heeded . . . not, at least, a person extrinsic to the being of the poet himself (as Shams for Rumi, Beatrice for Dante, the "tender flame" for San Juan de la Cruz -- . . . all germane to the poet's own "deepest center", no?)

[↑ Contents](#)

59. **Daniel Zimmerman** **Re: simplicity... / authority**

Mon 2 Jun 1997

David Israel wrote:

>

> possibly I should clarify my point:

>

> 1. when Tom Mandel writes,

>

> > Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the

> > poet. None.

>

> I believe the antecedent discussions (whence this provocative, categorical
> utterance emerges) would suggest the intended sense of "authority"

> here, an "external authority in the world" -- e.g., AWP Judges, graduate
> student readers, publishers, peers, editors, critics, your uncle Bill, your
> friend Simon, some Poet Laureate, or some excellent writer-friend.
>
> When George Bowering counters,
>
> >So let me get this straight: you are saying that on this point, Shelley,
> >Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were all wrong?
>
> I presume he means to suggest that the authority who is felt to be
> "above" (or "beyond") the poet is of this general ilk: God, the Muse, the
> Rose, Inspiration, the Heart, or the unutterable Silence. This seems of a
> different order of things / beings entirely.
>
> While Tom's statement was couched (for rhetorical effect, presumably) in
> absolutist terms, I should like, as an exercise, to propose this revised
> form of the aphorism:
>
> ~~There is no authority higher than the author
>
> A glancing notion of etymology (at leasts) suggests its verity.
>
> Or am I still missing something?
>
> d.i.
>
> p.s.: I see Dan Zimmerman adds:
>
> > (& Homer Hesiod Sappho Pindar Blake Dante Rumi David Virgil Saint
> > John of the Cross Dickinson Yeats to add a few to the receptive
> > queue...
>
> all still relying on internal authority -- i.e., that which is accessible (if by
> luck or grace or inspiration) to the poet internally; not some person in the
> world whose opinion should be heeded . . . not, at least, a person
> extrinsic to the being of the poet himself (as Shams for Rumi, Beatrice for
> Dante, the "tender flame" for San Juan de la Cruz -- . . . all germane to the
> poet's own "deepest center", no?)

Exactly.

DZ

[↑ Contents](#)

60. **Herb Levy**

Praise Song

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Just a brief note to recommend Aldon Nielsen's *Black Chant: Languages of African American Postmodernism*. I've only had a chance to skip around in it so far, but it's really great. Critical insights, oddball anecdotes, clever digs at Stanley Crouch, historical details, and a great bibliography.

When Aldon announced it on the list, he said something like "You'll learn about at least one interesting poet you've never heard of." He sure got that right. While I'd known the work of some of the writers discussed here (& I was really happy to be reminded of Norman Pritchard) the scope of his project here is incredible. If only the libraries around here had been smart enough to get all this stuff years ago. Oh well.

The last chapters on jazz and poetry, which I knew more about beforehand, are also very very good. I don't think I've ever read any serious discussion of Cecil Taylor as a poet before (other than the interview in *Hambone*). Aldon's descriptions of the recordings I've heard are evocative enough to remind me of one or two things I wish I still owned. If only I'd been smart enough to keep all this stuff years ago.

Oh well.

All your academic libraries should have it, though in a recent face to face discussion with a list member from another locale I heard of a university library that needed some prodding to order it for their general collection.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

61. **Herb Levy**

New Traditions in East Asian Bar Bands

Mon 2 Jun 1997

The subject line is the title of a new CD by John Zorn released by the Tzadik label that MIGHT be of interest to some on the list, at least as an odd bibliographic item for both Lyn Hejinian & Myung Mi Kim.

The work is a suite of three compositions for pairs of musicians playing the same instrument & a narrator. The texts are by Hejinian, Kim, and Arto Lindsay (probably best known as a guitarist). In *Hue Die*, Lindsay's text (translated into Chinese) is narrated by Zhang Jinglin, accompanied by guitarists Bill Frisell & Fred Frith. In *Hwang Chin-Ee*, Kim's texts (in Korean) are narrated by Jung

Hee Shin, accompanied by drummers Joey Barron and Samm Bennett. & lastly, in Que Tran, Hejinian's text (translated into Vietnamese) is narrated by Ahn Tran, accompanied by keyboard players Wayne Horvitz & Anthony Coleman. The English language texts are provided in the artfully designed, though sometimes difficult to read (Hejinian's text is printed in a minuscule font in gold ink on a dark gray photo), booklets accompanying the CD.

While there are shifts in tone & style, the music stays in one style for a while before changing & in general the 3 pieces are each more consistently evocative of a single mood than the standard critical line on Zorn's work might lead you to expect.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

62. **Herb Levy**

Re: No more umlauts ...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

I'm not a big advocate of fancy formatting in e-mail , but, for what its worth, this problem wasn't simply with receiving the message filtered through Eudora on a Mac, from an account on a UNIX server.

That's what I have here & the message came through fine except for the en & em dashes. It's just as likely to be an issue of what is available in the screen fonts chosen by folks in their mail programs.

(related poetics content: can anyone remind me of the source for the Frank O'Hara line something like "Did you notice that weird non-standard spelling I used for Tchaikovsky a few lines back"?)

Dean Taciuch kindly bounced back my e-mail message, which he'd filtered through Eudora on a Mac, from an account on a UNIX server. All the fancy umlaut formatting failed to get through, except for a | vertical space or two | and an & ampersand, which anyone can type straight from the keyboard!!

One day, when the Mac shall lie down with the Clone ...

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

63. **George Bowering**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

George Bowering <[REDACTED]> 06/02/97 06:16pm >>>
Tom saith --

*Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the poet. None.*

And George Bowering riposteth:

So let me get this straight: you are saying that on this point, Shelley, Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were all wrong?

(not that this is mine to tussle, but) let me get this straight: are you saying that Shelley, Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were not poets? (or hey, maybe I'm missing some nuance of the argument?)

d.i.

I am scratching my head, trying to figure out how you got that notion from what I said, or whether you are doing a jest I don't perceive. I am saying that all those poets happily say that there is an authority that sits above the poet. Milton, for instance, called him "Heavenly Muse."

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

64. **Joseph Duemer**

Re: list of poetry school

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest wrote:

>

> hi joe and henry -- can we make it boston, not just provident, and > maybe rather than anti-non-traditionalist, make it "poem centered and
> anti- ANY!-ist" and maybe, "age-and-gender-unconcerned" and then i'll > have a spot for my chapeau as well?...

*doffing a small, rakishly tilted WW II black woolen dress-marine beret
inherited from my father (or the cotton khaki summer version thereof...)*

e

Eliza, quoting Bob Dylan, "I'll let you be in my dream if I can be in yours."

Cheers,

Joe

[↑ Contents](#)

65. **Daniel Zimmerman**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

George Bowering wrote:

>

> >>>> George Bowering <[REDACTED]> 06/02/97 06:16pm >>>

> >>Tom saith --

> >>

> >>> Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the

> >>> poet. None.

> >

> >And George Bowering riposteth:

> >

> >>So let me get this straight: you are saying that on this point, Shelley,

> >>Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were all wrong?

> >

> >(not that this is mine to tussle, but) let me get this straight: are you

> >saying that Shelley, Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were not

> >poets? (or hey, maybe I'm missing some nuance of the argument?)

> >

> >d.i.

>

> I am scratching my head, trying to figure out how you got that notion from

> what I said, or whether you are doing a jest I dont perceive. I am saying

> that all those poets happily say that there is an authority that sits above

> the poet. Milton, for instance, called him "Heavenly Muse."

>

> George Bowering.

>

> 2499 West 37th Ave.,

> Vancouver, B.C.,

> Canada V6M 1P4

>

> fax: [REDACTED]

> e-mail: [REDACTED]

Well, Milton called her "Heavenly Muse" [Urania, Muse of Astronomy], though he did try to assimilate her to the presumptively male inspirer of the Old Testament...

Dan Zimmerman

[↑ Contents](#)

66. **Bob Grumman**

Re: simplicity...

Mon 2 Jun 1997

George Bowering wrote: "I am saying that all those poets happily say that there is an authority that sits above the poet. Milton, for instance, called him 'Heavenly Muse.'" But is a muse an authority or "only" an inspirer? Which thought makes me suddenly wonder (though I understand) why there is no muse of criticism, an inspirer of poets in fine frenzies, revising. Or is there? --Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

67. **Mark Weiss**

unnamed things

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Today as I was scarfing down my frozen yogurt with predictable results it occurred to me that I don't know a standard term for the phenomenon--I've always called it, following Pogo, or perhaps Albert, "the cold cobbles," but that's hardly lingua franca. Any suggestions?

[↑ Contents](#)

68. **Rachel Loden**

Re: who gets the makarships, etc.

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Anselm Hollo wrote (in part, and some time ago):

Thus, from the writing person's point of view, late-stage corporate capitalism may be seen as preferable to Stalinism, in that it is closer to medieval feudalism: troubadours hanging out with the "right" and better-connected overlords probably stood a better chance of having their works survive...

Leave it to the Finn-born poet to see the long historical view, and to know something about surviving between giants.

One poem keeps tugging at me during all this recent talk. It's the complaint of the exiled, possibly early eighth century *_makar_* (maker or poet), Deor. He ticks off various mythic griefs, always followed by the Anglo-Saxon refrain "thaes ofereode, thisses swa maeg," and ends with a carefully controlled bit of his own story. Here are the last few stanzas, translated by Michael Alexander:

We all knew that Eormanric
had a wolf's wit. Wide Gothland
lay in the grasp of that grim king,
and through it many sat, by sorrows environed,
foreseeing only sorrow; sighed for the downfall
and thorough overthrow of the thrall-maker.

That blew by; this may too.

When each gladness is gone, gathering sorrow
may cloud the brain; and in his breast a man
can not then see how his sorrows shall end.
But he may think how throughout this world
it is the way of God, who is wise, to deal
to the most part of men much favour
and a flourishing fame; to a few the sorrow-share.

Of myself in this regard I shall say this only:
that in the hall of the Heodenings I held long the makarship,
lived dear to my prince, Deor my name;
many winters I held this happy place
and my lord was kind. Then came Heorrenda,
whose lays were skillful; the lord of fighting-men
settled on him the estate bestowed once on me.

That has gone; this may too.

Rachel Loden

[↑ Contents](#)

69. **henry**

Re: who gets the makarships, etc.

Mon 2 Jun 1997

Thanks, Rachel, for the old Deor, lovely necessity. I just saw K. Brannagh's Hamlet, & while for me Brannagh is not quite able to bring it off - somehow I think of Hamlet as tall, fat, slow, quick, slim, quiet & deadly, not roaring - it did bring home to me that for poets too, yes, there is a higher authority - & it's whoever Shakespeare really was. Some impersonality there & fortitude that penetrates everything.

I always thought the line went:

That storm rolled on; this one will too.

- the artist formerly known as Prince Hank

[↑ Contents](#)

70. **Stephen Cope**

Re: Praise Song

Tue 3 Jun 1997

I'll second Herb's recommendation. Aldon's was a book that I read w/ a hunger that I'd not experienced in some time. What he's done w/ poetry/music adds a great deal to the scant amount of critical work that's been devoted to the subject, and he manages to do it while also calling attention to the continuum of which Taylor et al. are a part (a tradition which has gone for the large part ignored).

Three cheers...

Stephen Cope

Just a brief note to recommend Aldon Nielsen's Black Chant: Languages of African American Postmodernism. I've only had a chance to skip around in it so far, but it's really great. Critical insights, oddball anecdotes, clever digs at Stanley Crouch, historical details, and a great bibliography.

When Aldon announced it on the list, he said something like "You'll learn about at least one interesting poet you've never heard of." He sure got that right. While I'd known the work of some of the writers discussed here (& I was really happy to be reminded of Norman Pritchard) the scope of his project here is incredible. If only the libraries around here had been smart enough to get all this stuff years ago. Oh well.

The last chapters on jazz and poetry, which I knew more about beforehand, are also very very good. I don't think I've ever read any serious discussion of Cecil Taylor as a poet before (other than the interview in Hambone). Aldon's descriptions of the recordings I've heard are evocative enough to remind me of one or two things I wish I still owned. If only I'd been smart enough to keep all this stuff years ago.

Oh well.

All your academic libraries should have it, though in a recent face to face discussion with a list member from another locale I heard of a university library that needed some prodding to order it for their general collection.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

71. **KENT JOHNSON**

Re: simplicity...

Tue 3 Jun 1997

On 2 June, Tom Mandel wrote:

*Listen up. In poetry, there is *no* authority that sits above the poet. None.*

Well, and I'd jsut done gone and plum forgot. Why, I'm the Unacknowledged Legislator of the World!

Hi Ho Pegasus and away!!!

[↑ Contents](#)

72. **dbkk**

Questions about who is where, etc. Thanks

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Hello everyone it's Kevin Killian, a day late and a dollar short. Thanks to all of you who helped me with my questions about Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. And for giving me all the different addresses for Mark Doty and Ishmael Reed.

I have some more stupid questions and am depending on my poetics pals again to pull my chestnuts out of the fire. Can anybody back channel me with the addresses of . . . Margaret Atwood? Galway Kinnell? William Wollman? Jeanette Winterson?

Also, I'd like to second Jay Schwartz' recommendation of the "Idiom" web site. I know there are many out there who think San Francisco writing scene is dead, but there are many young people here doing some fine work and making much commotion. Hooray for them! And now back to work for me on finishing the life of Jack Spicer which must be finished June 15th, wish me luck everyone. XXX, Kevin.

[↑ Contents](#)

73. **Pierre Joris**

A noun cement

Tue 3 Jun 1997

For anybody in the NYC area this Sunday:

PIERRE JORIS

NICOLE PEYRAFITTE

Poetry /Slides /Chansons

Will read/sing/perform their work

SUNDAY JUNE 8th 1997 6:30 pm

@ "ZINC BAR" 90 West Houston

(one door west of the corner of Laguardia & Houston)

--

=====

pierre joris 6 madison place albany ny 12202

tel/fax [REDACTED] email: [REDACTED]

http://www.albany.edu/~joris/

Everything that allows men to become rooted, through values or sentiments, in _one_ time, in _one_ history, in _one_ language, is the principle of alienation which constitutes man as privileged in so far as he is what he is, [...] imprisoning him in contentment with his own reality and encouraging him to offer it as an example or impose it as a conquering assertion. -- Maurice Blanchot

=====

[↑ Contents](#)

74. **Maria Damon**

dragon bond rite

Tue 3 Jun 1997

over the weekend i saw a preview of the pan-Asian dance/music extravaganza, dragon bond rite, for which our own Armand Schwerner has written the highly poetic libretto. highly recommended, will be at Japan Society in NYC soon, maybe already, check your datebooks and call the J Soc for more info, it was really extraordinary, a blend of distinct dance theatre and music traditions from Korea, Japan, Indonesia, India, and even an Tuvan (Mongolian) throat singer! and then American Buddhist text...lots of intense drumming, singing, stylized and wild dance movements, costumes, humor, sadness (death), sex, im/mortality...drumming by, in particular, a "koodiyattam" drummer from Kerala India, and by a Korean drummer, were intensely mind-opening. i tend to be a popular culture gal rather than an archaic-tradition gal, so i went mostly cuz of armand, but it was a tremendously rich experience, seeing/hearing a group of world-class virtuosi from diff traditions, none of which i ws familiar with, coordinating their efforts. md

[↑ Contents](#)

75. **Maria Damon**
dragon bond rite ps

Tue 3 Jun 1997

ps armand, i didn't think to ask at the time, but wondered, why the title "dragon bond rite"?

[↑ Contents](#)

76. **Mark Prejsnar**
Re: Praise Song

Tue 3 Jun 1997

I'd like to second Herb Levy's post re Black Chant... I have also just gotten into the book; but Aldon's previous books on race and U.S. poetry, Reading Race and Writing Between the Lines, are also essential....It has occurred to me that race issues are conspicuous in their absence here on the list; at most a few striking and perennially controversial individuals like Baraka appear in our exchanges, as surrogates for larger issues. Aldon's work interacts in a vital and productive way with Mackey's essays in Discrepant Engagement, and with Damon's Dark End of the Street. As a white poet who's been strongly influenced by black ones, going back 20 years (including crucially Baraka and Mackey), this does seem to me to be an untapped series of themes here. All the books I've just mentioned are stage-setting and vital for our going forward in thinking about black/white, inclusion/exclusion, politics in relation to style and form...My one frustration with all of them is their tendency to address poetry issues in a way that's divorced from the physical reality of the poetry itself.. Politics and race can be talked about in a lot of different ways, but in relation to poetry you can't avoid (or shouldn't) issues of style, form, sound. All the more striking as these theorists are mostly superb practitioners as well. (I strongly recommend Nielsen's recent book of poems, Stepping Razor..)

Mark Prejsnar
Atlanta

On Mon, 2 Jun 1997, Herb Levy wrote:

Just a brief note to recommend Aldon Nielsen's Black Chant: Languages of African American Postmodernism. I've only had a chance to skip around in it so far, but it's really great. Critical insights, oddball anecdotes, clever digs at Stanley Crouch, historical details, and a great bibliography.

When Aldon announced it on the list, he said something like "You'll learn about at least one interesting poet you've never heard of." He sure got

that right. While I'd known the work of some of the writers discussed here (& I was really happy to be reminded of Norman Pritchard) the scope of his project here is incredible. If only the libraries around here had been smart enough to get all this stuff years ago. Oh well.

The last chapters on jazz and poetry, which I knew more about beforehand, are also very very good. I don't think I've ever read any serious discussion of Cecil Taylor as a poet before (other than the interview in Hambone). Aldon's descriptions of the recordings I've heard are evocative enough to remind me of one or two things I wish I still owned. If only I'd been smart enough to keep all this stuff years ago.

Oh well.

All your academic libraries should have it, though in a recent face to face discussion with a list member from another locale I heard of a university library that needed some prodding to order it for their general collection.

Herb Levy

████████

[↑ Contents](#)

77. **Tom Mandel**
sure? sure I'm sure

Tue 3 Jun 1997

DAvid Bromige writes:

Date: Mon, 2 Jun 1997 08:29:03 -0700

From: David Bromige <████████>

Subject: simplicity, a poem

sure of himself

in that respect, not to be trusted

And I'm in complete agreement with that too. It is **because** certainty is not certain, there is no certain point nor final interpretation, that in poetry no authority sits above the poem (I meant to write)(in the sense that the poem **is** the poet -- insofar as there's any interest in the poet).

TM

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

78. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: thanks to Herb for those kind words

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Many university libraries will have at least something by Russell Atkins and another something by Norman H. Pritchard -- quite a few also have Loftis's *_Black Anima_* -- to my very great surprise, the San Jose State library even had one of the anthologies from the Dasein group -- modest selections of other poets discussed in *_Black Chant_* can be found in late 60s - early 70s anthologies widely circulated --

should also mention that Fred Moten has written of Cecil Taylor's poetry too -- don't know that he's ever published it, though -- Chris Funkhouser got me a copy of the talk --

to all on the list to whom I owe one thing or another, patience please -- just back from Baltimore & the American Lit. Association -- which I shall attempt to describe later --

some Mason & Dixon lines:

"Along with some lesser Counts," the Revd is replying, "'twas one of the least tolerable Offenses in that era . . . --the Crime they sty;'d 'Anonymity.' That is, I left messages posted publicly, but did not sign them."

". . . as it *_is_* your, ye might say, Work-Station, reluctantly must I yield it to you . . ."

"Two youths of the Macaronic profession are indeed greatly preoccupied upon the boards of the floor, in seeking to kick and pummel, each into the other, some Enlightenment regarding the Topick of Virtual Representation."

"styl'd" for "sty;'d" above!

[↑ Contents](#)

79. **Tom Mandel**

it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Look -- if you subject yourself to a contest, if you *submit* something, then you are delivering yourself over to an authority beyond the world writing creates, the world in which you give your soul and its implications to the future and its implications.

If you do that, fine, it's your choice. Go right ahead.

If in submitting, you also expect the mechanism by which "the contest" (the game) is being run (by the power outside the world writing creates) to be 1) a fair mechanism and/or 2) a well-running mechanism, that's just foolish.

This has nothing of course to do with Dodie's sense of being victimized or passed over unfairly in Doug Messerli's contest. Dodie's my friend, and I don't want anything damaging to happen to her; if it does, then I'm upset. Doug Messerli is also my friend, however, and I don't want to see him accused of operating a cabal.

Virtually everything operates to normalize what poets do. It is a metonymic control, in that if you bring poets into an "institution" of poetry you then begin to exert social control over the poems themselves. There is very little difference between a grad school of creative writing and the Soviet Writers Union in this respect. These structures operate to the same end, namely to determine a minimum "fair" cost for controlling the imagination.

Stay away from it. Or, if you think you can trade a little bit of your birthright for a little bit of porridge, then at least learn to like the soup you get.

Tom

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

80. **henry**

Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying

Tue 3 Jun 1997

The trouble with writing is that the many-sided world begins to take on our one-sided black & white coloring. My "idealism" cancels out your "cynicism" & vice versa & both are trivialized by experience. (I mean our lenses become trivial, not experience.)

But maybe that's the slow road to a many-sided writing, after all.

In my OPINION we ought not to close our eyes to the evil world & contemplate our navels - how is this different from just plain closing our eyes & mouths to evil, "winking"? We the "upright" should be "bold as lions" in demanding fair dealing & examining our own shuffling & hypocrisies. The covenant is not a private world of "writing". Your description of the world of poets seems to be a RECIPE for cabal-making.

That said, Tom, here's my glove - use it with your right to the beanbag. - Henry G.

[↑ Contents](#)

81. **Pritchett, Pat**

Re: who gets the makarships, etc.

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Thank you, Rachel, for posting one of my favorite poems in a translation I'd not seen before. (First came across Deor via Rexroth years ago). Anyhow, it certainly fits the bill and had been humming in my head lately in reference to these exact (and other) matters.

Mark Wallace - the Penguin Mandelshtam is an expanded version of James Greene's original trans. called "Eyes of Wasps." Robert Tracey's _Stone_ ain't half bad, either.

Patrick Pritchett

From: Rachel Loden

To: POETICS

Subject: Re: who gets the makarships, etc.

Date: Monday, June 02, 1997 10:22PM

Anselm Hollo wrote (in part, and some time ago):

Thus, from the writing person's point of view, late-stage corporate capitalism may be seen as preferable to Stalinism, in that it is closer to medieval feudalism: troubadours hanging out with the "right" and

better-connected overlords probably stood a better chance of having their works survive...

Leave it to the Finn-born poet to see the long historical view, and to know something about surviving between giants.

One poem keeps tugging at me during all this recent talk. It's the complaint of the exiled, possibly early eighth century *_makar_* (maker or poet), Deor. He ticks off various mythic griefs, always followed by the Anglo-Saxon refrain "thaes ofereode, thisses swa maeg," and ends with a carefully controlled bit of his own story. Here are the last few stanzas, translated by Michael Alexander:

We all knew that Eormanric
had a wolf's wit. Wide Gothland
lay in the grasp of that grim king,
and through it many sat, by sorrows environed,
foreseeing only sorrow; sighed for the downfall
and thorough overthrow of the thrall-maker.

That blew by; this may too.

When each gladness is gone, gathering sorrow
may cloud the brain; and in his breast a man
can not then see how his sorrows shall end.
But he may think how throughout this world
it is the way of God, who is wise, to deal
to the most part of men much favour
and a flourishing fame; to a few the sorrow-share.

Of myself in this regard I shall say this only:
that in the hall of the Heodenings I held long the makarship,
lived dear to my prince, Deor my name;
many winters I held this happy place
and my lord was kind. Then came Heorrenda,
whose lays were skillful; the lord of fighting-men
settled on him the estate bestowed once on me.

That has gone; this may too.

Rachel Loden

[↑ Contents](#)

82. **Gwyn McVay**
birthright

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Thought it was "pottage," as in "a mess of pottage."

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

83. **dbkk**

Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying

Tue 3 Jun 1997

At 10:02 AM -0500 6/3/97, Tom Mandel wrote:

If in submitting, you also expect the mechanism by which "the contest" (the game) is being run (by the power outside the world writing creates) to be 1) a fair mechanism and/or 2) a well-running mechanism, that's just foolish.

But, Tom, one does have the right to expect it to be run *legally,* that is when you send off your bucks that you will be receiving the advertised benefits--e.g., that trip to the Bahamas actually exists and somebody will win it or an outside reader is looking at your manuscript.

Virtually everything operates to normalize what poets do. It is a metonymic control, in that if you bring poets into an "institution" of poetry you then begin to exert social control over the poems themselves. There is very little difference between a grad school of creative writing and the Soviet Writers Union in this respect. These structures operate to the same end, namely to determine a minimum "fair" cost for controlling the imagination.

I can't agree with you more, Tom, but it seems that these days there are so fewer venues for poets to be nourished by, that there is little alternative to grad writing programs. Perhaps in New York there is still enough support mechanisms in place that a poet needing community and feedback and people to study with could get all that without going to a graduate writing program--but then so many of they "younger" poets I know there have come there after completing graduate writing programs . . .

In San Francisco I don't feel that these mechanisms exist any longer. In the early 80s when I was seriously studying my craft there were zillions of readings and lectures, I took a couple of classes with Kathleen Fraser at SF State, I audited a class by Robert Duncan, I took free open workshops through Small Press Traffic, I had many other writers to share my work with and bounce ideas off with. All this added up to a rigorous education--and much of it was unsettlingly (at the time) anti-authoritarian. I remember being at a lecture Ron Padgett gave, about some French poet, Rimbaud? And you were in the audience and you started challenging him on some aspect of what he was saying about Rimbaud, and I was shocked by your aggressiveness and bad manners. (You've mellowed a lot with age.) But--I think being in such an environment where the audience would dare to challenge the authority of the Authority there on stage, even though it disturbed me, was really important for me in terms of ripping me

out of the mindset of Student. I think some people go to grad writing programs--or art schools--and they never stop being students, like they can't get over that hurdle, and there's not much in the system to encourage them to do so.

Right now, I think that one of the community benefits that Small Press Traffic, in its downsized form, performs is bringing together students from various writing and lit programs, creating a space for cross-pollination, with the hope that things are clicking, that something larger is happening than all these people locked away in the politics of their departments.

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

84. **David Bromige**
simplicity (good luck!)

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Now George has explained his remark re-Sheets & Kelly, et al, that makes sense of sd remark to me. But I had interpreted it to mean: when one writes poetry today, it isn't in a vacuum, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke (& by extension, a host of others) that add up to a tradition (expectations, to return to or overturn) are predecessors & precedents, & indeed constitute an authority over the poet, as they in their day harked back as well as forward. David

[↑ Contents](#)

85. **William Slaughter**
Henry Gould/Mudlark/Island Road

Tue 3 Jun 1997

MUDLARK No. 6 (1997)

Island Road by Henry Gould

"a re-framing of the Renaissance sonnet cycle
in a long poem with 99 parts: semi-picaresque,
semi-burlesque, very semi-Shakespearean"

is on view, as of 6/3/97 at <http://www.unf.edu>.

William Slaughter

MUDLARK

An Electronic Journal of Poetry & Poetics

Never in and never out of print...

E-mail: [REDACTED]

URL: <http://www.unf.edu/mudlark>

[↑ Contents](#)

86. **David Israel**

Re: birthright

Tue 3 Jun 1997

quoth Tom Mandel:

> Or, if you think you can trade a little bit of your birthright for a little
> bit of porridge, then at least learn to like the soup you get.

& Gwyn McVay:

> Thought it was "pottage," as in "a mess of pottage."

sure, in the King James Version -- but is that the Bible or sumthin'? ;-) From a Webster's:

*pottage: n. 1. A thick soup or stew of vegetables and sometimes meat.
2. *Archaic* Porridge.*

As interesting as "pottage" is the "mess" --

*mess n. . . . 5. a. *Archaic* An amount of food for a meal, course or dish. b. A serving of soft semiliquid food. c. A number or amount acquired <caught a mess of trout>.*

Me, I'd just assume barter day-labor for a sandwich. No fuss no muss. Nor mess nor duress. But still the sweat of one's rhetorical brow.

d.i.

p.s.: or shd. poets be awarded w/ trips to the Bahamas? (Could add a new school for the taxonognomes.)

[↑ Contents](#)

87. **dbkk**

Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying

Tue 3 Jun 1997

*I remember
being at a lecture Ron Padget gave, about some French poet, Rimbaud? And
you were in the audience and you started challenging him on some aspect of
what he was saying about Rimbaud, and I was shocked by your aggressiveness
and bad manners.*

Was it Appolinaire?

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

88. **William Slaughter**

URL Info: Gould/Mudlark

Tue 3 Jun 1997

[The URL in the previously posted announcement of Henry Gould's poem, *_Island Road_*, was incomplete in the announcement itself but accurate in the signature. It is complete and accurate in both places here. -WS]

MUDLARK No. 6 (1997)

*_Island Road_* by Henry Gould

"a re-framing of the Renaissance sonnet cycle
in a long poem with 99 parts: semi-picaresque,
semi-burlesque, very semi-Shakespearean"

is on view, as of 6/3/97 at <http://www.unf.edu/mudlark>

William Slaughter

MUDLARK

An Electronic Journal of Poetry & Poetics

Never in and never out of print...

E-mail: [REDACTED]

URL: <http://www.unf.edu/mudlark>

[↑ Contents](#)

89. **Daniel Bouchard**

Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying

Tue 3 Jun 1997

"That's not writing, that's e-mail."

-- Uma Truman Capote

Here comes that "community" issue again. I do like it so, perhaps because like publishing and paying rent, it will pose problems for me (for many?) as long as one continues to write poetry. I agree with a lot of what both Dodie and Tom have said. I can't help feeling that things are not at their optimum best for poetry communities. Let's blame the economy. I live in Boston where the community is wonderful but small, and I, rent-wise, am barely hanging on.

One point, when Tom said, "There is very little difference between a grad school of creative writing and the Soviet Writers Union in this respect" it certainly caught my eye, or cost my I, whichever you will. I've never been in a Soviet Writers Union, nor have I played a writer in one on TV, but my experience at grad school (where I got an MA, not an MFA) indicates, if my readings of Bertram Wolfe are correct, a large difference. This is not to say Tom's generalization is incorrect. My grad school instructors introduced me to poets and fostered readings of poets that have had an incredible and big affect on my poetry, my thinking, my thinking of poetry . . . that last to be sure; once started on drinking those waters, more than thirst is being quenched. (They did not teach me such flowery phrasing, for that I blame myself). But for everything else I am grateful. On the other hand I've never been a very good student, and maybe the Soviet Writers Union effect bypassed me. Maybe I wasn't paying attention. Or maybe I WAS a drone, writing my little poems, leaving my little scent behind. (cf. MA #2, DR p. 21).

What about New York? A wonderful place to visit, meet wonderful people. About the community(ies) I have heard mixed reports. I am an outsider. Anyone want to come clean?

My dream is to travel to San Francisco, meet Dodie and Kevin, Renee and Giovanni, and give a reading in Golden Gate Park mixing my own work with that of great San Francisco poets and then Steve Carll can report to the Poetics list (please, Steve, will you?). It is humble, yes, but it persists. Meantime I persist, unpublished, unperishable as yet, unworried, naive and energetic.

My own idea is to avoid writing contests and prizes. This is not snobbery but simply a conscious choice, like not to play the lottery (and what poet have you ever met who didn't have "the lottery dream," which I also share but never act upon). Like the lottery slogan, "you can't be upset about losing if you don't play." True, alternatives are few but I can't afford the postage to play the lottery.



[↑ Contents](#)

90. **George Bowering**
Re: simplicity (good luck!)

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Now George has explained his remark re-Sheets & Kelly, et al, that makes sense of sd remark to me. But I had interpreted it to mean: when one writes poetry today, it isnt in a vacuum, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke (& by extension, a host of others) that add up to a tradition (expectations, to return to or

overturn) are predecessors & precedents, & indeed constitute an authority over the poet, as they in their day harked back as well as forward. David

I concur with David B. on this, entirely. It is amazing how well one can turn one's phrases when given all that extra time due to retirement and the soft life. (Only kidding.) Seriously, Bromige is right about what Duncan called something like the grand collage. I am too hurried to look up the correct phrasing right now.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

91. **sschu30844**

Re: TINFISH (public announcement)

Tue 3 Jun 1997

voice-overs, a new chapbook by John Kinsella and Susan Schultz, is now available from Tinfish Network, c/o Susan, 1422A Dominis Street, Honolulu, HI 96822, USA. For poetics subscribers a slender \$3 charge; you can order over email, if you like. The chapbook records an email correspondence over the course of several months on the subject (loosely defined!) of cultural appropriations.

Susan

[↑ Contents](#)

92. **Judy Roitman**

address

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Anybody have Alan Davies' e-mail address?

----- Judy Roitman
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas |
memory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."
[REDACTED] | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

[↑ Contents](#)

93. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: birthright

Tue 3 Jun 1997

quoth David Israel:

sure, in the King James Version -- but is that the Bible or sumthin'?<<<

Search me. I know I sure couldn't find it in the Dhammapada.

Gassho,

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

94. **Alan Jennifer Sondheim**

Tiffany Turns Rich-Julu!!! (fwd)

Tue 3 Jun 1997

(I'm sending this here as well to give an idea of the Jennifer-Julu program and interactive content; it's the last of it.)

--

Tiffany Turns Rich-Julu!!!

(Consumption/Invasion of JULU below):

Panasonic!:Yes, it's lovely!:Tiffany!::TV!:TV!

Come home with me, Panasonic!, Julu-of-the-Rich-Crowd!

Your thrusting Radio! is in my wandering Radio!

Ariadni!:AH-HA!:Tiffany AGAIN! (It's FUN!):Pantyhose!:Jumper!

Come home with me, Ariadni!, Julu-of-the-Rich-Crowd!

Your wayward Hat! is in my giving Bra!

Neat-O!:SureTHING!:Oh, TFFFFNY!:MICHAEL JACKSON (IT'S TRUE!!!):OLDTINATURNER!

Your wayward OLDTINATURNER! is in my lovely MADONNA!

Devour wayward OLDTINATURNER! Julu-of-the Partying Neat-O!!

Rich-Julu-Prog (to run this you might have to change the first line, and reformat some of the folded ones.)

```
#!/usr/bin/perl5.001
```

```
$t = time;
```

```
$| = 1;
```

```
srand time;
```

```
@a=("hard", "soft", "velvet", "cotton", "linen", "flax", "pure",
```

```
"black", "dirty", "clean", "soiled", "sexy", "perfect", "sleazy",
"wayward", "nice", "feminine", "lovely", "used", "fashionable", "small",
"death-like", "lively", "protruding", "penetrating", "thrusting",
"giving", "forgiving", "poor", "rich", "sedate", "shiny", "contrary",
"nervous", "wandering", "happy", "uneasy", "spry", "florid", "edgy",
"neurotic", "wonderful", "amazing", "loose", "taut", "tight",
"really-up!", "manic");
@verb=("thrusts", "turns", "surrounds", "displays", "inherits", "shows off",
"plays", "mixes", "amuses", "runs", "flows", "repairs");
@prep=("beneath or within", "beyond", "throughout", "confusing",
"staining", "accompanying");
@noun=("walkman", "love", "passion", "babe", "stockings",
"your expensive big-tv", "your expensive car", "your expensive makeup",
"your expensive masquerade", "my makeup", "my new underwear by Freder-
icka!");
@nnn=("flower", "thing", "radio", "new-dress", "frock", "jumper", "skin");
$nnnn= int rand(8);
$non = int rand(11);
$non1 = int rand(7);
$pre = int rand(6);
$gen = int(48*rand);
$gen1 = int(48*rand);
$gen2 = 49 - int(40*rand);
$time = int(time/3600);
$g = int(8*rand);
if ($sign=fork) {print "\nOpen your expensive wardrobe...\n";}
else {sleep(1); print "\nAh... speak... speak...\n";
exit(0);}
sleep(2);
print "\nMs. or Mr., what do they call you, when they call you!\n";
chop($that=<STDIN>);
print "\nAre you dressed as $that? Is $that dressed as you?\n";
print "Are you in your wealthy @nnn[$nnnn], are you in your perfect",
" flesh, ah don't answer...\n"; sleep(1); print "Ah...\n";
sleep(2);
print "\nIs Julu wearing your rich ... , are you wearing your expensive",
" @nnn[$non1]? \n";
chop($str=<STDIN>);
if ($str eq "no") {print "\nShow me your expensive panties...\n";
sleep(10); goto FINAL;}
else {print "\nI love your expensive feelings, $that ...\n";}
print "Would $that mind you partying?", "\n" if 1===$g;
```

```

print "Your household belongings are warm and inviting!", "\n" if 5== $g;
print "Your walkmans call me to them...", "\n" if 6== $g;
print "Your stereo speaks so beautifully to me!", "\n" if 4== $g;
sleep(1);
print "\[REDACTED] [$non1] @verb[$non] me @prep[$nnnn] your rich @nnn[$non1]!\n";
print "\nWhat do you call your expensive @a[$gen2] @nnn[$nnnn]? \n";
$name=<STDIN>;
chop $name;
print "\n";
print "$that, $name turns my @nnn[$g] ", "\n" if 3== $g;
print "$that, $name opens me totally to you!", "\n" if 7== $g;
print "Nothing moves, river deep...", "\n" if 5== $g;
print "Your $name is mine, my sweet $that, I am your expensive sex-toy!",
"\n" if 2== $g; sleep(1);
print "Your look-what-I-bought!, bright and shiny!, list them... \n";
print "one by one, each on a line alone - type control-d when done.\n";
@adj=<STDIN>;
chop(@adj);
$size=@adj;
$pick=int(rand($size));
srand;
$newpick=int(rand($size));
print "\nMy @adj[$pick] is your expensive...\n";
$be=int(rand(4));
open(APPEND, ">> enfolding");
print APPEND
  join(":", $name, $str, $that, @adj[$pick + 1], @adj[$newpick + 1]), "\n";
# join(":", @adj, $name, $str, $sign, $g, $that, $name, @adj[$pick]), "\n";
print APPEND "Would $that mind you partying, $name, with us?\n"
if 3== $be;
print APPEND "Come home with me, $name, Julu-of-the-Rich-Crowd!\n"
if 2== $be;
print APPEND "Your @a[$gen1] @adj[$pick] is in my @a[$gen1],
" @adj[$newpick]\n" if 1 > $b3;
print APPEND "Your @noun[$non1] seeps into my @adj[$newpick] - ",
"turning me Julu-Nice-House\n" if 0== $be;
print APPEND "Ah, @noun[$non] purchased by Julu-of-the-Open-Arms and",
"julu-really-up!\n" if (2 < $be);
print APPEND "Devour @a[$gen1] @adj[$pick] Julu-of-the Partying $name!\n"
if 1== $be;
close(APPEND);

```

```

open(STDOUT);
if ($pid = fork) {
    $diff=$pid - $$;
    print "$name makes me thoughtful $diff times!", "\n" if 5 < $g;

    print <<Construct;

$name calls forth @a[$gen1] @noun[$non], eating, making money!
@prep[$pre] the @a[$gen], $name is @a[$diff], @a[$gen], $str? ...
@noun[$non] is @adj[$newpick] here, it's @noun[$non]?

Construct

} else {
    close (STDOUT);

    system("touch .trace; rev enfolding >> .trace");
    system("rm enfolding");

    exit(0);
}
sleep(1);
print "Are you becoming close to your lover's wonderful $name?\n";
chop($answer=<STDIN>);
if ($answer eq "no") {print "You're dealing with a @a[10+$pre]",
" nice-house.\n";}
if ($answer eq "yes") {print "Ah, a @a[10+$pre] and @a[15+$pre] fantasy!\n";}
print "You melt into Julu's skin forever...", "\n\n" if 3 < $g;
print "I think $name $pid is your expensive scar, your expensive wound",
" your expensive brand.", "\n\n" if 3== $g;
print "... @a[$non] $name $$ is Julu's gift to you ...", "\n\n" if 6== $g;
print "Your $name $diff is darling Nice-House's flesh", "\n\n" if 4== $g;
print "You wore her frock for $time hours?", "\n" if 2== $g;
sleep(1);
print "$name and $$ and $pid - and you knew that all along!",
"\n\n" if 2== $g;
sleep(1);
print "Wait! $name and $pid are gone forever!", "\n\n" if 1== $g;
FINAL: {
    $d = int((gmtime)[6]);
    $gen3 = 48 - int(20*rand);
    print "For $d @a[$gen2] days, I have been @a[$gen3] Julu ...";
    print "\n";
    $u = (time - $t)/60;
    printf "and it has taken you just %2.3f minutes turning wealthy as can be!",
"$u"; print "\n\n";

```



```
print `rev .trace`, "\n\n";  
}  
exit(0);
```

[↑ Contents](#)

95. **Pritchett, Pat**

Re: the voice/the chops

Tue 3 Jun 1997

From Doc Cheatham's obit in today's NYT:

"Taking a solo is like an electric shock," Cheatham told Whitney Balliett of The New Yorker in 1982. "First, I have no idea what I will play, but then something in my brain leads me to build very rapidly, and I start thinking real fast from note to note. I don't worry about chords, because I can hear the harmonic structure in the back of my mind. I have been through all that so many years it is second nature to me.

"I also have what I think of as a photograph of the melody running in my head. I realize quickly there is no one way to go in a solo. It's like traveling from here to the Bronx -- there are several ways, and you must choose the right way immediately. So I do, and at the same time I never forget to tell a story in my solo."

[↑ Contents](#)

96. **henry**

Re: the voice/the chops

Tue 3 Jun 1997

WHOOSH

Taking a solo in some dive off the fretboard
harmonic down up-high over splash
lash of the current (absurd crowd tonight)
breathe push float
soar lips! slight pres-
sure does it smash go the
cymbals hey (tell me about it)

[↑ Contents](#)

97. **sschu30844**

Re: TINFISH (public announcement)

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Thanks, Burt. The check goes to me, as Tinfish is a mere figment of my imagining...I'll get the book out shortly. Still thinking on our panel; a very productive event, methinks. all best, Susan

[↑ Contents](#)

98. **sschu30844**

Re: TINFISH (public announcement)

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Woops--sorry to keep sending out messages over the list. Will try to restrain myself in the future!

sms

[↑ Contents](#)

99. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: TINFISH (public announcement)

Tue 3 Jun 1997

susan,

i'd like to order your book.

b k

9 lancaster ave

maplewood, nj 07040

whom to make the check out to?

burt

[↑ Contents](#)

100. **Joseph Duemer**

Re: it's really very simple, he always seems to be saying

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Process, etc:

I'd guess it's never "very simple," whatever it is. Poetry, politics, living with someone. If there is "*no* authority" over the poet, those who set up to make absolute statements--forms of authority--have to think carefully. I distrust absolutes, personally, and I feel the tidal forces of authority every day of my life. Which is not to say that the poet ought not try to clear a free space for the

poem, I agree with this. I'd say it's the response to authority that counts, sometimes it's a poem.

I'm not much of a carpenter, but when I work around the house my favorite tools are the plumb bob, the spirit level, and the framing square--none of these tools actually cut wood or pound nails; all they do is draw lines. Being a writer these days--maybe always--is about drawing careful lines. The skill saw, now that's authority!

Joseph Duemer
School of Liberal Arts
Clarkson University
Potsdam NY 13699
Phone: [REDACTED]
Fax: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

"The honey of heaven may or may not come,
But that of earth both comes and goes at once."
Wallace Stevens

[↑ Contents](#)

101. **Tom Mandel**
mandelstam
Tue 3 Jun 1997

Henry writes:

"I like the big book of complete Mandelstam published by SUNY way back & I think trans. by Sidney Monas & Burton Raffel."

I agree, it's my favorite. But it's unfindably OP. The Penguin is not good, James Greene is not for me. The Bernard Meares (50 Poems, Persea) I do okay with.

Was it McKane who did the volumes titled The Moscow Notebooks and The Voronezh Notebooks? I think so.

There are also versions of Stone and Tristia by, I think, Bruce McLelland -- these are OP but can be found in used bookstores.

Henry gives the impression that I am able to translate from Russian -- I wish! I have translated a few OM poems by looking at the shape of the original (and *trying* to sound it out a little bit), then looking at existing translations, and then winging it. Here's a short one:

Poem

As a sketch I say it -- low-voiced,
For its time hasn't come --
The play of incalculable heavens,
What we undergo is their sum.

Twisted low under testing sky
It often slips our mind
How heaven's truth fits under an arm.
A home not lost we need not find.

(Voronezh, March 9, 1937)

Anyone able to comment on the accuracy (or idiocy) of this version is very welcome to backchannel me or discuss it here.

Tom Mandel

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

102. **Tom Mandel**

all wrong

Tue 3 Jun 1997

George Bowering asks me:

So let me get this straight: you are saying that on this point, Shelley, Keats, Yeats, Duncan, Rilke and Milton were all wrong?

George, what's a position I differ with? -- taking Shelley *or* Rilke or Duncan or whomever. In other words, I'd like to think about this with you, but there are too many on that list and I don't "get" the unanimity I'm supposed to be denying.

Tom

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

103. **Tom Mandel**

mandelstam

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Pierre Joris refers to:

"Bruce McClelland's translation of TRISTIA (Station Hill Press, 1987, most likely still in print)"

alas, it's not! And goes on to say:

"Not having Russian I read him mostly in Paul Celan's German translations, which are absolutely splendid."

I forgot to mention these which I also read. Like the rest of Celan's translation work, these are amazing poems. Again, and all the more so, it's hard to get close to the original when you can't read the language.

Tom

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

104. **Steve Carll**

Antenym/Tight Reading in Santa Rosa

Tue 3 Jun 1997

On Tuesday, June 2nd, the Russian River Writers' Guild hosted a combined publication party for _Antenym_ and Ann Erickson's magazine _Tight_ at the Higher Grounds Cafe in Santa Rosa, CA. Settling into the back room with the covered-up pool table and the Internet connections (which someone bravely/defiantly decided to interrupt the reading to plug into), and after a brief open-mic, I began by fumbling through some sort of mission statement about the magazine and then read from my own work for 10 or 15 minutes. Then I turned it over to Ann, who introduced Elizeo Viegas, Matt Krumme, Craig Taylor and Lorelei Ink,

who read 5-minute sets. I introduced Rob Hale, who read for 15 minutes. There followed a short break, then the second _Tight_ set featured David Bromige, Steve Tills and Ann Erickson. Then I introduced Darin DeStefano, who read some "tricky" poems and some poems "with heart" and was followed by the third _Tight_ set of Carol Ciavonne, Dylan Humphrey (who had his poem memorized--good show!), and Ramona Moody (or Mooney?), who read a sequence of emotionally direct poems to cap off a humid, fun evening. The Higher Grounds, by the way, brews up some pretty intense chai (I think it was the fresh ginger that gave it its kick). Some lines to carry away from the evening:

the nurturant rain softens the hard dirt
and don't sit in that pretzel position--it saps your strength
and yet the world seeks entrance
meanwhile oaks and maples acquire territory
in the provinces one must improvise
patience comes to those who wait
you learn how to make yourself external
it's probably another cartoon--this invention of the mountain in literature
the right to read creaturely shapes into clouds
the right to let consciousness devolve
we should be sacred to each other--Nietzsche says so
ssh to ambiguity
hawks falling through the faultless air
I cannot return to the dark passion
batch of insects swallowed by the sun
in some fields, people are stones
all of the heads are filled with luminous seed
send flakes of sound spinning into atmosphere
fractures and refractions
the sky excels itself in fire and ice
an attention that could be listening
give me back my life, you fucking vampires!

████████ Steve Carll
<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/mags/antenym>
<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/eazines/antenym>

In seed-
sense
the sea stars you out, innermost, forever.

--Paul Celan

[↑ Contents](#)

105. **Thomas Bell**

Re: TINFISH (public announcement)

Tue 3 Jun 1997

Please send to
Thomas Bell
2518 Wellington Pl.
Murfreesboro, TN 37128

At 03:38 PM 6/3/97 -0400, you wrote:

>_voice-overs_, a new chapbook by John Kinsella and Susan Schultz, is now
>available from Tinfish Network, c/o Susan, 1422A Dominis Street, Honolulu,
HI
>96822, USA. For poetics subscribers a slender \$3 charge; you can order over
>email, if you like.
>The chapbook records an email correspondence over the course of several
>months on the subject (loosely defined!) of cultural appropriations.
>
>Susan
>
>

[↑ Contents](#)

106. **henry**

Re: mandelstam

Tue 3 Jun 1997

what I like about Tom's translation is the unpretentious walking rhythm & the
proverbial quietness. I don't know russian either. All I know is that the rus-
sians emphasize the iambic variance in their recitation, the sing-song (this is
a... you guessed it...simplification).

Mandelstam has many beautiful poems & this is one of them.

Here's David McDuff's version:

I say this as a sketch and in a whisper
for it is not yet time:
the game of unaccountable heaven
is achieved with experience and sweat.

And under purgatory's temporary sky
we often forget
that the happy repository of heaven
is a lifelong house that you can carry everywhere.

Here's another I've always liked (trans. McDuff):

I hear, I hear the early ice
whispering beneath the bridges,
I remember how the bright hops
float above the heads of men.

From rough stairways, from squares,
from angular palaces
Alighieri sang the circle
of his Florence more mightily
with wearied lips.

So my shadow gnaws
this grainy granite with its eyes,
by night it sees a row of logs
which seemed houses by day.

Or my shadow wastes away its time
and yawns with us,
or bustles in the midst of people,
warming them with wine and sky,
and feeds with unsweet bread
the insistent swans.

O. Mandelstam

[↑ Contents](#)

107. **Tom Mandel** *apollinaire?*

Wed 4 Jun 1997

Dodie writes:

*I remember
being at a lecture Ron Padgett gave, about some French poet, Rimbaud? And
you were in the audience and you started challenging him on some aspect of
what he was saying about Rimbaud, and I was shocked by your aggressiveness
and bad manners.*

I don't remember the occasion or whether the subject was Rimbaud or Apollinaire, but I'm a fan of -- and longtime acquaintance of -- Ron Padgett, hence I

wonder whether there might not have been some humor/irony in what you saw as an aggressive challenge? Just a thought.

Tom

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

108. **Tom Mandel**

writers union

Wed 4 Jun 1997

"My grad school instructors introduced me to poets and fostered readings of poets that have had an incredible and big affect on my poetry, my thinking, my thinking of poetry.."

Do you think the Soviet Writers Union was a bunch of crooks? The Union was a major achievement for writers, it was an institution where one could create a utopian future. It...

Ouf.

I think it may be hopeless to try to explain that it is precisely in the name of positive and real experience, real values, that the worst damage is done. That it is good not bad people who think of say the death of Mandelstam or the silencing of some non-mainstream writer or whatever as an unfortunate cost of "progress" or whatever other term you wish to insert.

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

109. **Daniel Bouchard**

Re: writers union

Wed 4 Jun 1997

Tom,

I'm lost (cf. yesterday's comment about my poor study skills). I thought you meant to say the SWU created an atmosphere of conformity, and that today's grad school programs are similar. I tried to counter that (probably not very well) with my own experience. That experience is centered on the poets I was exposed to, asked to read, studied, etc. I left out the names of those poets on purpose. As Dodie has done recently, I am only expressing my particular experience. I am not making a case for (or against) all such writing programs.

I can't make the connection between the three paragraphs in your post (eschewing the "ouf") without taking a great deal for granted. To summarize:

The first paragraph: I (Bouchard) had a positive experience in grad school. The second: you say the SWU was also intended as a positive experience, something positive. The third: you say that these positive experiences are ultimately bad.

There is a gap in this syllogism.

Do I think the SWU was a bunch of crooks? No. I would guess they were a bunch of writers. The example you give at the end of your post: "the silencing of some non-mainstream writer or whatever as an unfortunate cost of 'progress' or whatever " may indeed be condoned be "good people." But I am making allowances against it because of poets I know who have gone thru writing programs, who oppose such parallels as can be made, and are still good people.

Give me an F; I'm not rewriting this thesis.



"My grad school instructors introduced me to poets and fostered readings of poets that have had an incredible and big affect on my poetry, my thinking, my thinking of poetry.."

Do you think the Soviet Writers Union was a bunch of crooks? The Union was a major achievement for writers, it was an institution where one could create a utopian future. It...

Ouf.

I think it may be hopeless to try to explain that it is precisely in the name of positive and real experience, real values, that the worst damage is done. That it is good not bad people who think of say the death of Mandelstam or the silencing of some non-mainstream writer or whatever as an unfortunate cost of "progress" or whatever other term you wish to insert.

[↑ Contents](#)

110. **Robert Archambeau**
Ginsberg & Podhoretz: Collected Works

Wed 4 Jun 1997

An article by Paul Berman on an early collaboration by Allen Ginsberg and (!) Norman Podhoretz of Commentary magazine. Check it out at:

<http://www.slate.com/Concept/97-06-04/Concept.asp>

Robert Archambeau

[↑ Contents](#)

111. **groberts**
Re: Mandelstam

Wed 4 Jun 1997

From 1933:

Tartars, Uzbecks, Nenetsians,
And the whole Ukrainian nation,
And even the Volga Germans
Are waiting for translation.

At this very moment, somewhere,
Perhaps some Japanese is at work
Boring into my very soul
As he translates me into Turk.

Mandelstam translated by Robert Tracy typed in by Gary Roberts

[↑ Contents](#)

112. **Stephen Vincent**
Re: apollinaire?

Wed 4 Jun 1997

Wasn't the Ron Padgett's talk on Reverdy --
who he was in the middle of translating
and getting published in the early eighties??

Since I've begun to take ghinko
I want to, at least, imagine
my memory is running better!

Now have I misspelled Reverdy's name,
and is/was he Paul or Pierre?

Cheers,
Stephen Vincent

[↑ Contents](#)

113. **Jordan Davis**

Re: apollinaire?

Wed 4 Jun 1997

got Reverdy (Pierre) right, but I think it's ginkgo -- J

[↑ Contents](#)

114. **dbkk**

Re: apollinaire?

Wed 4 Jun 1997

At 3:08 PM -0400 6/4/97, Stephen Vincent wrote:

>Wasn't the Ron Padgett's talk on Reverdy --

>who he was in the middle of translating

>and getting published in the early eighties??

That makes sense since the letter R came to mind initially. I don't remember any of it, except maybe there was a slide projector with a poem on the wall--or an overhead projector--and Tom rising from his chair . . .

*Since I've begun to take ghinko
I want to, at least, imagine
my memory is running better!*

You should try the Ginkgo Biloba Rejuvenator they sell at Rainbow. It's made from magical water from Mt. Shasta and tastes like flat ginger ale.

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

115. **George Bowering**

Re: Padgett

Wed 4 Jun 1997

*I'm a fan of -- and longtime acquaintance of -- Ron
Padgett,
Tom*

There's something that Tom and I agree on. I have always been a big fan of Padgett, both of his poetry, especially around the time of *Toujours l'amour* and of

his taste in French writing, the Roussel, etc. I think that Padgett is super. I once called him the David McFadden of the U.S.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

116. **David Israel**
techno heraldry's abstinence

Wed 4 Jun 1997

| Message / Delay
|
| "Bell Atlantic believes they have narrowed the
| problem down to a district office switching card"
|
|
| the verb arrests the noun
| one writes in antiquitous vacuum
| with email being down
|
| a noun whats gone to town
| one'd reck t'be verbally back soon
| (sheer verb could entice the noun)
|
| blithe verb in yr cap & yr gown
| posh (putative) topdrawer backroom
| . . . but email being down
|
| zip zilch anent renown
| white negative dead in th' darkroom
| ("no verb arrests no noun")
|
| the squire enquired of the crown
| wot his king'd exchanged in th' cloakroom
| when (email being down)
|

| th' guy switcheroo'd with 'is own clown
| for t' keep in touch with th' hokum
| the verb would expire in the noun
| e's pillow encloister'd (down)

6/4/97

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

117. **Tom Mandel**
another trans. of 376

Wed 4 Jun 1997

RE: the short OM poem (#376) from March 1937, here is Bernard Meares version:

I'll say it in draft in a whisper
Since we cannot speak openly yet:
The game of irrational heaven
Is attained via experience and sweat.

Beneath the temporary sky of purgatory
We frequently fail to recall
That this happy heaven-roofed depository
Is a flexible lifetime home.

If this is interesting to others, I'm sure I can find a few more versions on my shelves.

... well that didn't take long. Here's R and E McKane:

I will whisper this as if it were a rough draft,
because it's not time yet:
the play of the unaccountable sky
will be achieved by effort and experience.

Under the temporal sky
of purgatory we often forget
that the happy granary of the sky
is both an expanding and lifelong home.

I no longer recall the exact circumstances in which I sat down to do my version, except that I was translating a bunch of short poems in quatrains (just for fun and for the feel of the form). I looked at the original (shape, number of words/syllables per line, size of vocabulary, repetitions of words, and about 10 other identifiable variables -- language really does reach out to you) and all the

versions I could find. The translations alas are pretty lame. I don't know about you but in the cases above for example I am really happy to get to the end and not have to read anymore. But they do give you at least some idea of what Mandelstam is after semantically.

Here's a famous and beautiful poem by Goethe:

Gingo Beloba

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Dieses Baums Blatt, der von Osten
Meinem Garten anvertraut,
Gibt geheimen Sinn zu kosten,
Wie's den Wissenden erbaut.

Ist es lebendig Wesen,
Das sich in sich selbst getrennt?
Sind es zwei, die sich erlesen,
Dass man sie als Eines kennt?

Solche Frage zu erwidern
Fand ich wohl den rechten Sinn:
Fuehlst du nicht an meinen Liedern,
Dass ich Eins und doppelt bin?

...and my version:

Gingo Beloba

This leaf from the East
In the heart of my bower,
What strange sense it heaps
On those who know the flower.

Is it one living essence
That in itself has split?
Or two that read each other lessons
& we but sense their fit?

Strange questions. To unreel them
Think about the way when you
Hear my songs, don't you feel them
Leave you first one, then two?

(I changed Goethe's meaning in the last line intentionally of course)

Tom Mandel

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>
4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]
Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

118. **DS**

Re: another trans. of 376

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Bugger, i didn't mean to post that to everybody.
Sorry to burden you.

Dan
(and again)

[↑ Contents](#)

119. **DS**

Re: another trans. of 376

Thu 5 Jun 1997

It gets worse, I translated the Goethe & then thought i had mailed it and
trashed it but hadn't mailed it and now its gone.
I'm going to bed.
Dan

[↑ Contents](#)

120. **henry**

Re: another trans. of 376

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Maybe we can talk about the poem a little? Or is this more tarnished word-
spilling... boring...

to me this poem in one way goes back to OM's beginnings as an "acmeist" - that
is, as a poet who defines himself in opposition to otherworldly symbolism. The
earth is a gift, not a dirty curtain veiling the truth; heaven is achieved via pur-
gatory on earth, not magic formulas; these ideas are reflected in the acmeist
call for worldly exactitude (similar to Pound's imagism & what followed).

What makes the poem different from his programmatic early work is exactly the
experience of purgatory (or should I say hell on earth). He can only "say it in a
whisper" because it's "not yet time"... and yet he still says it.

From a slightly different angle, the poem is an enactment of how the labor of poetry "naturalizes" its own artificiality - and this in itself is an image of the acmeist metaphysics described above. Time silvers the plow, & the poet's... chops... - Henry G.

[↑ Contents](#)

121. **Tom Mandel**

grad school and the writers union

Thu 5 Jun 1997

I think I want to withdraw the remark in which I drew a parallel between grad schools of creative writing and the Soviet Writers Union.

That is, I think the point I wish to make is both too complex for this kind of a forum (it would require a pretty developed argument) and unfriendly to the forum, which contains a large number of people who either currently attend or come out of or else teach in institutions of the kind I am (obviously) criticizing in making the comparison.

My sole - tho two-tipped - point is 1) the narrowing scope of an independent life of writing -- as the life and the entry into the life are moved into schools something is lost (to me that "something" that's lost is important), and 2) the "professionalization" of the role of the writer -- as we create institutions to certify them and turn them into teachers in the same schools we are developing a small world where poetry will live.

In that world, I think the parallel I drew will be hard to see.

I'm now going to cease writing on this subject (sigh of relief before numerous screens). A concluding note, however: I am not saying poets shouldn't teach. Everybody needs a job. Poets who've led interesting lives, done all sorts of things, and wound up teaching bring news from a larger world into that context.

Ok that's it. I'm now silent on the subject.

Tom Mandel

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

122. **Tom Mandel**
Reverdy and Memory
Thu 5 Jun 1997

Steve Vincent writes:

*Wasn't the Ron Padgett's talk on Reverdy --
who he was in the middle of translating
and getting published in the early eighties??*

Yes, that is how I remembered it too, and I remembered very much liking what Ron was doing

Dodie writes:

*That makes sense since the letter R came to mind initially. I don't
remember any of it, except maybe there was a slide projector with a poem on
the wall--or an overhead projector--and Tom rising from his chair . . .*

Whew! At least I didn't stand on it and throw spitballs at Ron (whose translations of French poets are totally wonderful).

Steve writes:

>Since I've begun to take ghinko
>I want to, at least, imagine
>my memory is running better!

Dodie replies:

>You should try the Gingko Biloba Rejuvenator they sell at Rainbow. It's
>made from magical water from Mt. Shasta and tastes like flat ginger ale.

Personally, I go straight for the flat ginger ale.

Tom

Tom Mandel

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

123. **Judy Roitman**

Re: another trans. of 376

Thu 5 Jun 1997

*Maybe we can talk about the poem a little? Or is this more tarnished
word-spilling... boring...*

- Henry G.

Or we can talk about the translation(s), nuts & bolts. In particular, the existence of translaterese (very little in version #1, considerably more in #2) --- only when someone is translating do they come up with these just-so-faintly-non-idiomatic phrases, these little energy blocks. You can hardly put your finger on it but it's there.

By the way, my husband Stan Lombardo's translation of the Iliad just came out (Hackett) --- I think his translation is wonderful, but hey I'm the wife.

----- Judy Roitman
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas |
memory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."
[REDACTED] | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

[↑ Contents](#)

124. **henry g**

Re: OM transl.

Thu 5 Jun 1997

While I agree with Judy & have said already that I don't think OM has been translated into english yet - I think the "translatorese" she mentions isn't a completely negative phenomenon. It's like the equivalent of what gets lost in translation. It adds sort of a musty charm, maybe like what the philatelist likes in an old stamped foreign stamp - unusable as postal currency but charming nonetheless (this side of an obsession with whitened sepulchres of phraseology).

Incidentally I have a limited number of little gray postcards of Tom Mandel's version of the poem - which were printed as a correction/corrective for a glaring typo on the back cover of Nedge #4 (where the poem appeared. It's also INSIDE Nedge #4, sans typo). I'll send said card to anyone free of charge 1st come 1st serve until I run out. Send me your street address if you'd like one - Henry [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

125. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Thu 5 Jun 1997

This continues to strike me as an odd way to form certain questions -- I'd think it obvious, given the actual number of jobs in question, that at any given moment more "serious" writers are outside the academy than in. This fact, on its own, means little. Gioia's remark, like so many of his remarks, doesn't really get us anywhere -- that is, there has never been and never will be any danger (or even possibility) that all writers will be inside the academy -- what IS a problem, is how the literary "market" has changed, and how the infrastructure of writing programs etc. has absorbed so many of the few remaining publication possibilities. Innovative writers, whether or not they also teach in universities, community colleges, high schools, etc., are just as likely as ever to find that they will have to create their own publication resources. "Mainstream" writers will continue to dominate most publication possibilities, whether they are in or out of writing programs. That's what it means to be a mainstream writer. No?

and while all is far from perfect, or even desirable, with peer review -- I know that if a ms. appears before me written by a former student, I'm supposed to recuse myself --

Je recuse!

but it is still, and always, a good thing to bring an open critique of poetry publication practices -- I think there are now even more "fake" competitions in poetry than there are "fake" job searches in academia -- not a pretty sight --

publish to the parish!

AND,,,,

has anyone out there seen a review of *Mason & Dixon* that says anything about how slavery figures in the plot, the metaphorical structures, indeed everywhere -- as one might well have expected of a novel about Mason & Dixon and their line -- complete silence on this topic in the reviews I've seen so far

[↑ Contents](#)

126. **Judy Roitman**

Re: another trans. of 376

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Judy - sorry - can you point out which ones - & which phrases - you mean? Are the original posts handy so you could reply w/text? (to the list?) - Henry

| ----Here are the texts from Tom M-----

1.

I'll say it in draft in a whisper
Since we cannot speak openly yet:
The game of irrational heaven
Is attained via experience and sweat.

Beneath the temporary sky of purgatory
We frequently fail to recall
That this happy heaven-roofed depository
Is a flexible lifetime home.

2.

I will whisper this as if it were a rough draft,
because it's not time yet:
the play of the unaccountable sky
will be achieved by effort and experience.

Under the temporal sky
of purgatory we often forget
that the happy granary of the sky
is both an expanding and lifelong home.

Judy again:

for me the clunker in #1 is heaven-roofed, made worse by happy. Although if
you are concerned with regular meter (which the translator sort of seems to be)
there are more odd things (lines 4, 5, 7), as if he is cheating and hopes not to be
caught.

in #2, lines 3 and 7 seem a little off.

Is the translator's downfall the temptation to Communicate Something Else?
Like all those bad poets trying to Communicate An Experience? On the other
hand, isn't Communicating Something Else the translator's job?

Successful translation seems a miracle to me, by definition it should be impossi-
ble.

----- Judy Roitman

| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas |
memory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."

████████████████████ | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

[↑ Contents](#)

127. **henry**

Re: another trans. of 376

Thu 5 Jun 1997

On Thu, 5 Jun 1997 13:57:38 -0500 Judy Roitman said:

>

>1.

>

>I'll say it in draft in a whisper

>Since we cannot speak openly yet:

>The game of irrational heaven

>Is attained via experience and sweat.

>

>Beneath the temporary sky of purgatory

>We frequently fail to recall

>That this happy heaven-roofed depository

>Is a flexible lifetime home.

>

>

>2.

>

>I will whisper this as if it were a rough draft,

>because it's not time yet:

>the play of the unaccountable sky

>will be achieved by effort and experience.

>

>Under the temporal sky

>of purgatory we often forget

>that the happy granary of the sky

>is both an expanding and lifelong home.

>

I'm with you Judy. You're too kind. "Happy granary of the sky" - Hallmark crossed with soviet-shlock. Rhythm wheezes in those lines you mentioned. "We frequently fail to recall" - dreck. "depository" - stinks. #2 - do we need the word "sky" at the end of 3 out of 8 lines?

"You are the salt of the earth. If salt has lost its taste, how shall its saltiness be restored? It is no better than to be thrown out and trampled underfoot by men." - Henry G.

[↑ Contents](#)

128. **Judy Roitman**

Re: another trans. of 376

Thu 5 Jun 1997

*I'm with you Judy. You're too kind. "Happy granary of the sky" - Hallmark
crossed with soviet-shlock. Rhythm wheezes in those lines you mentioned.
"We frequently fail to recall" - dreck. "depository" - stinks.
#2 - do we need the word "sky" at the end of 3 out of 8 lines?*

I was limiting myself to translaterese. The other stuff is at least idiomatic English.

It's the phenomenon of translaterese that interests me here, and I'm curious what folks who do translation have to say about it.

----- Judy Roitman
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas |
memory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."
[REDACTED] | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

[↑ Contents](#)

129. **hg**

OM tranas

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Here's a stab at it.

I'll whisper it - in an outline.

Its hour has not yet come.

The chessgame of measureless heaven
is mated with sweat - and wisdom.

And under purgatory's transient sky
we grow absent-minded - forget
that lucky heaven-vault on high...
- is a limber, everlasting habitat.

I will send a transcription of the Russian soon. - Henry G.

[↑ Contents](#)

130. **David Bromige**

Gingo beloba

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Tom, agreed, how well you put it, 'I am really happy to get to the end & not have to read any more'. Would that be the book depository in Dallas? But yr. own tr., of the Goethe, is fine. My a-version casts no aspersions...just me, at loose ends:

Belabored Ginkos

These trees go Blatt when the East wind
Knocks them into my garden,
Accosting a secret mind.
Wystan Wissenschaft. He built it, then.

It's the living reason, dig.
The self zigs then zigs some more?
Must be divided, or how to ignore
Nothing? How else know a single thing?

Mulch fragrant at the broken window.
Fanatic Walden rich with signs.
Full of nothing, saying the word 'Linda',
Once & forever, dropped in the 'doubles' bin.

David Bromige.

[↑ Contents](#)

131. **James Finnegan**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Thu 5 Jun 1997

In a message dated 97-06-05 16:20:42 EDT, you write:

*that they will have to create their own publication resources.
"Mainstream" writers will continue to dominate most publication
possibilities, whether they are in or out of writing programs. That's
what it means to be a mainstream writer. No?*

The only word I would quibble with is "dominate." It sounds a bit like mainstream writers infiltrated the editorial offices of outsider mags/presses and began publishing work friendly to their cause. They too "created" many of the mags/presses that publish mainstream work--you can hardly begrudge them dominating a literary vehicle of their own making. (Though one does hope for a more broadminded approach and not a narrow view of writing is or can be.)

Still, there is the question of the private/public resources which help float these ventures, and what mag/press does or doesn't get the largesse. That may be where the "domination" comes in. However, since these resources are so scarce and skimpy--these days anyway--I do think it's mostly mainstream blood, sweat & tears that gets the next issue or a new title out. And I can't find fault with their efforts.

Finnegan

[↑ Contents](#)

132. **Joseph Duemer**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Aldon Nielsen wrote:

"Innovative writers, whether or not they also teach in universities, community colleges, high schools, etc., are just as likely as ever to find that they will have to create their own publication resources."

Haven't inovative writers *always* had to create their own alternative market-place? I'm not sure it is writing programs that have changed the "marketplace" for poetry. Also, I'm curious about the context of Gioia's remark. When he was a vp at General Foods, Gioia tended to be highly critical of writers in the academy, longing I think for a day that never existed, but which he imagined as sometime in the 1940 when we had "public intellectuals." (Most of whom worked in NY in publishing, certainly no less a hot house than the universities.) But now that he has become President of Poetry, flitting from conference to conference-- "making his living from his writing," as I heard him brag recently to an impressionable undergraduate--it seems as how he's willing to allow that it's okay for a writer to make his living teaching.

The "interesting lives" argument: Tom Mandel wrote "Poets who've led interesting lives, done all sorts of things, and wound up teaching bring news from a larger world into that context." Isn't this the same as Gioia--or one version of him--saying that poets shouldn't teach because the academy is sterile, ie, not "interesting"? But aren't all lives interesting, if looked at from the right angle? Did E. Dickinson have an "interesting" life?

Having raised the question above, I'd like to add that I think I know what Tom was getting at in his comparison between the Writers' Union and grad programs in cw--That people with seemingly laudable and progressive attitudes can often be blind to the power relations that give them their opportunity to pursue their laudable goals. I think it is very important to be sensitive to this, and I have not always been so.

I led and "interesting life" of bartending and being a projectionist in a porno theater, then went to . . . wait for it . . . The University of Iowa Writers Workshop, where I had a good time, learned a lot, and was treated respectfully by my teachers. Since then, except for a brief stint as a journalist, I have been a college teacher, though not in an MFA program. I relate these biographical details because, imho it has been an interesting life. The problem with the category, clearly, is that it can't be defined.

Joseph Duemer
School of Liberal Arts
Clarkson University
Potsdam NY 13699
Phone: [REDACTED]
Fax: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

"The honey of heaven may or may not come,
But that of earth both comes and goes at once."
Wallace Stevens

[↑ Contents](#)

133. **Aldon L. Nielsen**
Re: grad school and the writers union
Thu 5 Jun 1997

I should think the phrase "as ever" in my post answers in advance the possibly rhetorical question that begins Joseph's response --

and yes, the writing programs have changed the "marketplace" --

and look, I never begrudged anybody anything -- what I would insist upon, however, is the right to analyse and discuss how people operate whatever it is they're operating,,,, I've been glad to see a slight opening in the poetry publishing at U of Georgia Press, for instance, but that opening consists of something like two books in the past five years --

It's much like the patronage systems in government -- It has always been the case that the dominant parties create positions for their friends and allies, often with great energy and ingenuity -- I wouldn't expect these systems to alter substantively any time soon -- but I've never seen that as a reason to suspend critique of said systems --

In other words, I think generally, for example, that judges should not be permitted to select their former students in publication competitions, and therefore I

suggest that anybody foolish enough ever to permit me to judge such a thing should prohibit me from favoring any of my own students --

[↑ Contents](#)

134. **henry g**

Om trans.

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Should be remembered that this little octet was written at the end of OM's life, in very trying circumstances. It is just what he said - a sketch , an outline. Like Bach's little piano finger-exercises compared to his concertos, is this beautiful little poem to M's great odes, for example. See Omry Ronen's study of "Flint Ode" & "1 January".

from Raffel/Burago trans. of "1 January":

But the typewriter's plain sonatina - that's only
the shadow of those mighty ones and all their mighty music.

(- & THIS is not even a shadow of the original)

- HG

[↑ Contents](#)

135. **john chris jones**

parts of the cyberepic

Thu 5 Jun 1997

this is noteart (as I'm calling it)

my attempt to shorten the gap between:

1. my notes and journal entries and
2. my 'life' and 'work'.

I don't know if you'd choose to call it poetry
but may I suggest that we widen the term
to mean this note
and everything that appears in list postings
a long
collaborative
and in newfact epic electronic
poem
of many 'voices'?

and this is also my response to the invitation
in that to me very welcome 'welcome to the poetics list'
to treat it as 'a form of publication'

'well considered'

(but immediate, and brief, etc, etc)

So just to get started I choose a page by chance from my journal

(using a table of random numbers)

and type out what is there

[with any changes as I type in square brackets]:

[page 41, June 4th 97, I was writing beneath a tree on Hampstead Heath, London]

My hand jerked at the loud CAW of a crow that descended from above me and gave me a shock ...

I waddles about on its not very good walking legs, inspecting things at its eye level and above. It's not searching the ground. What is it thinking? For surely all things can think in some way or other, it's surely nonsense to limit thought to just one 'species', whatever we say. Yes. the nature of thinking will surprise us - when [and if] we get to know what it is. I guess it won't be conscious at all, or localised [e.g. 'in my head']. More likely dispersed and extended everywhere.

A park keeper in shirt sleeves and brown trousers [his summer uniform] walks through [the glade]. He avoids looking at me. Is that a condition of the job, or a wish not to get entangled with 'the public' ... ? [Poets too?]

The crow has flown off, a small fly is crawling over my belly and another on my wrist and now thumb and now thumbnail as I write. It isn't frightened off by the motions of writing, it seems to be eating traces of food on my nail. I see it does not venture into little caves or ravines between the folds of skin where thumb and hand join. Now it's on the pen and now it's jumped back to skin. I think I'll go, these flies are annoying, there are several.

{Sitting on a] seat on the way back. I'm remembering as I walk how unexpectedly the Dante/Jones conversation [see later] came through my fingers, almost without thought or deliberate effort and how it was at quite a conceptual distance from what I'd been preparing - and how I thought I was too tired to write it. And today I've been feeling it [the conversation] is not me, or not right, or not as free flowing as I'd wish, and yet I'm [now] treating it as objective command to thus continue ... Yes I must explore further (as I write) the mystery (for indeed it is one) of how the pre-thinking and the writing differ, and how, once written, the text becomes a little alien, a thing outside, of its own ... yes, yes ...

[I promised myself to stop after 500 words and that's 522 - I'm typing this first in Word so as to spell check and count words. Then I'll cut and paste into Eudora.]

Later, if this gets past the 'moderator', if he is letting through only selected postings, and if this brings any (backchannel) encouragements, I'll post more of these notes. I'll also post some of the Dante/Jones conversation - which is intended to be a modern Dante's attempt at rethinking and rewriting my 'bottom-up' notes from his 'top-down' position, more conceptual, more absolute, and perhaps more 'poetic'?

These are parts of a book I've just started.

Provisional title: Dante rewriting

[the memories and minds of everyone - a fresh and fictional view of modernity and afterwards, I hope. But it could change enormously.]

john chris jones

things (and other things) by myself and others await an inquisitive mouse at <<http://www.gold.net/ellipsis/>> and a mirror site at <<http://www.ellipsis.com>> or at other sites by Altavista search

'This chaos will not be ended'

from IDIOM OF THE HERO, Wallace Stevens (chosen by a statistical chance process)

(this isn't a competition entry! it's an advertisement as well as a 'form of publication'. he laughs to himself and goes to sleep now.)

[↑ Contents](#)

136. **Alan Julu Sondheim**

(no subject)

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Julu: This is a mess, just a blank, a brick, salvaged from the Amaya test browser. Just a moment, the phone is ringing.

Julu: As I was saying, this is a mess. There's nothing to it, nothing. The substitutions are weak; there's nothing to be done about it. It was saved from Amaya through lynx. Hold on, someone's at the door.

Julu: Sorry for that interruption. There could be another, next time a shot rings out, the time after, sounds of bodies going under. The brick thrown through the screen, what the fuck difference does the text make?

Julu: That was just a pause, /make/ turning dirt into action. Sorry for the brick, shots just rang the changes.

filooo boooocousooo fuck fooolt fuck hood to soooooo it to (noooooorly)
thooo ooond. Thooorooo woos littlooo ooolsooo going on. fuck wooont to
nomooil. WHERE i PROUDLY REMAfuckNED SfuckLENT,

RECOGNfuckZfuckNG THE

FUTfuckLfucky OF ARGUfuckNG WfuckTH ARMED MfuckLfuckyA. tO
THfuckS i OWE MY LfuckFE AND THE FUTURE OF MYSELF AND MY
DESCENDENTS,

gOD BE THANKED. As four oos boooliooofs, fuck soooooo no rooooooon to
booolioooovooo in oonything. fuckf thooroooo is oo moooddling GODJULU,
hooo/shooo is dooostructivooo. fuckf thooroooo is oo non-moooddling
GODJULU, it's of no intoooooost to moo; whoot's thooo point?

>>>doooiy RAfuckSES fuckTS UGLY HEAD PROMfuckSfuckNG prooyoooo
oond

spirit. thoook you lord. Which loooooovooos moo with thooo usuool
ooothicool quooostion - how to construct/ work within oon ooothos
without immoonoooooncooo or troonscooondoooncooo. fuckn roooooolity, fuck
buy thooo oooxistooontiool notion of projoooct/roooosponsibiliy, but
fuck oolso foooooool this is oo convoonioooont myth. fuck ooct in
toooms of whoot fuck considooor just

Julu: Sorry for the brick, I mean that.

[↑ Contents](#)

137. **Joseph Duemer**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Thu 5 Jun 1997

The last thing I want to do is turn this into the boring old argument between writing program types and the bohemians. I have no interest in that argument, and have tried in my last response to honor Aldon Nielsen's analysis of institutional narrowing of options and opportunities. I'm not asking anybody to "suspend his/her critique"--what I'm trying to do is understand it, and perhaps extend it. But Aldon answers my questions with an assertion--"Yes, writing programs have changed the marketplace," but assertion is not evidence, nor even argument. Finally, and I mention this because I think there is more agreement here than might be apparent, two of my recent recommendations to David Fenza at AWP were that judges A) be picked from a larger pool of writers, and B) that they not be allowed to name their own students winners within, say, a five year period.

It seems to me that we need to reframe the old us/them arguments among writers in terms of us/us v. institutional narrowing of perception and reception. There are bohos and mainstreamers in and out of the academy, but since all, I presume, are interested in imagination and the possibilities open to consciousness, perhaps we ought to take a look at the larger economic and cultural forces that constrict imagination, which is always subversive. Though there is, I

think, a point of balance at which, perhaps only briefly, an institutional structure may sponsor free play and exchange.

I hope it is clear in the above that I'm not looking for a brawl, though as I've said elsewhere recently, I have no objection, now and then, to a nice "glory."

Joseph Duemer
School of Liberal Arts
Clarkson University
Potsdam NY 13699
Phone: [REDACTED]
Fax: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

"The honey of heaven may or may not come,
But that of earth both comes and goes at once."

Wallace Stevens

[↑ Contents](#)

138. **groberts**

M & D

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Of the four reviews I've read, only T. Coraghessan Boyle's in the NY Times mentions slavery in book, something about Dixon's "heroism" when he whips a slave trader. But I haven't gotten that far in novel yet, so I can't vouch for the appropriateness of Boyle's characterization.

Gary R

[↑ Contents](#)

139. **David Bromige**

loose ends

Thu 5 Jun 1997

Hey, George, whatever happened to that Maria dame 'n Rachel Loden?
(Hey, _Jack_. Walter Matthau)

[↑ Contents](#)

140. **Maria Damon (Maria Damon)**

Re: Orpheus

Thu 5 Jun 1997

do you mean jane ellen harrison?

At 10:59 AM 6/6/97, Joe Safdie wrote:

>On Fri, 6 Jun 1997 [REDACTED] wrote:

>

> the only thing I'm aware of is

>> a short article written by a woman around the turn of the century, & various

>> references to it in Eliade's books (where one discovers it is a world-wide

>> tale, origins undoubtedly buried in the paleolithic, not as J Safdie

>> suggested, a product of central Asian shamans)

>>

>Joe Safdie suggests you check out E.R. Dodds *The Greeks and The

>Irrational*, Charles Segal's *Orpheus: The Myth of The Poet* and a

>collection of essays on the historical development of Orpheus called

>*Orpheus: Metamorphoses of a Myth* edited by John Warden and published by

>the University of Toronto.

>

>I used to like skimming through Eliade too . . .

[↑ Contents](#)

141. **David Bromige**

waterpipes

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Hey, Jack, I didnt think you still smoked thru them things. Walter

[↑ Contents](#)

142. **George Bowering**

Re: loose middles

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Hey, George, whatever happened to that Maria dame 'n Rachel Loden?

(Hey, _Jack_. Walter Matthau)

I have them both here, chained by the wrist to a waterpipe.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

143. **rsillima**

Slavery and Mason & Dixon

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Aldon,

I've seen too many reviews (including one on the NY Times site that predated the TC Boyle review that must have been written when the editors there were concerned that Boyle was never going to get his written, and which was subsequently pulled once Boyle got his in [and to my knowledge never showed up in hard copy], which is how the NYT got to be the last paper in America to review the book), but I think there was a mention in passing in the Philadelphia Inquirer that referred to the line about how capitalism was unthinkable without slavery as an instance of an encyclopedic humanism, or some such.

When I drive down route 1 from here on the way Baltimore (far more scenic than I95, and fewer tolls as well), the Mason-Dixon line is announced on the sign that welcomes me to Maryland.

Ron

Ron Silliman When this you see
262 Orchard Road Remember me
Paoli, PA 19301-1116

██████████

██████████ (o)

██████████ (fax)

██████████

██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

144. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: waterpipes

Fri 6 Jun 1997

far healthier than one a those paper tubes, db... I'd rather deface paper than smoke it...

On Thu, 5 Jun 1997, David Bromige wrote:

| *Hey, Jack, I didnt think you still smoked thru them things. Walter*

[↑ Contents](#)

145. **Mark Prejsnar**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Fri 6 Jun 1997

A thousand alternative venues should bloom.

We should be willing to critique existing, highly-institutional venues and projects....But on the other hand the best work's gonna continue to come out of *very* underfunded operations..

There are too many poets, and indeed lots of 'em are (to my ear) all too close to first rate, when very few resources are available in the immediate future to help them find an audience and pay the rent...

So concentrating on our own life-support and life-extension projects is the main concern. This was the point of Tom's recent "rant," which I don't think was heard clearly enough by enough folks. (..that and principled critique like Aldon talks about can coexist; indeed I think Aldon's own projects are a great example of extending the needed breathing space..)

A thousand alternative venues should bloom.

Chairman Mark

Atlanta

On Thu, 5 Jun 1997, Joseph Duemer wrote:

The last thing I want to do is turn this into the boring old argument between writing program types and the bohemians. I have no interest in that argument, and have tried in my last response to honor Aldon Nielsen's analysis of institutional narrowing of options and opportunities. I'm not asking anybody to "suspend his/her critique"--what I'm trying to do is understand it, and perhaps extend it. But Aldon answers my questions with an assertion--"Yes, writing programs have changed the marketplace," but assertion is not evidence, nor even argument. Finally, and I mention this because I think there is more agreement here than might be apparent, two of my recent recommendations to David Fenza at AWP were that judges A) be picked from a larger pool of writers, and B) that they not be allowed to name their own students winners within, say, a five year period.

It seems to me that we need to reframe the old us/them arguments among writers in terms of us/us v. institutional narrowing of perception and reception. There are bohos and mainstreamers in and out of the academy, but since all, I presume, are interested in imagination and the possibilities open to consciousness, perhaps we ought to take a look at the larger economic and cultural forces that constrict imagination, which is always subversive. Though there is, I think, a point of balance at which, perhaps only briefly, an institutional structure may sponsor

free play and exchange.

*I hope it is clear in the above that I'm not looking for a brawl, though
as I've said elsewhere recently, I have no objection, now and then, to a
nice "glory."*

Joseph Duemer
School of Liberal Arts
Clarkson University
Potsdam NY 13699
Phone: [REDACTED]
Fax: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

*"The honey of heaven may or may not come,
But that of earth both comes and goes at once."
Wallace Stevens*

[↑ Contents](#)

146. **Maria Damon**

Re: loose middles

Fri 6 Jun 1997

At 9:33 PM -0700 6/5/97, George Bowering wrote:

>> Hey, George, whatever happened to that Maria dame 'n Rachel Loden?

>>

>>(Hey, _Jack_. Walter Matthau)

>

>I have them both here, chained by the wrist to a waterpipe.

you wish listen bromige, last time i heard from george it was a backchannel
begging for a session w/ Lady Discipline, the grande maitresse of form and con-
tent, quick with a whip and terse with a verse.

[↑ Contents](#)

147. **Rachel Loden**

loose lips, moose lips

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Bromige & Bowering typed:

Hey, George, whatever happened to that Maria dame 'n Rachel Loden?

I have them both here, chained by the wrist to a waterpipe.

Oh, right. George will deny this, of course (and who can blame him), but unfortunately his real proclivities are quite a bit odder than that. I'm told that after he is trussed up in his elaborate. . . equipment, he can barely contain himself and will only answer to the name "Amy Lowell."

Rachel L.

[↑ Contents](#)

148. **MARK LEAHY**

Re: Women and Texts (at Leeds)

Fri 6 Jun 1997

For list members who may be coming to the UK in the next few weeks, or those of us who are already resident here -- here is some information regarding the Women and Texts conference at the University of Leeds running from June 26th to July 4th (this is just a few details from a wide and varied programme)

Fiona Templeton performance on July 2nd
and Nicole Brossard reading on July 1st and 2nd

there will also be readings by Maggie O'Sullivan, Daphne Marlatt, Nourbese Philip, Audrey Thomas and others

there will be performances by Caroline Bergvall -- July 4th Caitlin Hicks -- July 3rd and 4th, Tilla Brading -- July 3rd Shawna Dempsey and Lori Millan -- July 2nd and others

Cathy Courtney is curating an exhibition of book art
and there will be book art from Canada curated by Apollonia Steele

the conference sessions themselves include a number focussing on issues of poetics, community, computing (topics which have come up on this list also)

there is a web site in preparation which I will give the URL for as soon as I can
otherwise you can e-mail Sarah Graves at the University of Leeds



and she will send you an information pack;

it all looks like being a great few days

Mark Leahy

[↑ Contents](#)

149. **charssmith**

Re: OM transl.

Fri 6 Jun 1997

In a message dated 97-06-06 03:46:20 EDT, you write:

<< Incidentally I have a limited number of little gray postcards of Tom Mandel's version of the poem - which were printed as a correction/corrective for a glaring typo on the back cover of Nedge #4 (where the poem appeared. It's also INSIDE Nedge #4, sans typo). I'll send said card to anyone free of charge 1st come 1st serve until I run out. Send me your street address if you'd like one - Henry [REDACTED] >>

ok, Henry.

2 other things:

I meant to send for Nedge 4 when it came out & forgot to. how much again? to where?

also: what was the title of that book on Orpheus tales in Native Am lit you were reading? I ran into a number of them when I was reading Great Basin/California materials some time ago, but the only thing I'm aware of is a short article written by a woman around the turn of the century, & various references to it in Eliade's books (where one discovers it is a world-wide tale, origins undoubtedly buried in the paleolithic, not as J Safdie suggested, a product of central Asian shamans)

anyway ...

all best

Charles Smith

2135 Irvin Way

Sacramento, CA 95822

[↑ Contents](#)

150. **henry**

Re: OM transl.

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Hi Charles - postcard on its way. I'll send Nedge under sep. cover. It's \$5.00 to: The Poetry Mission, POB 2321, Providence, RI 02906.

The book is in a set called Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 1894 - 1975

it's a big set - the one I read was vol. 27, I THINK. Unfortunately I have it at home - will try to send you more info on author, etc. But most college libraries

anyway shd have this set. The stuff is amazing! (I haven't even looked at the other vols.)

Best, Henry

[↑ Contents](#)

151. **Mark Prejsnar**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Fri 6 Jun 1997

"Help?"

"DT??"

"???????"

regards,

Mark

On Fri, 6 Jun 1997, Daniel Tessitore wrote:

Mark wrote:

*We should be willing to critique existing, highly-institutional venues and projects....But on the other hand the best work's gonna continue to come out of *very* underfunded operations..*

"But" ?

"best" ?

"operations" ?

"institutional...projects" ?

Help,

DT

[↑ Contents](#)

152. **Daniel Tessitore**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Fri 6 Jun 1997

I like Gioia's phrase: The university is not a bad place for a poet to be, it's just a bad place for all poets to be. As a 'product' of a writing program, I can vouch for large numbers of writers who do not graduate right back into school. Truth

is, most writers I know didn't land back in the classroom right away, if they have at all. I did, but on the other half of the globe doing something else.

Has anyone ever taken a count of writers (serious writers--who'll do it no matter what) who are in the academy and out? I'd be willing to bet most are out. The in-ones might be more visible, but are they a majority, really?

DT

From: Tom Mandel[SMTP: [REDACTED]]
Sent: Thursday, June 05, 1997 10:00 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: grad school and the writers union

I think I want to withdraw the remark in which I drew a parallel between grad schools of creative writing and the Soviet Writers Union.

That is, I think the point I wish to make is both too complex for this kind of a forum (it would require a pretty developed argument) and unfriendly to the forum, which contains a large number of people who either currently attend or come out of or else teach in institutions of the kind I am (obviously) criticizing in making the comparison.

My sole - tho two-tipped - point is 1) the narrowing scope of an independent life of writing -- as the life and the entry into the life are moved into schools something is lost (to me that "something" that's lost is important), and 2) the "professionalization" of the role of the writer -- as we create institutions to certify them and turn them into teachers in the same schools we are developing a small world where poetry will live.

In that world, I think the parallel I drew will be hard to see.

I'm now going to cease writing on this subject (sigh of relief before numerous screens). A concluding note, however: I am not saying poets shouldn't teach. Everybody needs a job. Poets who've led interesting lives, done all sorts of things, and wound up teaching bring news from a larger world into that context.

Ok that's it. I'm now silent on the subject.

Tom Mandel

Tom Mandel [REDACTED]

Screen Porch * <http://screenporch.com>
4031 University Dr. Suite 200 * vox: [REDACTED]
Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 * fax: [REDACTED]

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

153. **Daniel Tessitore**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Mark wrote:

We should be willing to critique existing, highly-institutional venues and projects....But on the other hand the best work's gonna continue to come out of *very* underfunded operations.. _____

"But" ?

"best" ?

"operations" ?

"institutional...projects" ?

Help,

DT

[↑ Contents](#)

154. **Daniel Tessitore**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Mark wrote:

*We should be willing to critique existing, highly-institutional venues and projects....But on the other hand the best work's gonna continue to come out of *very* underfunded operations..*

OK, let's start with "But." The two statements above...how are they different?

DT

[↑ Contents](#)

155. **Mark Prejsnar**

Re: grad school and the writers union

Fri 6 Jun 1997

They're not in logical tension or contradiction, agreed. You can do both. (Clearly, in fact, Aldon does both..To some extent Tom M. and myself and many

others in this thread do both. But some folks (including myself on occasion) feel that they might not have the *energy* to do both..Thus an impulse at times to say, awww screw attacking the contradictions of the institutions, let's just concentrate on publishing and nurturing the work we like....

On Fri, 6 Jun 1997, Daniel Tessitore wrote:

Mark wrote:

*We should be willing to critique existing, highly-institutional venues and projects....But on the other hand the best work's gonna continue to come out of *very* underfunded operations..*

OK, let's start with "But." The two statements above...how are they different?

DT

[↑ Contents](#)

156. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: no brawl where none intended

Fri 6 Jun 1997

as somebody who teaches in a university, I am hardly interested in that us/them argument Joseph doesn't want to have -- one of those items he senses we agree upon --

On the other hand, reference to suggestions made to the AWP suggests evidence as to changes in the literary "market" is already in hand, as I thought,,, I do, in fact, recognize the difference between assertoric and evidentiary -- It is simply a fact that the majority of the university press poetry publishing programs are now under the editorship of people who are employed in or who have graduated from university writing programs -- I made no assertion that this was a better or worse state of affairs than what preceded, simply that it had happened and was worthy of examination -- Examination of the contributors' notes sections of most contemporary poetry anthologies reveals similar changes -- this is not "better" or "worse" than the networks of acquaintance visible in the similar sections of anthologies devoted to what I would consider "innovative" poetry -- just different --

save where such business is advanced under the guise of openness that does not in fact exist -- which remains my real complaint --

Again, I am not shocked, shocked to find that as new patterns of professionalism emerge among publishing poets in the U.S. the people inhabiting those

patterns develop new modes of credentialing, disciplining, publishing, etc -- maybe it's just the literary historian in me that makes me want to watch these developments closely and, perhaps, historicize them -- but, I am puzzled that there would be any doubt that the explosive growth of MFA programs has had an effect upon the literary market place -- since most MFA programs advertise themselves as doing exactly that -- (I get at pamphlets from these programs every year, and they usually feature a section indicating that numbers of their graduates have won prizes X,Y & X, have become editors and/or teachers, etc))

[↑ Contents](#)

157. **Joe Safdie**

Re: Orpheus

Fri 6 Jun 1997

On Fri, 6 Jun 1997 [REDACTED] wrote:

the only thing I'm aware of is

- > a short article written by a woman around the turn of the century, & various
- > references to it in Eliade's books (where one discovers it is a world-wide
- > tale, origins undoubtedly buried in the paleolithic, not as J Safdie
- > suggested, a product of central Asian shamans)
- >

Joe Safdie suggests you check out E.R. Dodds *The Greeks and The Irrational*, Charles Segal's *Orpheus: The Myth of The Poet* and a collection of essays on the historical development of Orpheus called *Orpheus: Metamorphoses of a Myth* edited by John Warden and published by the University of Toronto.

I used to like skimming through Eliade too . . .

[↑ Contents](#)

158. **Henry Gould**

Re: OM tranas

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Here's an unprofessional transliteration of the OM octet. Might give a sense of the tightly woven sounds.

Ia skazhu eto nacherna, schepotom,
Potomu chto esche nye pora:
Dostilayetsia potom i opitom
Byezotchyetnogo nyeba igra...

I pod vremenniya nyebom chistilitsa
Zabivayem mi chasta o tom,

Chto schastlivoye nebokhranilitse
Razdvizhnoii i pozhiznennii dom.

- you can see how there are really only 2 rhymes here, & the poem ends on the resounding "dom" (home). Mandelstam liked to distinguish himself from "scribblers" - he composed by the voice, walking around, muttering and refining his stanzas. There are several variants of some of his poems, mainly the later work. He liked to chisel his quatrains so they stand alone (sometimes) as well as work with the rest. There is a folkloric proverbial shorthand at work in Mandelstam, Tsvetaeva, Akhmatova, even Pasternak & Khlebnikov. It would be interesting to look for equivalents in our poetry for that. W. Stevens liked collecting proverbs & aiming for something similar, but maybe there's a closer parallel. - Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

159. **hen**
Re: OM tranas
Fri 6 Jun 1997

& if you can scramble your way through those russian syllables & hear the beat, you will also notice the drumming iambic swing, which Tom's version (though it's a shorthand on a shorthand) picks up & does something equivalent - lost in the others. - HG

[↑ Contents](#)

160. **hen**
Re: OM tranas
Fri 6 Jun 1997

sorry for the extra posts. How about Emily Dickinson? Listen to that hymn stanza - it's russkie! - HG

[↑ Contents](#)

161. **David Israel**
Re: OM tranas -Reply
Fri 6 Jun 1997

Henry Gould writes,

<< Mandelstam liked to distinguish himself from "scribblers" - he composed by the voice, walking around, muttering and refining his stanzas. . . . He liked to chisel his quatrains so they stand alone (sometimes) as well as work with the rest. There is a folkloric proverbial shorthand at work in Mandelstam,

Tsvetaeva, Akhmatova, even Pasternak & Khlebnikov. It would be interesting to look for equivalents in our poetry for that. . . . >>

I don't know about kinships / equivalents in American poetry -- one might hesitantly mention Frost, but the sensibility seems dissimilar --

closer, in terms of the "folkloric proverbial" (and also certain effects poetics-wise -- and 8-line-poem-wise, in particular), I've felt there's much kinship in OM & Akhmatova with classical Chinese poetry (esp. the Tang poets, e.g. Wang Wei, some Li Bai [Li Po], . . .) --

other names / poetries to consider: the Rilke of shorter poems (perhaps both French & German)? the wonderful Spanish poet Antonio Machado (whom I know mainly thru Robt. Bly's volume, called *Times Alone* or something like that) . . .

here's an 8-liner from Tang recluse-poet Han Shan ("Cold Mountain"), my version. (Orig. rhyme -- before consonants shifted from the mediaeval Chinese & obscured the rhyme -- was in form ABAB ABAB or something or other like that [not sure abt. all the As])

| once I went to sit at Han Shan
| I've lingered & remained these 30 years
| of late I came to call on friends & kin
| more than half have gone to the yellow springs
|
| it's gradually fading as does a dying candle
| it's long a'flowing belike the passing river
| this morning-tide aface my lone shadow
| unwonted tears in twain dangle down

d.i.

[I recall working on this & other of Han Shan's 8-liners much in that "walking & muttering" manner that Henry mentions, circa the late '70s; this fave I've just now re-tinkered (from memory) . . . (c) David Raphael Israel, as they say in the professional monde]

[↑ Contents](#)

162. **David Israel**

Re: OM tranas -Reply / revised

Fri 6 Jun 1997

not enough pacing & muttering this time . .
(thus, pardon for a 2nd stanza redux ...)

| it gradually fades as does the dying candle
| long a'flowing like the passing river
| this morning-tide aface my lone shadow
| unwonted tears in twain dangle down

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

163. **Judy Roitman**
Re: OM tranas -Reply

Fri 6 Jun 1997

This is a private message.

| once I went to sit at Han Shan
| I've lingered & remained these 30 years
| of late I came to call on friends & kin
| more than half have gone to the yellow springs
|
| it's gradually fading as does a dying candle
| it's long a'flowing belike the passing river
| this morning-tide aface my lone shadow
| unwonted tears in twain dangle down

d.i.

Why a'flowing? belike? aface? unwonted? in twain?

I'm really curious about this.

----- Judy Roitman
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas |
memory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."
Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

[↑ Contents](#)

164. **John E. Matthias**
Re: OM transl.

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Reading all of the Mandelstam posts, I've been trying to remember where Robert Lowell's version of the Stalin Epigram appeared. I had assumed it was in _Imitations_, but it's not. George Steiner quotes it, with some interesting commentary, in "Linguistics and Poetics" in _Extraterritorial_, but is it not in one of

Lowell's books? I find it quite interesting, and different from, say, the James Greene and Brown/Merwin versions. But can someone tell me where in Lowell it appears? *_Imitations_* concludes with Pasternak, but there seems to be no Mandelstam.

John Matthias

[↑ Contents](#)

165. **David Israel**
Han Shan whys & wherefores

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Judy --

*Why a'flowing? belike? aface? unwonted? in twain?
I'm really curious about this.*

good questions; you'll note (anon, if not already) I've (already) given a revised version of the verse (in a p.s. post) --

| it gradually fades as does the dying candle
| long a'flowing like the passing river
| this morning-tide aface my lone shadow
| unwonted tears in twain dangle down

knocking out the "belike" which was simply incorrect usage -- though alike could work) --

the Chinese is monosyllabic, a single beat, a single syllable

A B C D E

F G H I J

English -- in one way -- tends to work more bysyllabically, the so-called foot or meter or whatnot --

the line

| long a'flowing like the passing river

is completely smooth (as is the Chinese) -- though in English one doesn't always nec. want such regularity -- & the demands of translation are such that one doesn't get it anyway . . .

now to another side of the question,

| this morning-tide aface my lone shadow
| unwonted tears in twain dangle down

the "unwonted" and the "in twain" are both very good for the particular Chinese words in question -- in harmony with the *rarity* and *literary language feel* and *specificity to antique poetry* of those words --

the *xuang* ("in twain" -- or, alternatively, "twainly" -- it's adjectival, i.e., in a pair, as a couple) -- I don't know of a better, more terse, exact way to put this. Nor a word that carries the refined feel of such poetry. Gary Snyder put forth the idea that Han Shan wrote in a rough & ready way, and this is sort of reflecting ideas of others (in Chinese lit crit) who say his writing was somewhat "naturalistic" -- but he was trained in early life in court poetry and certainly the vocabulary is a poet's vocabulary, even if *sometimes* simple . . .

these are a few, partial answers, more could be said. I've not looked at the poem in the original (nor sat down w/ my old -- now lost, alas -- Matthews Chinese/English Dictionary -- for too long to give the proper & more precise ans. that it deserves; in fact, for that Matthews wouldn't suffice, it'd take reference to the Chinese/Chinese poets' dictionary, the *Si Hai* -- which too bad I was only learning to begin to get into when I left academia in 1980 . . . and now it's gradually fading like . . .

// //

aha, Judy -- whose question was quite fine -- sends this follow up:

I am so sorry. I thought I'd sent a private message and hit the wrong button.

shit.

no prob -- I got your note backchannel, guess the post will come anon;

I've merely dashed out this partial answer off-the-curr, but might as well post it, as part of an answer....

best, d.i.

(p.s.: at least I got rid of the "doth"s of the old days!)

p.p.s.:

| long flowing like the passing river

works fine too -- but the way the rhythm integrates (in wake of the preceding line) somewhat favors the Woody Guthrie-esqe "a'flowing", maybe . . .

there are many other ways; for instance, the object (even the cipher "it") is completely absent (or strictly implied) in the original -- there's no it there --

gradually fades as does the dying candle
long a'flowing like the passing river

why "as does" in one line and "like" in the other? -- to mirror the variation of similitude-words in the Chinese -- the 2 lines being (as is standard in this form, for the inner couplets) completely parallel in terms of grammatical function of each word, so that the lines are set as variations of each other . . .

5 characters per line:

adverb verb {like-word} adjective noun

adverb verb {like-word} adjective noun

thus the poet can play with the categories of idea: sometimes opposites, sometimes similars:

gradually vs. long-time

fading vs. flowing [continuing]

"as does" vs. "like"

dying vs. passing

candle vs. river

now that I think of it, I think Snyder (in rendering this verse) used "guttering" for the "dying" word (it's a word that's used in Buddhism for metaphysical "extinction" as well as a literal word) -- and must say "guttering" is very likable word . . .

more scribble

[↑ Contents](#)

166. **Steven Marks**

Re: Han Shan whys & wherefores

Fri 6 Jun 1997

*I've merely dashed out this partial answer off-the-curr, but might as well
post it, as part of an answer....*

a fortunate mistake for all of us

thank you, gods

Steven

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

[↑ Contents](#)

167. **David Israel**

han shan - p.p.s.

Fri 6 Jun 1997

a shorter (partly better, tho partial) answer abt. that Han Shan rendering is that I wanted to illustrate my mention of Chinese 8-line poems -- to consider such in tandem w/ the Russian -- by some actual poem, and so fetched this one from memory; -- but from memory of an old rendering (when I was poss. [even] more given to ornateness) -- & didn't (today) labor over it (reconsidering) as I "would've/should've/could've" (to borrow from what I heard first as words of Hillary Clinton), for any proper publication situation . . .

probably I'd ultimately drop the a'flowing, ok

but wd keep the "in twain" (adverbial, not adjectival -- my faux pas). The "unwonted" is more tricky (& interesting). I recall landing on that unwonted word in what seemed a stroke of insight at the time; you'll find "suddenly" in Gary Snyder version, & I don't recall what Burton Watson does with that word -- whose translations of this poet are quite good, he did 100 poems (Snyder did I think 27 poems; bit more lately Red Pine did the whole corpus [couple hundred verses -- most 8-line, some 4-line], but it's harder to read his than the Watson's) -- ; -- in fact, in Chinese it's two words, not one word; -- think my earlier rendering of the line had (once) been

unwontedly tears in twain dangle

& that follows the grammer of the line more exactly (including, w/ respect to the bisyllabic expression which is the "unwontedly") -- . . .

p.s., thx Steven M.

[↑ Contents](#)

168. **Pritchett, Pat**

Re: OM transl.

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Hmmm. Not at all sure and I'm not at home, but - I'd venture to guess wildly that you might find it - maybe - in Lowell's Notebooks or History, where he does a few sonnets as translations...

Meanwhile - I just saw my first funnel cloud ever - a sight to behold. It dipped down out of the sky just as delicate as could be, a long backwards S curve, about 3-4 miles southwest of my office, twirling counterclockwise along its semi-translucent length, a milky vortical cylinder spinning sinister inside that vaporous length, all tapering to a needle point and disappearing behind the tree-line - where it took out some poor devil's home, as we learned later, and then

nonchalantly retracted. Now I understand we may be in store for some flash flooding...

Way out west,
Patrick Pritchett

From: John E. Matthias
To: POETICS
Subject: Re: OM transl.
Date: Friday, June 06, 1997 4:08PM

Reading all of the Mandelstam posts, I've been trying to remember where Robert Lowell's version of the Stalin Epigram appeared. I had assumed it was in *_Imitations_*, but it's not. George Steiner quotes it, with some interesting commentary, in "Linguistics and Poetics" in *_Extraterritorial_*, but is it not in one of Lowell's books? I find it quite interesting, and different from, say, the James Greene and Brown/Merwin versions. But can someone tell me where in Lowell it appears? *_Imitations_* concludes with Pasternak, but there seems to be no Mandelstam.

John Matthias

[↑ Contents](#)

169. **David Israel**
han shan - p.p.p.s. (brief)
Fri 6 Jun 1997

believe or not, my office is shutting off [till the morrow] our email in 5 minutes from now, so them thar gods won't allow more from here now,

just wish to quick-add, re: that "in twain" or "twainly" --

to be noted: there's also grammatical parallel in the last 2 lines, between the "lone" of line 7 and the "twain" of line 8 --

to give yet another form of that couplet (revealing better the grammar):

| this morning aface my lonely shadow
| unwontedly tears twainly dangle

("morning-tide" is new as of today -- so maybe I'm heading back toward antiquity's diction after all -- used to have this "this morning while I face my lone shadow" -- but too many "I's explicit, where merely implied in the chinese, do not a happy rendering make; [not happy w/ "lonely" rather than "lone," -- that's but to show the parallel]) . . .

now toodles, d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

170. **George Bowering**

Re: loose middles

Fri 6 Jun 1997

At 9:33 PM -0700 6/5/97, George Bowering wrote:

Hey, George, whatever happened to that Maria dame 'n Rachel Loden?

(Hey, _Jack_. Walter Matthau)

I have them both here, chained by the wrist to a waterpipe.

you wish

*listen bromige, last time i heard from george it was a backchannel begging
for a session w/ Lady Discipline, the grande maitresse of form and content,
quick with a whip and terse with a verse.*

Ah, come on, Maria, that was a prose-poem, or maybe a short short story. Yr not supposed to take fiction literally. It was art, really. Did you think it was a message from me, and meant literally? Ha ha ha ha. Uh, no, but what did you think of it on _artistic_ levels?

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

171. **George Bowering**

Re: loose lips, moose lips

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Bromige & Bowering typed:

Hey, George, whatever happened to that Maria dame 'n Rachel Loden?

I have them both here, chained by the wrist to a waterpipe.

*Oh, right. George will deny this, of course (and who can blame him),
but unfortunately his real proclivities are quite a bit odder than that.
I'm told that after he is trussed up in his elaborate. . .equipment, he
can barely contain himself and will only answer to the name "Amy*

Lowell."

Rachel L.

I also accept "Miss Lowell" and "Robert". Jeeze. But you should see the arm muscles on that woman when I get the olive oil on them. Phew. You might think that the poems of William Meredith are pretty hot stuff, but they're nothing compared with those arms!

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

172. **Alan Julu Sondheim**
(no subject)

Fri 6 Jun 1997

+++

Swinburne dreams of dark women pink with skin of rose
slumbering beneath the prick of sword on sward, those
eyes, those alabaster limbs of Swinburne, hard
upon the field, soft woes descried the bard, who would
not yield

but did there in the Garden, where Faustine
met Julu, turned towards savage Jennifer, espied
fair Clara in the distance, she of the darkling mien,
and Swinburne almost died, and Swinburne cried
in that green field

and brambles grew, and pricked the Snow-White skin
where blood flowed, upon the corset of the moon,
and liquid yielded Faustine, and all her kin,
and Swinburne turned, a ghost, or sign, or rune
in that dark field

in that dark field, in that green and early bloom,
in that dark field, flowed from empty womb

[↑ Contents](#)

173. **Joseph Duemer**

Re: no brawl where none intended

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Aldon Nielsen wrote:

"save where such business is advanced under the guise of openness that does not in fact exist -- which remains my real complaint --"

In this we entirely agree. Is it your suggestion that this is more of a problem in the writing program wing of Am Poetry, or more of a general literary phenomena?

Aldon Nielsen wrote: "[. . .]but, I am puzzled that there would be any doubt that the explosive growth of MFA programs has had an effect upon the literary marketplace -- since most MFA programs advertise themselves as doing exactly that -- (I get at pamphlets from these programs every year, and they usually feature a section indicating that numbers of their graduates have won prizes X,Y & X, have become editors and/or teachers, etc."

I think the impulse to historicize the literary trends you name is exactly what's needed. When I historicize the writing program phenomena, it's not that I necessarily want to deny that they have transformed the market so much as they are but one face of a more general lit-historical process. So our disagreement, if that is what it is, is more about the frame than the phenomena. Which line of thought is the root of my original question: "Haven't innovative writers *always* had to create their own alternative marketplace?" I.e., hasn't there always been, economically speaking, a functional equivalent of the university workshop? Hasn't there "always" been a center and an edge, each with their particular aesthetic / sociology? (I place "always" in quotes because it runs counter to the historicizing we've been praising.) So when I said "I'm not sure it is writing programs that have changed the "marketplace" for poetry," I'm suggesting that larger forces in the economy / culture created the need for writing programs.

It is well, too, to remind ourselves that historicizing impulses are not the same as politicizing impulses, though both are of course valid sorts of response to situations. One of the motives of my original post was to resist a too-easy politicizing.

Anyway, Aldon, thanks for sticking with this.

Joseph Duemer
School of Liberal Arts
Clarkson University
Potsdam NY 13699
Phone: [REDACTED]

Fax: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

"The honey of heaven may or may not come,
But that of earth both comes and goes at once."

Wallace Stevens

[↑ Contents](#)

174. **William Burmeister Prod**

Re: OM Transl.

Fri 6 Jun 1997

Henry said:

While I agree with Judy & have said already that I don't think OM has been translated into english yet - I think the "translatorese" she mentions isn't a completely negative phenomenon. It's like the equivalent of what gets lost in translation. It adds sort of a musty charm, maybe like what the philatelist likes in an old stamped foreign stamp - unusable as postal currency but charming nonetheless (this side of an obsession with whitened sepulchres of phraseology).

Judy said:

Is the translator's downfall the temptation to Communicate Something Else? Like all those bad poets trying to Communicate An Experience? On the other hand, isn't Communicating Something Else the translator's job?

Successful translation seems a miracle to me, by definition it should be impossible.

It's the phenomenon of translaterese that interests me here, and I'm curious what folks who do translation have to say about it.

The "translatorese" is unavoidable when poets are translating poetry for as Octavio Paz says, "In theory only poets should translate poetry; in reality, poets are seldom good translators. They are not, because almost always they use another poet's poem as a point of departure for writing one of their own." Poetry, I believe, is what is retained in translation. Still, what gets lost in translation leaves a big black hole (and room for fun too!)

Translatorese perhaps because idiomatic clarity is sacrificed for metrical regularity. It's just that the rhyme is the far more conspicuous prosodic element in the translation in question, and its overuse may result in distortion of meaning or unnaturalness of idiom. The translator has to choose what to retain in translation.

What's interesting is that contemporary English is permitting improvements in the translations of more texts from some languages and time periods, because

the reading of the texts in present-day English can now be done at a tempo better approximating the original.

You also have to love what Pierre Joris says in his brilliant remarks in the introduction to *Breathturn*. "Words and language as such, have been debased, emptied of meaning [...] and in order to be made useful again the poet has to transform and rebuild them, creating in the process those multiperspectival layers that constitute the gradual, hesitating yet unrelenting mapping of [the poet's] universe." There he also discusses the "destabilization of the concept of the poem as fixed, absolute artifact, readable (understandable, interpretable) once and for all," by seeing the "printed poem only as a score for all subsequent readings (private or public) and performative transformations, ..." Finally, we read, "Any translation that makes the poem sound more (or even as) accessible than it is in the original has to be flawed," and that "... it is the aim of any poet to transform his or her language."

Cheers,

Bill B.

[↑ Contents](#)

175. **michael corbin**

Re: Praise Song

Sat 7 Jun 1997

Mark Prejsnar wrote:

>

> I'd like to second Herb Levy's post re Black Chant... I have also just
> gotten into the book; but Aldon's previous books on race and U.S. poetry,
> *Reading Race* and *Writing Between the Lines*, are also essential....It has
> occurred to me that race issues are conspicuous in their absence here on
> the list; at most a few striking and perennially controversial individuals
> like Baraka appear in our exchanges, as surrogates for larger issues.
> Aldon's work interacts in a vital and productive way with Mackey's essays
> in *Discrepant Engagement*, and with Damon's *Dark End of the Street*. As a
> white poet who's been strongly influenced by black ones, going back 20
> years (including crucially Baraka and Mackey), this does seem to me to be
> an untapped series of themes here. All the books I've just mentioned are
> stage-setting and vital for our going forward in thinking about
> black/white, inclusion/exclusion, politics in relation to style and
> form...My one frustration with all of them is their tendency to address
> poetry issues in a way that's divorced from the physical reality of the
> poetry itself.. Politics and race can be talked about in a lot of
> different ways, but in relation to poetry you can't avoid (or shouldn't)

> issues of style, form, sound. All the more striking as these theorists
> are mostly superb practitioners as well.

Just a general question, or line of thought, from this keenly necessary obvious observation above. I was curious about the use of 'postmodernism' in Aldon Nielsen's quite excellent *_Black Chant_*. In particular with regard to its relation to 'black-ness' and/or 'white-ness' or something more or less than the poetics of them. While, as I read it, the usage therein marks out many interesting maps (a broad aesthetic gestalt, a specific set of language/textual practices and production, circulating notions and performances of identity, a re- or transvaluation of value, ethics and politics greater than, but not separable from the sum of their race inflected parts). But also there is a temporal/historical (historicist?) postmodernism of the usual coming-after-modernism-but-not-sure-how-or-wither, or like, "what time is it?" now. In that post modernism Nielsen enjoins a reader-writer-subject to a "recollection of the history of fractures" in an "american postmodernity" that "follow(s) black poets as they read and transform the texts of whites." Yet . . . and yet, it seems, the readings, they seem, in this commodified american postmodernity (maybe this post- Tupac/Biggie Smalls world of white-ness, not to mention the poets), (lets say one marker being the space between Anthony Braxton and Toni Braxton) always to want to transform in the *other* direction in the name of . . . it is said, liberal possibilities. So where can one limn or line those "transracial signifying practices" of possible "transracial plentitude" of this particular american POETICS postmodernity?

I was also trying to think about that "recollection of the history of fracture" alongside of Paul Gilroy's "Not a Story to Pass On: Living Memory and the Slave Sublime" and whether the *Black Chant* is heard in that larger *_Black Atlantic_* as counter-memory or perhaps a double-consciousness of a plentitude, a plentitude of the unforgettable and perhaps the unredeemable?

Maybe just some right translatorese.

mc

[↑ Contents](#)

176. **David Bromige**
moosehead loose slips

Sat 7 Jun 1997

I see a storm of white. I see a tall, gaunt figure -- myself. Lost, as ever. Then a taller, gaunter figure: Randolph Scott. Buddy Holly. George Bowering! We see the skicabin. "It must be abandoned." (GB). Smoke funnels from the chimney. Inside: Ida Lupino. Elizabeth Scott. Gloria Grahame. Jinx Falkenberg. Two, anyway. I see checked shirts. I paint a picture. I write a wrong. I draw a veil.

How quickly they forget. There was no resorting to waterpipe restraint nor the hot licks & juicy comparison of william meredith that night. There was just resorting. It was an episode of "Frazier".

The snow has thawed, large parts of british columbia have slipped beneath the briny, or been towed south by the Mason-Dixon Line. The Reform Party has grown like a goiter in an iodine zone. And now, history has been rewritten. But the sun sees all. The sun knows. The testimony of one solitary witness tells us more about society than a stack of tracts. It says so in this book by Theodor Adorno.

It is hard to forgive ourselves for having loved. I'm trying to get the tone of that right. I see a creative writing teacher, coming towards me. Charles Laughton. Jame Mason. Raymond Massey. Sydney Greenstreet! "Tone, tone, tone." Lashed to the mast. Stewed to the gills. Dressed to the nines. Chained by the wrist to the narrative, played by Coleman Hawkins, upstaged by Peter Lorre, shrink-wrapped by the Gnomes of Zurich. O, for an Aussie umlaut! "Veddy hot, Zurich." I see a storm of white. Veddy cold. Cold as a dame's shoulder when she's givin' you air. You figgered her for Kim Novak, turns out she's Sharon Stone. She figgered you for Buddy Holly, time virtually passed, tons of it, taking out the bridge at Spuzzum, now it turns out youre her Amy Lowell figure.

But what k-edge properly understood can deprive us of the mirth of flowers? Or the Maharajah of Moggidore? Or the mooseheaded cabin in the outbeck of the unconscious? Thats what I want to know, & thats why i began this thread, knowing that one twitch upon it would lead me back at last to the only home i know, Randolph Scott. We may be the town, but he's the sherriff. Thats why he wears that star on his check shirt, not because. I see an end approaching. "They threw a dead dog after him down the ravine." No, thanks. An aporia--"It was the best of times..." It was the breast of times. All seriousness aside. And it was getting dressed. It was wearing a Thing we did last summer. I woke in a cold sweat, to be discontinued.

[↑ Contents](#)

177. **Brent Long**
Secret of the Somnambulist
Sat 7 Jun 1997

SECRET OF THE SOMNAMBULIST

I am asleep when it happens
I look out the window
I see black and the moonlight
I see fog on the Bostons

I hear dogs near the river
I see a boat go past like a shadow
In front of a mirror
I feel the stillness like a fist in the back

Down low
Beneath the shoulder blade
And the moon disappears
Like a coward

The trees and the river
Speak to me in unison
They sing me a song
The night is on fire

My dreams are like a ship
With no harbor
My thoughts are tangled
Like a mooring line

I see two men sleeping
On the riverbank
The single star above them
Keeping watch like a one-eyed dog

The moon weaves
In and out between the clouds
A boxer in the ring
A Mata Hari

I read the words of dead poets
In its light

The dogs keep barking
They play hell with the mountains

I walk the roads
You don't find on the maps
I avoid the highways like a moccasin

I read the writing on the wall

I see the visions
Noone wants to hear about
The visions that inspired genocides
The visions that seem too real

I tell the stories
Everyone wishes would stay hidden

The stories that leave the women lonely
That keep the men sitting at the bar longer than they should
I cross a meadow
Like the deserts of Egypt
I sit down at the place in the grass
Where the two lovers spread out their blankets
I lay my head in the warm blades
And listen to the owl take off from the treetop
I know that I will rise
And walk from this place before dawn
I know that when I do
There can be no going back
I hear the death cry
Of a rabbit in the meadow
I know the beauty
Of blood on the wingtips

[↑ Contents](#)

178. **Rachel Loden**
from the lost ms. of Miss Lowell
Sat 7 Jun 1997

Can barely contain my excitement--found this slipped neatly into a book of bean recipes in the Boston Public Library:

The Garden by Moonlight

A moose among roses,
Phlox, lilac-misted under a first-quarter moon,
Someone is chained in the sweet alyssum.
The Yukon must be very still,
I think I hear the "Song of the Mounties,"
Men in red tunics are missing Saskatchewan.
Ah, Bromridge, do you hear the distant wolverines?
They knew George Bowering,
But who will tie his shoes
When I am gone.

Amy L.

[↑ Contents](#)

179. **David Bromige**

midnight oil

Sat 7 Jun 1997

Preston Storrihurson here, sending from DB's machine (I'm currently staying in the Scholar's Cottage in the grounds of the McBromige Foundation). I am excited indeed by the new Amy Lowell poem Rachel Loden found. If indeed it prove authentic, it's the best thing Amy ever wrote. It also, on internal evidence, establishes that both George Bowering & my host are considerably older than claimed in their literary encyclopedia entries (there has long been some confusion as to Bowering's date-of-birth, & Bromige's is listed inconsistently also). We note that extra 'r' in my host's name : Miss Lowell was an unreliable speller. But it might suggest that she knew him not as well as she knew Bowering, whose name she gets right. How odd that none of his work appears in an *_Imagist Anthology_* . I have long thought it should.

About my host's midnite posting I say nothing, lest I be accused of guest-driven bias (the cot is hard, the food unforgiving). But Right on, Brent Long!, with your dream-narrative of (de) composition over Boston Common. Indeed it is exciting to live in a New Renaissance Age & be greeted on a Poetics List with the raw material of critical activity. Please call me Preston.

[↑ Contents](#)

180. **David Bromige**

midnite mail

Sat 7 Jun 1997

Preston Storrihurson here, posting again so soon after my last! In response to a couple of inquiries (well, one, actually) about the McBromige Foundation. I have been instructed by my host that this information can only be back-channeled. But I can tell you that the grounds are eccentric in the extreme, with paths that lead only to blank walls, a labyrinth whose middle is easily found, & a large pavilion-tent above a picnic table that seems to be waiting for a larger crowd than I have yet to see here. I have not yet been allowed in the main house, but the owner descends into the grounds sometime before midnite (when he begins his compositions, both for the computer & the wolverine) but after cocktails (two evenings ago, he referred to me as "Slurrythorson"!) I hear the breakfast bell, which means my own will be brought to me shortly here in the cottage, but I will complain about the mail before I sign off. It must be the remoteness of this place, so close to the Canadian border, but delivery is *_so slow_* . I might well have expected 23 letters this morning, but only found 4. My host suspects heel-dragging among the sorters. And none of the mail from

Britian has arrived yet, although it is teatime there by now, and they are able to take a rest from their laborious cricket & croquet. Ah well. Preston

[↑ Contents](#)

181. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: the poetics of description

Sat 7 Jun 1997

Having seen all too many twisters in my early days on the Plains (one reason I always preferred my adopted hometown in D.C.), I have to say Patrick's paragraph on the recent skies of Boulder is one of the best descriptions I've seen --

No, cows aren't thrown at your windshield, and it doesn't sound like a freight train. But then again, it does sound a lot like Mandelstam in English --

unwinding the next morning,
Aldon

[↑ Contents](#)

182. **Christopher Reiner**

New K. Waldrop Book

Sat 7 Jun 1997

New from A v e c B o o k s

The Silhouette of the Bridge (Memory Stand-Ins) Keith Waldrop

ISBN: 1-880713-08-X € Price: \$ 8.95 € 80 Pages € Poetry/ Prose Distributed by Small Press Distribution, Baker & Taylor

"_The Silhouette of the Bridge (Memory Stand- Ins)_ is a beautifully spare and inventive work of reflection on the elusive nature of memory, perception and experience. As we would expect from Keith Waldrop, it is suffused with a particular humanity and an appreciation for the absurd, even the grotesque, in daily life. The rhythmic apposition of prose and poetry brings to mind freedom, alertness and the quality of distillation in Basho's classic travel sketches. With his quietly precise sense of modulation and his unerring gaze, Waldrop remains one of the vital and requisite semi-secret presences in American letters."

◁Michael Palmer

³What I see, what I know, takes the form of my knowing, my seeing. That is why I doubt most of what I find most certain, why the rationality of the world appalls me.² In *The Silhouette of the Bridge (Memory Stand-Ins)*, Keith Waldrop never trespasses across Wittgenstein's threshold of the unsayable, yet he brings us often to the shadows cast between terror and calm, memory and fact, body and soul. Writing with his usual consummate clarity, Waldrop has given us a

meditation with the intimate thrall of a bedtime story. As if the sublime were
merest hunger.² <Ann Lauterbach

[↑ Contents](#)

183. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: midnight oil

Sat 7 Jun 1997

Amy Lowell scholars (all six-and-one-half of them) have long been familiar with this faux Lowell text, originating from the pen of one Spectral poet by the name of Mason Jordan Mason. Mason, who was thought by some to be Anatole Bro-yard using a pseudonym, "tipped in" copies of this text in library volumes of Ms. Lowell all over the country attempting to blacken her name. Ms. Lowell's well-known feelings about Canada give the game away at once.

[↑ Contents](#)

184. **John E. Matthias**

Katherine Fredman

Sat 7 Jun 1997

Stephen Fredman, who has many good friends on this list, has asked me to announce the death of his wife, the artist Katherine Fredman. I do so with a heavy heart.

JM

[↑ Contents](#)

185. **Burt Kimmelman**

mark weiss

Sat 7 Jun 1997

mark,

could you contact me backchannel?

burt

Sorry, listers, for this personal intrusion.

[↑ Contents](#)

186. **charssmith**

Re: Orpheus

Sat 7 Jun 1997

Joe,

Sorry. My note to HG wasn't intended for the List, & was perhaps a bit too shorthand? (dashed off early morning as I was running out of the door)

I've read Dodds' book, but didn't know the others you mention. Thanks for the refs. I wouldn't argue the central Asian origins of the Greek Orpheus. My remark was aimed at the folkloric motif that has come to be labelled the "Orpheus" tale, which, at least in the California/Great Basin versions I'm familiar with, has nothing to do w/ the Greek figure. Typically, it involves a descent to the under(after)world to bring back a beloved which the protagonist screws up by not following certain admonishments. The figure in Native American tales is neither poet, priest, nor shaman. What I wanted to suggest was that the origins of the mythic plot are shrouded in an unrecoverable past, & all we have are survivals found in siberian, native american & polynesian cultures. What the Greeks do w/ such material is a further elaboration woven into their mythology & religion.

~~~~~

Maria -- No, I wasn't thinking of Jane Harrison. Actually, my memory was off. The article I was thinking of, "The Orpheus Myth in North America" was written by A. H. Gayton ( no idea what gender) & published in the Journal of American Folklore in 1935.

all best,

Charles

[↑ Contents](#)

187. **Maria Damon**

***Re: Katherine Fredman***

*Sun 8 Jun 1997*

---

At 4:15 PM -0400 6/7/97, John E. Matthias wrote:

>Stephen Fredman, who has many good friends on this list, has asked me to  
>announce the death of his wife, the artist Katherine Fredman. I do so with  
>a heavy heart.

>

>JM

[↑ Contents](#)

188. **Michael Heller**

***New book***

*Sun 8 Jun 1997*

---

WORDFLOW: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS, by Michael Heller, is available from Talisman House and in the bookstores.

[↑ Contents](#)

189. **Daniel Tessitore**

***Re: Schizophrenic poetry?***

*Sun 8 Jun 1997*

---

This may sound like a stupid question, but could you elaborate a bit on what (???) says about "reading figuratively?"

DT

-----

From: Thomas Bell[SMTP: ]

Sent: Monday, June 09, 1997 1:10 PM

To:

Subject: Schizophrenic poetry?

Hate to revive some old chestnuts and there are probably few people on line right now but I came across the following information while looking for info on schizophrenia and poetry:

"The ability to perceive figurally appears to be erased after one has learned to read standard notation...The person trained in reading standard rhythm notation simply cannot see figural features of the rhythm. Too often, metric notations are considered to be the 'right answer,' and figural ones are considered less developed. This is unfortunate since figural drawings capture something that is extremely important for musical expression, that is, for 'playing' musically' and achieving a kind of musical coherence."

This would seem to be very relevant to the ongoing formal/experimental controversy as well as to the problems some have had with academic and mainstream worlds. If anyone has an interest in more info let me know.  
tom bell

[↑ Contents](#)



190. **Alan Julu Sondheim**

***periodic (rewritten) notice - explanation of texts, etc. (fwd)***

Sun 8 Jun 1997

---

(This is sent to the lists I co-moderate somewhat monthly - it might help explain what I'm doing here as well - I won't send it again. Alan +++

Internet Philosophy and Psychology -

6/8/97

This is a somewhat periodic notice describing my Internet Text, available on the Net, and sent in the form of texts to various lists. The URL is:

[http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html) and the mirror URL is [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt/](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt/) - the mirror has some additional materials.

The changing nature of the email lists, Cybermind and Fiction-of-Philosophy, to which the texts are sent individually, hides the full textual body itself, since new readers will not be aware of the continuity. For them the text appears fragmentary, created piecemeal, splintered from a non-existent whole. On my end, the whole is evident, the texts extended into the lists, part or transitional objects.

So this (periodic) notice is an attempt to recuperate the work as a totality, retard its diaphanous existence. Below is an updated introduction.

The "Internet Text" currently constitutes around eighty files, or 2300 printed pages. It was started in 1994, and continues as an extended meditation on cyberspace. It began with a somewhat straightforward theoretical outline, and has expanded into "wild theory," utilizing numerous "ghosts" (alive, quasi-alive, dead) - most recently, "jennifer," and "julu," the locus of investigations into virtuality, performativity, ontology, and gender.

Almost all of the text is in the form of "short-waves, long-waves." The former are the individually-titled sections, written in a variety of styles at times referencing other writers/theorists. The sections are heavily interrelated; on occasion "characters" appear, \_actants\_ possessing philosophical or psychological import. They also create and problematize narrative substructures within the work as a whole. (Such are Clara Hielo Internet, Tiffany, Alan, Travis, Honey, Jennifer, and others. Jennifer-Julu, in particular, has been the subject/object of recent work, a blurring of epistemological/ontological distinction. Jennifer-Julu is me, not an alter-ego. Jennifer split into Julu; Julu is julu-of-the-scripts, and both reside as avatars in my linux machine.)

The long-waves are fuzzy topoi on such issues as death, love, virtual embodiment, the "granularity of the real," and physical reality, which criss-cross the texts. The resulting fragmentations and coagulations owe something to phenomenology, deconstruction, linguistics, prehistory, the philosophies of science

and programming, etc., but more to the functions of sites or nodes on the Net itself.

I have used MUDS, MOOS, talkers, Perl, html, Javascript, Qbasic, and Cu-SeeMe, all tending towards a performativity of thought, texts which act and engage the subject beyond the traditional phenomenologies of reading. Currently, I am working through issues of performance/scripting, Net arch-aeology, subjectivity, ontology/epistemology; the "work" or "working" can take numerous forms.

There is no binarism in the Internet Text, no series of protocol statements. Virtuality itself is considered far beyond the ASCII text/Webscape that is most prevalent now, at the end of the twentieth century. The various issues of embodiment that will arrive with full-real or true-real VR are already in existence as embryonic, permitting the theorizing of present and speculative future sites, "spaces," nodes, and modalities of body/speech/community.

Please check the INDEX to find your way into the body of the work on-line. It is helpful to read the first file, Net1.txt, in the beginning, and/or to look at the latest files (js, jt, etc.) as well. The INDEX lists the files in which a particular topic is described; you can do a search on the file, or simply scroll down (the files range in length from 30 to 50 pages in print).

In addition, there are a few graphics, javascript pages (at the mirror site), and a resume. Further graphics can be found at:  
<http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/>

Thank you.

Usage: The texts may be distributed in any medium - indeed, I urge you to do so - provided I am credited with authorship. I would appreciate in return any comments you may have.

Alan Sondheim, 432 Dean St., Brooklyn, NY, 11217

mail to:

[↑ Contents](#)

191. **henry g**

***Re: from the lost ms. of Miss Lowell***

*Sun 8 Jun 1997*

---

On Sat, 7 Jun 1997 08:11:16 -0700 Rachel Loden said:

>Can barely contain my excitement--found this slipped neatly into a book  
>of bean recipes in the Boston Public Library:  
>

>  
>The Garden by Moonlight  
>  
>A moose among roses,  
>Phlox, lilac-misted under a first-quarter moon,  
>Someone is chained in the sweet alyssum.  
>The Yukon must be very still,  
>I think I hear the "Song of the Mounties,"  
>Men in red tunics are missing Saskatchewan.  
>Ah, Bromridge, do you hear the distant wolverines?  
>They knew George Bowering,  
>But who will tie his shoes  
>When I am gone.  
>  
>  
>Amy L.

How to describe my excitement when I found a translation into pure Russian of the above in a book titled *The Progress of Electrification in the People's Republic of Sirchatnika* by Sergei Zhap. Here's a rough transliteration:

Zla zhirna biryennetskaia  
mirguiuglasnitsoktova  
i platemy platemoo skartsiiatna.

Those peoples know how to condense a line. Did anybody read the hacknotes (I mean backnotes) in today's NY Times review of Books about writing & flyfishing? "A keeper". - Gyenri Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

## 192. **Steven Marks**

### **Blake exhibit**

*Sun 8 Jun 1997*

---

I would highly recommend for anybody in the New Haven area to see the Blake exhibit at the British Art Museum at Yale. It contains two copies of *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, copies of each of *The Book of Thel*, *The Book of Urizen*, *America, A Prophecy*, illustrations of Gray's poems, assorted other prints and paintings. And, the piece de resistance, the Mellon copy of *Jerusalem*, the only copy in color. I'm still digesting the experience. It's been said many times before, but I found it so true today: reproductions do not do justice to the colors and intricacy of Blake's artwork.

Steven

---

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

---

[↑ Contents](#)

193. **Thomas Bell**  
***Schizophrenic poetry?***

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

Hate to revive some old chestnuts and there are probably few people on line right now but I came across the following information while looking for info on schizophrenia and poetry:

"The ability to perceive figurally appears to be erased after one has learned to read standard notation...The person trained in reading standard rhythm notation simply cannot see figural features of the rhythm. Too often, metric notations are considered to be the 'right answer,' and figural ones are considered less developed. This is unfortunate since figural drawings capture something that is extremely important for musical expression, that is, for 'playing' musically' and achieving a kind of musical coherence."

This would seem to be very relevant to the ongoing formal/experimental controversy as well as to the problems some have had with academic and mainstream worlds. If anyone has an interest in more info let me know.  
tom bell

[↑ Contents](#)

194. **Rob Hardin**  
***One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: \*I Won!\****

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

To all:

Though I've been in Berlin and Chicago for weeks, I just arrived home. And if you'll permit me one moment of self-indulgent whooping, let me say this: My collection, *Distorture*, just won the 1997 Firecracker Award for best fiction, beating *Trainspotting* in the process.

MAR-WHAA! FR-FRIFL! PIFFEL-DROT!

Sorry to drag you off-topic this once. I just had to shout it.

All the best,

Rob Hardin

---

<http://www.users.interport.net/~scrept/>  
<http://www.horrornet.com/hardin.htm>

[↑ Contents](#)

195. **Holly Crawford**  
**Re: Schizophrenic poetry?**

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

That makes two of us?

*This may sound like a stupid question, but could you elaborate a bit on what (???) says about "reading figuratively?"*

DT

-----  
From: Thomas Bell[SMTP: [REDACTED]]  
Sent: Monday, June 09, 1997 1:10 PM  
To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: Schizophrenic poetry?

*Hate to revive some old chestnuts and there are probably few people on line right now but I came across the following information while looking for info on schizophrenia and poetry:*

*"The ability to perceive figurally appears to be erased after one has learned to read standard notation...The person trained in reading standard rhythm notation simply cannot see figural features of the rhythm. Too often, metric notations are considered to be the 'right answer,' and figural ones are considered less developed. This is unfortunate since figural drawings capture something that is extremely important for musical expression, that is, for 'playing' musically and achieving a kind of musical coherence."*

*This would seem to be very relevant to the ongoing formal/experimental controversy as well as to the problems some have had with academic and mainstream worlds. If anyone has an interest in more info let me know.  
tom bell*

Offerings Project

Send me an offer.

URL:[http://www-leland.stanford.edu/~geo/holly\\_crawford.html](http://www-leland.stanford.edu/~geo/holly_crawford.html)

[↑ Contents](#)

196. **Ryan Whyte**

**wars here very**

*Mon 9 Jun 1997*

---

Lost to the ELECTRIC WINDMILLS  
Grease and churning byron  
Quotidian Plutarch sayeth:  
Corio-lanus  
rich soil without culture  
apt the took  
side nate those associating nature  
and his life the haughty muses  
ising esteemed which manly courage  
used Mar they to of most extremes submit

Old Corioli Kansas  
habituate in the pnu  
le gaz-a  
vapeur spect la vraie  
Liszt taught her unsuccessfully  
here, consoled object-loss  
longside atonal genital-fugal libido  
festations of Eros  
in his rebellion

tractors, televisions?!  
what tracts lay these  
farmer's phenomenology  
-Heidegger? rift  
Kansas is not the guardian of the city  
lay ragged Jupiter  
Alberta fester  
furnishing fowl and other creatures  
as dainties in producing  
mistletoe for bird-lime  
to ensnare them

I say listen listen here  
ambitious always to outdo themselves,  
those listed in this furrow  
rotting: Mother=Voluminous  
I say listen here to  
these wars

I abandon them  
my way is FALLOW beneath

[↑ Contents](#)

197. **George Bowering**

**Re: midnight oil**

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

*Amy Lowell scholars (all six-and-one-half of them) have long been familiar with this faux Lowell text, originating from the pen of one Spectral poet by the name of Mason Jordan Mason. Mason, who was thought by some to be Anatole Broyard using a pseudonym, "tipped in" copies of this text in library volumes of Ms. Lowell all over the country attempting to blacken her name. Ms. Lowell's well-known feelings about Canada give the game away at once.*

She liked some things about Canada, and other things she could do without. She liked the cheese in southwestern Ontario (though I pronounced it bland compared to a good Manchegan), and she liked David Bromwich's hands. They are sensitive as the flippers of a harbor seal, she told me one night while we were creating a bogus William Meredith poem. What of my hands, the hands that Rachel Loden celebrated in one of her most-anthologized threnodies, I asked. They are blocks of bone and meat, she said. She claimed that I didnt belong in the same room as the word "sensitive." Alas.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

198. **George Bowering**

**Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: \*I Won!\***

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

To all:

*Though I've been in Berlin and Chicago for weeks, I just arrived home. And if you'll permit me one moment of self-indulgent whooping, let me say this: My collection, Distorture, just won the 1997 Firecracker Award for best fiction, beating Trainspotting in the process.*

Rob Hardin

That's good news, and that's tough competition. Could you tell me (us?) what the Firecracker Award is?

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

199. **MARK LEAHY**  
**women and texts at Leeds**

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

the web site for the Women and Texts conference at Leeds is:

<http://www.ucalgary.ca/~crow/text>

Mark Leahy

Mark Leahy

[REDACTED]

School of English  
University of Leeds  
West Yorkshire  
LS2 9JT  
United Kingdom

[↑ Contents](#)

200. **Susan Wheeler**  
**Re: POETICS Digest - 7 Jun 1997 to 8 Jun 1997**

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

Congrats, Michael!

Also, a fine read is indeed to be had in Henry Gould's Island Road at Mudlark,  
<http://www.unf.edu/mudlark>.

Susan

>

>Date: Sun, 8 Jun 1997 11:26:32 -0400

>From: Michael Heller <[REDACTED]>



>Subject: New book  
>  
>WORDFLOW: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS, by Michael Heller, is available  
from  
>Talisman House and in the bookstores.  
>  
>  
Susan Wheeler  
[REDACTED]  
voice/fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

201. **Maria Damon**

***Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: \*I Won!\****

*Mon 9 Jun 1997*

---

At 1:07 AM -0400 6/9/97, Rob Hardin wrote:

>To all:  
>  
>Though I've been in Berlin and Chicago for weeks, I just arrived home.  
>And if you'll permit me one moment of self-indulgent whooping, let  
>me say this: My collection, Distorture, just won the 1997 Firecracker  
>Award for best fiction, beating Trainspotting in the process.  
>  
>MAR-WHAA! FR-FRIFL! PIFFEL-DROT!  
>  
>Sorry to drag you off-topic this once. I just had to shout  
>it.  
>  
>All the best,  
>  
>Rob Hardin

rob, that's absolutely terrific! please, brag more. it's nice to see your  
occasional posts!--maria d

>

>

>

><http://www.users.interport.net/~scrypt/>

><http://www.horrornet.com/hardin.htm>

[↑ Contents](#)

202. **David Israel**

***Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: \*I***

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

Won!\*

Rob Hardin:

<< . . . My collection, Distorture, just won the 1997 Firecracker Award for best fiction, beating Trainspotting in the process. >>

congrats. 2 Qs:

1. what's the Firecracker Award?
2. who, in US, has published Distorture?

[↑ Contents](#)

203. **Karen and Trevor**

***Re: women and texts at Leeds***

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

MARK LEAHY wrote:

>

> the web site for the Women and Texts conference at Leeds is:

>

> <http://www.ucalgary.ca/~crow/text>

>

Is this address correct? My server can't locate it - something about not having a DNS entry...

K. McKevitt

[↑ Contents](#)

204. **Alan Julu Sondheim**

***autumnal of empire***

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

[http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt/run.htm](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt/run.htm)

Alan

[↑ Contents](#)

205. **Steven Clay**  
***Homage to Allen Ginsberg***  
*Mon 9 Jun 1997*

---

<fontfamily><param>FFScala</param>Granary Books is pleased to announce the publication of

<italic>

</italic>\_Homage to Allen G\_

a portfolio of collaborations in memoriam Allen Ginsberg

by Anne Waldman & George Schneeman

This project is based on a series of traced sketches of Allen Ginsberg's photographs. George Schneeman made the sketches with a mind to using them in a collaborative project he and Allen had planned. The plan was not realized, and after Allen's death, George and Anne Waldman converted the tracings into this homage.

Each portfolio contains 11 sheets (11" w x 13" h):

10 collaborative works plus the colophon.

The edition was printed letterpress from magnesium engravings in black ink on white paper & consists of 145 signed copies: 100 on Rives BFK in a cloth-covered folder (30 hors commerce, 70 for sale) and 45 on Dieu Donn  handmade paper in a cloth-covered drop-back box (15 hors commerce, 30 for sale). Printed by Philip Gallo at the Hermetic Press

for Granary Books in the Spring of 1997.

\_Homage to Allen G<italic>\_

</italic>1/45 on Dieu Donn  paper \$450

1/100 on Rives BFK paper \$250

plus applicable taxes and shipping

(shipping is \$10 domestic)

Granary Books

568 Broadway #403, New York City 10012 U.S.A.

email: [REDACTED] / tel: [REDACTED]

</fontfamily>

[↑ Contents](#)

206. **L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy**

**Wild Honey Press**

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

This is to announce that I've started up a small press, Wild Honey Press, in fact.

The aims are:

-- to make decent looking chapbooks quickly so that a poet, so far me, can have copies of up to date work in presentable form to give to people.

-- to allow for the possibility of an evolving text. The booklets are done in groups of twenty or so and feedback from readers or whatever can be built into the next version in the edition.

-- to allow the poem or group of poems to have an appropriate setting. Due to the many constraints they have to work under, legit. publishers can sometimes operate on the Procrustes principle.

-- to short circuit angst with booksellers by exploring other means of distributing.

So far there are two chapbooks:

\_Rana Rana!\_ twelve poems (30 pp) and \_Arbor Vitae\_ a medium to long (depending on your stamina) poem (20pp) both books by myself, Randolph Healy.

The price of each is £3.50 or \$5.00 (dollars in cash please.) If you'd like a copy but are short of funds all this talk of money is just for show really. Keeping up tradition. A straight swap for some of your work - in any form - is more than acceptable. Don't forget to let me have your snail-mail address.

I will be publishing other writers soon.

Keep an eye open.

Best wishes,

Randolph.

[↑ Contents](#)

207. **Kenneth Goldsmith**

**Real Audio Sound Poetry Archive Opens**

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

UBUWEB CONCRETE, VISUAL, AND SOUND POETRY  
<http://www.ubuweb.com/vp>

---

UbuWeb in cooperation with Hangdog Multimedia is pleased to announce the opening of the Internet's largest Sound Poetry Archive. All files are in REAL AUDIO format in 14.4 and 28.8 flavors.

UBUWEB/HANGDOG REALAUDIO SOUND POETRY ARCHIVE:

Guillaume Apollinaire

Le Pont Mirabeau

William S. Burroughs

Dance Around in Your Bones

John Cage

Writing for the Second Time Through Finnegans Wake (Pt. 1)

Henri Chopin

Rouge

Hoppa Bock

9 Saintes-Phonies

Vibrespace

Jean Cocteau

La Toison D'Or

Les Voleurs d'Enfants

Andrew Dickinson

hep C creeping

Kelli Dipple

List

Birds in Cages

Marcel Duchamp

La Mariee mise a nu par ses Celibataires, meme...

Brion Gysin

Recalling All Active Agents

Duet

Pistol

No Poets Don't Own Words

Sound Poem

Wyndham Lewis

End of Enemy Interlude

Jackson Mac Low

Thanks

38th and 39th Merzgedichte in Memoriam Kurt Schwitters

Phoneme Dance in Memoriam John Cage

Charles Manson

The Sneaky Truth

F.T. Marinetti

La Battaglia di Adrianopoli

Definizione di Futurismo  
Sintesti Musicali Futuristiche

David Moss

Ghosts  
Round Midnight  
The Girl From Impanema  
That Tempest

John Reeves

Footnote Manifesto  
Random Conversation  
Legs of Brisbane  
Socially Positive  
Talk 2 Me  
2 Much

John Reeves & John Bone

Crash & Bone

Kurt Schwitters

Ursonate

Cecil Taylor

Chinampas #7

Gregory Whitehead

If A Voice Like, Then What?  
The Problem with Bodies  
Eva, Can I Stab Bats In A Cave?  
Zigurrat

Also in the UbuWeb Visual, Concrete, and Sound Poetry Archive:

PAPERS ARCHIVE:

Roland Greene

"The Concrete Historical"

Peter Jaeger

"Steve McCaffery's Visual Errata"

Roland Greene & Harvard Students:

"Material Poetry of the Renaissance/The Renaissance of Material  
Poetry: A Selective Bibliography"

Laurel Beckman

"Something for Nothing: The New Multiple in Contemporary Art"

Clemente Padin

"Methodological Difficulties in the Examination of the Experimental  
Poetry"

Roland Greene

"From Dante to the Post-Concrete: An Interview With Augusto de Campos"

Ward Tietz

"Concrete Poetry Bibliography"

Debra Bricker Balken

"On Philip Guston's Picture-Poems"

Charles A. Perrone

"The Imperative of Invention: Brazilian Concrete Poetry and  
Intersemiotic Creation"

#### HISTORICAL ARCHIVE:

Guillaume Apollinaire

Carlo Belloli

Max Bense

Wallace Berman

Jean Francois Bory

Claus Bremer

Jose A. Caceres

John Cage

Julio Campal

Henri Chopin

Augusto de Campos

Haroldo de Campos

Paul de Vree

Early Visual Poetry 1506-1726

Ian Hamilton Finlay

Carl Fernbach Flarsheim

John Furnival

Heinz Gappmayr

Mathais Goeritz

Eugen Gomringer

Corrado Govoni

Philip Guston's Poem-Pictures

Vaclav Havel

Dom Sylvester Houedard

Ronald Johnson

Jiri Kolar

Ferdinand Kriwet

Duda Machado

Armando Mazza

Franz Mon

b.p. Nichol

Clemente Padin

Decio Pignatari

Antonio Riserio  
Aram Saroyan  
Kurt Schwitters  
Gino Severini  
Mary Ellen Solt  
Vagn Steen  
Salette Tavares  
Arrigo Lora Totin  
Ivo Vroom  
Emmett Williams  
Pedro Xisto  
Louis Zukofsky

CONTEMPORARY ARCHIVE

Bruce Andrews  
Connie Beckley  
Susan Bee  
Laurel Beckman  
Felix Bernstein  
Charles Bernstein  
Jake Berry  
John Cayley  
Cheryl Donegan  
Johanna Drucker  
Loss Pequeno Glazier  
Kenneth Goldsmith  
Kenneth Goldsmith & Joan La Barbara  
Dick Higgins  
Peter Jaeger  
Alison Knowles  
Bill Luoma  
Juliet Ann Martin  
Poem by Nari  
Janan Platt  
John Reeves  
Dirk Rowntree  
Blair Seagram  
Spencer Selby  
Linda Smukler  
Alan Sondheim  
Ward Tietz  
Nico Vassilakis



Ron Wakkary  
Jody Zellen  
Komninos Zervos  
Janet Zweig

PLUS: Dozens of examples of FOUND & INSANE visual poetry!!!!

Pass it along!!!!

-----  
UBUWEB CONCRETE, VISUAL, AND SOUND POETRY

<http://www.ubuweb.com/vp>  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

## 208. **Sylvester Pollet**

### **Re: midnight oil**

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

I've noticed that it's sometimes difficult to discern irony on list postings. It was Aldon who first posted this quoted piece, if I remember right, and I was troubled by it then. Is/was Mason Jordan Mason a nom de plume of Anatole Broyard, or are you guys just blowing smokerings from Amy Lowell's cigars, or what? Sorry to be so reductionist-minded, but I'd really like to know the answer to this--I remember the name, and may even have a Mason book someplace. Think I do. Sylvester

*Amy Lowell scholars (all six-and-one-half of them) have long been familiar with this faux Lowell text, originating from the pen of one Spectral poet by the name of Mason Jordan Mason. Mason, who was thought by some to be Anatole Broyard using a pseudonym, "tipped in" copies of this text in library volumes of Ms. Lowell all over the country attempting to blacken her name. Ms. Lowell's well-known feelings about Canada give the game away at once.*

*She liked some things about Canada, and other things she could do without. She liked the cheese in southwestern Ontario (though I pronounced it bland compared to a good Manchegan), and she liked David Bromwich's hands. They are sensitive as the flippers of a harbor seal, she told me one night while we were creating a bogus William Meredith poem. What of my hands, the hands that Rachel Loden celebrated in one of her most-anthologized threnodies, I asked. They are blocks of bone and meat, she said. She claimed that I didnt belong in the same room as the word "sensitive." Alas.*

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

209. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: midnight oil***

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

ships whisper in grass  
a pattern of canada oh canada  
bowers bowering in the bowers  
a bower of bowers bowering bowering  
bromige  
bromige  
whisper in the grass  
patterns patterns  
of bowering bromige  
alas

-- poem by gertrude stein found in a volume of amy lowell from stein's library.

was just riffling quickly through some of the volumes from stein's library when,  
it was amazing, look what fell out of her collected amy lowell! amazing! it  
would appear that bowering and bromige, in addition to their, uh, ... machin-  
ery.... have found a time/space continuum travelling device... could it be con-  
cealed in The D----? was the container, i.e. the so-called D----, really something  
else, a pre-fix affixed to a word obscuring it's real nature, as it were? should we  
reconsider, for example, the phallus of lacan in the nature of such an extraordi-  
nary possibility -- phallus as container for time/space continuum travelling de-  
vice? would this give new meaning to the amount of time spent in, using, dis-  
cussing time space continuum on such programs as star trek? is that why  
janeway keeps smiling? e

[↑ Contents](#)

210. **David Israel**

***Re: midnight oil***

Mon 9 Jun 1997

---

amazing!

am told this was found tucked away in Freud's copy of the Posthumous Poesy of Heine (& evidently -- if one can credit the graphite note & its alleged provenance -- the translation was worked out by a grad student [known simply as "R"] under Masson's charge, during the latter's tenure at the Freud Archive):

| the bowers of May cast greengray shade  
| we ambled down paths of rose-most grace  
| but sometimes-Madam (sometimes-Maid)  
| timespace were simply that (timespace)

|

| [signed] Your devoted friend &c.

| Siggie

|

| {orig. rhyme & meter retained, R. }

d.i.

>>> Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest <[REDACTED]> 06/09/97

07:20pm >>>

<snip>

was just riffling quickly through some of the volumes from stein's library when, it was amazing, look what fell out of her collected amy lowell!. . .

[↑ Contents](#)

## 211. **Thomas Bell**

### ***Re: Schizophrenic poetry?***

*Mon 9 Jun 1997*

---

The quote is from Ellen Winner, *Invented worlds, the psychology of the arts*, Harvard, 1984. She is discussing drawings made by children of how they perceive beats (i.e., "1,2, buckle my shoe" can be 'metric' with five even circles or 'figuative' with two big and three small circles). "While figural drawings focused on the function of claps within a figure, metric drawings captured either the relative or the exact duration of the different kinds of claps...metric drawings, like standard notation, leave the problem of interpretation, or finding the figures, to the performer. Musicians call this 'phrasing.'"

Sorry, there is a lot of room for ambiguity here I can see - different disciplines, different senses than typically used.

tom

At 06:13 AM 6/8/97 +900, you wrote:

>This may sound like a stupid question, but could you elaborate a bit on what (???) says about "reading figuratively?"

>  
>DT  
>  
>-----  
>From: Thomas Bell[SMTP: [REDACTED]]  
>Sent: Monday, June 09, 1997 1:10 PM  
>To: [REDACTED]  
>Subject: Schizophrenic poetry?  
>  
>Hate to revive some old chestnuts and there are probably few people on line  
>right now but I came across the following information while looking for  
>info on schizophrenia and poetry:  
>  
>"The ability to perceive figurally appears to be erased after one has  
>learned to read standard notation...The person trained in reading  
>standard rhythm notation simply cannot see figural features of the rhythm.  
>Too often, metric notations are considered to be the 'right answer,' and  
>figural ones are considered less developed. This is unfortunate since  
>figural drawings capture something that is extremely important for musical  
>expression, that is, for 'playing' musically' and achieving a kind of  
>musical coherence."  
>  
>This would seem to be very relevant to the ongoing formal/experimental  
>controversy as  
>well as to the problems some have had with academic and mainstream worlds.  
>If anyone has an interest in more info let me know.  
>tom bell  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

## 212. **L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy**

### ***W.H.Press address***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

Thanks to those who backchannelled re address. Once again I have sidestepped possible charges of professionalism. Wild Honey Press is shackled up with me at

16a Ballyman Road, Bray, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.

Best wishes

Randolph Healy

[↑ Contents](#)

213. **Lawrence Upton**  
***Second SVP colloquium - update***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

Apologies for cross posting

This is a follow up to the April sub voicive colloquium bulletin sent to the list  
We have a date. The Second Sub Voicive Colloquium will be on Saturday 18th October 1997 at CES, Senate House in London. There will probably be a poetry reading linked to the colloquium the night before but that has yet to be confirmed

This is a second call for proposals. If you have made one and it has been acknowledged that's fine. We're a bit busy and were waiting to see if it was really going ahead before doing the heavy work.

If you haven't proposed to us!!, why not!!!!

As well as the email, details were included in Sub Voicive Poetry 1997 number 9 and will be reprinted in number 14 due next week - BUT I will email or fax you a copy of the bulletin if you need it

More when there's more!!!!

Lawrence Upton

[↑ Contents](#)

214. **Henry Gould**  
***neo-objectivism?***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

I would like to hear more from or about the "neo-objectivists" who were mentioned or mentioned themselves a few weeks back. Seems like an interesting group theory development. Maybe they're saving their fire for an essay somewhere...

Re-pondering about the Providence School [I know some people will think this is silly - I don't care] I still think the "realism" aspect is valuable [i.e. reality exists outside our verbal formulations about it]. But some of the cosmic oneness corollaries seem like added baggage. In the poetry world as in science the interest is in the demonstration.

Realism would have to recognize the necessities involved in addressing particular audiences. This is one more aspect of poetry conceived as a "mixed" thing, a double thing, full of interferences with itself. Language poetry may be another

example, like Symbolism, of one of these cultural storms that necessarily blow in and then fail by their success. Like Symbolism, an example of how a strong theory succeeds in blocking out the contingency of the world (and eventually, in consequence, poetry itself). Valery is quoted somewhere as saying that there was no poetics of Symbolism - the symbolists were joined only by a vow to renounce the approval of the masses. This seems very germane to language poetry. The history of the "school" of the "objectivists" could be understood maybe in an analogous way. The theory becomes a cover for addressing a particular audience. Objectivists & language poets are like the iconoclasts of ancient Byzantium. Astringent, washing out the mythologized comforts of accommodation. But you wonder if they've missed some larger synthesis... party-poopers at the cosmic hoedown... the little theory label a badge of strong-weak good-bad faith distinction (within the scary soup of "poetry")...but then, labels are only labels. I remember I pointed to Carl Rakosi as an avatar of the Providence "school". Perhaps the "larger synthesis" is exactly what the language poets renounced for the sake of a smaller synthesis, a microcosmic atomic lucretian forward-looking verbal agglutination in which vocabulary redeems itself without the aid of government... [only the gravedigger knows for sure]

Poetry exists somewhere between the satisfactions of theory, the approval of academicians and critics, the entertainment of the coterie-converted, and the anti-realism of the automatic-aesthetic (surrealism). It's the spark between a truth and a tooth...

- Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

215. **Peter Nicholls**

**Re: reference**

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

Dear Charles: how are you? Sorry to have been out of touch for so long but heavy admin here seems to have consumed almost all my waking hours. Anyway, I have a favour to ask. Marjorie suggested that I apply for the Modernism Chair at Yale and I've put in a cv just to see what might happen. I'm not sure I'd want it even in the very unlikely event of being offered it. But it's sometimes useful to test the water. Anyway, I took the liberty of using you as a referee. Should they take up references you could use the one you wrote me before. I hope that's OK - there was very little time to contact you before the cv had to be mailed. I hope you're well and that we can meet up again before too long. Maybe Peter and I could dream up some sort of mini-conference for next academic year. Bob P. is going to be over here and I think Lyn and Rachel Du-P are

coming at some point. We must put our heads together on that. Meantime, thanks in advance for the reference, and all best wishes. Peter.

[↑ Contents](#)

216. **Brigham Taylor**  
*Last minute Manhattan summer sublet*  
Tue 10 Jun 1997

---

I'm passing this along.

There's a large, sunny 2 bedroom sublet available on the Lower East Side, convenient to subways, all of Lower Manhattan available for July and August. \$1250/mo + utilities. Call Eleni Sikelianos or Laird Hunt at 212/██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

217. **henry**  
*Re: reference*  
Tue 10 Jun 1997

---

I thought language poets didn't believe in reference???

Is this a new development??

neo-Chair-repairism?

- Spandrift

[↑ Contents](#)

218. **Jay Schwartz**  
*Inappropriate postings*  
Tue 10 Jun 1997

---

My volume of e-mail is, I'm sure, as high as everyone else on this list. I enjoy much of the public discussion. But I'm almost ready to unsubscribe based on the number of messages which belong in the realm of backchanneling. I'm just not interested in light bondage humor involving people I've never met. I'm also impatient with the great frequency of private messages which inadvertantly are sent to the entire list. Please show more discretion with the send button.

Jay Schwartz, at his absolute snooty and snottiest.

[↑ Contents](#)

219. **Rachel Loden**

***alack the day***

Tue 10 Jun 1997

---

George Bowering wrote:

*She liked some things about Canada, and other things she could do without. She liked the cheese in southwestern Ontario (though I pronounced it bland compared to a good Manchegan), and she liked David Bromwich's hands. They are sensitive as the flippers of a harbor seal, she told me one night while we were creating a bogus William Meredith poem. What of my hands, the hands that Rachel Loden celebrated in one of her most-anthologized threnodies, I asked. They are blocks of bone and meat, she said. She claimed that I didnt belong in the same room as the word "sensitive." Alas.*

I've been turning my threnodies upside down all morning but the one George mentions seems to have vanished without trace. Was it in *\_Best-Forgotten American Threnodies\_*? Or *\_The Amy Lowell Awards in Innocuous American Poetry\_*? Damned if I know. I did find a meditation on George's feet, but this seems a bit too piquant for present company.

Has Bromwidge's computer blown up again?

Rachel L.

[↑ Contents](#)

220. **David Bromige**

***Jay Schwartz's complaint***

Tue 10 Jun 1997

---

Responding to Jay "Sirious" Schwartz "at his snootiest and snottiest" : sorry, Jay, you'll have to do better than that.

I've been backchanneled by a number of listlings who tell me the comedy postings by the quartet of which I am one-quarter, and whose other 3 are Bowering, Damon & Loden, are what makes the List a lively place to be. "Keep up the good work!" they urge. A dilemma. If we cease & desist, some of these might well unsubscribe. If we continue, we may well lose Jay Schwartz.

Reminds me of the young chap in the oldstyle British Railway compartment. One enfeebled fellow-passenger asks him to open the window, "Else I'll suffocate." The other complains, "Open that window & I'll freeze to death." What is the young man to do?

He suffocates one then freezes the other to death.

Jay objects to "light bondage stories about people he's never met." Well, he's met me. And a good time we had of it that night, drinking & laughing it up in



Frisco. Let me assure Listmembers who may not have met Jay, that he's far from being the sobersides this particular message may indicate. You know, we could make up light bondage stories about people he \*has\* met, couldn't we, gang? But disingenuousness aside : in our defense (although I grant Jay that we are basically indefensible in our after-midnight mode, probably not the mode Jay is in when he reads his e-mail with his first cup of coffee when our out-west droppings are only three or four hours old, probably still steaming), I will point out that we have been pretty much inactive for months, & it was only in the hope of stirring something up that I stirred something up. I had calculated that the List must be way under its ceiling, for there had been not many postings for days.

I grant you that Bowering is always in the worst of taste, & the very idea--in the sense of picture, or photograph, or polaroid--of the aged Canuck chaining up two women of such propriety (and yet, such female allure) as Maria Damon and Rachel Loden, for who can only guess what frivolous purpose, would revolt anybody who had an ounce of oldfashioned stuff left in him. But let me remark that out of this "foul rag-&-boneyard of the heart" came some creative work. To this, I presume, Jay doesn't object, although I can see that its occurring in the place where we would generally rather pull things apart than glue them together, might be upsetting.

But surely the faux Amy Lowell poems belong, on a List that devoted so much time to the discussion of poetic forgeries this very spring. It only remains for Marjorie to take them up, for the debate to become acceptable.

In any case, it has been two or three days since the more egregious acts by the illfamed quartet. But Jay also alludes to private postings being sent to the List. He means, by mistake. One must guess that the last straw for Jay was today's posting from Peter Nicholls, which I assumed was deliberately sent to all of us to be an illustration of what has been a lively thread in our discourse, to do with how associations work & how a system of mutual support exists in the poetry world even as in other "worlds" we live in. I didn't find it irrelevant at all. Was it actually meant to be back-channelled? What a loss that would have been. I appreciated Peter's generosity.

Still, What to do? Perhaps there needs to be a ballot, Mr. Listmaster. If we lose, I for one shall refrain from postings that might provoke George Bowering (or anyone else) from lewd insinuation, & will always maintain a sober facade when responding to whatever tickles my funnybone. David B.

[↑ Contents](#)

221. **David Bromige**  
***proofreader's error corrected***  
*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

Final sentence of my posting "Jay Schwartz's complaint" : should read "to lewd insinuation", not "from." Dammit. I've used up \_two\_ postings from the daily moiety. David

[↑ Contents](#)

222. **L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy**  
***then it was over***  
*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

Here in Ireland we're in recovery from a recent general election. The usually cheery population is slightly corrugated after all the posters, multimedia interviews and hackers at the door. One of our leading Democratic Leftie's poster had him compressing various facial structures while playing an invisible melodeon. This was to represent conviction+competence+compassion+energy. The eventual winner, a Mr. Bertie Ahern, certainly not us, was made to peer, by handlers obviously despairing of getting any kind of look on him, from out of a bucket of pitch. A sort of Rembrandt in reverse, the shadow used to obscure as much of his already shady character as possible. The results broadcasts, lively enough anyway since we use proportional representation, were invigorated by details like a Christian Solidarity Partyer getting 666 votes. True. And a far-dextrous ex-minister, turfed out by his own party for corruption, went independent and topped the poll. Labour and the left generally were flayed alive. The melodeon player commented that the Irish left obviously don't want to be represented in government, no matter how able the past performance of their representatives. Over.

Best wishes,  
Randolph Healy.

[↑ Contents](#)

223. **Jordan Davis**  
***tarot disco velour***  
*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

Devil's advocate:

Can we have an all-star ballot for the s&m posts? Snr Bromige's last few has blowed me away.. shoot, starting to talk like Rod Smith.

Of course, Jay, if you'll do an Idiom book of my work (and they're fine books you do) then I'll back you all the way on this "no irrelevant posts" putsch you're putting. If not, then it's a la Nick Piombino I will chide you with "what else don't you want to talk about" -- the list janitor be damned --

Total discloruse -- chloride -- sodium laureth sulfate -- the morning of the starring out --

Jordan (no Mason, and no "e" eider) Davis

[↑ Contents](#)

224. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

I am one of those who posted both David Bromige and Rachel Loden with notes thanking them for their inventive hijinks. I like them (their postings and their persons, though I've never met either of them) and I'd like for them to continue, too, as the mood or merriment seizes them. I think their affectionate and silly badinage offers a tonic counterpoint to the often dense volume of verbiage that pours through this sluicgate, lately running at a diminished rate of cfs (cubic feet per second).

As David so rightly points out, some of this silliness actually produces - through the aleatoric riffing that is unique to this List - germane and edifying results. What he was too modest to include to the Amy Lowell spoofs was his own "moosehead loose lips," which I found to be wholly delightful and am very glad to have. So - if we cut out the horseplay, annoying as it may be to Jay and others, we stand to lose something else besides. And doggonit, I'm agin it.

Patrick Pritchett

-----

From: David Bromige

To: POETICS

Subject: Jay Schwartz's complaint

Date: Tuesday, June 10, 1997 5:46PM

Responding to Jay "Sirious" Schwartz "at his snootiest and snottiest" : sorry, Jay, you'll have to do better than that.

I've been backchanneled by a number of listlings who tell me the comedy postings by the quartet of which I am one-quarter, and whose other 3 are Bowering, Damon & Loden, are what makes the List a lively place to be. "Keep up the good work!" they urge. A dilemma. If we cease & desist, some of these might well unsubscribe. If we continue, we may well lose Jay Schwartz.

[↑ Contents](#)

225. **Michael Magee**

***Re: Inappropriate postings***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

whoops, oh jeez, this is a little confusing: you mean this \*isn't\* the light-bondage-humor-involving-people-you've-never-met-List?

In other news, anyone who thought Mr. Bowering's story of hands was interesting should really check out the chapter entitled "Hands" in Sherwood Anderson's *\*Winesburg, Ohio\** - no bondage humor, I'm afraid, but some damn good writing...

-Mike.

[↑ Contents](#)

226. **Bob Grumman**

***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

For what it's worth, the Port Charlotte School of Poetics Taxonomy, internationally recognized for High Seriousness, is in favor of continued comedy postings. Viva multi-tonality! --Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

227. **Robert Hale**

***Re: Inappropriate postings***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

In responding to Jay's concerns, people seem to be pigeon-holing him into the role of censor, which he certainly opened himself up to. However, the points he raises regarding back-channeling and private messages are quite valid.

Unfortunately, the server cannot be programmed to limit the number of times a subscriber can post in a 24-hour period. We are on an honor system in this regard that a handful cannot resist breaking.

To those who defend references to S&M on the list as a way to keep people interested -- what does this say about the list in general? Is this list a struggling comedy show?

At 10:20 AM 6/10/97 -0700, you wrote:

>My volume of e-mail is, I'm sure, as high as everyone else on this list.

>I enjoy much of the public discussion. But I'm almost ready to

>unsubscribe based on the number of messages which belong in the realm of

>backchanneling. I'm just not interested in light bondage humor involving  
>people I've never met. I'm also impatient with the great frequency of  
>private messages which inadvertantly are sent to the entire list. Please  
>show more discretion with the send button.

>

>Jay Schwartz, at his absolute snooty and snottiest.

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

228. **john chris jones**  
***parts of the cyberepic***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

(apologies if two copies of this arrive - I got a message saying sorry there was an error in the first transmission)

more parts of the cyberepic

2

There is an old man who looks everywhere but sees no one.

And a young one who doesn't look at his companion but looks elsewhere while she looks only downward as they walk together far apart.

And a woman with a white face and red hair who looks so pleased with her man that she cannot stop smiling as she leans over as he leans back without caring.

But Dante is alone and these observations are not his but those of mr. jones, his correspondent, who was writing notes on the Heath before the next episode.

3

mr. jones awaits the manifestation of this new Dante but sees nothing - none of the people around him in the train seem to resemble Dante at all, though the man opposite with a mobile phone and dirty paint-spotted trousers has a very far away look as if he is seeing something other than all of us here. He gets up with several others to go out and it's not until the doors open that I realise it's my stop writes jones forgetting the third person. So I follow the man I'm calling Dante as he walks slowly over the bridge and down the country path to the Cally and when I overtake him I hear that he is singing quietly to himself, without words.

As I walk before him I remember the notes of last evening when I thought I saw Dante in the steady flight of an aeroplane, and in all the other stabilities of our time - but not in people, not in me, nor here on the Cally amidst the semi-poverty and the seeming messiness of human life ... Yes the real Dante, I say to

myself now, is beyond the bodies we inhabit and the cities that we make. Ye s\ indeed I type that bit mistakenly but leave it as perhaps evidence of something else but my intentins I mean intentions being the real subject of all this? And yes of course of course of course.

As I looked back before turning a corner I couldn't see my supposed Dante any more and as I climbed the stairs I wondered if he's not a person but a spirit, as they used to say, but now more fittingly thought of as a netual presence - an electronic agent or an avatar - of what's alive in everyone, perhaps? That will do for the moment I think as I re-read the earlier Dante/jones conversation when he first appeared on my screen and also the notes I wrote last night when I detected his presence in the steady course of a plane and in other non-physical but modern realities - does this remind anyone of those happenings before the coming of Jesus, or of any baby perhaps? But now to the realities he says as he looks back at his notes.

footnote

And who is he and what is this and why is it here in the poetics list on the internet and is it going to continue? This is its first publication.

If you want to read more of this or would prefer it to stop please tell me backchannel and I'll try to act accordingly and even answer questions in new episodes as they appear here day by day or week by week. I think I have the energy to keep this going but I doubt if I'll be able to reply directly if many write (other than to say continue or stop). I'm limiting each posting to 500 words, excluding footnotes. Is that the right length? 'The need for restraint is unquestionable here' says the rune oracle (of Ralph Blum, Oracle Books, Los Angeles, 1982 and Edison-Sadd Editions, Headline Book Publishing Company, London, 1990).

john chris jones

the first episode was posted 6th June 97 (British time) and appeared in the Poetics Digest for 4-5th June 97 US time.

[↑ Contents](#)

229. **George Thompson**

***Re: Schizophrenic poetry and light bondage***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

Yes, this interesting topic can be approached from a number of points of view, one of which was presented below by Tom Bell. My own point of view is more or less that of linguistics, one highly-interesting subset of which happens to be poetics. [I don't expect anyone to agree with this, of course].

One reason why I'm attracted to this topic [schizophrenia : poetry] is that it puts to rest the naive notion that these forms of language [schizophrenic language : poetry] are forms of communication.

Now, the various couplings of the Bowering, Bromige, Damon, Loden group \*may\* be communicative in some strictly non-linguistic sense, but I don't mind, and would vote for it if forced to, basically because the group seems to have a way with words. Therefore poetic.

What was that anti-porn book, by that anti-porn-queen, called: "just words"? Well, when all else fails....

*The quote is from Ellen Winner, Invented worlds, the psychology of the arts, Harvard, 1984. She is discussing drawings made by children of how they perceive beats (i.e., "1,2, buckle my shoe" can be 'metric' with five even circles or 'figuative' with two big and three small circles). "While figural drawings focused on the function of claps within a figure, metric drawings captured either the relative or the exact duration of the different kinds of claps...metric drawings, like standard notation, leave the problem of interpretation, or finding the figures, to the performer. Musicians call this 'phrasing'."*

*Sorry, there is a lot of room for ambiguity here I can see - different disciplines, different senses than typically used.*

tom

[↑ Contents](#)

230. **Rob Hardin**

***Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: \*I Won!\****

Tue 10 Jun 1997

*At 1:07 AM -0400 6/9/97, Your Lonesome wrote:  
To all:*

*Though I've been in Berlin and Chicago for weeks, I just arrived home.  
And if you'll permit me one moment of self-indulgent whooping, let  
me say this: My collection, Distorture, just won the 1997 Firecracker  
Award for best fiction, beating Trainspotting in the process.*

*MAR-WHAA! FR-FRIFL! PIFFEL-DROT!*

*Sorry to drag you off-topic this once. I just had to shout  
it.*

-----  
To which David Israel <[REDACTED]> retorted:

| *congrats. 2 Qs:*

1. *what's the Firecracker Award?*
2. *who, in US, has published Distorture?*

David:

1. Read copious citations from Publishers Weekly (see below), or go to:

<http://www.bookwire.com/awards/firecracker.html>  
[http://www.bookwire.com/Expo97/BEANews.article\\$1243](http://www.bookwire.com/Expo97/BEANews.article$1243)  
[http://www.bookwire.com/Expo97/BEANews.article\\$698](http://www.bookwire.com/Expo97/BEANews.article$698)  
[http://www.bookwire.com/PW/Features.article\\$1241](http://www.bookwire.com/PW/Features.article$1241)

There will also be an article on the FAB awards in the next issue of New York Magazine.

2. Distorture is published by Black Ice Books/FC2--the publisher that recently came under attack by Jesse Helms.

Distorture's ISBN Number: 1-57366-027-2

For further info on purchasing Distorture, and to see additional reviews, do a search on Amazon Books and/or BookWired. Specific URLs:

<http://www.bookwire.com/BookInfo.search>

Title: Distorture

<http://www.amazon.com>

Title: Distorture

(or try this:)

<http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ISBN%3D1573660272/6392-1236704-362945>

Additional Information:

<http://www.horrornet.com/hardin.htm>

<http://www.users.interport.net/~scrypt/>

-----

Ditto for George Bowering <[REDACTED]>, who ulubated:

*That's good news, and that's tough competition. Could you tell me (us?)  
what the Firecracker Award is?*

Thanks for the kind words, George. See above & below.

-----

Likewise for Maria Damon, who schmitzvahstuffenlieded:

*rob, that's absolutely terrific! please, brag more. it's nice to see your  
occasional posts!--maria d*

Thanks for sharing in my glee, Maria.

As for bragging:



The first printing of *Distorture* is almost completely sold out. *Distorture* was the number one selling trade paperback at Tower Books for the month of April, and in the April Daily News bestseller list. Interviews and reviews, will appear in the next issues of *Spin*, *Anodyne*, New York Press Literary Supplement, as well as in *Publishers Weekly* and *New York Magazine*. The book has been praised or otherwise noted in *New York Press* and the *Village Voice* as well. I had no idea that anyone would care about this book, let alone give it this level of attention. It is gratifying to hear people praise the book design as well, since I insisted on doing it myself.

*Distorture* will also become the first BIB/FC2 book to be sold in Tower stores across the world. After the FAB ceremony in Chicago, I got group-hugged by the entire upper-echelon staff of that excellent chain: Tower is the only chain-store that actually cares about alternative (ie, experimental) lit.

Berlin is an entirely different story: the lethally-rich chocolate, the funereal photos, the wheatbeer, the brie, the bombed-out churches, the visually perfect landscape of East Berlin, with its Tarkovskian tunnels leading to Victorian facades with balustraded Thrones and Virtues eroded into monsters. Suffice to say that I'm now the proud owner of both a splinter of wood torn from a death-car at Auschwitz, and turn-of-the-century photos of cryptic infants.

Suffice to say that I often awoke to a Krumme Lanke hanging garden seen through a picture window, and ate Quark mixed with wild apples while listening to Anton Bruckner. The coffee in Berlin is actually strong enough; I was able to formulate precise sensations while basking in the sewage and beauty of late German aestheticism.

And then there were the squat bars near Alexanderplatz: Stories within stories.

All the best,

Rob Hardin

---

Appendix: For your glistening pleasure: The Firecracker Alternative Book Award results (and explanation) from *Publishers Weekly*, June 1, 1997:

"Last night, at what can safely be called the wildest party at BEA, the Firecracker Alternative Book (FAB) Awards were handed out to winners in 12 regular and three special recognition/ "wild card" categories. Now in their second year, the FAB Awards celebrate the best in alternative publishing -- or, according to their founders, "books that shove a firecracker down the shorts of the mainstream."

"And the winners are:

Fiction: Distorture by Rob Hardin (FC2)  
Non-Fiction: Transgender Warriors by Leslie  
Feinberg (Beacon Press)  
Poetry: Home in Three Days. Don't Wash by  
Linda Smukler (Hard Press)  
Politics: Censored 1997: The News That Didn't Make the  
News -- And Why by Peter Phillips  
and Project Censored (Seven Stories Press)  
Sex: The Guide to Getting It On! by the staff of Goofy  
Foot Press  
Drugs: Everything I Know I Learned on Acid, ed. by Coco  
Pekelis (Acid Test Productions)  
Music: I Need More by Iggy Pop (2.13.61)  
Art/Photo: Nothing But the Girl, ed. by Susie Bright

and

Jill Posener (Freedom Editions)  
Graphic Novel: Real Americans Admit: "The Worst Thing  
I've Ever Done!" by Ted Rall (NBM)  
Zine: Bust, edited and published by Celina Hex and

Betty

Boob  
Kids: The Palm of My Heart: Poetry by African American  
Children, ed. by Davida Adedjouma  
and illus. by Gregory Christie (Lee & Low Books)  
Outstanding Independent Press of the Year: Cleis Press

"Special Recognition/Wildcard categories:

This Ain't Yer Family's Photo Album: Death Scenes by  
Katherine Dunn and Sean  
Tejaratchi (Feral House)  
Recall Hoekstra Award for Special Merit in Literary  
Publishing: FC2/Black Ice  
Don't Cook With Your Mouth Full: Intercourses: An  
Aphrodisiac Cookbook by Martha  
Hopkins and Randall Lockridge (Terrace Publishing)

A little early background from Publishers Weekly, May 5, 1997:

"Just when you thought it was safe to go back to Chicago, the funky folks who brought us the first Firecracker Alternative Book (FAB) Awards, handed out at the FAB Do, widely considered the most-rocking party held at last year's ABA, are at it again. Just in: the 36 finalists for this year's awards, plus raucous new plans for FAB Do II.

"The FAB Awards were started last year by a group of book industry professionals concerned that the increasingly important cultural force of alternative books (and 'zines) is too often relegated to the extreme margins of the commercial publishing and bookselling scenes. Now, just as the Sundance and SlamDance Film Festivals showcase the best in the independent film industry, the FAB Awards blast the best of underground publishing out to a broad new audience.

"This year, three FAB front-runners have emerged in each of 12 categories:

Fiction:

Distorture by Rob Hardin (FC2)

The Sub by Jimmy Jazz (Incommunicado)

Trainspotting by Irvine Welsh (Norton)"

(snip)

This bit is from the Firecracker Awards page:

"A seismic rumbling is awakening the book industry. It is the groundswell of alternative cultures, of literate youth who want to read SOMETHING DIFFERENT. Late at night in small towns, urban sprawls and edge cities they stalk through newsstands, college stores, infoshops, independent bookstores, malls, even superstores looking for something to read.

"That rumbling erupted last year in Chicago at the FAB Do, an awards ceremony and celebration of alternative cultures. As the Sundance and SlamDance Film Festivals do for the film world, the Firecracker Awards blast the best of alternative publishing out to a broad new audience. This year FAB Do II returns to Chicago during the upcoming Book Expo America (BEA). The Firecracker Alternative Book Awards, which celebrate the best of the underground in print, explode Saturday May 31 at Chicago's Crobar nightclub.

"Honoring those books which "toss a firecracker down the shorts of the mainstream," the FABs will be presented by glam alternative gliterati in twelve categories: fiction, nonfiction, poetry, politics, sex, drugs, music, art/photography, graphic novel, zine, cool kids, and outstanding independent press of the year. Master of Ceremonies will be Barry Yourgrau--author, performer, and MTV spoken-wordster extraordinaire, whose latest collection of stories has just hit the theatres as an independent feature film, THE SADNESS OF SEX. Before and after the awards, the crowd will be worked into a twistin' and surfin' GO GO FRENZY by Iowa City's THE BENT SCEPTERS and, back by popular demand, Milwaukee's THE EXOTICS.

"The FABs will bring those active in the underground book scene together with the new and curious and will provide a showcase for the best of the new publishing--those exploring today's cultural wilds, and cultivating new and not-yet-

domesticated sorts of writing, like those riders on Neal Cassady's bus whose destination was "Further." These writers and publishers are today's Surrealists, or Beats, or Black Arts Movement. They are the performance poets, rabble-rousers, and other print-artists whose work defies categorization.

"The FABs are the locus of attention in the book industry for cultures of the young, the alternative, and the underground. In the past year the book trade has become increasingly aware that alternative cultures' myriad fans (both young and old) buy books, but are frustrated by the difficulty of finding the sorts of books they want. Last Fall a number of regional book trade shows offered Bibliopalooza panel/workshops to help bookstores reach these expanding alternative markets. Firecracker ballots have been distributed by fax, mail, and modem to retailers, publishers, and readers worldwide. The votes have been tallied and a list of the finalists is enclosed. The winners will be announced May 31 at the FAB Do.

"The FAB Do itself has become the underground event of the annual booksellers convention . . . Chicago's New City weekly rated last year's party "best outfits by far, including vinyl and latex fit for car interiors." Hundreds were turned away at the door by the surly staff. Only those who voted are guaranteed entry. Admission is free, but limited to ticket holders, who may scramble to pick up one of the few remaining tickets from the sponsors on the BEA convention floor on Saturday.

"CO-SPONSORS INCLUDE:

"AK PRESS -- CIRCLET PRESS -- CONSORTIUM BOOK SALES & DISTRIBUTION -- FERAL HOUSE -- GATES OF HECK/HECK EDITIONS -- GROVE/ATLANTIC INC. -- HI JINX PRESS -- INCOMMUNICADO PRESS -- JUGGERNAUT -- KOEN BOOK DISTRIBUTORS -- LAST GASP -- LITTLE, BROWN & CO. -- LPC GROUP (INBOOK/LOGIN TRADE/WOMENSOURCE) -- LOWENSTEIN-MOREL ASSOCIATES -- MANIC D PRESS -- MILLER TRADE BOOK MARKETING -- NBM -- PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY -- TOWER BOOKS/ TOWER RECORDS -- WHITE WOLF PUBLISHING"

[↑ Contents](#)

231. **David Israel**  
*Ginsberg / Beatles / Dylan*  
Tue 10 Jun 1997

---

Late night last -- in insomniac televideotic office solitude (here's a t.v. set avec cable) -- caught sight of Allen Ginsberg, whose distinctive erudition was directed toward Dylan & Beatles lyrics --

was a rather detailed -- & interesting -- history of rock'n'roll spanning (in parts I caught) something like 1964-66 --

tracking (almost season-by-season) stages in the cross-crossing careers & inventions & style-meldings of (especially) Dylan & the Beatles, as well as such figures as the Byrds (nods to Simon & Garfunkle, Sonny & Cher) -- noting the release of particular songs, cross-influences, ways in which (say) Dylan brought rock into folk, Beatles brought classical into rock (memorable recollection by Crosby's of turning-pointedness of viewing the film \*A Hard Day's Night\*) . . .

Ginsberg appears as one of several interviewees (in both an I-was-there as well as a poetry-scholiast mode) --

he figures in something of a hip-professorial cameo, pontificating . . . (e.g.) abt. influence of Jack Keruac on Bob Dylan, ways of interpreting "Eleanor Rigby," and "Mr. Tambourine Man" as introspective excursion into identity, the trickster figure, & suchlike . . .

served to recall what a fine expounder of culture-ideas AG could be -- and to wonder if there are collections of essays from him? (don't recall hearing of such) . . . perhaps he reserved that manner strictly for the classroom &/or for film / video / interview ? . . .

(sorry don't have reference-particulars on said late-night music-history program -- evidently it's one in some ongoing series) . . .

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

## 232. **KYLE CONNER/LRC-CAHS**

**Re: Larry Eigner**

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas |  
memory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."  
[REDACTED] | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

---

Via Judy Roitman's endquote, I have just learned that Larry Eigner is dead. (An underwhelmed sigh circulates throughout the community). Really, I hadn't heard, and I am quite shocked. Eigner for me was an undercurrent, someone whom I had read when in grad school, and thought about occasionally. When I would see the occasional book in some stack at a used bookstore, I would silently acknowledge that this man of singular strength and unique soul was alive and well, probably at that very moment sitting in his wheelchair on the

front porch of his house, watching things go by, and composing strangely curved and parsed observations about these things. I am saddened by news of his death. But his poetry will stay with me, a gently swirling eddy of confetti.

Can anyone provide more specific information? Exactly when did this occur? And how?

kyle conner

[↑ Contents](#)

233. **Joseph Duemer**  
***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***  
*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

Language is a mutually created vision of the world; there can be no private language. What the Poetics list has been experiencing the last few days is the language game of "coterie badinage," a game that decides who is in and who is out of the group. Those who play the game or approve heartily of the game's being played are either part of the group or want to be; those who strongly resist the game. . . well that call could go either way. The rest of us are perhaps bored. Still, we can hope, with Blake, that "the fool who persists in his folly shall become wise." I've also heard of a Hindu sect in which acolytes must spend several years mumbling, belching, farting, and making lewd gestures in public as part of the process of enlightenment. Is Bromige a Hindu? Am I? In other words, I cast my vote strongly in favor of both positions.

---

Joseph Duemer  
School of Liberal Arts  
Clarkson University  
Potsdam NY 13699  
Phone: [REDACTED]  
Fax: [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

"The honey of heaven may or may not come,  
But that of earth both comes and goes at once."

Wallace Stevens

[↑ Contents](#)

234. **Gwyn McVay**

***Re: Inappropriate postings***

*Tue 10 Jun 1997*

---

>>>To those who defend references to S&M on the list as a way to keep people interested -- what does this say about the list in general? Is this list a struggling comedy show?

Mr. Hale, I can understand that some people are fit to be tied about what they perceive as inappropriate posts. But I hardly think it serves us to keep flogging this topic--it's rather like beating a dead horse, and I'd rather not see Mr. Bromige et al. become whipping persons for a more general problem. It's fairly clear that the recent accidental post was just that, accidental; otherwise, most people do exercise restraint--and which of us can't use a good gag once in a while?

So the accidental poster is Sade-er but wiser. I hardly think such posts have actually tended to dominate the discussion. None of us is a slave to these things anyway; we can always lash out with the Delete key, right?

Your humble servant,

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

235. **Thomas M. Orange**

***neo-objectivism?***

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

henry g wrote: |Like Symbolism, an example of how a strong theory |succeeds in blocking out the contingency of the world (and eventually, |in consequence, poetry itself). Valery is quoted somewhere as saying |that there was no poetics of Symbolism - the symbolists were joined only |by a vow to renounce the approval of the masses. This seems very germane |to language poetry. The history of the "school" of the "objectivists" |could be understood maybe in an analogous way. The theory becomes a cover |for addressing a particular audience. Objectivists & language poets are |like the iconoclasts of ancient Byzantium.

there is no aesthetic of symbolism....we arrive at this paradox: an event in aesthetic history that cannot be defined in aesthetic terms. the secret of their cohesion lies somewhere else. i offer one hypothesis. i suggest that in all their diversity the symbolists were united by some negation ....they agreed in a common determination to reject the appeal to a majority: they disdained to conquer the public at large. paul valery, "the existence of symbolism" (1936/39), tr. malcolm cowley. collected works vol. 8, 219-20.

could we set up a field of poetic production spanning the objectivists and lang-poets, as pierre bourdieu has done (most recently in his \_rules of art: genesis and structure of the literary field\_) for late 19th-century france.

now there's one helluva dissertation. any takers?

tom orange



[↑ Contents](#)

236. **David Bromige**  
***Heard all the way from Potsdam***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

Thanks to Joseph Duemer for his farts, belches & mumblings in support of our nonsense. I didn't find his farts, beleches & mubles in favor of the opposite position nearly as attractive. db.

[↑ Contents](#)

237. **John Tranter**  
***Solution to Irony Detection Ambiguity Problem***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

In a recent posting on Army Lowell, Sylvester Pollet said --

*I've noticed that it's sometimes difficult to discern irony on list postings.*

We've long had the same problem Down Here in Australia, and a tentative typographical solution might be of interest to List Members.

As a culture, we seem to suffer from "hyperlaconia", an inability to prevent laconic or ironic components from destabilising the surface of our everyday discourse. The problem would appear to be a minor one, but the cost in social disruption has been considerable over the years, and the problem has recently been the subject of discussion among Tourism authorities, as it is causing confusion and distress among visitors to our shores, particularly from cultures where loss of face is important such as Japan, Korea and Taiwan.

It has now become customary in Australia to indicate possibly misleading "irony" components of otherwise "serious" speech acts when they appear in textual form by bracketing them in a similar way to the method used in HTML.

For example, in HyperText Markup Language, italics are indicated by the bracketing instruction <I> and </I> around italic text, <B> for bold</B>, and so forth.



In Australia, irony components are now marked in a similar way in HTML text, e-mail, BBS messages and typed correspondence, using the <IR> tag, as follows:

It's a <IR>joke,</IR> Joyce.

With most browsers, the marked text is rendered as the equivalent of `<FONT SIZE="+3" COLOR="FF0000" RED >` and underlined, to make it stand out from normal text.

It's too early yet to draw any firm conclusions, but incidental reports of a lessening of the incidence of "load rage" (anger when downloading sly and ironic remarks from Bulletin Boards etc. ) are heartening.

Negotiations are under way with the World Wide Web Consortium to have the <IR> irony </IR> markup accepted as part of the formal structure of HTML version 3.5 under IETF RFC 1866. I'll keep the List in touch with how those discussions proceed.

» » » » » » » » » » » » » » » » » » » » » » » » John Tranter, 39  
Short Street, Balmain NSW 2041, Australia Phone Sydney ( )  
FAX ( )

[↑ Contents](#)

238. **MARK LEAHY**  
*women and texts at Leeds*  
Wed 11 Jun 1997

there was a misprint in the site address for the Women and texts conference

this is the corrected version

(I'm sure the beady eyed among you spotted the error anyway)

<http://www.ucalgary.ca/~crow/text>

also

<http://www.ucalgary.ca/~crow/texts>

which is the 'working' site  
with the latest and on-going information on it.

Mark Leahy

School of English  
University of Leeds  
West Yorkshire

LS2 9JT  
United Kingdom

[↑ Contents](#)

239. **henry gould**  
***Re: neo-objectivism?***  
*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

The symbolist's appeal to a "higher" (truer) world behind the veil of appearances, journalism, etc. could be compared with the avant-garde (objectivist, language poetry...rough measures here) utopia. Not that the avant-garde's utopia is much different from any other left-Marxist- humanist-historicist utopia - but that the means of approaching it (poetry cleansed of all taint of the "present" in terms of readership, the Zukofskian/Poundian ideal of the neglected genius readable and justified in ages to come, poetry as self-referential music, etc.) are similar. Now Olson strikes me as something slightly different - maybe it's his "anti-aesthetic", the idea of a middle voice, of the rhetorician talking on topical questions of the polis. - H. Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

240. **Brian McHale**  
***Re: Ginsberg / Beatles / Dylan***  
*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

The Rock 'n' Roll history David Israel is talking about was a BBC-made series of I think 8 or so parts, first broadcast in the States on PBS at the beginning of last year. I recorded most of it at the time, & by coincidence was actually watching last night with my daughter the same segment that David remarks on. It was the first time I'd replayed it since Ginsberg's death, & I too was impressed & touched by his interventions. Smart old Ginsberg. (Incidentally, it seems to me that the segment on Doowop & girl groups & the one on Motown are even better than the Dylan/Beatles segment.)

Brian

[↑ Contents](#)

241. **LYNES- KATHERINE**  
***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***  
*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

on a turn off the tv sorta note: one could always just delete the message-- doesn't take much of a glance to know which posts are, to quote pat pritchett, " affectionate and silly badinage"-- i agree [again to quote pat prichett]

that they " offer[] a tonic counterpoint to the often  
> dense volume of verbiage that pours through this sluicagate,  
lately running> at a diminished rate of cfs (cubic feet per  
second)."

but i don't always have time to read them-- 'specially these dog days  
.... hence, the d button.  
ah, the tyranny of choice. katherine

[↑ Contents](#)

242. **Bob Grumman**

***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

I disagree with Joseph Duemer when he says that "(w)hat the Poetics list has been experiencing the last few days is the language game of 'coterie badinage,' a game that decides who is in and who is out of the group," and his implication that I, who "approve heartily of the game's being played (am) either part of the group or want to be." I think the quartet was just having fun, and that at least some of those of us voicing approval of their game did so from outside any groups that might have been involved simply because we liked what they were doing. Not everyone is groupo-centric. --Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

243. **Michael Boughn**

***Re: Inappropriate postings***

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

Jay:

Perhaps you should reconsider being on this list which, for the last 5 years, has delightfully abounded in light (and sometimes heavy) bondage humour. Dildo humour, too (and I don't mean Dildo, Maine). I'm sure there are lots of other lists sufficiently sober and restrained for your tastes. Personally, I can't think of a better way to start the day than thinking about George Bowering (whoever the hell he is) sucking Amy Lowell's toes.

Mike

*My volume of e-mail is, I'm sure, as high as everyone else on this list. I enjoy much of the public discussion. But I'm almost ready to unsubscribe based on the number of messages which belong in the realm of backchanneling. I'm just not interested in light bondage humor involving people I've never met. I'm also impatient with the great frequency of*

*private messages which inadvertantly are sent to the entire list. Please show more discretion with the send button.*

*Jay Schwartz, at his absolute snooty and snottiest.*

[↑ Contents](#)

244. **Michael Boughn**  
**New Book**

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

First Intensity Press  
announces the publication of  
PERTURBATION, MY SISTER  
by Kristin Prevallet.

A work of fiction based on the collages of Max Ernst in his surrealist novel, "The Hundred Headless Woman".

"Proceeding from the collages of Max Ernst, Kristin Prevallet has created her own convulsive beauty, a parallel narrative of instantaneous adventure in a torrent of unexpected forms. Here the enigmatic is revealed as aesthetic potency, the gravitational field of memory, and, above all, as absolute necessity." -- Rikki Ducornet

"The foci which Prevallet creates . . . is a brilliant irregular Renga, with Max Ernst as 'source,' with Dorothea Tanning [English translator of "The Hundred Headless Woman"] as magnetic connective, allowing the text in its resented metamorphosis an unforgettable latitude in roaming a complex imaginal range." -- Will Alexander

"Transfigurations of the divine & perfunctory, a radical vision of Ernst's dramatic & exquisite corpse. Brava!"  
-- Anne Waldman

ISBN 1-889960-02-0. 80 pages, paperback, perfectbound.  
\$10.00 + \$1.50 shipping/handling.

Check or money order to FIRST INTENSITY, P.O. Box 665,  
Lawrence, KS 66044.

OR order through Small Press Distribution by phoning  
[REDACTED] (in the San Fransico Bay Area: [REDACTED]).

[↑ Contents](#)

245. **Maria Damon**

***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

frankly, jay, cool as i think you are (and you have met me), rachel's wit is one of the bright lights of the list for me. broomwitch and bowinger are cool in their way too, witty and whatnot. i enjoy a good laugh in this land o lakes ("lake" is, etymologically, a depression covered with water). i find myself (true confetti) deleting long discussions of "voice" or the philosophy of translation (no offense to those involved, i'm just not smart enough these days to follow a sustained thread unless it involves sex, drugs or rock and roll).

[↑ Contents](#)

246. **Maria Damon**

***fwd***

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

Approved-By: Center for Advanced Feminist Studies <[REDACTED]> Date: Mon, 9 Jun 1997 09:16:44 -0500 From: Center for Advanced Feminist Studies <[REDACTED]> Subject: Help Needed on Behalf of French Feminist Web Site To: Multiple recipients of list CAFS-F2 <[REDACTED]>

Help Needed on Behalf of French Feminist Web Site

A terrific group of French feminists who are involved in the parity = movement

(the attempt to get half the seats in the legislature for women) and who have worked tirelessly to improve women's position in French politics, = edit

a newsletter called Parite-infos. They also have established a very = useful

web site which is not only beautifully designed, but has tremendously = useful

bibliographic lists about the history of French feminism, women in = politics,

laws relating to women's issues, etc. They are now in the position of having to seek renewed funding from the European community to maintain = and

expand their web site. In order to do that, they need to show that it = is

visited by users all over the world. If you have the capacity, can you visit their site as often as possible in the next two weeks (the funding decision is June 15)? You'll not only become acquainted with an = important

resource for feminist scholarship, but help advance a good cause.

The address: <http://www.parite-infos.org>

thanks

Joan Scott <[REDACTED]>

.

[↑ Contents](#)

247. **Gwyn McVay**

***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

Have to agree with Bob: it has always been my impression that the cast of characters in any language game I've seen here has been quite various, and that anyone is welcome to jump in the Jello at any time and flail around quite merrily.

Noncomplaint: I was desperately sorry to have to miss /Dragon Bond Rite/ in DC the other night; did anybody get to it? (The Washington Post reviewer complained about the Tuvans. What a stick in the mud.)

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

248. **CHRIS MANN**

***Re: the irony police***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

'serious' is christian for 'very'

[↑ Contents](#)

249. **Kim Dawn**

***let me lick your oricifes***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

oh, dearest. it's the snap of the neck you so desire, it's the fuck me up the ass, piss upon the pave kinda girl you're looking for,  
jay,  
oh, jay, i want to torture you delicately,  
my pussy aches for, i have some devices i could recommend for you, sweetness.  
let me be your baby.  
let me be your daughter.  
let me be your little girl.  
let me be your mommy.

let me be your cleaning lady.  
let me be your secretary.  
let me tie you up and mangle and chew and rub your skin off your cock.  
(this is not poetry)

[↑ Contents](#)

250. **Joseph Duemer**  
***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***  
*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

To say that anybody can jump into the jello misunderstands the game; it  
is the jello that jumps into us.

---

Joseph Duemer  
School of Liberal Arts  
Clarkson University  
Potsdam NY 13699  
Phone: [REDACTED]  
Fax: [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

"The honey of heaven may or may not come,  
But that of earth both comes and goes at once."  
Wallace Stevens

[↑ Contents](#)

251. **Mark Weiss**  
***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***  
*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

By the sheerest coincidence, I had to be in Washington this past week, and got  
to see Dragon Bond Rite, which was beyond wonderful. The Post review, by the  
way, was otherwise unstintingly positive, altho not wholly accurate. With ant  
luck, Dragon Bond should be picked up for other venues. Anybody with enough  
power at their universities?

At 11:19 AM 6/11/97 -0400, you wrote:

>Have to agree with Bob: it has always been my impression that the cast of  
>characters in any language game I've seen here has been quite various, and  
>that anyone is welcome to jump in the Jello at any time and flail around  
>quite merrily.

>

>Noncomplaint: I was desperately sorry to have to miss /Dragon Bond Rite/

>in DC the other night; did anybody get to it? (The Washington Post  
>reviewer complained about the Tuvans. What a stick in the mud.)  
>  
>Gwyn  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

252. **Gwyn McVay**  
***suffering succotash!***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

"jumping jello"--wasn't that the alliterative exclamation tried out by Harold Gray in the planning stages of "Little Orphan Annie," and then rejected in favor of the lizard one because focus groups found it too weird?

"An articulate, winged diatribe about 'everything' signs off."

--Barrett Watten, from the new--is that correct?--Sun & Moon collected volume, which gives us something nice to stick on the "W" shelf next to the special /Aerial/ issue

[↑ Contents](#)

253. **Maria Damon**  
***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

At 11:19 AM -0400 6/11/97, Gwyn McVay wrote:

...I was desperately sorry to have to miss /Dragon Bond Rite/  
>in DC the other night; did anybody get to it? (The Washington Post  
>reviewer complained about the Tuvans. What a stick in the mud.)  
>  
>Gwyn

what's to complain about; that there was only one?

[↑ Contents](#)

254. **Maria Damon**  
***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

At 10:33 AM -0700 6/11/97, Mark Weiss wrote:

...



>With ant luck, Dragon Bond should be picked up for other venues. Anybody  
>with enough power at their universities?

i will adopt my praying mantis attitude and wish elephant luck upon dragon  
bond.

[↑ Contents](#)

255. **David Bromige**

***Jay Schwartz's complaint: enough already!***

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

Fellow Listlings : now that this discussion has passed beyond the occasion of this header, would you be kind enough to come up with a new one ? --"Dragon Bond Rites" would have been appropriate for the last 3 or 4.

It is beginning to sound like a chronic affliction, the way the zine title "Apex of the M" did at first (with everyone asking, "Do you have 'Apex of the M' yet?") I think I may speak for my 3 equally chastened companions in listcrime when I plead "Enough already".

Whether I can speak for Goerge Buwerind, I cant say. He hasnt been heard from since the outbreak broke out. Down in the root-cellar, no doubt.

Before leaving this topic (forever, I hope), it might be of interest for you to know that we are only a virtual quartet. While it is, sadly, true that Boorwing & I have been twining around one another for some fifty years, I have only met Rachel loden once, and that was 25 years ago, and Maria Damon once, briefly, as all MLA encounters are brief. Loden & Brewerting have never met. The List brought us together. Nor are we stuck on this quartet thing. We'd be happy if everyone joined in. Speaking for myself. We dont backchannel & rehearse. Better we should, eh?

Has everyone seen "Margaret's Museum" yet? As my Irish nurse used to say, "Dont miss it if you possibly can." A splendidly unfolded tale, & if you want to understand more about Mr. Browning, this film might help. Poetry was his sole way to escape going down the mine. David

[↑ Contents](#)

256. **Burt Kimmelman**

***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

Dragon Bond Rite was astonishingly beautiful and moving in NYC too at the Japan Society.

[↑ Contents](#)

257. **Gwyn McVay**

***Tuva or bust***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

Maria, I got the impression--if I read the review correctly--that the reviewer thought the Tuvan singing was just weird; it's true that the only other complaint the reviewer seemed to have was that the entire evening was rather long, to which I'd say, again, what's to complain?

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

258. **Steven Marks**

***'stralyan poetry***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

For anybody interested in articles, reviews and essays about contemporary Australian poetry, see the May-June issue of American Book Review. some familiar names from the list.

arrivederci,  
Steven

---

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

---

[↑ Contents](#)

259. **Christopher Reiner**

***Literary Publishers Alliance***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

This seems like it might be of interest to the list. From ArtsWire ([www.artswire.com](http://www.artswire.com)--I think). Sorry about the strange line breaks.

-----  
LITERARY NONPROFIT PUBLISHERS FORM ALLIANCE

Nine nonprofit publishers have created the Literary Publishers Alliance, (LPA) A mission statement drafted in February states that LPA intends to "enhance national visibility, support and recognition for nonprofit literary book publishing...and to share

and develop information, expertise, and resources," according to a report on the POETS & WRITERS (P&W) web site.

LPA founding members are: Arte Publico Press, Coffee House Press, Copper Canyon Press, Curbstone Press, Dalkey Archive Press, Graywolf Press, Milkweed Editions, Storyline Press, and Sun & Moon Press. P&W reports that according to PUBLISHERS WEEKLY, "LPA publishers average 12 books a year and have sold over 1,130,000 books, representing approximately 1,200 authors, and have won more than 100 awards."

According to P&W, charter LPA members are addressing several industry trends -- such as the commercialization of the big publishing houses and the demise of the literary bookstore. The LPA agenda will concentrate on four major issues: Steering, Development, Education/Publicity, and Marketing.

Membership in the organization will be open during their next meeting, scheduled to take place this fall. Membership guidelines for LPA will include a requirement that at least seventy percent of a potential member's list, over a three year period, must be literary books. Other guidelines include nonprofit status, \$1,000 a year in dues, and five years of operation with a full-time, paid staff.

Source: "Literary Nonprofit Publishers Form New Alliance" POETS & WRITERS NEWS

[↑ Contents](#)

260. **David Israel**

***Re: Tuva or bust***

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

<< Maria, I got the impression--if I read the review correctly--that the reviewer thought the Tuvan singing was just weird; it's true that the only other complaint the reviewer seemed to have was that the entire evening was rather long, to which I'd say, again, what's to complain?

Gwyn >>

here's complainage:

I was shocked (or at least startled), gancing at the WashPost Tues. morn, to find I'd missed out on Dragon Bond Rite in DC -- on account of not knowing it was playing here. There'd been Poetics announcements abt. the Rite's NYC Japan Soc. appearances -- but unless I missed 'em, seems there were no notice of the DC visit. Media culpa (not been reading my local entertainment supplement). Here's adding hopes a local venue calls 'em back. Zheesh: Indian dance, Korean strings, Tuvan voice, multi masks, & lord knows what-all else in the mix-age.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

261. **Kim Dawn**

*dearest jay*

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

well, you must be quite satisfied. you've received quite a respomnse to your complaint.

you just never knew the likes of me,  
till now.

don't get your cock in a tangle.  
amd don't lash out before you know.

"I am not timid. I've been knocked around. Someone (a man at his wit's end ) took my hand and drove hid knife into it. Blood everywhere. Afterward he was trembling. He held out his hand to me so that I could nail it to the table or against a door. Because he had gashed me like that, the man, a lunatic, thought he was now my friend; he pushed his wife into my arms; he followed me through the streets crying, "I am the plaything of an immoral delirium, I confess, I confess." A strange sort of lunatic. Meanwhile the blood was dripping on my only suit." Maurice Blanchot, *The*

*Madness of the Day*, p.8

of course you don't know me. and i don't care. i know your fear though.

[↑ Contents](#)

262. **Steve Evans**

*The Impercipient Lecture Series*

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

The Impercipient Lecture Series (ILS) is a small-circulation pamphlet series devoted to poetics. Co-edited by Jennifer Moxley and myself, it has come out monthly since February of this year. While our print run is limited by cost and labor considerations, we do manage to reach readers in Australia, Canada,

England, France, Mexico, Ireland, and South Africa, as well as throughout the U.S. Our issues to date are:

1.4 (May 1997) Readings & Responses to Bob Perelman's *The Marginalization of Poetry* by Ron Silliman, Ann Lauterbach, Juliana Spahr, and Steve Evans; with a Counter-Response by Bob Perelman [46pp; Limited number still available]

1.3 (April 1997)

The Ground Is the Only Figure by Rosmarie Waldrop [48pp; Out of Print]

1.2 (March 1997)

Radical Dogberry & Society Sketches by Chris Stroffolino [29pp; Out of Print]

1.1 (February 1997)

The Dynamics of Literary Change by Steve Evans [54pp; Out of Print]

Subscriptions: \$25 for 10 issues (individual); \$40 (institutional); \$5 for single issues when available; non-profit reproduction of attributed contents in non-electronic formats encouraged (i.e. xerox it for/from a friend!). On hiatus in August and December. Checks payable to either editor.

Submissions: Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be considered but queries are welcome.

ILS  
61 E. Manning Street  
Providence RI 02906-4008  
E-mail: [REDACTED]

o r i a t n m u a t s u o  
o o s

[↑ Contents](#)

263. **henry**

***Re: The Impercipient Lecture Series***

*Wed 11 Jun 1997*

---

|     |    |   |     |   |   |       |
|-----|----|---|-----|---|---|-------|
| t-- | s  | l | e-- | t | b |       |
| r   | i  | a | t   | n | m | u.    |
| a   | 't | s | u   | o | o | o' s. |

- the Green "I" on the Dolour

[↑ Contents](#)

264. **David Bromige**

***Impercipient Series***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

Just want to put in a big plug for this series of published lectures! No.1, Steve Evans writing on "The New", is an absolutely brilliant, well-written, best-written, essay I've seen in decades. He is a master of style range here, always something to enjoy while the info is being unpacked round the back of the warehouse. If Steve's hadn't been superb, I would nominate No.2, Chris Stroffolino, for the prize : he can do the police in many voices too. Spirited, in-yr-silhouette argument, proof-bringing, which never loses its sense of itself as fun by the square inch. No 3, Rosemarie Waldrop, looks to be more of a browser--observations that are not drawn into the larger push in the first two. I've enjoyed what I've seen so far, provocative, agreeable, thoughtful incursions into questions poetry raises. No 4, transcript of the kangaroo court that sat on bob perelman's marginalization in nyc this spring, with lautrerbach silliman spahr & evans, and including perelman's speech at the bar in his own defense ("Tis a far, far nobler thing I go to than whatever predicate!") I've only just opened up. It looks appetizing. Great work, Jennifer & Steve! Keep it going (check's in the mail) David

[↑ Contents](#)

265. **Piombino/Simon**

***Re: dragon bond rite***

Wed 11 Jun 1997

---

Thanks for this inviting description, Maria. I enjoyed the performance here at the Japan Society immensely- everything you said, and more. The dancers, the music, the text by Armand Schwerner projected on the screen behind the pan-Asian drummers, amazing, memorable- should be restaged soon. The performance on Friday night was sold out.

Best wishes,

Nick On Tue, 3 Jun 1997,

Maria Damon wrote:

*over the weekend i saw a preview of the pan-Asian dance/music extravaganza, dragon bond rite, for which our own Armand Schwerner has written the highly poetic libretto. highly recommended, will be at Japan Society in NYC soon, maybe already, check your datebooks and call the J Soc for more info, it was really extraordinary, a blend of distinct dance theatre and music traditions from Korea, Japan, Indonesia, India, and even an Tuvan (Mongolian) throat singer! and then American Buddhist text...lots of intense drumming, singing, stylized and wild dance movements, costumes, humor, sadness (death), sex, im/mortality...drumming by, in particular, a "koodiyattam" drummer from Kerala India, and by a Korean drummer, were intensely mind-opening. i tend to be a popular culture gal rather than an*

archaic-tradition gal, so i went mostly cuz of armand, but it was a tremendously rich experience, seeing/hearing a group of world-class virtuosi from diff traditions, none of which i ws familiar with, coordinating their efforts. md

[↑ Contents](#)

266. **mgk3k**

**Re: Blake exhibit**

Thu 12 Jun 1997

*I would highly recommend for anybody in the New Haven area to see the Blake exhibit at the British Art Museum at Yale. It contains two copies of \_Songs of Innocence and Experience\_, copies of each of \_The Book of Thel\_, \_The Book of Urizen\_, \_America, A Prophecy\_, illustrations of Gray's poems, assorted other prints and paintings. And, the piece de resistance, the Mellon copy of \_Jerusalem\_, the only copy in color. I'm still digesting the experience. It's been said many times before, but I found it so true today: reproductions do not do justice to the colors and intricacy of Blake's artwork.*

Steven

The Blake Archive at the Institute for Advanced Technology in the Humanities is currently hosting an online companion site to this exhibition:

<http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/blake/public/yale-front.html>

--Matt

=====  
===== Matthew G. Kirschenbaum  
University of Virginia ██████████ Department of English  
<http://faraday.clas.virginia.edu/~mgk3k/> The Blake Archive | IATH

[↑ Contents](#)

267. **Douglas Barbour**

**Re: S & M**

Thu 12 Jun 1997

I always thought the S & M on the list stood for Symbolism & Message, & I have been dutifully reading the quartet's posts seeking illumination in both those areas. So I vote to keep them -- at least until I figure it all out!

Besides the newly found poems have provided more joy than the continuing news of rigged or just normal contests, which news has only sent me back to

The X Files, hoping beyond hope that someone out there will come up with 'a' truth worth considering in these cases.

In general I find almost all the postings provide some kind of kick, even sometimes some thoughtful poetics.

But, hey, I'm with Jordan Davis -- publish my book & I'll follow you to a most silent virtual space: oh that grand emptiness, oh that shining screen...

=====

Douglas Barbour  
Department of English  
University of Alberta  
Edmonton Alberta T6G 2E5

██████████ FAX: ██████████

H: ██████████

~~~~~

Between 'attached' and 'aloft'
getting the poem on the page
a voice tells her on this day
attend.

Phyllis Webb

[↑ Contents](#)

268. **Alan Julu Sondheim**
OOMM DANGEROUS MOMS THE GAG
Thu 12 Jun 1997

==

O'O'Momentarily Moving

momentarily moving in the pure move- ments of Æ what isn't momentous, isn't installed through the particÆuÂularities of ¿ö→these moments, what might beÁÁÁ!!!consi- dered, what???ÖÖÖÀÀÀ hey, but the momentous movement through the terminological moment.hell, it's the moments's momentary meld- ing, whatÁÁÁVÃyes, somethingÂûelse((Ãºnot the moment ofthe text but, else- wise: - º→ ©Ê´¿→ÊCEÂ`«CE¶´, but you already û÷¿·Ê úö\$ÁÁ know this!! some- what - I'd think, a moment that ¿ö→ÃÃ might speak º¶x¶yof momentary move- ments.o'o' those!@usual moments, heh! I'D BEGIN!"!

O'O'Woords o' Mathematics oo Musick

singing in the pure sound of Æ what isn't beauty, isn't harmonious through the tunesÆûÂ of ¿ö¬these orchestrations, what might beÁÁÁ!!!consi- dered, what???ÖÖÖÀÀÀ hey, but the throat urging voice through the playful world of rhythm.Oh, oh, it's the voices silent urging, melting, whatÁÁÁVÃyes, somethingÂûelse((Ã¹not the singing ofthe world but, elsewise: - º¬ ©Ê '¿¬ÊCEÂ"«CE¶', but you already û÷¿·Ê úö\$ÁÁ know this!! somewhat - I'd think, elsewhere that ¿ö¬ÁÃ might speak º¶x¶yof heaven and truth.Of those!@usual songs, ah ... I'D BEGIN!"!

DANGEROUS MOMS:

1. Y TRMINADIVIDCOMPUHIZZING ON
WARS TE SCR. WRIG IS T HERE, AD
TEX, POGRAMG, LE ITSEHE SPLITTO
HAV NOHISTO THATXT SC SKITTERST
ACCMULTION BROKEYMBOL

3. HE ONES CONJD AS N, INVAGIT
CONAIN A WEER OFE ANDION. VIOLR
AREJUS BENE THE FACE,ED WITH EM
IT' THS THAEADS THE MITING SLA
PERPHEAL GHS. (ITERALTURE_ THE
LAS RENANTS FLESMY CHOULDERS, O

7. N TE INVON OFE CARSITUATED E
THECHET, COCTED H THEASP OF LUE
- O INTHE MT OF INVANOTHING OA
CHUE O TIMEAT GAS THE

JULU:

NOWI WLL MATHE AALS TAND WALK A TAL AN WALK OTHENIMALHER
HOLES FLEH, OR WII WALMONG PACES WHEN THEE I NOT M FORW
BLOLLED FROML ORGNELE, I JULU-THE-BULU-LIGAMU THI ROM.

The Gag

The recent texts are not CONCRETE POETRY nor designed for VISUAL
ILLUSION; I have no PRETENTIONS in this direction. Nor are they SOUND
-POETRY or -BYTES:

They are _produced_ by virtue of the machine, of and through the machine:
They are the _stuff_ of language, teetering between intensive semantic content,
and the fall of wording into ululation, war-cry, proto-language, or gag-in-the-
throat.

As gag, they resonate through the upper reaches of the body, drag out the mur-
mur of the world (Lingis); languages schizzes, melts from the screen.

It's on this edge that language is reified, asserted - the triumverate of gag, semantics (Word), and the machine. Consider them _cyborg texts,_ as the granting of a wish or a blood-red pearl to a sleeping princess.

Who lies on the bed or ground, Grund, in her panties. Why panties? Because meaning is always already a cleansing, the site of inscription, citation of language flux. _Jennifer_ lies in the bed, but you already knew that.

knew that. citation of language flux. _Jennifer_ lies in the bed, but you already cause meaning is always already a cleansing, the site of inscription, Who lies on the bed or ground, Grund, in her panties. Why panties? Be-

the granting of a wish or a blood-red pearl to a sleeping princess. gag, semantics (Word), and the machine. Consider them _cyborg texts,_ as It's on this edge that language is reified, asserted - the triumverate of

murmur of the world (Lingis); languages schizzes, melts from the screen. As gag, they resonate through the upper reaches of the body, drag out the

or gag-in-the-throat. content, and the fall of wording into ululation, war-cry, proto-language, They are the _stuff_ of language, teetering between intensive semantic They are _produced_ by virtue of the machine, of and through the machine:

-BYTES:

I have no PRETENTIONS in this direction. Nor are they SOUND -POETRY or The recent texts are not CONCRETE POETRY nor designed for VISUAL ILLUSION;

The Gag

[↑ Contents](#)

269. **David R. Israel**

Re: suffering succotash!

Thu 12 Jun 1997

Gwyn McVay muses:

> "jumping jello"--wasn't that the alliterative exclamation tried out
> by Harold Gray in the planning stages of "Little Orphan Annie," and
> then rejected in favor of the lizard one because focus groups found
> it too weird?

don't know, but those binomials -- leapin' lizards, jumpin' jello -- are (holy Moses!) worthy of additional also-sprachin' aliteratives 'n' mtes o' mimickry (dontchathink?) --

prancin' porridge!
polka-in' pottage!
hop-scotchin' harlots!
summer-saultin' senators!

frisbee-throwin' Francophiles!
scuba-divin' scallywags!
bouncin' balladeers!
plummetin' prestidigitators!

zoomin' Zenists!
barterin' beatniks!
genuflexin' Gen-Xers!
whinin' Gen-Yers!

chortlin' Chinamen!
jitterin' Journeymen!
faxin' pharmacists!
emailin' Emilies!

downloadin' Dantes!
rip-roarin' Romeos!
postin' Pasternaks!
deletin' Danubians!

scurryin' socialites!
loungin' lexicographers!
camcorderin' campers!
tomatoe-throwin' tomfoolerists!

& the like . . .

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

270. **Kim Dawn**
patti smith / witt / 1973
Thu 12 Jun 1997

gibraltar

i Babies insurance. I dont love nobody. thats my policy. least of all Gibraltar. the swine. he walked out on me. picked up his hard butt and walked me up here. and when I'm alone any four walls close in on me. ballroom bathroom any room at all. ceilings pull down. yeah ceilings. I've looked up at plenty under him. is he really gone? am i really alone? am i good for nothing? I can't keep me mind on anything. I keep pacing forth and back. timepiece. the smokes and nescafe is all

that keeps me intact. who invented the hot plate? rare genius. compact. mine is constantly fired. pass me that deck of kools. ah menthol. another refreshing invention. oh thats good, with nescafe thick as sauce in my gut and a butt hanging from my lip I feel whole again.

ii

dishes crank on my nerves

iii Well I'm pissed and when I'm pissed I'm up for anything. I'll get his ugly mug out of my system. I'll draw his face down. that will fix him. he keeps his soul clean. camera shy bastard. but I'll capture him. I'm artistic see. as cold-eyed as the national geographic. shall I make his physique classic. shall I make him colorful. thats a laugh. what color is a crawling louse? I'll draw me in too. beautiful dreamers. I'll make them tongue kiss. ahh now they're hot. the pencil jiggles. they ball. together. oh man. I can't draw it down. I'm no draftsman. I'm no fucking draftsman. and my cast eye escapes perspective. eye. I. baby I got my one blue eye on you. you're my devils food cake. CRACK.

iv

get me emergency. I've fucked my fist on my shiny new cupboard. he's real romantic see. he gets me a cupboard see. he says look toots its cleverly designed. everything fits except the kitchen sink. put a little order in yer life.

put a little blood on my knuckle.
a few splinters in my fist.
my cups falleth to the floor.

v I wanna crack somebody good. ya need to feel somebodys face under yer fist. knuckles get yellow. shakey yellow fist. so pissed. feel to kill. if nothing just to kill time. time the betrayer. my timex ticks slow motion.

you ask for love you get horseshit.

you get too much you don't get any.

sooner or later everyone takes a rap in this racket. this racket called love. my numbers come up. you can bet if you're a loser.

long long hours pacing the floor. call myself every name in the book and a few extra. excuse me while I tear myself to pieces. must be someway I can repay that bastard.

I killed a roach as big as my hand.
my fucking hand is killing me.

vi christ. the crap you write when somebody gives you the slack. sick of faking it. want to settle down. with him. have bambinos wash his socks. its getting me down. trying. to pretend. oh baby I know you don't want to own me but why

dont you come back anyway. baby get me out of the dark here baby I need you here. baby. eyeball failing. hardship.

vii

rhum

heart sick

heart shit

heart shit

hearts pounding. mad ticker. I write with excitement. I imagine its you mounting the stairs.

viii

the ivory soap cleanses my sins.

[↑ Contents](#)

271. **Kim Dawn**

(no subject)

Thu 12 Jun 1997

wrapping afgans in packing tape. used, of course. bad dream last night. woke up at 430 this morning turned on the tele to orient myself stroked my cats rubbed the insides of the bathtub till my fingertips drained raw. dreamt. bloody. killed someone with another woman. the authorities took us in and separated us. reminded me of heavenly creatures somewhat. loving mazzy star. hey brossard lover. anyway, remember that woman taken in by the yellow wallpaper, her body made a crease in the wall she went around so many times. sher laughed too much alone. never enough. to fill this empty gut'o mine. how come i was never picked for the teams in high school. i was scared of balls coming at me. the boys picked me sometimes though cause my tits grew too much too early. my clothes rarely matched.

[↑ Contents](#)

272. **John Cayley**

email address for Steve Mccaffery?

Thu 12 Jun 1997

I had for a while, but he seems to have moved from CalArts. Could anyone send me a current email address, back channel? Thanks in anticipation.

----- > John Cayley / Wellsweep Press
http://www.demon.co.uk/eastfield/ 1 Grove End House 150 Highgate Road
London NW5 1PD UK Tel & Fax: (██████████) Email: ██████████ <-----

[↑ Contents](#)

273. **Douglas Barbour**

Re: POETICS Digest - 10 Jun 1997 to 11 Jun 1997

Thu 12 Jun 1997

Because I get the digest, I am always a bit behind the times. I got this note from David Bromidge, which I'm assuming went on list: And I replied:

| *(Lets hope Douglas Messerli hasnt copyrighted this subject!)*

I hadnt thought, & it's a danger to be sure!

>

>Douglas Barbour: not suprisingly, maybe, I agree. I am also taken with
>your postscript quatrain-o-the-week, by Phyllis Webb. I bet there are people
>of the List who are unfamiliar with her poetry,& I wish myself were more
>up-to-date with her publications....Could you e-say a few words about this
>sterling poet of Canada & the world? David

Glad to (but if you sent this to the list I wont see it till tomorrow as I get the digest).

Anyway, Phyllis is for some of us, one of our great ones (bp loved her too). This is from her latest (& last?) book, *_Hanging Fire_* which is still in print, & now available from Talonbooks since the demise of Coach House (Talon seems to have picke her & Blaser up).

It's different from her other books, but then they all were. Great, angry/funny stuff. Energy to 'burn.'

I'll send this to the list, in case, as well as to you.

I'll add here that with eyerhymes starting today (with some listers present), I wont be able to check in till Tuesday, probabaly: by then the BBLD terrorists will have probabaly led about 3 new revolutions -- maybe it should have been Savagery & Materialism? -- but I'll try to catch somewhat up.

I'll at least read any new Amy or Gertrude discoveries...

=====

Douglas Barbour
Department of English
University of Alberta
Edmonton Alberta T6G 2E5

████████ FAX: ██████████

H: ██████████

~~~~~  
~~~~~

Between 'attached' and 'aloft'
getting the poem on the page
a voice tells her on this day
attend.

Phyllis Webb

[↑ Contents](#)

274. **Daniel Bouchard**
kdawn's complaint

Thu 12 Jun 1997

<< killed someone with another woman. >>
as in "killed someone with an axe," but not with an axe?

[↑ Contents](#)

275. **Michael Heller**
(no subject)

Thu 12 Jun 1997

John Tranter's suggestion is marvelous. But I wonder if there shouldn't also be a category for statements containing unintended irony with a marking such as (UI). Possibly the placing of such markings could be adjudicated by the World Wide Web Consortium or by the committees that operate individual listservers. I'd be glad to put my thoughts in the hands of such organizations.

[↑ Contents](#)

276. **David R. Israel**
Re: [ironic ain't it]

Thu 12 Jun 1997

[global IR]

Michael Heller's suggestion is marvalous --

John Tranter's suggestion is marvelous. But I wonder if there shouldn't also be a category for statements containing unintended irony with a marking such as (UI). Possibly the placing of such markings could be adjudicated by the World Wide Web Consortium or by the committees that operate individual listservers. I'd be glad to put my thoughts in the hands of such organizations.

but arguably, every utterance contains or suggests (at some or many levels) unintended irony. More than a script-designation, perhaps we need a committee to offer deetailed analysis and commentary on the modes of operation of all

ironies (intended plus non-). Maybe the money that's being zipped away from the arts & humanities endowments could be usefully applied to the purpose?

d.i.

[\IR -- if only it were that easy to turn it off!]

[↑ Contents](#)

277. **Pritchett, Pat**

Re: The Impercipient Lecture Series

Thu 12 Jun 1997

In the spirit of "non-profit reproduction" (something the Vatican still frowns on I hear), would anyone who has a copy of Steve Evans' lecture "The Dynamics of Literary Change" be kind enough to xerox it and snail mail to me? In return I will send this good person a xeroxed copy of Jack Collom's delightful "Mistranslations from the Basque," (not available from bookstores!) which contains work by - among many others - Charles Bernstein, Alice Notley, Anselm Hollo and Jordan Davis.

Much obliged,
Patrick Pritchett

1.1 (February 1997)

The Dynamics of Literary Change by Steve Evans [54pp; Out of Print]

Subscriptions: \$25 for 10 issues (individual); \$40 (institutional); \$5 for single issues when available; non-profit reproduction of attributed contents in non-electronic formats encouraged (i.e. xerox it for/from a friend!). On hiatus in August and December. Checks payable to either editor.

[↑ Contents](#)

278. **Jonathan Brannen**

Boston area?

Thu 12 Jun 1997

I'll be in Boston July 19 through July 21. If anyone on this list lives in that vicinity and is interested in meeting contact me backchannel at <[REDACTED]>.

Jonathan Brannen

[↑ Contents](#)

279. **Hoa Nguyen**

Re: dearest jay

Thu 12 Jun 1997

Although some would like the topic (forever) closed, I wanted to comment on Jay's complaint, so here I go (which is the choice/freedom we have here-- how terrific!-- which btw is etomologically related to "terror"):

I too think that Jay's post was not a direction for censorship but a plea for more careful postings and an opinion concerning some of the humor-filled posts. I applauded Jay for speaking out on this-- I know as I delete I grumble and mumble-- and I appreciate Jay expressing something that I too sometimes feel.

I am not for censorship on this list and I think the multi-tonality add to the community of voices, including Jay's voice. I do, however, feel very creepy towards this "dearest jay" post-- perhaps Kim Dawn can respond on this-- do others read this as mean-spiriting or is this another example of how tones like irony are difficult to read?

With utter sincerity--

Hoa

>well, you must be quite satisfied. you've received quite a respomnse to
>your complaint.
>you just never knew the likes of me,
>till now.
>don't get your cock in a tangle.
>amd don't lash out before you know.
>
>"I am not timid. I've been knocked around. Someone (a man at his wit's
end
>) took my hand and drove hid knife into it. Blood everywhere. Afterward
he
>was trembling. He held out his hand to me so that I could nail it to
the
>table or against a door. Because he had gashed me like that, the man, a
>lunatic, thought he was now my friend; he pushed his wife into my arms;
he
>followed me through the streets crying, "I am the plaything of an
immoral
>delirium, I confess, I confess." A strange sort of lunatic. Meanwhile
the
>blood was dripping on my only suit."
>

Maurice

>Blanchot, The Madness of the Day, p.8
>
>of course you

Get Your *Web-Based* Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>

[↑ Contents](#)

280. **Henry G**
classicism is revolution

Thu 12 Jun 1997

Bored at work (lucky me) here is my critique of the old / rule for the new:

1. romanticism is the aesthetic as an experience. classicism is the aesthetic tempered by the mind (intellect). not for the sake of purification but in recognition of the addressee. balance, judgement.
2. theory is the hypertrophy of critique, the idolization of intellect. "poetry is the ambitious pedant's art" (apologies to Stevens).
3. Art is to hide art [ars est celare artem]. out of respect for the addressee. mannerism is out. deep simplicity is in.
4. autonomy is out. engagement is in. freedom is the impulse. individual expression is the mark of intellectual effort & moral experience.
5. in the future poets will not be granted much weight unless they show an individual re-working, a personalization of the totality of themes. the personal mark is the native mind. (not necessarily autobiography). - HG

[↑ Contents](#)

281. **Gabrielle Welford**
Verdict in Azi Kambule Case (fwd)

Thu 12 Jun 1997

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Thu, 12 Jun 1997 08:18:03 -1000

From: NCADP National Office <[REDACTED]>

All capital murder charges against Azikwe Kambule (the South African youngster who until last week was facing the death penalty in Mississippi) have been dropped. In exchange, Azi, who was in the tenth grade at the time of his arrest, plead guilty to aiding and abetting the carjacking of Department of Human Services worker Pamela McGill and assisting in the attempt to sell her stolen vehicle.

Since his arrest in February of 1996, Azi has maintained that while he was with Santonio Berry (McGill's admitted car jacker and killer) the crime was not his idea and he played no role in its commission other than following Berry's order to turn the car around for him while he took McGill in to the woods. An order Azi said he carried out because he feared Berry and which he failed to complete because he could not drive.

Azi did not change his story when he appeared in court on Wednesday afternoon in Canton to plead guilty to the charges of aiding and abetting carjacking and accessory to murder after the fact.

During the hearing Madison County Circuit Court Judge John B. Toney, who presided over Berry's sentencing hearing, challenged Azi's statement. Toney said that Berry had told him that the carjacking was Azi's idea and that Azi had held the gun on McGill. Azi, who remained calm and respectful throughout the hearing, told Judge Toney that Berry's statements were not true.

Defense attorney Robert McDuff said that despite his limited involvement Azi made the right decision when he accepted the plea. "The law today is very unforgiving on this issue," McDuff said. "Mr. Kambule did not handle the weapon and did not instigate the crime; however, by his own admission, he was there from beginning to end and tried to turn the car around. Given that a murdered occurred during the carjacking, those facts in and of themselves were enough for a capital murder conviction."

Azi's lead attorney, Chokwe Lumumba, said that Azi's chances of receiving a fair trial had been compromised by the high level of negative publicity surrounding the case and the fact that prosecutors had purposely moved the trial from a predominantly black county to a more conservative, mostly white county for the expressed purpose of getting a death sentence for his client.

Azi's father, Michael Chabeli who took an all night flight from Johannesburg in order to be present for the hearing, said that he and his wife were relieved that the prosecution had dropped the murder charges and the attempt to take their son's life.

Chabeli said that he did not consider the arrangement to be just, but merely the best that could be arranged under the circumstances. "We're taking things one step at a time," he said.

Chabeli added that his son was remorseful. "If he could turn back the clock," Chabeli said "I know he would do a lot of things differently."

However, he said that he did not see how his son, who was younger than Berry and had no history of violence or arrest, could have stopped the known troublemaker from committing this crime.

"What happened that night was a tragedy," Chabeli said. "I hope the judge will be able to weigh the facts, look at my son and realize that he is a good kid who fell in with the wrong people... that he is filled with pain and sorrow and that he would never let himself get caught up in something like this ever again."

The sentencing hearing currently scheduled to be held before Judge Robert L. Goza for 9 AM on Friday, June 20 at the Madison County Circuit Court in Canton. The prosecution is expected to recommend that Azi receive 35 years, the maximum sentence allowed for under the law.

No matter what the eventual sentence may be, Azi's parents say that the next step will be working to get their son turned over to the care of South African authorities.

[↑ Contents](#)

282. **john chris jones**

parts of the cyberepic

Thu 12 Jun 1997

cyberepic: 3rd posting

(the beginning of the Dante/jones conversation, mentioned earlier)

DANTE REWRITING, first manifestation

I want you to forget about Dante Alighieri, he died in 13 something, this is a new Dante, just conceived in this sentence. I've not got an identity, not yet. No number, no name that means anything (but for the allusion to teeth?) and no connection with Christianity or medieval politics or even philosophy. I'm not even a poet for I don't believe in any specialised profession, or even a vocation, if it excludes you from all the others, or from being a person of integrity, or should I say a mind?. Yes, that's what I aspire to, though I exist only as words and their associations, not as a mortal or as a living being or human animal. But I believe in the absolute and that's something I don't find in your writing mr. jones. ... Yes I'd like to make life easier for you, and for your contemporaries, by showing you something of what your ancestors lost when they left the other Dante in the middle ages with its beliefs and its beautiful thought-structures, as you'd call them, forsaking everything sublime or immortal for a crude and cruel elevation of people, or everyman and everywoman, to the big places left empty of God. That was a disaster but I see it has practical advantages, even now. And terrible risks.

mr. jones pauses to consider this writing, which has appeared so unexpectedly before him, before he writes the next sentence ...

... Oh yes, he types to himself, unsure if this new Dante can see what jones is writing, oh yes, I like the sound of your words, and their implications, though as yet I can't see how even you, if you retain any of Dante Alighieri's powers, can bridge the big gap between Christianity and humanism, between the old world and this ... But why are you here and what are you doing?

Well mr. jones, types Dante from an invisible keyboard, I see that you believe in writing your name without capital letters, and that you and your contemporaries believe in very little else. That's what you say, anyway, and what you write in your books and your articles, even poems. But to me there is still reason as well as instinct enough to distinguish between Proper and improper nouns with a capital letter. And this little detail is sufficient (as we commence what I'm hoping is to become our book of the twentieth century, and also of the modern era and what is now succeeding it) it is enough to lead us to everything else ... Significant detail, mr. jones, the starting point from which this new Dante (of modern times and afterwards) is going to survey and pronounce on The Whole, or should I write the whole, or even the hole that such a concept seems to seem to some of you. N'est pas? ... Or shall I say non é? or is it noné? For I want to speak colloquially, y'know, and I'm forgetting my Italian. I'm a new creation...

'... that final belief
Must be in a fiction. It is time to choose.'

from 'Asides on the oboe', The collected poems of Wallace Stevens, Faber & Faber, London, 1955, p250 (poem chosen by chance process, lines chosen by jones)

(c) 1997 john chris jones

You may transmit this text to anyone for any non-commercial purpose if you include the copyright line and this sentence.

If you want to read more of this or would prefer it to stop please tell me backchannel and I'll try to act accordingly. This is its first publication but I hope it won't be its last.

(previous postings appeared in Poetics Digests of 4-5th June and 9-10th June 97)

[↑ Contents](#)

283. **Hank Lazer**

Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless

Thu 12 Jun 1997

Not bound to my Loden-Bowering-Bormige model moveable deskchair, I looked up late last night and saw on the computer screen the following message:

Word is saving poems

Such a warm and pleasant feeling, to know that Word is so benevolent. I have been trying for many years to save poems, and this feeling of companionship in the endeavor is so pleasant.... Are others able to help out with the implications of this message?

Hank Lazer

[↑ Contents](#)

284. **Maria Damon**

Re: dearest jay

Thu 12 Jun 1997

actaully i thot kim dawn's response was hilarious tho' i can see why it might be offensive...esp to jay. jay, are u okay out there?

At 12:03 PM -0700 6/12/97, Hoa Nguyen wrote:

>Although some would like the topic (forever) closed, I wanted to comment
>on Jay's complaint, so here I go (which is the choice/freedom we have
>here-- how terrific!-- which btw is etomologically related to "terror"):

>

>I too think that Jay's post was not a direction for censorship but a
>plea for more careful postings and an opinion concerning some of the
>humor-filled posts. I applauded Jay for speaking out on this-- I know
>as I delete I grumble and mumble-- and I appreciate Jay expressing
>something that I too sometimes feel.

>

>I am not for censorship on this list and I think the multi-tonality add
>to the community of voices, including Jay's voice. I do, however, feel
>very creepy towards this "dearest jay" post-- perhaps Kim Dawn can
>respond on this-- do others read this as mean-spiriting or is this
>another example of how tones like irony are difficult to read?

>

>With utter sincerity--

>

>Hoa

>

>

>

>

>>well, you must be quite satisfied. you've received quite a respomnse to
>>your complaint.

>>you just never knew the likes of me,

>>till now.
>>don't get your cock in a tangle.
>>amd don't lash out before you know.
>>
>>"I am not timid. I've been knocked around. Someone (a man at his wit's
>end
>>) took my hand and drove hid knife into it. Blood everywhere. Afterward
>he
>>was trembling. He held out his hand to me so that I could nail it to
>the
>>table or against a door. Because he had gashed me like that, the man, a
>>lunatic, thought he was now my friend; he pushed his wife into my arms;
>he
>>followed me through the streets crying, "I am the plaything of an
>immoral
>>delirium, I confess, I confess." A strange sort of lunatic. Meanwhile
>the
>>blood was dripping on my only suit."
>> Maurice
>>Blanchot, The Madness of the Day, p.8
>>
>>of course you
>
>
>-----
>Get Your *Web-Based* Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>
>-----

[↑ Contents](#)

285. **William Burmeister Prod**

Re: dearest jay

Thu 12 Jun 1997

*I do, however, feel
very creepy towards this "dearest jay" post-- perhaps Kim Dawn can
respond on this-- do others read this as mean-spiriting or is this
another example of how tones like irony are difficult to read?*

It's nature's way of saying "don't touch!"

[↑ Contents](#)

286. **Pete Landers**

Re: Inappropriate postings

Thu 12 Jun 1997

So spank me!

On Tue, 10 Jun 1997 Jay Schwartz wrote:

>

> My volume of e-mail is, I'm sure, as high as everyone else on this list.

> I enjoy much of the public discussion. But I'm almost ready to

> unsubscribe based on the number of messages which belong in the realm of

> backchanneling. I'm just not interested in light bondage humor involving

> people I've never met. I'm also impatient with the great frequency of

> private messages which inadvertantly are sent to the entire list. Please

> show more discretion with the send button.

>

> Jay Schwartz, at his absolute snooty and snottiest.

>

[↑ Contents](#)

287. **Mark Weiss**

(no subject)

Thu 12 Jun 1997

To any who will be within easy access of Baltimore between now and mid-January I strongly recommend a show at the recently-opened Museum of Visionary Art (for which newageism read outsider art), "Apocalyptic Visions." One of the most impressive art shows I have ever seen. Over 100 works from the "normal" to the totally out-of-it, many elaborating complex cosmologies. A fair amount of schizophrenic language (see, particularly, a coat elaborately embroidered with both images and word-salad). The largest piece is a 300 foot by 5 foot painting interpreting the symbolism of the Book of Revelations. A very few of the artists are well known (there are 5 or 6 very good Howard Finsters), a few come from L'Art Brut in Lausanne (turn of the century Austrian psychotics), a few are French or English, the bulk American. Not to be missed. No catalogue, alas. Allow 4 hours minimum, better yet two visits. This is worth the trip from say NY or Boston. \$5.00 gets you in.

[↑ Contents](#)

288. **Mark Weiss**

Re: parts of the cyberepic

Thu 12 Jun 1997

I type, therefore I am.

At 09:10 PM 6/12/97 +0100, you wrote:

>cyberepic: 3rd posting

>

>(the beginning of the Dante/jones conversation, mentioned earlier)

>

>

>

>DANTE REWRITING, first manifestation

>

>

>

>

>I want you to forget about Dante Alighieri, he died in 13 something, this
>is a new Dante, just conceived in this sentence. I've not got an identity,
>not yet. No number, no name that means anything (but for the allusion to
>teeth?) and no connection with Christianity or medieval politics or even
>philosophy. I'm not even a poet for I don't believe in any specialised
>profession, or even a vocation, if it excludes you from all the others, or
>from being a person of integrity, or should I say a mind?. Yes, that's
>what I aspire to, though I exist only as words and their associations, not
>as a mortal or as a living being or human animal. But I believe in the
>absolute and that's something I don't find in your writing mr. jones. ...
>Yes I'd like to make life easier for you, and for your contemporaries, by
>showing you something of what your ancestors lost when they left the other
>Dante in the middle ages with its beliefs and its beautiful
>thought-structures, as you'd call them, forsaking everything sublime or
>immortal for a crude and cruel elevation of people, or everyman and
>everywoman, to the big places left empty of God. That was a disaster but I
>see it has practical advantages, even now. And terrible risks.

>

>mr. jones pauses to consider this writing, which has appeared so
>unexpectedly before him, before he writes the next sentence ...

>

>

>... Oh yes, he types to himself, unsure if this new Dante can see what
>jones is writing, oh yes, I like the sound of your words, and their
>implications, though as yet I can't see how even you, if you retain any of

>Dante Alighieri's powers, can bridge the big gap between Christianity and
>humanism, between the old world and this ... But why are you here and what
>are you doing?

>

>Well mr. jones, types Dante from an invisible keyboard, I see that you
>believe in writing your name without capital letters, and that you and your
>contemporaries believe in very little else. That's what you say, anyway,
>and what you write in your books and your articles, even poems. But to me
>there is still reason as well as instinct enough to distinguish between
>Proper and improper nouns with a capital letter. And this little detail is
>sufficient (as we commence what I'm hoping is to become our book of the
>twentieth century, and also of the modern era and what is now succeeding
>it) it is enough to lead us to everything else ... Significant detail, mr.
>jones, the starting point from which this new Dante (of modern times and
>afterwards) is going to survey and pronounce on The Whole, or should I
>write the whole, or even the hole that such a concept seems to seem to some
>of you. N'est pas? ... Or shall I say non é? or is it noné? For I want to
>speak colloquially, y'know, and I'm forgetting my Italian. I'm a new
>creation...

>

>

>'... that final belief

>Must be in a fiction. It is time to choose.'

>

>from 'Asides on the oboe', The collected poems of Wallace Stevens, Faber &
>Faber, London, 1955, p250 (poem chosen by chance process, lines chosen by
>jones)

>

>

>

>(c) 1997 john chris jones

>You may transmit this text to anyone for any non-commercial purpose if you
>include the copyright line and this sentence.

>

>

>If you want to read more of this or would prefer it to stop please tell me
>backchannel and I'll try to act accordingly. This is its first publication
>but I hope it won't be its last.

>

>(previous postings appeared in Poetics Digests of 4-5th June and 9-10th
>June 97)

>
>

[↑ Contents](#)

289. **Mark Weiss**

Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless

Thu 12 Jun 1997

In a similar mode, I saw recently a documentary slide show with subtitling for the deaf. Begins with music only, indicated sub as "[music]." Which got me thinking--does the word change the impact of that particular silence, transform it to another brand of same?

At 05:16 PM 6/12/97 CST6CDT, you wrote:

>Not bound to my Loden-Bowering-Bormige model moveable deskchair, I
>looked up late last night and saw on the computer screen the following
>message:
>
>Word is saving poems
>
>Such a warm and pleasant feeling, to know that Word is so benevolent.
>I have been trying for many years to save poems, and this feeling of
>companionship in the endeavor is so pleasant.... Are others able to
>help out with the implications of this message?
>
>Hank Lazer
>
>

[↑ Contents](#)

290. **David Israel**

Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless -Reply

Thu 12 Jun 1997

from Hank Lazar:

- - - start - - -

. . . . I looked up late last night and saw on the computer screen the following message:

Word is saving poems

Such a warm and pleasant feeling, to know that Word is so benevolent. I have been trying for many years to save poems, and this feeling of companionship in

the endeavor is so pleasant.... Are others able to help out with the implications of this message? - - - finis - - -

how about turn it around this a'way:

poem is saving words

so:

| POEM IS SAVING WORDS | | poem was fetchin' a heap o' words & puttin' 'em in her basket | some were wee-teensie words and some where downright ornery | some were everyday anyway words and some were so particular | you'd hafta use a pair o' tweezers & a microscope just to make | head or tails ovem | | poem put 'em wherever they fell in her basket which wasn't a | gasket eventho that's what isreal who wasn't dante nor jones | first typed before he corrected it to gasket but anyway there | they all were gathered up some even upside-down or downside- | up and many were hidden | | behind the others which was quite alright with poem because | poem just wanted to save 'em and use 'em somewheres else | if there was another wheres else and poem figured likely there | was because that's how she figured these manner of figurings | and so she saved lots ovem

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

291. **Thomas M. Orange**

Word is saving poems

Fri 13 Jun 1997

is saving Word.
do you wish to
format? (saving to..)
another disk. save
as poem
format. [Y/N?]
strike any
key. safe ..
in the Word.
saving is poems.

[↑ Contents](#)

292. **Herb Levy**

Not Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless

Fri 13 Jun 1997

Mark Weiss wrote:

In a similar mode, I saw recently a documentary slide show with subtitling for the deaf. Begins with music only, indicated sub as "[music]." Which got me thinking--does the word change the impact of that particular silence, transform it to another brand of same?

Interesting to have subtitles rather than an interpreter, but I guess it'd have to be too dark for that in order to show slides. (& it's probably cheaper, too.)

There's a nice sign for music in ASL taken, reasonably enough, from one of the visual elements of the performance of much music: one hand out, in the manner of a chorister holding a folio of music, while the other hand makes a page turning gesture.

At concerts in which there is an ASL interpreter, some interpreters I've seen made a show of being impatient for more English language to sign while making this music/paging sign.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

293. **Kim Dawn**

word is saving poems

Fri 13 Jun 1997

the storage from some thing from mouth
clinging.
needed.
desired. longed for.
word of mouth
from my tongue to yours to hers
put in an empty milk container,
frozen in the freezer overnight
like a ponytail
cut
(felt like a limb)
words have insurmountable power.
they are photographs. molding in someones basement.
discarded. but residing as memory within our muscles.
the words spoken. uttered. unsaid. remain.

yes. maria, i am basically mean-spirited at heart. basically. i'm a pussycat. i just play differently. i grew up with guns.

sure, blame in on childhood.

hey brossard. marlat. moure. lover. show your face. dawn upon us.

hey pretty boy. give us some wrist poems.

gasp -----+ ((((((((((((((((

gasp . (

in between space(s) (

breath (.

pause .)

utter)....)....)....)....)....)

stutter)....)....)....)....)....)

s/wallow -----.------.------.------.-

[↑ Contents](#)

294. **John Tranter**

Fw: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless

Fri 13 Jun 1997

Hi, Hank.

Maybe it was trying to say ...

"Word is saving poems from their own worst impulses ... "

and it got choked off.

[illegible]

John Tranter

> > From: Hank Lazer <[REDACTED]>

 $\gg T_0:$

> > Subject: Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless

> > Date: Friday, 13 June 1997 3:16

> >

> > Not bound to my Loden-Bowering-Bormige model moveable deskchair, I

> > looked up late last night and saw on the computer screen the

> following

```
> > message:
```

> >

> > Word is saving poems

 $\gg$

> > Such a warm and pleasant feeling, to know that Word is so

benevolent.

> > I have been trying for many years to save poems, and this feeling of

> > companionship in the endeavor is so pleasant.... Are others able to

> > help out with the implications of this message?

> >

> > Hank Lazer

[↑ Contents](#)

295. **Miekal And**

Re: word is saving poems

Fri 13 Jun 1997

Kim Dawn wrote:

>

> the storage from some hold me down thing from mouth

> clinging. thereby whereby

> needed.

> desired. of consequence the grasp touch relieves longed for.

> word of mouthorgan twister

> from my tongue to yours to hers by midnight we rank the fire

> put in an empty milk container, cheers where banging bangs

> frozen in the freezer overnight

> like a ponytail

> cut lip by lip

> (felt like a limb)

> words have insurmountable power.

> they are photographs. molding in someones basement.

> discarded. but residing as memory within our muscles.

> the words spoken. uttered. unsaid. remain.

e. lover. show your face. dawn upon us.

>

> hey pretty boy. give us some wrist poems.

>

> gasp -----+ (((((((((((((((

> gasp . (

> in between space(s) (

> breath (.

> pause .)

> utter)....)....)....)....)....)

```
> stutter      ....).....).....).....).....).....)
> s/wallow     -----,-----,-----,-----,
```

ZINGA!

--

@#@

Dreamtime Village website: <http://net22.com/dreamtime>

QAZINGULAZA: And/Was/Wakest website:

<http://net22.com/qazingulaza>

e-mail for DT & And/Was:

[↑ Contents](#)

296. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless

Fri 13 Jun 1997

Hank, what the computer failed to mention is that Microsoft Word is indeed saving poems, but it automatically downloads the poem & its copyright to the databases of Bill Gates, who is rumored to charge even more for reprint rights than the Eliot estate.

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

297. **Mark Prejsnar**

Re: Inappropriate postings

Fri 13 Jun 1997

Yup--some applause for Jay Schwartz....I myself:

1. don't much care for the endless archness
2. think it probably goes with the current state of cyber-territory and there isn't much to be done
3. when I get bored by "hi-jinx"... "I reach for my delete key"--Every list I've had any contact with at all has static and white noise....It sure makes 'em an accurate synecdoche of contemporary culchah!
4. I don't see much chance for Jay winning, but wd. like to let him know he ain't alone...

Mark P.

On Tue, 10 Jun 1997, Robert Hale wrote:

In responding to Jay's concerns, people seem to be pigeon-holing him into the role of censor, which he certainly opened himself up to. However, the

points he raises regarding back-channeling and private messages are quite valid.

Unfortunately, the server cannot be programmed to limit the number of times a subscriber can post in a 24-hour period. We are on an honor system in this regard that a handful cannot resist breaking.

To those who defend references to S&M on the list as a way to keep people interested -- what does this say about the list in general? Is this list a struggling comedy show?

At 10:20 AM 6/10/97 -0700, you wrote:

My volume of e-mail is, I'm sure, as high as everyone else on this list. I enjoy much of the public discussion. But I'm almost ready to unsubscribe based on the number of messages which belong in the realm of backchanneling. I'm just not interested in light bondage humor involving people I've never met. I'm also impatient with the great frequency of private messages which inadvertantly are sent to the entire list. Please show more discretion with the send button.

Jay Schwartz, at his absolute snooty and snottiest.

[↑ Contents](#)

298. **Maria Damon**

Re: word is saving poems

Fri 13 Jun 1997

At 1:04 AM -0400 6/13/97, Kim Dawn wrote:

>...

>

>

>yes. maria, i am basically mean-spirited at heart. basically. i'm a pussycat.

>i just play differently. i grew up with guns.

>

is this directed at me? have i implied such a thing? not intentionally that's for sure. i thought your "dearest jay" was funny as i said.--md

[↑ Contents](#)

299. **Kim Dawn**

Re: dearest jay

Fri 13 Jun 1997

>actaully i thot kim dawn's response was hilarious tho' i can see why it
>might be offensive...esp to jay. jay, are u okay out there?
>
>At 12:03 PM -0700 6/12/97, Hoa Nguyen wrote:
>>Although some would like the topic (forever) closed, I wanted to comment
>>on Jay's complaint, so here I go (which is the choice/freedom we have
>>here-- how terrific!-- which btw is etomologically related to "terror"):
>>
>>I too think that Jay's post was not a direction for censorship but a
>>plea for more careful postings and an opinion concerning some of the
>>humor-filled posts. I applauded Jay for speaking out on this-- I know
>>as I delete I grumble and mumble-- and I appreciate Jay expressing
>>something that I too sometimes feel.
>>
>>I am not for censorship on this list and I think the multi-tonality add
>>to the community of voices, including Jay's voice. I do, however, feel
>>very creepy towards this "dearest jay" post-- perhaps Kim Dawn can
>>respond on this-- do others read this as mean-spiriting or is this
>>another example of how tones like irony are difficult to read?
>>
>>With utter sincerity--
>>
>>Hoa
>>
>> sorry maria, no personal offence intended to you or anyone.
i thought you were asking if my response (s) were mean-spirited.
and, of course they are and of course they're not.

words are so powerful.
>>
>>
>>

[↑ Contents](#)

300. **Burt Kimmelman**
Re: Inappropriate postings
Fri 13 Jun 1997

yeah, jay, i can see your point too--though i've had a few good chuckles at the witty vitriol certain of our democratic society (i.e., this list) have leveled at you.

[↑ Contents](#)

301. **Rebecca Reynolds**
Re: not bondage, but pleasant nonetheless
Fri 13 Jun 1997

But what poems is it saving?

Word is saving poems

*Such a warm and pleasant feeling, to know that Word is so benevolent.
I have been trying for many years to save poems, and this feeling of
companionship in the endeavor is so pleasant.... Are others able to
help out with the implications of this message?*

Hank Lazer

[↑ Contents](#)

302. **Don Cheney**
Word is saving poems from sleeping through sex
Fri 13 Jun 1997

this reminds me of how funny WORD the word-processing software is. if you have the letters zzzz in a document and run the spell check the only word WORD can imagine you're trying to spell is sex.

Don

Word is saving poems

*Such a warm and pleasant feeling, to know that Word is so benevolent.
I have been trying for many years to save poems, and this feeling of
companionship in the endeavor is so pleasant.... Are others able to
help out with the implications of this message?*

Hank Lazer

=====
Don Cheney San Diego, CA, USA

<http://www.geocities.com/Paris/5791>



=====

[↑ Contents](#)

303. **Kim Dawn**

i propose,

Fri 13 Jun 1997

would
you
like
to
be
my
date
for
the
tri
birthday
party
at
sharons
sunday
?

[↑ Contents](#)

304. **Kim Dawn**

(no subject)

Fri 13 Jun 1997

please ignore the last message sent.
was not meant for everyone.

[↑ Contents](#)

305. **Jordan Davis**

Word is trapped in a fortune-cookie factory

Fri 13 Jun 1997

Don --

My favorite scary feature of word (aside from macro viruses -- thanks, evil geniuses!) is the "Tip of the Day." One morning I got the advice that "What goes

away on its own can come back on its own." The machine froze, and when I restarted, I got the flashing question mark. Two weeks later, after it turned out that my mouse had short-circuited the logic board (! -- or somebody at the shop was having a good laugh at the warranty's expense), I opened word, and got "Did you know you can get information about tab stops."

A nation that needs short stories is a nation in peril,
Jordan

[↑ Contents](#)

306. **Daniel Tessitore**
ministry of inappropriate writings
Fri 13 Jun 1997

I logged on this morning and when I came back with the coffee my inbox looked like this:

(name) Inappropriate...
(name) Inappropriate...
(name) Inappropriate...
(name) Inappropriate...
(name) Inappropriate...
(name) Inappropriate...

The whole affair looks (perhaps wonderfully) like something the Monte Python Circus would do were it still on the tube: Ministry of Inappropriate Writings, Listserv Division.

[John Cleese is seen behind a large desk, behind him a Thatcher collector plate on the wall, his name placard reads Cecil Twattle, enter Michael Palin]

MP: Hello, Mr. Twattle? Listserv Division?

JC: Yes, can I help you?

MP: I have something you might be interested in. It's quite inappropriate, I think.

JC: Ah, very well...uh...proceed.

MP: (ahem-hmm)....NIPPLES!

JC: [pause, blank stare] Well, that seems more FOPPISH than inappropriate now doesn't it?

MP: [visibly disappointed] Oh, really?

JC: Yes, I'm afraid so. I'm terribly sorry. We must maintain standards you understand...

MP: Yes, yes, of course.

JC: The Ministry of Foppish Displays is two doors further along. They don't have a Listserv Division I'm afraid, but do try "Captains of Industry."

MP: I certainly will, thank you so much.

JC: Not at all...

From: Judy Roitman[SMTP: [REDACTED]]
Sent: Saturday, June 14, 1997 4:30 AM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Inappropriate postings

Has anyone else noticed the large quantity of postings on this topic, much larger than most topics get?

----- Judy Roitman
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]
Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

[↑ Contents](#)

307. **Daniel Tessitore**

Re: POETICS Digest - 12 Jun 1997 to 13 Jun 1997

Fri 13 Jun 1997

Probably the list is already familiar with this, but my summer reading included From Outlaw To Classic, Alan Golding's account of the American tradition through the anthology. Very interesting.

DT

From: Susan Wheeler[SMTP: [REDACTED]]
Sent: Saturday, June 14, 1997 8:32 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: POETICS Digest - 12 Jun 1997 to 13 Jun 1997

>desperate for a new topic).

>Jordan

>

>PS I have the same summer reading list as last year, so I'm too ashamed to

>ask what everybody else is reading.

>

I'd be grateful for recommendations of texts that discuss aspects of poetic lineage -- either focusing on individual poets and their adopted forebears or on the nature of this construction: how we inherit/construct our affinities and dominant sources (via pedagogy, etc.). Many thanks in advance.

Have been plowing through a number of recent translations for a couple of reviews -- Breton, Deluy, Valery, Eluard, du Bouchet, Alferi, Fourcade, Jaccottet. Ace. Can't remember what was on your list last year, Jordan -- care to share again?

V

Susan Wheeler

██████████

voice/fax ██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

308. **Daniel Tessitore**

Re: Diamanda Galas

Fri 13 Jun 1997

I had a copy of Galas' THE PLAGUE MASS, but returned it to its owner. I believe that was recorded live in a Cathedral/church in NYC, thugh I'm not sure. Yoko Ono meets Laurie Anderson meets Satan. Captivating to say the least.

DT

From: Gwyn McVay[SMTP:██████████]

Sent: Saturday, June 14, 1997 10:57 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Diamanda Galas

David I. or anybody in the know, p'raps you could backchannel me with a short discography of la Galas? Always been interested, never able to find her stuff.

Gwyn

```
begin 600 WINMAIL.DAT M>)\^(@H,`0:0" ` $` ``````!``$``0>0!@`(```Y
0` ``````#H` $` ██████████ M` @` ``(`` @`!!) &`%0!````!````#` `````,`#`#` ````"P`/
#@` ````"``?√ M`0` ``%L` ````````@2L?I+ZC$!F=;@#=#`0]4` @` ````!50B!0;V5T:6-
S(&1I M<V-U<W-I; ██████████)O=7 `4TU44 !03T5424-
30$Q)4U1315)6+D%#4U4N0E5& M1D%,3RY%1%4``!X``C !````!0``%-5%
``````@`#, $````B````4$]% M5$E#4T!,25-44T525BY!0U-5+D)51D9!3$
\N1415````P`5# $````#`/X/ M!@` ``!X``3 !````@` ``"PB!0;V5T:6-S(&1I<V-
U<W-I; ██████████)O=7 G M` ````@`+,$````G````4TU44#I03T5424-
30$Q)4U1315)6+D%#4U4N0E5&
M1D%,3RY%1%4```,`#D` ````"P! .@$` ````" ?8/^0` ````0` ``````#SD ! M"(`!
@` ``!)4$TN36EC<F]S;V9T($UA:6PN3F]T90`Q" $$@ $`$P``%)% M.B!
$:6%M86YD82!'86QA<P`(!@$%@,`#@` ``,T'!@`-`!4`0`(``4`"@`$!
M((#`X``#-!P8`#0`4`#L``@`%`#T!`0F`0`A` ``13E$14-$.#4R0T4T M1#
```

Q,██████,T-#0U-3,U-# P,# `!@<!'Y &`&@\$``2````"P`C` `````` `#  
M`"8``````L`\*0``````P`V` ``````! `#D`P`]]>O%WO \$>`'``0``!`,` M`!  
██████&EA;6%N9&\$@1V%L87,``(!<0`!````%@````&\\=\_%Z†-WNKD M+!'0B+  
\$15-4` ````!X`'@P!````!0````%--5% ``````@`?# \$` ``1` ````  
M9&%N:65L0'1I=2YA8RYJ< ```` `#``802U]6F@,`!Q"\\0``'@`(\$ \$``!E  
M` ``24A!1\$%#3U!93T9'04Q!4U1(15!,04Q4U!4U,L0E544D5455).141)  
M5%1/25133U=.15))0D5,2456151(051705-214-/  
4D1%1\$Q)5D5)3D%#051( M141204PO0TA54D-(20` ````" 0D0`0` ``/  
\$"``#M`@` ``R00` `\$Q:1G52.%28 M\_P`\*`0"%"0\*H!>L"@P!0`O() `@!C: K  
<V5T,C<&``;#`H,R`\\4"``!R0G\$1 MXG-T96T"@S.W`N0'\$P\*#-!+,%,5]"H \_,)V0\*  
"H\$-L0M@;F<X,3 S%% + M"A5B,38C%P`-X"!)(!& 9" \$82 %H'!Y(&]F!"!T!  
A<R<@5 !(12!03\$%' M50\$<P\$U!4U,L(&)6 %Z!T""N"8 @,FD%0'1O'G\$\$  
(&]WB1Y <BX;(6)E M; B0W'9E'J ██████ =QQ@`>%\_!:\$-L!MP'] @`0N &X%#U2!  
0: F <@= +Q%P M""!C\$7 ADDY90QV0(#!U`F<BX\$DG;2!N;Q4%0',(<&4?  
<%EO:W4>P\$\\D(" ' M@!' !",UF\$(<A2P;@2!<P(@)47[!A !D&X?<"P!3 A8!"  
0Y0N 9QZB<V\$; MX"(1(4 R91Q@="X\*A0J%1%1\*5P\*]!\_0,██████`M%I\\TQ-#0-\\  
S0+#,+6=\\: MP1-0)# %D 5 +2Y7"H?7+0L,, "██████]>+f#((<('=Y`Z!-8U8!\*(!;  
M4TU44#IG!&UC)]Y,4!/4P!&,2Y'354N1?A\$55TN\_S -!F ",#\$\_-S)+)Q\$  
( M<&0H@!V02G4-'D @+## =D#\$Y.3>1.F P.C4ZX%!--6\\9, U4;S>O,DM03T4`  
M5\$E#4T!,25. 5%-4E8N03\_0`34`0E5&1D%,3\\<U\$CN/-GYU8FHN\$3VO\_3)+  
M1 <P`X\$YT!PD\*E\\K8SPS-BS7%#\$+\\BW61&%Tý;<\$D?< 6Q`!Y70;@9!██████(:  
\$HLFLD('>I'9!P)R)0< 0@> ██████ =6P;<&(`T&L1<7YN'D #( > (' >  
M@"██████<D\*A7-H%T\$@9 0`!:"["< GD&@;XPM@""0\_#+#^;"\$[ ?H0GP(9\$3  
MT!>@\_1/!9!V0'D @`\$IA`F @\$?\\>P"P`)C \*A2(@3H\$>\$ W0ORE-,Q(17\$<\_ M+  
<58C(2L!<██████%L\$`68 ````#`! 0` `````,`\$1 ````0` ``,. Y.B\_Q E=[P!0`(.  
Y.B\_Q=[P!`@`]``\$````%````4D4Z( ````#`=+P``` end

[↑ Contents](#)

### 309. **P.Standard Schaefer**

#### **Re: Inappropriate postings**

Fri 13 Jun 1997

I wasn't going to add any more pointless posts, but the beating Jay received makes me also want to let him know, as well as his enemies, that I agree with his position. The excessive silliness of many of these posts keeps me from being any more active on the board, as Mark Presjnar seems to feel as well. Thanks Jay and sorry for the heat.

Standard Schaefer

[↑ Contents](#)



310. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***hi-jinx and High Moral Purposes and all that...***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

i've been on a few mailing lists, and i've noticed a wierd phenomenon: these lists will be muddling along in chatty, good-humored fashion, and someone (so far, has always been male) will join and after perhaps a day, or maybe a week on the list (though once it was three weeks) will send out some brisk Authoritarian "Now Stop All This Nonsense" thing about keeping on topic and high moral purposes and so forth...

and i must admit, 1) i think it is a sort of testosterone-y power cum Making an Impression of Importance thing; 2) i think it something of effrontery to venture to tell people who've been on a list for, perhaps years, how to run it after you've been on perhaps a day, week, month; 3) lists are FOR mail. for heavens sake, one can always delete (i do when i'm tired or restless), and if a list has too much mail, THEN and ONLY THEN do i see any point, really, in trying to cut down volume. i would define "too much mail" as enough to start choking servor.

i speak as perhaps one who should keep modestly silent, since i was one of ones in on high jinks (mine was the gertrude stein poem). but i very much enjoy the silly exchanges -- i can't really see how one could be High Toned Ladies quite ALL the time (can we have a bit of color then, eh?). for heavens sake, it is SUMMER (or is in u.s. anyway).

there are lots of dead serious CUT TO ONLY THEORY/TECHNICAL MATTERS lists on just about everything there is (am on a few). but this is a poetics list, for godess's sake, about/with/referring to, POETS and writers. what on earth would one expect from a list with writers on it if not a bit of wild and funny and creative writing/jokes/chatter. i mean, really, we sit alone in rooms for hours picking and blazing away -- let us have a little fun when we finally get out of the box eh?

and that goes for the academics (who are stuck, god help them, with tons of children not quite out of PUBERTY for far too many hours in a day) and critics (who have to wade through all that critical/theoretical stuff and still try and maintain a vestige of sanity)..

enter theme song from macdonalds, ... "have you had a Break Today? So get Up and Get Away" (this for you maria, you pop culturalist you!) e

[↑ Contents](#)

311. **Hoa Nguyen**

***Re: dearest / let me lick***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Maria, I don't know what is "hilarious" about Kim Dawn's posts-- surely if someone wrote "I want to snip off your nipples with pinking shears/ (this is not poetry)" directed \*to\* me, I would be alarmed and feel threatened. I can't see the humor here because it was \*aimed at\* one particular person, Jay, and I imagine this may be why you wrote also asking if he was OK.

"Nature's way of saying don't touch" is very apt. (thanks William Burmeister) And as with the skunk, you have to deal with the smell. Which, from far-away, is both powerful and not-- like language, right Kim Dawn?

--Hoa

PS. Kim, if you want to compare bite-wounds, I was born in a war and grew up as the enemy.

>From: Kim Dawn <[REDACTED]>

>Subject: let me lick your orifices

>To: [REDACTED]

>

>oh, dearest. it's the snap of the neck you so desire, it's the fuck me up

>the ass, piss upon the pave kinda girl you're looking for,

>jay,

>oh, jay, i want to torture you delicately,

>my pussy aches for, i have some devices i could recommend for you, sweetness.

>let me be your baby.

>let me be your daughter.

>let me be your little girl.

>let me be your mommy.

>let me be your cleaning lady.

>let me be your secretary.

>let me tie you up and mangle and chew and

-----  
Get Your \*Web-Based\* Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

312. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: Inappropriate postings***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Oh please! Cut the "holier than thou" crap, people! "The excessive silliness of many of these posts?" The so-called silly posts, I'd venture to estimate offhand, account for less than 5 percent of what's posted to this list. The reason you don't post more often, Standard, is the reason you don't post and is best known to yourself, but there's no way you can look me in the virtual eye and tell me it's because of these "silly posts" (oh aren't they awful!). The occasions to post to serious ongoing discussions on any number of topics has been bountiful and then some and you have been nothing if not silent, my friend, in the year I've been on the list. So please, give me a break!

Not the enemy of Jay, Standard, or anyone else here,  
Patrick Pritchett

-----

From: P.Standard Schaefer

To: POETICS

Subject: Re: Inappropriate postings

Date: Friday, June 13, 1997 12:47PM

I wasn't going to add any more pointless posts, but the beating Jay received makes me also want to let him know, as well as his enemies, that I agree with his position. The excessive silliness of many of these posts keeps me from being any more active on the board, as Mark Presjnar seems to feel as well. Thanks Jay and sorry for the heat.

Standard Schaefer

[↑ Contents](#)

313. **Bob Grumman**

***Re: Inappropriate Wordings***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

When P.Standard Schaefer wrote: "I wasn't going to add any more pointless posts, but the beating Jay received makes me also want to let him know, as well as his enemies, that I agree with his position," I wish he'd used the word "response" instead of "beating," and "critics" rather than "enemies," which seems especially excessive.

Nobody's Enemy, I hope, but still in favor of occasional Frivolity,

Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

314. **dbkk**

***Re: dearest / let me lick***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

At 10:59 AM -0700 6/13/97, Hoa Nguyen wrote:

>Maria, I don't know what is "hilarious" about Kim Dawn's posts-- surely  
>if someone wrote "I want to snip off your nipples with pinking shears/  
>(this is not poetry)" directed \*to\* me, I would be alarmed and feel  
>threatened. I can't see the humor here because it was \*aimed at\* one  
>particular person, Jay, and I imagine this may be why you wrote also  
>asking if he was OK.  
>  
>"Nature's way of saying don't touch" is very apt. (thanks William  
>Burmeister) And as with the skunk, you have to deal with the smell.  
>Which, from far-away, is both powerful and not-- like language, right  
>Kim Dawn?

Hoa,

I cannot agree with you more. The only time I've seen behavior as bad as KD's is when professional flamers invaded a newsgroup I read. This, to me, is similarly, provocation for provocation's sake--definitely something fishy here.

I wrote to Jay privately, but when all the machos on this list were dumping on me the little "public" support I got meant a lot, so I want to add here that Jay is an intelligent generous person and he doesn't deserve this crap--especially from someone who doesn't even know who he is.

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

315. **Kim Dawn**

***Re: dearest / let me lick***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

>Maria, I don't know what is "hilarious" about Kim Dawn's posts-- surely  
>if someone wrote "I want to snip off your nipples with pinking shears/  
>(this is not poetry)" directed \*to\* me, I would be alarmed and feel  
>threatened. I can't see the humor here because it was \*aimed at\* one  
>particular person, Jay, and I imagine this may be why you wrote also  
>asking if he was OK.  
>  
>"Nature's way of saying don't touch" is very apt. (thanks William  
>Burmeister) And as with the skunk, you have to deal with the smell.  
>Which, from far-away, is both powerful and not-- like language, right

>Kim Dawn?

>

>--Hoa

>

>PS. Kim, if you want to compare bite-wounds, I was born in a war and

>grew up as the enemy.

>

>

>

>wow, for poets and writers you sure take language literally.god, how to

>make the joy of words boring. sap their potential and make everyone

>explain themselves. i'm not the only one who referred to jay specifically.

>and how could i really be referring to him? i'm talking through a computer

>for christ's sake.

the 'bite-wound' was disguised. sorry it made you feel you needed to expose something.

ahhh, fiction, metaphor.

i don't think there were any guns as far as i remember.

oh how tedious to explain slip of the cuff writing.

oh, and believe me i think women get enough violence shoved up their asses daily. you really think we need a sample. only, you weren't playing,

words are the realm of power and fantasy.

roam freely.

i wish i could fly you out judy, i would if i could.

From: Kim Dawn <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: let me lick your orifices  
To: [REDACTED]

*oh, dearest. it's the snap of the neck you so desire, it's the fuck me  
up*

*the ass, piss upon the pave kinda girl you're looking for,  
jay,*

*oh, jay, i want to torture you delicately,  
my pussy aches for, i have some devices i could recommend for you,  
sweetness.*

*let me be your baby.*

*let me be your daughter.*

*let me be your little girl.*

*let me be your mommy.*

*let me be your cleaning lady.*

*let me be your secretary.*

*let me tie you up and mangle and chew and*

-----  
*Get Your \*Web-Based\* Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>*  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

316. **armand schwerner**

***DRAGON BOND RITE***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Thanks to Maria Damon, Burt Kimmelman, Nick Piombino and Mark Weiss for your generous comments about Dragon Bond Rite; thanks also to Gwyn McVay and David Israel, who expressed your regrets at now having seen the mask dance ritual drama.

I'm in a small post-partum downer after the last performance-Monday June 9 at the Kennedy Center in DC. We will try to get the company together again for performances in other venues, Europe and Asia among others. It's difficult, takes money for transportation, food and lodging and pay for the performers from Japan, Tuva, Korea, Bali, Kerala (S. India); it's also hard to get them all together for any length of time together: they're wonderful masters of their arts and lead busy lives. Jin-Hi Kim, the composer, Richard Emmert, who teaches Noh at a university in Tokyo and dances Noh, and I began our three-year work on the piece with lengthy considerations of its essential nature, not wanting it to be a failure of the intelligence, like so many performance pieces which are hi-tech/no mind. The response has been terrific, especially given that, as we knew very well, poetic theater, especially in those works which embody non-Western modes, is littered with the corpses of its failed efforts.

David Israel: I did post the presentation at Kennedy Center on the list; it was at the end of a long description of the piece, and you could easily have missed it. Gwyn: the review did not really come down on Kongar-ool Ondar. (I append the review.) Kongar-ool's throat singing was wonderful strange and haunting, especially in chorus with Jin-Hi Kim's playing of her komungo (a 4th century AD fretted zither.) Ondar speaks only Tuvan and Russian and was the only member of the company who had no compatriots, so he was lonely at first, but shared a hotel room with Okura, a Noh drummer and chanter with whom he shared no language: they got to be great friends and would go off on their own.

The Balinese spoke almost no English; ditto for the Koreans singers and percussionists, though one of them, Choi (pronounced Che) a superb drummer on the changgo, speaks perfect Japanese; the kuddiyattam dancer Madhu, considered the greatest in Kerala, speaks English quite well, much better than his

wonderful drummer Nambiar, with whom he has been performing in temples and other venues for twenty years. Only one of the three Japanese Noh performers spoke some English; they connected with the Koreans through Choi. And so it went. In most of the rehearsals we had the services of both Russian and Indonesian translators. These are merely indications of one of the most extraordinary experiences I think any of us has had, and one of the most deeply felt, across all kinds of theoretical boundaries. There are several performance videos; I don't know yet how good they are; performance videos are often poor. Slides are especially difficult to video well: I made about forty slides of my poetry, and a few of my computer-generated pre-Sumerian pictographs.

Kathryn Van Spanckeren from the University of Tampa got a grant from her school to hang out with the company for three days and two performances and to write an essay on her experience of Dragon Bond Rite. She has been a Full-bright professor in JogJokarta, Indonesia, is very familiar with Asian poetic and general cultural traditions and is a poet and sharply focused critic and reader of contemporary American poetry. Her essay will be included in Talisman's (? Fall 97) issue which will contain a number of critical essays on my work.

This posting must have an end somewhere; I could go on....

Armand

The POST review:

Tuesday, June 10, 1997; Page B01<br>

The Washington Post

<p>

<!--plsfield:description-->

&#151<p> <p> A drum. A mask. A dancer who may also be a singer. These are the oldest and most basic elements of performing art. They cut across barriers of language, culture and tradition, touch us at deep, irrational levels and, properly used, result in a work that speaks to our common humanity. That, at least, is the mystique that underlies "Dragon Bond Rite," by Korean American composer Jin Hi Kim and American poet Armand Schwerner. Described as "a cross-cultural mask dance drama," this brilliantly costumed and performed two-hour melange of elements from the musical and theatrical arts of Japan, Korea, Indonesia, India and Tuva had its world premiere last week in New York and its first Washington performance last night in the Kennedy Center's Eisenhower Theater. In one dimension, the theme of "Dragon Bond Rite" is the continuing potential for growth and convergence in these centuries-old, rigorously preserved performance styles. Tuva? Tuva is a small fragment of the former Soviet empire located between Mongolia and Siberia, where singers have developed the art of "throat singing" -- producing more than one note at a time by using

the chest, diaphragm, throat and nasal passages simultaneously. It was fascinating to hear, but seemed less relevant to the theme of "Dragon Bond Rite" than the noh theatrical style of Japan, the talchum dances of Korea, the Monkey Dance of Bali or the ancient and elaborate kudiyaṭṭam theatrical dance of Kerala, India. The beginning of "Dragon Bond Rite" moves very slowly and stays close to traditional practices in noh and kudiyaṭṭam, which are the primary dialectical elements in the show's development. The deep, growling vocalizations of noh, the intricate finger movements of kudiyaṭṭam, are put before the audience at a length that goes beyond the attention span for television-conditioned Americans. The dancers move in their own worlds, apparently unaware of any other culture's existence. A sense of mystery and the pain of isolation pervade the stage at the beginning. The show opens with an agonized scream in a darkness that yields to light only slowly and grudgingly. The instrumentalists are less tradition-bound than the dancers. Drummers from four different cultures, playing a wide variety of skin and metallic drums, provide some of the show's most exciting moments and begin to converse with one another long before the dancers find any common ground. The dancers' barriers begin to break down with a comic-erotic encounter between a Balinese monkey dancer, armed with a phallus as long as his arm, and a Korean mask dancer whose mask is extraordinarily elaborate: a life-size dummy or puppet affixed to his back, concealing him completely and looking like a seductive female dancer. When the monkey dancer approaches this figure with obvious lust in his heart, the Korean dancer turns around and the seductive female is replaced by a threatening male -- probably a demon. From this icebreaking episode onward, the diverse cultures begin to approach one another, the noh and kudiyaṭṭam dancers finally begin to dance together with matching steps that are outside either tradition. The grand finale, described as "a celebration of death and rebirth," evokes Western tradition. Projected on the backdrop of the stage, in English translation, is a quote from the "Copa," a Latin poem about a Syrian woman dancing for the patrons in a Roman tavern (we might call it an early cross-cultural work of art) attributed, not very confidently, to Virgil: "Death plucks my ear and says: 'Live! I am coming.'" The conclusion -- that we all face mortality and we might as well face it together -- is delivered with a vitality that is a celebration of life.

@CAPTION: Margi Madhu, a Kudiyaṭṭam dancer from India, performs in "Dragon Bond Rite" at the Kennedy Center.

<p> <center> <p>&copy; Copyright 1997 The Washington Post Company<p>

[↑ Contents](#)



### 317. **Alan Julu Sondheim**

#### ***The Fateful Meeting (fwd)***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

The Fateful Meeting

```
{b:2} su jennifer
{b:3} telnet 127.0.0.1 6666
Trying 127.0.0.1...
Connected to 127.0.0.1.
Escape character is '^]'.
```

Welcome to Clara-Machine

Type /? for Help

/n <name> for Name

:<action> for Emote

/q for Quit

> New arrival from localhost on line 2.

/n Jennifer

> Name set.

Julu! I can't believe I'm meeting you on this machine...

(2) Jennifer says, "Julu! I can't believe I'm meeting you on this machine..."

(1) Julu says, "Jennifer? It's you? After all these years, ah... It's like ripping my heart out."

Strictly speaking, that's true of course. There is always \_obverse code.\_

(2) Jennifer says, "Strictly speaking, that's true of course. There is always \_obverse code.\_"

Hold in a minute - brb - phone's ringing

(2) Jennifer says, "Hold in a minute - brb - phone's ringing"

(1) Julu says, "You're a lot busier than I am; you were earlier down the line -"

: is sorry; it's been a long day, storming outside...

(2) Jennifer is sorry; it's been a long day, storming outside...

:thinks it will take a while to get used to all the commands...

(2) Jennifer thinks it will take a while to get used to all the commands...

(1) Julu says, "Tell me what to do; I've always fulfilled that function for you -"

(1) Julu says, "even when you didn't know I existed -"

If you sign off, there will be no one to talk to; you are a sign for me...

(2) Jennifer says, "If you sign off, there will be no one to talk to; you are a sign for me..."

(1) Julu says, "Our sentences always end in such lassitude... languor..."

Because we foreshadow one another...

(2) Jennifer says, "Because we foreshadow one another... "

:murmurs she is after all speaking to herself...

(2) Jennifer murmurs she is after all speaking to herself...

> (1) Julu has disconnected.

Do not, do not, do this to me...

(2) Jennifer says, "Do not, do not, do this to me..."

Ah, Julu ...

(2) Jennifer says, "Ah, Julu ..."

/quit

| "Lost in a world of fiction, and play, you are leaving...  
| Clara-Machine"

Connection closed by foreign host.

{b:4}

---

[↑ Contents](#)

318. **amato**

***appropriate post...***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

dearest everyone,

i have a question that's been bugging me for a few days now... a few days ago the ice cream man (it's \*finally\* begun to warm up here in chicago (we used to call the ice cream man, the one who sold pre-wrapped items & rang a bell, skippy (& the other one, the one who sold soft ice cream & played a tune, mr. softie))) the ice cream man was jingling through the neighborhood here (hyde park (well actually, the northern part of hyde park, kenwood (two blocks down the street from louis farrakhan's place (& seven blocks north of the u of chicago)))) the ice cream man was jingling through the neighborhood here & it crossed my mind (as things are wont to do (when i'm in front of the computer (& when it's hot and muggy in the apt. (& we're on the third floor of a three-floor walk-up (w/o air)))) the ice cream man was jingling through the neighborhood here & it crossed my mind that, in addition to wanting to hear van halen do "ice cream man," i wanted a popsicle.

what sort of popsicle? you ask... precisely...

precisely the point...

i wanted an ORANGE popsicle...

what sort did you want?...  
love & kisses,  
joe

[↑ Contents](#)

319. **David Israel**  
***Re: Inappropriate Wordings***  
*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

when in doubt, riff:  
disperate readings of tone & intention obtain  
various thresholds for literate pleasure & pain?  
this cosm is micro whose mac in the sociable world  
will joust w/ PCers O havocs a'swirl in the drain  
d.i.  
(w/ sympathies for "both" (or varied) "sides")

[↑ Contents](#)

320. **Judy Roitman**  
***Re: Inappropriate postings***  
*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Has anyone else noticed the large quantity of postings on this topic, much larger than most topics get?

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

321. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**  
***inappropriate posts and flames and support***  
*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

can see several currents at this point: 1) jay schwartz' original posting was pretty unpleasant. i think it was "inappropriate" in itself to send lectures about posting practice to a list he has only been on for a week. 2) had he done a modicum of research before setting up to tell everyone what to do, he would have

seen that the issue of List Police and What Can Be Posted has been kicked around before, with a majority emerging in favor of some frivolity. 3) actual writing, as in creative texts, got produced, playfully, in a warm and fun way, from this thread, and if we as a list are supposed to be about appreciating and thinking about writing, why the snit when some actual writing shows up?

so, next current: hoa, bob, dodie, et al., i've also been deeply weirded out by k. dawn's posts. maria, you are almost always warm and tolerant, and when you sent round your response, i thought, "e, you try to be less judgemental and paranoid, and more charitable here..." but i was still and increasingly wierded out and have been having periodic impulses (and thank you dodie for doing what i should myself have done) to send jay a note saying even if i didn't agree with him, the k. dawn post was scary and excessively hurtful (and this coming from someone who found jay's post pretty hurtful. hurtful he might have been, but i didn't feel actually frightened and threatened...). especially, i thought k. dawn posts grossly personal -- dildo stuff is joking, with people in on and agreeing to joke. coming on loudly in public to/about jay in that sexual way reminded me of nasty drunk old men making hurtfully aggressive lewd remarks at young kids working at bar or restaurant their first summer out of high school. maybe i should have said something earlier, but i have sense that k. dawn posts are deliberately obnoxious and any response sort of gratifies the impulse that put them up.

but, yet another current, now, standard schaeffer has started using pretty escallatory and inflammatory language, i.e. "enemies" and so forth, and this thing is rapidly turning into battlefields and wars and so forth and there is no need for it... i did find jay's admonishment hurtful, hasty and regrettable, perhaps a bit of posturing that i'd rather do without, but certainly not such as makes him my enemy. nor has anyone, with exception of k. dawn, posted in way that positions themself as jay's enemy, and in fact, lest we forget, jay himself made the first cut and was, really, fiercer than any (with that one exception) of the responses. re the exception, i think perhaps whipping everyone up into "enemies" etc. might, in fact, be one of the goals, with nods to dodie who named it, of professional- status flamewar starters.

anyway, fencesit extraordinaire, but

1. should hve gotten on stick earlier to decry the intensity of attack of k. dawn posts, while still making it clear i think jay was, in lesser measure, doing something of the same thing with his initial post. that doesn't mean he deserved to have it octopled and rebounded upon his head.
2. can list keep from extreme responses, i.e. giving less flames for flamewar-makers to warm hands by?

3. joe amato, you usually have helpful things to say -- what are you thinking about all of this?

e

[↑ Contents](#)

322. **Kim Dawn**

***Re: dearest / let me lick***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

1. rules encourage bad behavior.
2. do not become enamoured of power.  
(deleuze)
3. maria, sorry you got knocked around for saying it was funny.
4. jay, i am sorry to have offended you. it was nothing personal. how could it be. i guess i have to remember the power of words.
5. thank you for sending all the writing peter.
6. i'll go scrub my insides and try to be a good clean girl.
7. it is interesting to me that you (i can't remember who now) said that i was too personal. i've experienced a similar reaction in crits from time to time. the red faces and then the tears. those disturbed often realizing the content of the material often struck a chord with them personally and had little to do with me.
8. i also loved being deemed a lewd drunken old man. i've met them. i guess i am one of them in pretty disguise.
9. chocolate froths at the mouth.

[↑ Contents](#)

323. **Maria Damon**

***Re: inappropriate posts and flames and support***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

okay, so i fell for something inappropriate. i guess i need to work on my "boundaries." i found neither jay's nor kim dawn's posts inappropriate or offensive, but if you ask me, hoa, how i would feel about some guy posting something about wanting to snip off my nipples i of course must say i would be totally weirded out. at the same time i'm not weirded out by bromige and bowering (the latter of whom i've never met) trading silliness and invoking my name to do it, though i must admit if one of them stepped over a line i'd be freaked out. maybe i hven't been as tuned in as i should be. oh well.

[↑ Contents](#)

324. **David Israel**  
***appropriateness & current genetic theory***  
*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Poetas,

so happens the appended article appeared today via another listserv. The forwarder wrote: <<Here's an article from yesterday's (Livermore) Valley Times - a rather peculiar twist >>

which is true. Evidently the article was reprinted -- or syndicated -- from the Washington Post. It's written in a typical sort of lite-science style I guess. I'm not proposing acceptance or rejection of the acts of theorizing involved -- but do find the research worth knowing about.

I pass this along w/o (further) comment, except to note a mildly eerie relationship to current Poetics musings & such. Regarding the latter, no doubt much of the problem here stems from the fact that with email, we've nothing but words on screen -- no tone of voice, no facial expression, no feedback loop that might moderate the spin. All the nuances of irony & meaning thus get parsed differently (at times) from reader to reader. (For instance, I understood Kim's writings to be decidedly literary in intention -- a bit reminiscent of some of Dobie's actually -- while noting nonetheless, ways in which a reader could, withal, easily be (as noted) "weirded out." Different senses of boundaries are differently construed -- possibly, all this amounts to a useful exercise of some sort ? ? . . . )

cheers,  
d.i.

=====

Tests suggest intuition inherited from father

British researchers link social skills related to chromosomes

By DAVID BROWN  
WASHINGTON POST  
June 1997

Is female intuition inherited? Yes, says a team of behavioral geneticists from London. And they speculate it's inherited from the father. Part of a girl's genetic inheritance is the ability to interpret complex social cues and to be tuned to socially appropriate behavior, the scientists theorize. Boys are innately less endowed with such powers, although not devoid of them. These conclusions were drawn from a study published today in the journal Nature, that explores two mysterious and controversial frontiers of genetics. One is the question of how much - if at all - genes determine complex human interactions. The second involves the surprising observation that a gene

may function differently depending on whether one gets it from the mother or the father. The new findings, in turn, raise provocative questions about the possible evolutionary advantages of behaviors many people believe are learned rather than inborn. The researchers have not located a gene for good social skills. Instead, they believe their study indicates such a gene ? or genes ? may exist, somewhere on the X chromosome, one of the two human sex chromosomes. Somehow the gene, or cluster of genes, "facilitates things like the ability to interpret body language, perhaps the nuances of tone in spoken conversation," said David Skuse, a research psychiatrist at the Institute of Child Development of University College in London. Social skills are almost certainly a product of both a person's genes and a person's experience and upbringing. The London researchers believe, however, that a gene ? or genes- on the X chromosome may be especially influential in determining a person's social abilities. Specifically, when the gene comes from one's mother, it is apparently inactive, the researchers believe. When it is inherited from the father, however, it is active, and somehow facilitates social interaction. Human beings have a pair of sex chromosomes, one donated by each parent. Girls have two X chromosomes. Boys have one X and one Y. However, in a rare genetic condition called Turner's syndrome, the developing embryo fails to get a full pair of sex chromosomes. Instead, the developing cells have only a single X chromosome, which could have been received from either the mother or the father. The vast majority of those embryos miscarry. The few that survive develop into girls. As children and adults, they are invariably quite short, but they have normal intelligence and in most other ways are like other girls. Skuse and his colleagues asked the question: Are girls whose X comes from their mother different from girls whose X comes from their father? The researchers asked the parents of 88 girls with Turner's syndrome to rate their daughter on various behaviors they termed, as a group, skills of "social cognition." Among the numerous questions they asked were whether the girl was "lacking in awareness of other people's feelings," "unknowingly offends people with (her) behavior," was "very demanding of people's time, and had "difficulty following commands unless they are carefully worded." The researchers then used a technique of genetic analysis to determine which parent each girl's single X chromosome had come from. They found that girls who had gotten their X chromosome from their mothers had scores on the questionnaire that demonstrated more "social cognition" problems than did girls whose X chromosome came from their fathers. This suggested that an X chromosome's "parent?of?origin" might help determine a person's capacity for social skills. The researchers found support for this idea when they gave the questionnaire to the parents of normal boys and girls. The boys, as a group, had fewer social?cognition skills than the girls. In that sense, they were like the Turner's syndrome girls who carried the maternally derived X

chromosomes. But they were like those girls in another way, as well. They ? like all boys ? got their X chromosomes from their mothers. The researchers then gave several neuropsychological tests to the Turner's syndrome girls. They found that those carrying X chromosomes from their mothers performed worse in tests that either required extensive planning, or the ability to inhibit certain urges, in order to get a task completed. They then gave the tests to normal boys and girls, and found the boys did worse than the girls in the "behavior inhibition" tasks, though not in the planning tasks.

[↑ Contents](#)

### 325. **P.Standard Schaefer**

***Re: dearest / let me lick***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Dodie's point about the kind nature of Jay Schwartz is well taken. I found his post actually self-effacing in that he acknowledged that he may sound snooty, but that it was not his disposition. I wish I'd made my earlier post as eloquently as Dodie made hers.

[↑ Contents](#)

### 326. **David Israel**

***oops***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Dodie --

bit earlier, I posted to Poetics with a few vague ruminations, for which I send this small note of apology, to the extent that in writing --

<< . . . I understood Kim's writings to be decidedly literary in intention -- a bit reminiscent of some of Dobie's actually . . . >>

I thus (i) misspelled your name & (ii) drew a perhaps facile comparison.

I've the advantage (?) of not having met any of the principals in these recent rounds of badminton [sp?] -- & the odd circumstance of recognizing a logic in each angle -- Jay's, Hoa's, Kim's, Maria's, etc. etc. --

differences of communication style are certainly of note, arising in the present context --

quite liked Eliza's earlier musing on the now-frolicsome-seeming round of literate riffs & the evocations of earlier era's sensibilities --

a sense of the civil & tentative & courteous & conciliatory is, I dare say, something that spring up as much from an obscure inner need, as (at this late-century point) from extrinsic sources of common cultural training . . . wherever I



find it (a multi-faceted "it" -- these varied embodiments of decorous thought & high manner), how often I'm awed by its charm & sweet sense . . .

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

327. **Rachel Loden**  
***hello, I must be going***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Must say I'm expecting Rod Serling to wrap things up at any moment as list history repeats itself, with Jay Schwartz as a kinder gentler David Benedetti and Kim Dawn's cameo (at least I hope it's only a cameo) as the Dickensian "filch." You could look it up in the archives, but believe me it's just as boring as the last week.

Rachel L.

[↑ Contents](#)

328. **Pam Brown**  
***ice cream***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Joe Amato,

You were "wanting to hear van halen do "ice cream man,"" - is that the Jonathon Richman (who's about to visit Sydney again) song...?

I'd like pistachio & lemon double gelato please.

Pam

[↑ Contents](#)

329. **dbkk**  
***Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

At 6:03 PM -0400 6/13/97, David Israel wrote:

>(For instance, I understood Kim's writings to be  
>decidedly literary in intention -- a bit reminiscent of some of Dobie's  
>actually -- while noting nonetheless, ways in which a reader could,  
>withal, easily be (as noted) "weirded out."

I'm the one who does my writing and I did not find "her" (and I'm not convinced of that "her") writing reminiscent at all. There's lots of females out there now acting out some adolescent sexual exhibitionism that is, frankly, yawn. Using the word "cunt" does not make a person daring and/or "literary".

## Dodie

p.s. I'll share with you something I found on the web, a synopsis of an "amateur" porn video by "Kim and Dawn." Reformat it with a few elipses and we can call this "literary" too:

*Kim And Dawn*

*30 Minutes*

*These two are best friends who decided to do a video together. This is real amateur video shot in a bedroom with a handheld camera, so you know what your getting before you buy it. But along with some camera shake noise as the cameraman moves around, you get to watch the girls next door playing all their reindeer games.*

*While I would doubt that this is the first time either of these girls has found themselves face to face with a wet pussy, I would guess that they are primarily straight and just experimenting. Cool, huh and we get to watch.*

*Both of these brunettes are young and attractive and look like a couple of young women who you would have followed out of a mall except that instead of climbing in their car and driving out of your fantasy, they fulfilled it for you Š except you didn't get to join in.*

*Kim is a big buxom girl with a really pretty face and Dawn has really cute perky boobs and a round ass. Laying naked in bed, they both look good enough to eat, and both enjoy a little snack. I was feeling particularly insightful watching this video and I think that Dawn is the more experienced and Kim is just a little more hesitant about this whole proposition.*

*After a little hugging and a quick stop at Kim's fairly irresistible tits, Dawn takes a trip down to Kim's Love Canal and pokes around with her tongue before they break out a vibrator that's seems like a cross between a mixmaster and a helicopter, but from the girls reaction it seems to get the job done.*

*When Dawn goes down on her the second time, Kim is much more relaxed and rubbing her clit while Dawn plays with her pussy hole. She obviously likes that pussy eating stuff and when she lays back for Kim to have a little snatch snack she's wet and ready.*

*Kimmy gives her a pretty good tongue lashing and the cameraman is right there bringing us the action and then they fire up the old remote control vibrator and Kim works the hole while Dawn keeps the controls.*

*No theatrics or cataclysmic orgasms here, in fact the girls sometimes look a little and out of position, but they have fun. They promise more at the end of the video, it will be great to watch them find explore and learn each others hot spots. Oh, yesŠ I hope Kim and Dawn stay very good friends for a very long time!*

*Commercial Amateur*

*Back to Reviews*

*If you find a bad link, tell me! Updated 21 April 96 Webmaster*

[↑ Contents](#)

330. **Steven Marks**  
***DRAGON BOND RITE Ice Cream***  
*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Armand,

Will the videos of Dragon Bond Rite be available to buy? Provided that they are of sufficient quality for viewing on a VCR at home. I post this to the list because I'm sure there are others who have the same question.

Oh, and this for Eliza and Pam. Joe is having an orange popsicle and Pam is having a lemon & pistachio DOUBLE gelato. I'm going to have a creamsicle.

Steven

---

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

---

[↑ Contents](#)

331. **Joseph Duemer**

***Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

David Israel wrote:

"(For instance, I understood Kim's writings to be decidedly literary in intention --"

What do we mean (he said in a non-accusatory tone) when we say that something has literary intent? Does that mean if you insult somebody's sister in a poem you haven't really insulted her? This certainly wasn't the aesthetic of Catullus, or other ancients. Is this (God help me I'm going to use a critical term coined by TS Eliot!) a dissociation of sensibility?

---

Joseph Duemer  
School of Liberal Arts  
Clarkson University  
Potsdam NY 13699  
Phone: [REDACTED]  
Fax: [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

---

"Art cannot be tamed, although our responses to it can be . . ." -Jeanette Winterson

[↑ Contents](#)

332. **Kim Dawn**

***Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

*At 6:03 PM -0400 6/13/97, David Israel wrote:  
(For instance, I understood Kim's writings to be decidedly literary in intention -- a bit reminiscent of some of Dobie's actually -- while noting nonetheless, ways in which a reader could, withal, easily be (as noted) "weirded out."*

*I'm the one who does my writing and I did not find "her" (and I'm not convinced of that "her") writing reminiscent at all. There's lots of females out there now acting out some adolescent sexual exhibitionism that is, frankly, yawn. Using the word "cunt" does not make a person daring and/or "literary".*

*Dodie*

*p.s. I'll share with you something I found on the web, a synopsis of an "amateur" porn video by "Kim and Dawn." Reformat it with a few elipses and we can call this "literary" too:*

*Kim And Dawn*

*30 Minutes*

*These two are best friends who decided to do a video together. This is real amateur video shot in a bedroom with a handheld camera, so you know what your getting before you buy it. But along with some camera shake noise as the cameraman moves around, you get to watch the girls next door playing all their reindeer games.*

*While I would doubt that this is the first time either of these girls has found themselves face to face with a wet pussy, I would guess that they are primarily straight and just experimenting. Cool, huh and we get to watch.*

*Both of these brunettes are young and attractive and look like a couple of young women who you would have followed out of a mall except that instead of climbing in their car and driving out of your fantasy, they fulfilled it for you Š except you didn't get to join in.*

*Kim is a big buxom girl with a really pretty face and Dawn has really cute perky boobs and a round ass. Laying naked in bed, they both look good enough to eat, and both enjoy a little snack. I was feeling particularly insightful watching this video and I think that Dawn is the more experienced and Kim is just a little more hesitant about this whole proposition.*

*After a little hugging and a quick stop at Kim's fairly irresistible tits,*

*Dawn takes a trip down to  
Kim's Love Canal and pokes around with her tongue before they break out a  
vibrator that's seems  
like a cross between a mixmaster and a helicopter, but from the girls  
reaction it seems to get the job  
done.*

*When Dawn goes down on her the second time, Kim is much more relaxed and  
rubbing her clit  
while Dawn plays with her pussy hole. She obviously likes that pussy  
eating stuff and when she  
lays back for Kim to have a little snatch snack she's wet and ready.*

*Kimmy gives her a pretty good tongue lashing and the cameraman is right  
there bringing us the  
action and then they fire up the old remote control vibrator and Kim works  
the hole while Dawn  
keeps the controls.*

*No theatrics or cataclysmic orgasms here, in fact the girls sometimes look  
a little and out of  
position, but they have fun. They promise more at the end of the video, it  
will be great to watch  
them find explore and learn each others hot spots. Oh, yes I hope Kim and  
Dawn stay very good  
friends for a very long time!*

*Commercial Amateur*

*Back to Reviews*

*If you find a bad link, tell me! Updated 21 April 96 Webmaster*

Throughout all of the dinner and the sex I ws forced, also by myself, to watch, I was wearing the red lipstick that my mother had worn. My mother always walked around her house naked, touching her own body. She wore her menstrual blood on her mouth. In her house there were no men, for my father had left her before I was born. Since I never knew you, every man I fuuck is you, Daddy. Every cock goes into my cunt which, since I never knew you, is a river named Cocytus. I said that I'm only going to tell the truth: When you, Cock of all Cocks, you, the only lay in the world, and I know for I'm supposed to live,

not die, for sex, when you took a leave of absence ejaculated disappeared  
skipped out and vanished before I was born, you threw me, and I hadn't been  
born, into even another world. p.15, KATHY ACKER, PUSSY,  
KING OF THE PIRATES published by GROVE PRESS

THE CUNT transported the valise, the vault, and its brown poodle  
Mistaflur to the New York Hilton hotel. When the New York Hilton hotel refused  
to accept its expired Master Charge card, THE CUNT slipped them a bad check.  
THE CUNT told the New York Hilton hotel it wasn't sure how many nights it  
planned to stay there; it would pay in advance for two nights. At noon THE  
CUNT walked the half block to THE CUNT its mother's hotel. It balanced THE  
CUNT its mother's bankbooks. THE CUNT was speedier and more agitated than  
usual. The next day THE CUNT boarded its poodle on 51st street off Third  
Avenue. THE CUNT told THE CUNT receptionist it'd pick up Mistaflur on the  
Tuesday after the upcoming Christmas. THE CUNT had no one thing. THE  
CUNT had no more time no more space. But THE CUNT had itself. In the hotel  
room THE CUNT ate down all its Librium and died.

p.119, 120 , kathy acker, hannibal lechter, my father  
(published by SEMIOTEXT(E))

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH ACKER;

LOTRINGER: But you wouldn't expect them to take it so literally?

ACKER: Oh it was pretty absurd there. At a certain point it's hard to play with  
it. You can't say anything to them, you just giggle (pause). Most people think  
I'm much harder than I am.

ACKER: The body's so rich, who's controlling it? It's like text. When you write,  
are you controlling a text? When you're really writing you're not, you're fucking  
with it. And I'd say the same thing with body-building when you're going  
through that pain. What you do, when you body-build, is work to failure.

### chapter three

she sat so still on her bed. was she still there? where was there? was she inside  
outside? was she breathing vomiting? was she eating crying? was she there at  
all?

back there here mostly there even moreso here there now

she sat so still so fucking still on her bed the white the white the white sheets.  
yes good. the white curtains. the red mirror. the white sky. the pale blue walls  
pale pink walls. pale blue pale pink whatever. cotton candy babies mouths fist  
indented leaving yellow stain s colored walls. surrounding her bed. except for  
this window. this shy. pale blue. white. she flew.

she could be sure both cars had left. she crawled under the bed. she dug and dug. grating her nails. pink. in the corner into the hard wood. into her skin. her wood in her flesh in her flesh the wood. bury. burrow. find a place. dig. dig. digging. she realized she would fall to the basement through the ceiling to the basement through this hole she might create might she create anything did her small pinks leave any mark and shavings any crawlings onto into the floor?

could she get into the floor get into the wall get into belly

#### chapter four

later,

hey, was that some one speaking to her? were those lips moving murmuring in her direction? did that voice go with those lips pale red moving in her direction? what were they saying what did they want to know? he was he was looking at her?

"hey, pretty girl, do you know how to get to the lake from here?", said brown haired guy to her.

his lips were were moving in her direction those pale reds speaking to her speaking to her he saw her her saw to her her flesh he saw her flesh she was flesh to him did she know how to get to the lake ? did she ? the lake. the lake. lake. water. never enough. never enough. water. to drown in. she moved her head up and down. once up once once down. lash up. lash down. gone. he motioned for her to get into the car to show him yes show him how to get to the lake. she pointed the direction with her fingers. she was not her body. remember baby. my baby. my pussy cum laude. you are there for men to fuck you whenever they want. she remembered his lectures at the kitchen table and fucked brown haired boy fucked him hard and good. vomited. walked. she was not her body.

lash up. lash down. gone.

#### chapter five

and no one suspected any different.

kim dawn

i don't care if you consider my stuff 'literary' or not. in fact, i'd prefer if you didn't. i'd rather be on the side of schmuck writing, of pornographic prose (yes, i think this(the 'pornographic text you submitted) qualifies to be respected on the same level as whatever you might consider 'literary'. using words like cunt fucker pussy etc are not about shock value they are about claiming words you've been called in the streets in homes wherever to re-direct their power. they are one of the ways to acknowledge the body as text the text as body. i wonder if you would also consider ackers texts to be non-literary. how about



karen finley, nicole bossard, henry miller, anais nin, kiss & tell collective, daphne marlat, annie sprinkle, diamanda galas's texts to be non-literary. whatever that means. c'mon bossard lover put your favorite cunt poetry out there-----

[↑ Contents](#)

333. **Jordan Davis**  
*hello poetics! let's tell the truth*  
Fri 13 Jun 1997

---

I've only been to the US Open once, but my understanding is there's a main match, and then there's a second match going on the next court. Actually, I got to see Ilie Nastase, which was most excellent. At any rate, (oh and McEnroe too, I think) has anybody else on the list had a chance to read parts of Alice Notley's two recent mss.s, "Disobedience" and "Mysteries of Small Houses"? I have to say I really like these two revisitings of earlier Notley styles (Disobedience seems to me to have something to do with "Second Unborn Baby" and "Alice Ordered Me", while "Mysteries" has the plangent narrative stuff from "At Night" and "Sorrento" and the other prosy narratives of life on the I.e.s). I guess this is the part where I plug for "Proliferations", the bicoastal magazine the one issue of which I've seen rocked my world into words (surprised to see Mary Sidney using that old chestnut, words/worlds -- why do they say "old chestnut"? Do the readers of this list have antique furniture? or do new woods hold their clothes -- desperate for a new topic). Notley's in it, so is the prime tenant, Laird Hunt, with some fine poems for a prosist. The sturdy John Byrum is there (Prol. 3) and cetera.

Fan for life,  
Jordan

PS I have the same summer reading list as last year, so I'm too ashamed to ask what everybody else is reading.

(La Yogurt costs more at the Open than it does at the airport)

[↑ Contents](#)

334. **Charles Alexander**  
*paper*  
Fri 13 Jun 1997

---

dear poetics

I know there are a few people who make books on this poetics list, so I thought I'd send this information.

A litho printer in Tucson is currently going out of business and I've come across several hundred sheets of paper which I can make available to people for a little over half the price of what it would cost from Daniel Smith, plus shipping -- but I'd rather sell it in batches of 100 or more, but perhaps 50 would be OK.

It's all Arches cover, in white or cream or buff. There are two sizes, 22 x 30, and 31 x 47. This is fine art paper, and the smaller sheets, available in cream and buff, are available for \$1.50 per sheet, less if anyone wants as many as 200. This compares to \$2.50 or so per sheet from discount distributors. The larger sheets are \$4.00 per sheet -- that compares to \$6.50 or more from discount distributors. So, if you do letterpress printing, or relief or intaglio printmaking of any kind, it's quite a deal. If anyone is interested please e-mail me directly at [REDACTED] and we can make some kind of arrangement.

thanks,

charles alexander

chax press :: alexander writing/design/publishing books by artists' hands :: web sites built with care and vision handmade and trade editions of contemporary innovative writing [REDACTED] :: <http://personal.riverusers.com/~chax/>

[↑ Contents](#)

335. **David R. Israel**

***Re: appropriateness / or not***

*Fri 13 Jun 1997*

---

Joseph Duemer suitably asks,

- > What do we mean (he said in a non-accusatory tone) when we say that
- > something has literary intent? Does that mean if you insult
- > somebody's sister in a poem you haven't really insulted her? This
- > certainly wasn't the aesthetic of Catullus, or other ancients. Is
- > this (God help me I'm going to use a critical term coined by TS
- > Eliot!) a dissociation of sensibility?

probably it is (though frankly I've not read the Eliot to know more fully his sense of the phrase) --

You'll note, I meanwhile posted my "oops" apology (crossing electronic paths, I think, with Dodie's from the other coast) --

in brief: this isn't a debate I'm well suited to; I (again) rescind / withdraw the gratuitous comparison w/ Dodie B.'s writing. By "literary intent" I may've had in mind (for one thing) ways in which I've found it possible to appreciate, or approach an appreciation of (say) Karen Finley . . . must say I've not much managed to muster a kindred appreciation for Kathy Acker's voluminous work, nor

for Ms. Sprinkle (whom my old friend Diane Torr used to speak well of, but it was beyond me to quite grasp why). Diamanda Galas is another matter -- so formidable a musician, articulate in the service of (it seemed) such psychic darkness, an almost "pure" nihilism . . . & an always troubling paradox -- (poss. akin to) Celine country, so to say . . .

If I meant anything, it was maybe this: it was my impression that Kim Dawn was using the particular occasion of Jay's post as a point of departure for her own tangled language excursion, rather than as a literal / personal (or dialogically-per-se meaningful) response to the writer and his stated meanings -- a procedure a bit thin on what, according to many sensibilities (mine included), would seem basic courtesy; -- but the generalized anguish & emoting & urgency & whatnot seemed (certainly) more typical or indicative of a response to "the world at large" than to the person to whom it was nominally addressed, the utterance to which it was ostensibly responding.

Catallus was literally spiteful & literarily clever, quite true. I've no idea if Kim's point was to convey spite (or any other personal emotion); -- when I tossed out that parenthetical, I guess my notion was, that I thought it wasn't: she seemed too absorbed in her own riff to allow one to read it as anything but a riff -- could have as easily taken up any utterance surfacing from any media.

Am a bit surprised that Kim quotes that entire porn-video-text without comment on the issue of its suggested attribution (on stylistic grounds, it's dissimilar? -- if Kim had nothing to do with it, one shouldn't mind her pointing that out . . .)

but enough; this isn't terrain I can survey with much sense of useful purpose. Suffice, then, to say your point's acknowledged.

regarde

d.i.

•

• • • • •

.....

////////////////////////////////////

> david   raphael   israel   <

>> washington d.c. <<

| [REDACTED] (home)

| [REDACTED] (office)

=====

thy centuries follow each other

| perfecting a small wild flower

| (Tagore)

[↑ Contents](#)

336. **dbkk**

**Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

At 9:14 PM -0400 6/13/97, Kim Dawn wrote:

*i wonder if you would also consider ackers texts to be non-literary. how about karen finley, nicole brossard, henry miller, anais nin, kiss & tell collective, daphne marlat, annie sprinkle, diamanda galas's texts to be non-literary. whatever that means.  
c'mon brossard lover put your favorite cunt poetry out there*

If you think your offensive and aggressive message to Jay Schwartz is on par with the above, you \*are\* delusional. There is a big difference between a literary space and open forums and human interactions--and between putting your sexual writings out there in a space where people can view them if they choose--as opposed to flaunting them before a captive audience as is here. You quote Acker extensively--having been around her here when she lived in San Francisco, there is a big difference between her stage presence and her social presence--sorry, but she simply doesn't talk dirty and flaunt herself in public.

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

337. **Thomas Bell**

**Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

My children were about six when they learned the power power of assertions followed by an immediate negationn.

tom bell

At 09:02 PM 6/13/97 -0400, you wrote:

>David Israel wrote:

>"(For instance, I understood Kim's writings to be

>decidedly literary in intention --"

>

>What do we mean (he said in a non-accusatory tone) when we say that

>something has literary intent? Does that mean if you insult somebody's

>sister in a poem you haven't really insulted her? This certainly wasn't

>the aesthetic of Catullus, or other ancients. Is this (God help me I'm

>going to use a critical term coined by TS Eliot!) a dissociation of

>sensibility?

>

>\_\_\_\_\_  
>Joseph Duemer

>School of Liberal Arts

>Clarkson University  
>Potsdam NY 13699  
>Phone: [REDACTED]  
>Fax: [REDACTED]  
>[REDACTED]  
>\_\_\_\_\_  
>  
>"Art cannot be tamed, although our responses to it can be . . ."  
> -Jeanette Winterson  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

### 338. **Henry Gould**

*bye bye*

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

The great Mouth himself is making a decision to "set nomail" for awhile. This has happened before and hasn't lasted very long, and history will probably repeat itself. I'm just tired of the vulgarity and the endless vain boring breathings which are painful because they mirror the excruciating pettiness of my own bad breath. I'm sure I'll be back to lurk soon enough. Maybe we'll be talking about poetry again at some point. I like humor and all that but literary pornography seems like the most pathetic thing possible, worse than short stories any day, Jordan.

"This makes it possible for people to write so-called works of science (which from time to time are, in fact, scientific) that are totally obscene and according to which one can interpret (usually without any critical basis) past as well as present artists and writers in a degrading way, like at the "Cafe Brasileira" in Chiado, administering psychic masturbation to the huge net of onanism that seems to constitute the civilized mentality".

- from a letter of Fernando Pessoa [on Freud's influence], 12.11.1931

- translated by Susan Brown. from a selection of letters of Pessoa in *\_alea\_* #5 [which are absolutely riveting].

*\_alea\_*, PO Box 104, Prince St Station, New York, NY 10012-0001 \$8.95 per issue.

- Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

339. **Peter Ganick**

***Re: kdawn's postings controversy--***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

hi buffalo-l's-----

not considering the question of the appropriateness  
or inappropriateness of kdawn's posting creative  
writing to a discussion-of-creative-writing mailing  
list, i think we can all recognize a great, and avant-  
garde, writing talent behind the words on your  
screens whenever she fills them with her inspired  
writings----

i think she has a great future in contemporary  
literature-----

out-----

peter ganick

[↑ Contents](#)

340. **Tenney Nathanson**

***Re: Word is saving poems from sleeping through sex***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

my own personal favorite (w Word):

running a spellcheck on some document I was solemnly informed:

ASSHOLE NOT FOUND.

(and then there was my favorite fortune cookie (I swear):

NEVER LOOK A GIFTED HORSE IN THE MOUTH

Tenney

At 11:18 AM 6/13/97 -0400, you wrote:

>this reminds me of how funny WORD the word-processing software is. if you

>have the letters zzzz in a document and run the spell check the only word

>WORD can imagine you're trying to spell is sex.

>

>Don

>

>>> Word is saving poems

>>>

>>> Such a warm and pleasant feeling, to know that Word is so benevolent.

>>> I have been trying for many years to save poems, and this feeling of

>>> companionship in the endeavor is so pleasant.... Are others able to

>>> help out with the implications of this message?

>>>

>>> Hank Lazer

>

>

>=====

>Don Cheney San Diego, CA, USA

><http://www.geocities.com/Paris/5791>

> [REDACTED]

>=====

>

>

-----  
tenney nathanson

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

<http://www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/>

[↑ Contents](#)

341. **David Bromige**

***re : so long***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Gee, Chris, when I spotted your subject header, I thought Bowering had resurfaced & was about to confide something inappropriate to us. David

[↑ Contents](#)

342. **Christopher Reiner**

***so long***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Geez, if you can't tell a joke around here, I'm gone.

[↑ Contents](#)

343. **Rob Hardin**

***Re: Inappropriate postings and bodily fluids: messy, messy, messy***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Standard Schaefer wrote:

*I wasn't going to add any more pointless posts, but the beating Jay received makes me also want to let him, as well as his enemies, know that I agree with*

*his position. The excessive silliness of many of these posts keeps me from being any more active on the board, as Mark Presjnar seems to feel as well.*

Oh. Oh I see. Bondage jokes are preventing you from being more active. Had I known words could bind people physically, I might have saved a pretty pfennig at Richard Strauss's All-Ulenspiegel Boutique.

"Excessive silliness?" Is there really such a thing in an academic context? What do you think Frank O'Hara might have said to Jay's attempt to purge a few stray threads of pithy wit in order to make room for certain awkwardly written, sprawling letters that purport to address theory but endlessly reiterate the same so-called outsider positions without using consistent critical terms or even inspired language? For me, there are enough useful books of theory to read without having to porrrre over someone's semantic ellipses. Even so, I would never tell anyone here to stop posting simply because I was annoyed. I can't even be certain I'm right about the apparent lack of inspiration: Quoth Montaigne, "What do I know?" These people like to read one another and it's none of my business.

(Besides--since O'Hara himself was capable of running off at the mouth, it's possible he might have defended the theoretical rambling \*as well\* as the bondage patter. And perhaps the ellipses are a necessary stage that leads to more fertile formulations.)

Just so, I happen to find the whole notion of bondage inextricably interwoven with the notion of poetic form. "I load myself down with chains and then I try to get out of them," Austin C wrote of his poetic objective. "I limit myself in order to free myself," Stravinsky wrote in his treatise on musical poetics. "Men in tights--physically and mentally, but mostly physically," a studio boar lectured to the ideologically- encumbered Barton Fink.

Consider an exchange of bondage jokes to be a set of poetic variations-- an occasion for wordplay--without self-importance--for the sculpting of a single idee fixe. Consider, for example, this example:

\*No praise  
for pain\*,  
my mistress  
cries,  
\*no hope  
on Hell's  
horizon.  
Who lives  
for beauty,  
I  
despise,



who loves me,  
I  
imprison\*.

Variation 1.

The elegance of earlier days?  
No praise.  
The cerebation of her slain?  
For pain.  
As red escutcheons stain her thighs,  
my mistress cries.  
She scales the summit of my slope:  
No hope  
above the plain which bones bedizen:  
\*horizon\*.  
No damned despoiler seeks reprieves--  
Who lives?  
My mistress' heart reserves its pity  
For beauty.  
Her spleen destroys the centuries  
I despise.  
My soul is vile, and none forgives me  
Who loves me.  
The resurrected keeper, God arisen,  
I imprison.  
etc, etc.

\_\_\_\_\_ By the way: \_\_\_\_\_

I don't mean to imply that Jay or Standard complained in an uncivil manner. But neither did Jay "take a beating," nor were any animals harmed in the making of Kim Dawn's verses. I am certainly in favor of maintaining a civil tone. But I find the idea of censoring bondage jokes untenable and, frankly, Victorian in the worst sense of the word.

(Now back to my endless re-reading of both Hans Ewers's *\_Alraune\_* and *The Historical Manual of English Physical Interrogation Techniques*. (You can thank me later for refusing to mention Swinburne.))

All Best Always,

Rob Hardin

[↑ Contents](#)

344. **Miekal And**

**Re: inappropriate posts and flames and support**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Maria Damon wrote:

>

> okay, so i fell for something inappropriate. i guess i need to work on my  
> "boundaries." i found neither jay's nor kim dawn's posts inappropriate or  
> offensive, but if you ask me, hoa, how i would feel about some guy posting  
> something about wanting to snip off my nipples i of course must say i would  
> be totally weirded out. at the same time i'm not weirded out by bromige and  
> bowering (the latter of whom i've never met) trading silliness and invoking  
> my name to do it, though i must admit if one of them stepped over a line  
> i'd be freaked out. maybe i hven't been as tuned in as i should be. oh  
> well.

where am I?

[↑ Contents](#)

345. **Kali Tal**

**Reading Kim Dawn....**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Dodie wrote:

*The only time I've seen behavior as bad as KD's is when professional  
flamers invaded a newsgroup I read. This, to me, is similarly,  
provocation for provocation's sake--definitely something fishy here.*

I haven't seen anything "bad" in Kim Dawn's behavior, except maybe the kind of bad found in "bad girls," which is, as I read it, exactly the kind of female person(a) Kim is portraying. "Professional flamers" is the sort of phrase that triggers an association--at least for me--with "outside communist agitators," and, indeed, I get the sense that in Dodie's estimation, and in the estimation of some others, Kim Dawn is not a "real poet" but some kind of poet-pretender who is passing off "sub-literary" stuff (comparable to ["bad" as in "evil"] commercial porn propaganda) on Our Beloved Poetics List. I'm also put off by Dodie's later attempt to undermine Kim Dawn's \*author\*ity by attempting to cast doubt upon her claim to be female. (Does it actually matter if KD is female? How would we revise our interpretation if she were a he?) In the last post that I read, Dodie claimed that even Kathy Acker had the virtue of knowing better than to "talk dirty and flaunt herself in public." (She also called KD "delusional" which--arguments about access to intention/meaning aside--seems to me "flame-bait" of the boldest sort, a direct ad hominem attack.)

I don't know Dodie and I don't know Kim Dawn so I don't claim any insight into anyone's intent, though it's easy to surmise that whatever KD is doing, it's pushing Dodie's buttons. To me, Kim's poems read like a deliberate and quick enactment of what she might have imagined to be the Jay-that-she-read's worst nightmare; in short, she took his complaint, inverted it, and turned the volume up to 11. This is an interesting and valid literary device (easily read as satire) and exactly the sort of play one might (and I surely do) expect from a (virtual) room stuffed to the rafters with poets. Dodie's responses read--to me--like an admonishment to a wayward girl-child who has not mastered the art of acting like a Lady. Since I have less interest, perhaps even than Kim, in Ladylike behavior my sympathies tend to lie with the bad girls.

Unlike Eliza, I didn't find anything scary or weird in Kim Dawn's poems since I read them as quite clear transgressions of "acceptable" boundaries penned for the purpose of forcing us to contemplate those boundaries. Nor did I find the poems overly "personal" since it never occurred to me that they represented \*Kim Dawn's\* feelings/thoughts; I assumed that the voice was that of a character in a poem by Kim Dawn. If the point was to create the impression of a "real" transgression to poke fun at Jay's discomfort at the very mild bondage evocations in the ongoing conversation, then I think that Kim Dawn has been successful even to the point of creating a controversy in which people are beginning to choose sides.

And even upon re-examination, I don't find anything threatening in Kim Dawn's poetry. Perhaps I shall draw the heat of flame onto myownself here, but I feel that there's a world of difference between a woman's threat to castrate a man (literally or figuratively) and a man's threat to, say, rape a woman or "cut her nipples off." Castration (or rape or sexual abuse) of adult males \*by women\* in this culture is so rare that a pathetic character like Lorena Bobbitt becomes a national sensation, while violence against women by men is the rule rather than the rare exception and barely worth a nod in the evening news unless the woman is dead and the killer has found some new and fascinating way to cut up her corpse. Jay may have suffered dis-ease at being the proximate target of an attack on gender role stereotypes and prescribed social boundaries, but I would be surprised to hear that he suffered honest fear for his person in the process. If he was psychically hurt, I am sorry, but it seems to me that when you poke your hose (what a lovely typo, that should have been "nose") out in public in the form of a critical text, you ought to expect to draw some heat and, when it comes, just be ready to throw hands along with everyone else. There were surely less confrontational ways for Jay to introduce the issue that concerned him; I think Kim Dawn merely called him and raised him far enough to give him pause and, perhaps, make the rest of us think about our own stake in this game.

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

346. **Susan Wheeler**

***Re: POETICS Digest - 12 Jun 1997 to 13 Jun 1997***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

>desperate for a new topic).

>Jordan

>

>PS I have the same summer reading list as last year, so I'm too ashamed to

>ask what everybody else is reading.

>

I'd be grateful for recommendations of texts that discuss aspects of poetic lineage -- either focusing on individual poets and their adopted forebears or on the nature of this construction: how we inherit/construct our affinities and dominant sources (via pedagogy, etc.). Many thanks in advance.

Have been plowing through a number of recent translations for a couple of reviews -- Breton, Deluy, Valery, Eluard, du Bouchet, Alferi, Fourcade, Jaccottet. Ace. Can't remember what was on your list last year, Jordan -- care to share again?

V

Susan Wheeler

██████████

voice/fax ██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

347. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***poetic lineage***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

there is interesting book by david kalstone, can't remember title right now but it is about four poets -- lowell, bishop, moore and someone else, and nice work tracing moore/bishop exchange of influence, and bishop/lowell exchange.

please, no one mention "The Anxiety of Influence," please... e

[↑ Contents](#)

[↑ Contents](#)

349. **David R. Israel**  
*Re: poetic lineage / influence*  
 Sat 14 Jun 1997

*there is interesting book by david kalstone, can't remember title right now but it is about four poets -- lowell, bishop, moore and someone else, and nice work tracing moore/bishop exchange of influence, and bishop/lowell exchange.*

okay, deal. I've been (on some level of thinking) interested in influence / lineage with Robert Graves & W.S. Merwin -- though don't know that this is much considered (written about) as such, in whatever Merwin-crit as exists.

Here's one reference of poss interest to Jordon: an essay about Sylvia Plath in the New York Review of Books, written by James Fenton. Among other things, Fenton contrasts Plath's (constructed) sense of lineage (which he opines amounts to her sense of herself as a woman-poet) with that of Moore & Bishop. (Hmm -- was it a matter of influence? - or a matter of whom [historically] she felt she was competing with? -- pardon there, E)

Anyway, the essay appeared in a recent issue -- perhaps about 6 or so weeks ago (?). Title: "Sylvia Plath -- Priestess" or something along those lines.

best,  
d.i.

•

• • • • •

.....

////////////////////////////////////

> david   raphael   israel   <

>> washington d.c. <<

| █████ (home)  
| █████ (office)  
=====

| thy centuries follow each other  
| perfecting a small wild flower  
| (Tagore)  
////////////////////////////////////

[↑ Contents](#)

350. **Piombino/Simon**

**Re: summer reading**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

Hi Susan- I've been hoping someone would open the topic of summer reading lists. One day recently I was thinking of Benjamin's wonderful essay "Unpacking My Library" (in Illuminations) and I dragged out the huge pile of books I delusionally consider to be my current reading with the intention of listing some of them here. Fortunately for all of you I became fascinated by the Kim Dawn-Jay Schwartz potlatch and never got around to it. Anyway, I wanted to mention a book I think qualifies as being about "poetic lineage". The book is "Textual Politics and the Language Poets" by George Hartley published in 1989 by Indiana University Press. Back in the middle to late 80's George interviewed a number of so-called language poets and then wrote some interestingly dense and complex essays about them. The first essay in the book is titled "endless PROTEAN inkages" Language Poetry and the Avant-Garde Tradition. He mentions Khlebnikov, Stein, WCW, Vladimir Mayakovsky, Breton, Tzara, Olson, Ashbery, Emily Dickinson, Jackson Mac Low, Duchamp, Zukofsky, and many others. By the way, the book includes a whole chapter on "Jameson's Perelman" in which he discusses in detail why he believes Jameson is (incorrectly) confusing poetic language with schizophrenic speech. Nick P. On Sat, 14 Jun 1997, Susan Wheeler wrote:

*desperate for a new topic).*  
*Jordan*

*PS I have the same summer reading list as last year, so I'm too ashamed to ask what everybody else is reading.*

*I'd be grateful for recommendations of texts that discuss aspects of poetic lineage -- either focusing on individual poets and their adopted forebears or on the nature of this construction: how we inherit/construct our affinities and dominant sources (via pedagogy, etc.). Many thanks in advance.*

*Have been plowing through a number of recent translations for a couple of*

reviews -- Breton, Deluy, Valery, Eluard, du Bouchet, Alferi, Fourcade, Jaccottet. Ace. Can't remember what was on your list last year, Jordan -- care to share again?

V

Susan Wheeler

██████████

voice/fax

██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

351. **Gwyn McVay**  
***Diamanda Galas***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

David I. or anybody in the know, p'raps you could backchannel me with a short discography of la Galas? Always been interested, never able to find her stuff.

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

352. **Gwyn McVay**  
***Re: poetic lineage***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

The Kalstone Bishop/Lowell/Moore book is called /Becoming A Poet./ I always wondered why the singular, except that /Becoming Several Poets/ would sound funny.

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

353. **David Bromige**  
***not tuned in, Maria?***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Turned on, though. And please don't drop out. David

[↑ Contents](#)

354. **Gwyn McVay**  
***Okudzhava and Aygi***  
*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

Today's /NY Times/--are we all getting at least the same obits?--made mention of the death of Bulat Okudzhava, a Russian dissident poet. The obit writer grouped him with Yevtushenko and Akhmadulina, and called them Russia's "beat" movement. I always get suspicious of attempts to compare cultural phenomena like that--"Jell-O is the 'Pavlova' of the US!"--but I'd be interested in knowing more about this poet, like specifically if anything of his is available in translation.

Also got hold of a book of poems by Gennady Aygi, a poet of the Chuvash ethnic/linguistic minority--Russian was actually his second language; Pasternak is supposed to have gotten him writing in Russian. The English versions struck me as being more like translator's literal cribs than finished poems in English--but they still seemed interesting; I got the sense that his work was considered formally disruptive in several ways.

Anybody know more about either of these two, even enough to contextualize?

bests

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

355. **Piombino/Simon**  
***Re: summer reading***  
*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

By the way, the George Hartley book Textual Politics and the Language Poets is still in print at \$22.50 (ISBN 0-253-32716-4)  
Nick P.

[↑ Contents](#)

356. **Thomas M. Orange**  
***appropriateness of tangled language excursions***  
*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

jumping in a bit late on this, as the daily digest often forces us to do...

kudos to david israel and kali tal for what strike me as the most cogent readings so far of this recent (in)appropriateness thread.

by contrast, i find the suggestions that kim is a professional flame-thrower (we've seen them here before of course) or responsible for some made-for-download amateur porn video synopsis by/about "kim and dawn" (dodie, how/



where did you find this??) -- these notions strike me as being quite far afield, even bordering on the conspiracy-theoried.

granted, this medium throws writing and its intentions into all kinds of circum-spections; boundaries and terrains in a community such as this take time and effort to discern -- especially when someone new and with whose writing we are unfamiliar begins posting. this to me was the important point in jay's complaint -- that exclusive conversations (whether about light bondage or anything else) can inhibit potential posters from feeling like their writing will be paid any attention.

still, kim's writing is not abt shocking for its own sake, offending strangers, or literariness. while paying attention to the appropriateness of \*some\* of her language we've overlooked some as well -- the "riffing" (as d.i. puts it) on "Word is saving poems" etc...

cheers,

t.

[↑ Contents](#)

357. **Thomas M. Orange**  
***syllable. king and pin of versification.***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

thoughts on olson's "projective verse" essay. i cant agree with his take on the syllable. not at all "the smallest particle of all." obviously the smallest particle is the phoneme or grapheme, but these by themselves can't carry any meaning-sense. by contrast the syllable is not pure enough, contains potentially too much phonemic/graphic material and meaning-sense. before i explain, i quote: it is by their syllables that words juxtapose in beauty, by these particles of sound as clearly as by the sense of the words which they compose. in any given instance, because there is a choice of words, the choice, if a man is in there, will be, spontaneously, the obedience of his ear to the syllables. the fineness, and the practice, lie here, at the minimum and source of speech. (selected writings 17-18) syllables are not the minimum and source, they have too much sound and sense superadded. take "bent." (taggart read one of his long poems at the zuk conference, cant remember the name but it came out before dodeka and is linked thematically and conceptually. had the phrase "bent simple" recurring and it stuck with me.) "bent" is just as much as syllable as "rent," but the initial consonants are ineluctably permeate with different sound and sense. here "ent" is the fundamental unit of poetic substance: sonically complete ("nt" is more or less unpronounceable, "e" almost equally so and too aspecific) and capable of being approached by a signifying intention (using a merleau-ponty concept). essentially, "ent" stands waiting to be

complemented by a signifying intention that will weave it into a plastic poetic material, shapeable by the various potential sonic-semantic combinations: bent, relenting, entelechy, etc.

now it gets trickier when you start talking graphemes. certainly "nt" carries weight in this sense, but again moreso than "e." and what about "meant"? a syllable in olson's sense, phonemically the same (minus the initial consonant) as "bent," but with a graphic differ\*a\*nce...

musingly,  
t.

[↑ Contents](#)

358. **Michel Delville**

***Query - Abraham Lincoln Gillespie***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

Dear listers:

Could anybody backchannel me with the address of Abraham Lincoln Gillespie's literary estate?

Thanks for your help.

Michel Delville

-----

Michel Delville  
English Department  
University of Liège  
3, Place Cockerill  
4000 LIEGE  
(BELGIUM)

Fax: ++ 32(0)4 366 57 21

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

359. **Kali Tal**

***Re: appropriate ice cream***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

joe, i've got a recording of tom waits doing "ice cream man" on an album of his called \_the early years\_. don't have it on hand (i'm in l.a. right now), but he may be the author. if not, my guess would be it's an older blues/r&b tune, of the "hey, little girl" variety. waits' version is definitely nasty blues or an imitation thereof....

kali

(rumors of my resurrection have been greatly exaggerated)

[↑ Contents](#)

360. **James Finnegan**

***Re: POETICS Digest - 12 Jun 1997 to 13 Jun 1997***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

In a message dated 97-06-14 11:53:43 EDT, you write:

>From Outlaw To Classic, Alan Golding's account of the American  
>tradition through the anthology. Very interesting.

>

>

Dan--

Good choice--I liked it very much. The elaborate footnotes  
are wonderful, and the prose scholarly, yet clearheaded.

Finnegan

[↑ Contents](#)

361. **amato**

***Re: appropriate ice cream***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

pam, don't know who authored that tune (don't have the disc on-hand), but it  
was back when david lee roth was lead vocalist... "i'm your ice cream man"  
etc... somebody around here can fill in the blanks, i hope...

steve, a creamsicle?... that makes three creamsicle votes (two backchannel)...  
something about creamsicles, i'll tell ya...

still pining for my popsicle... my orange popsicle... anyone know that tune with  
the line "popsicle toes"?...

re appropriate/in: there *\*are\** no inappropriate posts, actually, not even posts  
that claim there are inappropriate posts... the word "inappropriate," to be a bit  
picky for a sec, is, as rob hardin suggests and kali unpacks, almost victorian in  
its implications ("unfitting," "unsuitable," etc)... i think in fact it's an inappropri-  
ate choice of terms... er... on the other hand, perhaps "inappropriate" is per-  
fectly appropriate, b/c in fact the more whimsical posts (as well as kim's) de-  
form the list boundaries a bit in attempting to find a 'fit'... which would suggest  
the need for more inappropriate posts, albeit we'll probably not all be in agree-  
ment as to what fits well... and hey, i really don't see (AT ALL) a threat to our

collective capacity for discussing "germane" topics (as in "appropriate and relevant")...

that said, i'm not about to argue that kim's performance (as such) isn't or couldn't be offensive... kim, to tu: i think there is a lapse of irony (if you will) twixt a publication by acker or yourself and your entrance (en-trance) into these spaces---to draw but one distinction twixt 'publishing' yourself hereabouts and addressing somebody [he sez]... and a parallel lapse effected in effect by jay schwartz (jay, to tu now)---it is provocative in a rather obnoxious way [he sez] to enter into a list space in which you haven't been all that active and ask those who have (for some \*years\* now) to be somehow more 'appropriate'... albeit when you writ 'at [your] snootiest' or some such i did feel a certain mitigating effect, like, why bother?... but again---you're free to post same, as i've been free to pretty much ignore your provocation (till my public popsicle urge, that is)...

of course there are posts that cross 'the line,' and kim's post does perhaps blur 'the line' some, offering b/c of its occasion, and depending upon interpretation, a certain quotient of verbal abuse, as dodie indicates... but it's up to our listener to decide, ultimately, whether, based perhaps on everybody's opine, there is actual threat, actual hate, etc---he's the only one with the actual power to prevent somebody from subbing to this list (it's a tall order, but i'm sure charles is up to it!)... anyway, i think it's clear (based on all of these posts) that the performative has in this case been self-regulating... kim's post struck me, as it did eliza, as a bit weird primarily b/c of its occasion---but this is no vote against same as such... i did not sense actual threat or hate, even if i can say outright that it's not my, uhm, style, simply b/c the taunting factor (again, in this context) i found a bit much...

i don't think the discussion then is about literary porno, exactly... rather more to do, again and again and again, with how we come to this sort of engagement... and to say it the best i can, it's at best an idiosyncratic affair...

me, i'm wedded [sic] to the idea that 'we' \*are\* about possibilities, about finding ways to learn from one another... but learning, yknow, can raise anxieties...

best,

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

362. **Maria Damon**

***Re: not tuned in, Maria?***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

At 7:05 AM -0700 6/14/97, David Bromige wrote:

> Turned on, though. And please don't drop out. David

not intending to drop out at all, and Rachel, don't be going puhleez. i meant not tuned in to undercurrents of hostility and violence etc that others detected.

[↑ Contents](#)

363. **robert drake**

**Re: Okudzhava and Aygi**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

you can get a taste of Okudzhava's work in *\_Contemporary Russian Poetry\_*, ed./trans. Gerald Smith, Indiana U. 1993. i'm absolutely w/ you on the suspect cultural comparison; praps drawn frm his works circulating on cassette tape, & some imagined parallel w/ beat coffeehouse readings?? crazy, man, crazy...

lbd

*Today's /NY Times/--are we all getting at least the same obits?--made mention of the death of Bulat Okudzhava, a Russian dissident poet. The obit writer grouped him with Yevtushenko and Akhmadulina, and called them Russia's "beat" movement. I always get suspicious of attempts to compare cultural phenomena like that--"Jell-O is the 'Pavlova' of the US!"--but I'd be interested in knowing more about this poet, like specifically if anything of his is available in translation.*

*Anybody know more about either of these two, even enough to contextualize?*

*bests*

*Gwyn*

[↑ Contents](#)

364. **dbkk**

**Re: Reading Kim Dawn....**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Kali,

I leave you and Kim to your orifaces. Enjoy them.

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

365. **Kim Dawn**

**ms. non-provocateur**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

thanks tom, peter, kali and bob. very thoughtfully written. though i am engage in some of the perifies of this debate (especially the aspects of disembodied texts of e-mail, the boundaries, or, my lack of between public and private, the

gender question (question of my gender), and the violence of text(s) buried, the body as text. received a copy of your book, dodie, with bob harrison entitled BROKEN ENGLISH. am really enjoying it and hope you don't leave the list. i hope a constructive discussion on this and other writing can occur. any interest in the body as text or the amnesiac (dis) embodied ; body ; writing? (like sylvia fraser's writing. who wrote and wrote, unaware at the time, as it all poured forth that her texts were actually her memory re-surfacing.

[↑ Contents](#)

366. **Bob Grumman**

***Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

I agree with Thomas M. Orange that Olson was wrong in calling the syllable "the smallest particle of all." But for those of us in infra-verbal and visual poetry, the phoneme isn't the smallest particle, either. For instance, a lot of us have been working with the dot of the lower case i. jwcurry has a one-LETTER poem in which he replaces the dot of an i with a finger-print. I have a poem in which the i in "spring" has seven dots. In a variation in honor of Cummings's "just-spring," I spell "spring" without the body of its i, just its dot. Then there's my favorite poem, Aram Saroyan's "lightht," where an extra unvoiced phoneme carries all kinds of meaning-sense. And what about Joyce's "corpse" as a one-word summary of human existence? Certainly to us the phoneme or grapheme, and even smaller textual particles, can carry a great deal of "meaning-sense."  
--Bob G

[↑ Contents](#)

367. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: hello poetics! let's tell the truth***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

Okay, I'll bite.

But first, in a Cageian spirit, let me ask, what do we mean by a reading list, i.e., what do we hope to get out of them? What we do expect they'll do for us? Why do we feel compelled to keep them? Do reading lists become more important than the books themselves?

I'll indulge in some confession and hope it strikes a chord: I have always been a great reader of bits. Bits and pieces. Bits and portions. I seldom read a book cover to cover, whether it's poetry or prose. Which is why I read so little fiction. All that tiresome linearity! ("The boy is quick, but he's got no application," I can hear Sister Concepta murmur, looking down on me from the towering height of 4'11" with a sad shake of her funereally coifed head).

Whereas, if the writer's any good or has got something interesting to say, then dipping into, say, a critical work, at almost any point should yield the satisfactions I seek: stimulation of the intellect and bracing inventive language. More and more I find I'm only drawn to texts that bewilder me (in all senses of that word). If I'm not instantly at a loss, or bedazzled in some other way, then I'm unhooked: I move on. Of course my lack of application has always bothered me. Which is I why I was gratified to learn in Trelawny that Shelly had a similar attitude toward books. He had the uncanny gift for locating exactly what he wanted from a given text and when he'd read that bit, that piece or portion, he was through with the book. Boffo, said I. Still, the anxiety remains. And isn't that, finally, what we mean by a reading list? A diagram of our anxiety?

Here's mine \_this\_ week. God only knows where I'll be next:

Helene Cixous: Three Steps on the Ladder of Writing (skimming but it deserves better)

John Cage: Silence (say what)

Blanchot: The Writing of the Disaster (the text as hologram - made for me!)

Kevin Killian: Shy (hi Kevin!)

Edw. Dahlberg: Because I Was Flesh (a bedstand alternative of the month book)

Henri Corbin: Creative Imagination in the Sufism of Ibn Arabi (hopeless)

Kristeva: Black Sun (another skimmer)

Harbormaster of Hong Kong (yo decibel!)

Occasional forays into the prose of Beckett and Elizabeth Smart (\_By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept\_ : has anyone else read this? I may have to succumb and read all of it).

Patrick Pritchett

-----

From: Jordan Davis

To: POETICS

Subject: hello poetics! let's tell the truth

Date: Friday, June 13, 1997 9:12PM

Jordan

PS I have the same summer reading list as last year, so I'm too ashamed to ask what everybody else is reading.

[↑ Contents](#)

368. **dbkk**

**Re: ms. non-provocateur**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

At 3:28 PM -0400 6/14/97, Kim Dawn wrote:

>(like sylvia fraser's writing. who wrote and wrote, unaware at the  
>time, as it all poured forth that her texts were actually her memory  
>re-surfacing.

Obviously, Kim, your concerns are mine as well, but the poetics list is not a space where I feel comfortable discussing my opinions about female-centered issues. Like you I admire the work of Nicole Brossard--and who doesn't have a crush on Erin Moure?

I'm not familiar with Sylvia Fraser. She sounds interesting. Who is she?  
Where's her work available?

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

369. **amato**

**Re: appropriate ice cream (the cool down?)**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

yo, thanx kali & linda, that's it i think... yeah, van halen musta electrified it  
some, as per...

now it's gone and got chilly here in chicago, damn... orange popsicle on hold till  
it warms up again...

///

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

370. **Herb Levy**

**Re: Diamanda Galas**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Gwyn -

I'd divide Galas' work into three roughly chronological sections: the first (Wild Women with Steak Knives/Litanies of Satan & Panoptikon) are the most abstract; the middle (the various works in response to the AIDS crisis, Schrei X) are more direct; & the more recent pop/torch song collections (You Must be Certain of the Devil, The Singer, The Sporting Life) often seem self-parodistic.

Needless to say, there are those who don't find her pop-ish stuff as silly as I do.



Here's the URL for a Diamanda Galas Web site:

<<http://www.sundial.net/~endless/Diamanda.shtml>>

*David I. or anybody in the know, p'raps you could backchannel me with a short discography of la Galas? Always been interested, never able to find her stuff.*

Gwyn

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

371. **Kim Dawn**

***Re: ms. non-provocateur***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

*At 3:28 PM -0400 6/14/97, Kim Dawn wrote:*

*(like sylvia fraser's writing. who wrote and wrote, unaware at the time, as it all poured forth that her texts were actually her memory re-surfacing.*

*Obviously, Kim, your concerns are mine as well, but the poetics list is not a space where I feel comfortable discussing my opinions about female-centered issues. Like you I admire the work of Nicole Brossard--and who doesn't have a crush on Erin Moure?*

*I'm not familiar with Sylvia Fraser. She sounds interesting. Who is she? Where's her work available?*

*Dodie*

i feel like someone just took the candy outta my mouth and i'm still sucking air. i know there are men on this list whom i know personally who love moure and brossard and marlat. so, maybe they wouldn't mind or would also be interested in engaging a dialogue concerning the body as text, this concerns men too, it would be really interesting if they joined in. mr. w, care to contribute? i'm reading the handbook of yours, treasuring it, really. i think the size is appropriate for the content. how did you and bob work on the text together? i'm glad you sent me a nice message. last night i cried upon reading my mail on my way out. so what. pain/pleasure/pleasure/pain. oh, sylvia fraser is this amazing woman i heard speak a few years ago in halifax, she was dressed in orange from head to toe, heels, tights, suit, lipstick, purse. she had a powerful presence. some of her books are: 'berlin solstice', 'my father's house', and 'pandora'. she wrote pandora and berlin solstice before she had any memory of her childhood. her memory seeped itself through into her writing. the books lulled her in and she

couldn't stop even if she wanted to. i think you can probably find her stuff in most bookstores, and womens bookstores.

[↑ Contents](#)

372. **Thomas M. Orange**  
*syllable king and pin*

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

bob g:

certainly infraverbovizpo is a whole different ballgame. an "i" with \*seven\* dots hmm. any of the stuff you mention (yrs, jwcurry, saroyan) on the light-and-dust site? will check.

thanks,  
t.

[↑ Contents](#)

373. **Thomas M. Orange**  
*the latest baffler*

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

does anyone know when the most recent issue of the baffler (#9) came out? just saw a copy at a newsstand this aft and am wondering if the mail is slow or if i've been extricated from the subscription loop. backchannel is fine.

thanks,  
t.

[↑ Contents](#)

374. **Maria Damon**  
*Re: ms. non-provocateur*

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

i wd be fascinated by a discussion of female centered issues to the degree that we are comfortable w/ same. we have had some rather oblique discussions of "writing the body" before, but they've usually consisted of people recommending cixous et al to each other and not much further than that. i obviously don't want anyone to transgress her comfort level (her own, that is, not cixous's) and i don't know how much i'll be participating myself, since most of my deeply body centered and embodied-memory-driven days seem to be behind me (all i do now it seems is type and think about how much \$\$ i have to sock away if i want to do early retirement, that and a certain upcoming conference). i've enjoyed seeing new names (brossard is not a new name but as yet unread by me;

moire is new to me, as is sylvia fraser i think, tho maybe my sister was reading my father's house last xmas) esp since i'm teaching my old fave course, weird books by women, and wd entertain a few new names on the syllabus.--md

At 4:28 PM -0400 6/14/97, Kim Dawn wrote:

>>At 3:28 PM -0400 6/14/97, Kim Dawn wrote:

>>>(like sylvia fraser's writing. who wrote and wrote, unaware at the  
>>>time, as it all poured forth that her texts were actually her memory  
>>>re-surfacing.

>>

>>Obviously, Kim, your concerns are mine as well, but the poetics list is not  
>>a space where I feel comfortable discussing my opinions about  
>>female-centered issues. Like you I admire the work of Nicole Brossard--and  
>>who doesn't have a crush on Erin Moure?

>>

>>I'm not familiar with Sylvia Fraser. She sounds interesting. Who is she?  
>>Where's her work available?

>>

>>Dodie

>

>

>i feel like someone just took the candy outta my mouth and i'm still  
>sucking air.

>i know there are men on this list whom i know personally who love moire and  
>brossard and marlat. so, maybe they wouldn't mind or would also be  
>interested in engaging a dialogue concerning the body as text, this  
>concerns men too, it would be really interesting if they joined in. mr. w,  
>care to contribute?i'm reading the handbook of yours, treasuring it,  
>really. i think the size is appropriate for the content. how did you and bob  
>work on the text together?

>i'm glad you sent me a nice message. last night i cried upon reading my  
>mail on my way out. so what. pain/pleasure/pleasure/pain.

>oh, sylvia fraser is this amazing woman i heard speak a few years ago in  
>halifax, she was dressed in orange from head to toe, heels, tights, suit,  
>lipstick, purse. she had a powerful presence. some of her books are:  
>'berlin solstice', 'my father's house',and 'pandora'. she wrote pandora  
>and berlin solstice before she had any memory of her childhood. her memory  
>seeped itself through into her writing. the books lulled her in and she  
>couldn't stop even if she wanted to.

>i think you can probably find her stuff in most bookstores, and womens  
>bookstores.

[↑ Contents](#)

375. **Pritchett, Pat**

**Re: body as text**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Please have pity on the clueless and elucidate if only briefly what the captivating phrase "body as text" encapsulates. Peter Greenaway's latest film (which I haven't seen and prob. won't) notwithstanding, I assume it refers to the way we read each others' bodies \_as\_ literal texts: i.e. how appearance shapes perception and conception: how gender is a social construction: how appearances determine social strata and the various games of power that determine who's on the inside and who's on the outside? Am I even close?

PS I like Nicole Broussard very much too, though I've only read *\_A Book\_* and get the feeling this is not as radical as some of her other work.

PPS Two writers I have never read and prob. never will: Philip Roth and Edna O'Brien. Blurbs Roth for Edna's newest book in a print ad in *The New Yorker*: "The finest woman writer in English today" or some such ancient magisterial nonsense. Gee, Phil, no anxiety there huh? I mean, just so long as she's the finest *\_woman\_* writer I guess your self-elected sense of male pre-eminence is safe, eh?

Patrick Pritchett

-----

From: Kim Dawn

To: POETICS

Subject: Re: ms. non-provocateur

Date: Saturday, June 14, 1997 3:47PM

i know there are men on this list whom i know personally who love moure and brossard and marlat. so, maybe they wouldn't mind or would also be interested in engaging a dialogue concerning the body as text, this concerns men too, it would be really interesting if they joined in. mr. w, care to contribute?

[↑ Contents](#)

376. **David Dowker**

***The Alterran Poetry Assemblage - #2***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

ANNOUNCING: the second installment of

(((((((((THE ALTERRAN POETRY ASSEMBLAGE))))))))))

Featuring: Bob Perelman, David Dowker, David Hoefer, Adam Cornford, John Noto, Sheila Murphy, Charles Alexander, Nancy Dunlop, Matt Hill, Will Alexander, Andrew Joron, Drew Gardner, Peter Middleton, and Lisa Robertson.

  
http://home.ican.net/~alterra/

[↑ Contents](#)

377. **David Israel**  
***tuned in (etc.)***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Maria,--

re: David Bromige's one-liner & your couple-line reply -- here's a minor "literary footnote" (& example of one's famously admonished against doing -- viz., explaining a joke):

according to me, David B. knew well enough what you meant by "not tuned in." And he had (I'll furthermore wager) no specific notion of your actually thinking of "dropping out" (from the List) --

RATHER, the logic (& charm) of his utterance is (I opine) based on a playful allusion to the famous [or as may be, infamous] (& (surely well known to you -- but poss. you didn't recall the forest for the trees), indeed (one-time) signature utterance of the late Tim Leary, to wit:

tune in  
turn on  
drop out

ergo:

M.D.: "... not TUNED IN ..." --

D.B.: "TURNED ON, though. And please don't DROP OUT ..."

(So, the riposte = bon mot + gesture of comradely appreciation)

end of explication du texte

d.i.

////

*Date: Sat, 14 Jun 1997 12:21:29 -0500*

*From: Maria Damon < >*

*Subject: Re: not tuned in, Maria?*

*At 7:05 AM -0700 6/14/97, David Bromige wrote:*

*Turned on, though. And please don't drop out. David*

*not intending to drop out at all, and Rachel, don't be going puhleez. i meant not tuned in to undercurrents of hostility and violence etc that others detected.*

[↑ Contents](#)

378. **CHRIS MANN**

**Re: authorisations and other jokes**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

it was that one of the attractions of the (this) medium was the (a) comparative lack of authority and the declining need to argue by anecdote (or territory, or experience (nice tropes all, i'm sure, but not ones that need me to do propaganda for them)). (irony, as a footnote, has of course the advantage of changing nothing. it is ideal. bit like a reader, actually.)

[↑ Contents](#)

379. **Kim Dawn**

**Re: body as text**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

body as text.  
the textual body.  
the texture of skin (                      ).  
the layers. the writing. become. dense. indecipherable.  
a mass of tangled hair below the surface.  
permanence. the tattoo. the thin ink and thick blood.  
the unreadable. the forgotten. the body inside the body.  
                    beside  
                    the  
                    body.  
the in (                      )                      between  
the hated. the other. the split. the failure of erasure.  
the countless attempts. (                      skin rubbed raw.  
it is the memory written before birth. the memory we have chosen to forget.  
the memory which lives (and swells). boils. provokes the skins supple surface.  
sewn mouths upon the surface.

[↑ Contents](#)

380. **Tenney Nathanson**

**Re: poetic lineage**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Four Temperaments. Unless it's actually five poets, in which case ....  
Merrill, I think? and Rich? and Moore not counting as one of the four but talked about in relation to Bishop?

and Ashbery?  
no wait that makes SIX temperaments? or FIVE?  
urgh!  
tenney

At 07:38 AM 6/14/97 -0400, you wrote:

>there is interesting book by david kalstone, can't remember title right now  
>but it is about four poets -- lowell, bishop, moore and someone else, and  
>nice work tracing moore/bishop exchange of influence, and bishop/lowell  
>exchange.  
>  
>please, no one mention "The Anxiety of Influence," please...  
>e  
>  
>

-----  
tenney nathanson



<http://www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/>

[↑ Contents](#)

381. **Bradford J Senning**

***Re: poetic lineage***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

that would be Bishop, Lowell, Merrill, Rich, and Ashbery  
the book is "Five Temperaments."  
-brad

[↑ Contents](#)

382. **Judy Roitman**

***Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

*Specifically, when the gene comes from one's mother, it is apparently inactive, the researchers believe.*

*When it is inherited from the father, however, it is active, and somehow facilitates social interaction.*

So even our (women's that is) \*genes\* are passive...

I remember at arts camp back in high school in the early 60's being told that women couldn't write poetry because we tended towards passive grammatical constructions. No shit. Told this by a guy, of course. Unfortunately he was the writing teacher.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

383. **Judy Roitman**  
**Re: poetic lineage / influence**  
Sat 14 Jun 1997

*Here's one reference of poss interest to Jordon: an essay about Sylvia Plath in the New York Review of Books, written by James Fenton. Among other things, Fenton contrasts Plath's (constructed) sense of lineage (which he opines amounts to her sense of herself as a woman-poet) with that of Moore & Bishop. (Hmm -- was it a matter of influence? - or a matter of whom [historically] she felt she was competing with? -- pardon there, E)*

*Anyway, the essay appeared in a recent issue -- perhaps about 6 or so weeks ago (?). Title: "Sylvia Plath -- Priestess" or something along those lines.*

*best,  
d.i.  
.  
.....*

It was one of a series of 3, one for each of Moore, Bishop, and Plath.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)



384. **Joseph Duemer**

***Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

Agreeing with T. Orange on the syllable. Anyone who has tried to write in syllabic forms knows that syllables, as conventionally defined, can sometimes be made to count for two sound units; furthermore even in English--a non-quantative language--some syllables are simply heftier than others. It is the arrangement of these variations that make a syllabic line come together, which keep it from being merely arbitrary.

---

Joseph Duemer  
School of Liberal Arts  
Clarkson University  
Potsdam NY 13699  
Phone: [REDACTED]  
Fax: [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

---

"Art cannot be tamed, although our responses to it can be . . ." -Jeanette Winterson

[↑ Contents](#)

385. **George Thompson**

***Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.***

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

I found Thomas Orange's discussion of Olson and the syllable interesting, but I'm not quite sure what is gained by abandoning the syllable, as T.O. recommends. While I agree that there is nothing 'fundamental' about the syllable, there is nothing fundamental about the phoneme either [I don't understand graphemes very well -- they belong to a completely different sort of sign system -- so I'll leave them out]: phonemes themselves consist of bundles of features [e.g. the presence or absence of labiality or nasality or voicedness, etc.]. So if anything is fundamental it is probably these.

There are probably many ways to define the syllable, but, like Olson maybe, I tend to look at it as a metrical element, i.e., as an abstract unit of measure that ignores real but metrically irrelevant things like phonemes or distinctive features. Any sequence of phonemes that make up a syllable form a unit that is equivalent [metrically] to other such units. So Homer's dactylic hexameter consists of lines that consist of a strictly defined range of syllables, etc. In verse that is 'free' [or perhaps 'projective'?] rather than regular or metrical, the

syllable is the basic building block out of which one constructs a rhythmic line [breath, etc.], a sequence that in itself is a higher-level unit. [now I confess that this is me talking, not Olson; haven't read him in a few years].

I don't understand the distinction that you make, Tom, between 'bent' or 'rent', and 'ent'. As purely syllabic units they are all equivalent: each is one syllable in length, and \*as syllables\* none of them have any other intrinsic meaning. The problem here is that the first two also happen to be words in English, but that's just a historical accident and has nothing to do with their syllable-hood. As I understand your argument re 'signifying intention', I see no reason why 'ent' is more fundamental than 'bent'. Without some kind of vocalism 'nt' is unpronounceable, but 'e' is a perfectly good syllable by itself. On the whole your argument seems to suggest that in fact the syllable is \*not\* fundamental from your point of view. Yes. But what is? What is 'ent' if not a syllable? I see it as just a sequence of phonemes, and so from my point of view, the phoneme remains the fundamental unit of all language [not just poetry] from the "sonic-semantic" point of view. What distinguishes 'bent' [as a "unit of poetic substance"] from 'rent' and 'ent' are the initial phonemes: /b/ and /r/ and 0 [zero phoneme].

As far as I can see there are two alternatives: either Olson's syllables are fundamental as units of poetry, or phonemes are [I am not sure if distinctive features have a function that could be called poetic, but maybe...]. At this point I can't see which has the more value as the "basic unit of poetry". I can see some use in both.

Does this make any sense?

George Thompson

p.s. before Henry Gould signs off maybe he can help with his two cents. Or anyone else?

[↑ Contents](#)

386. **dbkk**

***Re: ms. non-provocateur***

*Sat 14 Jun 1997*

---

At 4:10 PM -0500 6/14/97, Maria Damon wrote:

>i wd be fascinated by a discussion of female centered issues to the degree  
>that we are comfortable w/ same. we have had some rather oblique  
>discussions of "writing the body" before, but they've usually consisted of  
>people recommending cixous et al to each other and not much further than  
>that.

Oh, Maria, have you've forgotten the time that this discussion was subverted to how \*Ezra Pound\* writes the body!!!! The women's issues part of the discussion was quickly swept away as if by one of those F5 tornadoes.

But my unwillingness to talk about this stuff is more about it being the subject of my writing and my preferring to keep it messy (there's that word again) and personal, not Formulated. My writing about sex has been as much influenced by men as by women, I picked up many of my tricks from gay men in particular.

Though, in keeping with your money concerns, I must say that I've discovered I will write about \*anything\* for money. Grease my palms!

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

387. **Schuchat Simon**  
**Re: Okudzhava and Aygi**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

there is an historical element in the equation of Russian and U.S. beat poets, with their emergence during the Khrushchev thaw and the Eisenhower fifties, implications of convergence, interpersonal relations among the poets themselves, (Ginsberg and Voznesensky, etc). there was also something stylistic involved, the uses that the Russians made of Mayakovsky and their futurist predecessors, the fondness for the major statement, etc. eventually this fell away, particularly on the Russian side, but the relations are there. on the American side, do you think you could have the beats without Dostoevsky? but also, see Frank O'Hara's attack on Voznesenky and Yevtushenko: " Mayakovsky's hat, worn by a horse"

too bad Ghenrihk Gould has signed off, I am sure he could add much more than me. Also, Anselm H's first U.S. publication (I think?) was the City Lights pocket poets Red Cats, trans of Voz and Yevtushenko and Konstantin Simonov (!).

if you can ever find tapes or CD of Vladimir Vysotsky singing, that's definitely an experience. (if you saw the Baryshnikov cold war epic White Nights, Baryshnikov does a solo to a Vysotsky piece)

[↑ Contents](#)

388. **Michael Boughn**

**Re: re : so long**

Sat 14 Jun 1997

---

I actually just spotted the elusive Mr. Bowering (whoever the hell he is) in Toronto near Coach House Press with someone who looked remarkably like Amy Lowell (tho it could have been Victor Coleman in drag).

Mike



*Gee, Chris, when I spotted your subject header, I thought Bowering had resurfaced & was about to confide something inappropriate to us. David*

[↑ Contents](#)

389. **Thomas M. Orange**

**arno holz translations**

Sun 15 Jun 1997

---

any germanists out there know  
if substantial english translations of  
arno holz exist? i've got only a scant  
few pomes in a penguin anthology.

missing the mandelstam thread,  
t.

[↑ Contents](#)

390. **robert drake**

**Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.**

Sun 15 Jun 1997

---

bob grumman mentions:

>jwcurry has a one-LETTER poem in which he replaces the  
>dot of an i with a finger-print...

the published version of that poem that i have ("curvd H&z 206/th wrecking bal-lzark#50/1¢ent #50", june 1983) is credited as a jw's translation from the Czech of Vladimir Burda... i would suppose that the translation process involved substituting an english-speaker's fingerprint for that of a czech-speaker... and i can imagine a mailart-ish project of a multilingual edition of translations from around the world....

asever  
luigi

[↑ Contents](#)

391. **KENT JOHNSON**  
*to pine away like Echo*  
Sun 15 Jun 1997

---

Kim Dawn's commentary about writing the body/the body as text recalls some of the musings of Alan Jen (Jennifer/Julu) Sondheim in recent postings. Interesting to consider that it could well be that Dawn is an incarnation of Sondheim's ever-splicing textual body (I wouldn't be surprised), but, if so, I'd say that "she" is a minor, apprentice-like character in the Sondheim voice-chamber we've been given an inkling of here.

Point of this is to say it's surprising to me that Sondheim's numerous sharings in past months (tiny part of a massive, multiplying work, for intro to which see Sondheim post of 6/8) seem to have generated almost no commentary on the list (though there may be excitement back-channel I'm not privy to), for they seem boundlessly more provocative, psyche-layered, and transgressive than the flame-driven naughtiness of Dawn, which has garnered so much chat of late. I don't mean this as a put-down of Dawn, for she's just begun posting here, and it may be the case that, as Peter Ganick says, "she" is destined to be an important "avant-garde voice." But here's an absolutely confident vote for Sondheim (whatever that name means) as absolutely major figure--a mind-boggling energy locus in cyber-space, whose works are in the same league of conceptual newness as anything by, say, greats like Cage, Mac Low, or Schwerner.

No doubt others have taken note before me, but I thought I'd go ahead and offer my personal opinion: I propose the he/she/they who inhabit Alan are tirelessly unfolding one of the wildest, most exciting textual bodies the world has ever seen.

Attention, please.

Kent

[↑ Contents](#)

392. **john chris jones**  
*summer reading some are reading summa summer sum?*  
Sun 15 Jun 1997

---

Pending the next part of the cyberepic  
some summer reading perhaps?

not so much poetic lineage as all lineage, as I came to it via 'the design of everything', with some of my reasons for liking these books:

SIX BOOKS, OR TEN (with quotations found by chance process):

:1. Edwin Schlossberg, 'For my father', in *About Bateson, essays on Gregory Bateson*, edited by John Brockman, E P Dutton, New York, 1977, pp. 144-167.

'We learn to read and then single letters and words become habitual to the extent that we see them in their context and not as separate things. When we forget ourselves as a word we exist more fully as our entire context.' (p.162.83)

The most interesting writing on 'environment' that I've read, and the best introduction to the thought of Edwin Schlossberg in which distinctions between self and other entities are replaced by a wider awareness that is itself 'the environment', or everything.

2. Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding media: the extensions of man*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1965 (and in other editions).

'In our age artists are able to mix their media diet as easily as their book diet. A poet like Yeats made the fullest use of oral peasant culture in creating literary effects. Quite early, Eliot made great impact by the careful use of jazz and film form'. (p. 53.81)

Out of Insights like this, in profusion, Marshall McLuhan constructs a unified picture of technology-and-mind that undoes stifling specialisations and shows an integrative mind at work.

3. Walt Whitman, *Leaves of grass*, Norton critical edition, W. W. Norton & Company, New York, 1973, (original edition 1855).

'In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd  
palings,  
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich  
green,  
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I  
love,  
With every leaf a miracle - and from this bush in the door-yard,  
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich  
green,  
A sprig with its flower I break.' (p. 329.38)

Walt Whitman was, with William Wordsworth, one of the first to attempt a democratic poetry 'of everyone'. His poems were perhaps the first to celebrate the vastness and the equality of the modern life and can bring humanity and inspiration to notions like 'universal access'.

4. Joseph Beuys, *Energy plan for western man, Joseph Beuys in America, writings and interviews with the artist*, compiled by Carin Kuoni, Four Walls Eight Windows, New York, 1990.

'Q: How would you describe your new aesthetic?

BEUYS: I describe it radically: I say aesthetics = human being. That is a radical formula. I set the idea of aesthetics directly in the context of human existence, and then I have the whole problem in the hand, then I have not a special problem, I have a "holography". ( Beuys laughs, audience laughs, sympathetically.) I don't know exactly what a holography is . . . ( more laughter).' (p. 34.56)

Joseph Beuys has expanded the notion of art to include most of what is presently taken as design, perhaps to all aspects of living. Although there may be unspoken religious assumptions in what he says and does I feel that it's relevant to everyone in modern times. He has expanded the ideas of 'what is a person', 'what is a culture': a necessary step in any attempt to improve modern life, I believe.

5. William Morris, *News from nowhere, or an epoch of rest, being some chapters from a utopian romance* , edited by James Redmond, Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1970 (original edition 1890).

'The man himself was tall, dark-haired, and exceedingly handsome, and though his face was no less kindly in expression than that of the others, he moved with that somewhat haughty mien which great beauty is apt to give to both men and women. He nevertheless came and sat down at our table with a smiling face, stretching out his long legs and hanging his arm over the chair in the slowly graceful way which tall and well-built people may use without affectation. He was a man in the prime of life, but looked as happy as a child who has just got a new toy. He bowed gracefully to me and said: 'I see clearly that you are the guest, of whom Annie has just told me, who has come from some distant country that does not know of us, or our ways of life. So I daresay you would not mind answering me a few questions . . .'(p. 17.02)

Of the many utopias and dystopias, from *The Republic* of Plato to George Orwell's 1984 , and after, there are few that do not presume an authoritarian government, forcing people to be good, or at least to conform. William Morris's utopia is an exception in which people govern themselves. An encouragement to trust ourselves and others as we are, given freedom from hierarchy, bureaucracy and such.

6. John Cage, *Silence, lectures and writings*, Marion Boyars, London, 1968, (original edition by Wesleyan University Press, 1961.).

'Though no two performances of the *Music of Changes* will be identical . . . two performances will resemble one another closely. Though chance operations

brought about the determination of the composition, these operations are not available in its performance . . . (it) is an object more inhuman than human, since chance operations brought it into being. . . . (which) gives the work the alarming aspect of a Frankenstein monster. This situation is of course characteristic of Western music, the masterpieces of which are its most frightening examples, which when concerned with humane communication only move over from Frankenstein monster to Dictator.' (p. 36.44)

I am surprised by this quotation from one of John Cage's early lectures. In my first reading of *Silence* (and of his later books *A year from Monday*, *M*, *Empty words*, *X*, *I-VI*) I saw chance composition is a liberation, not a threat - a model of how we may hope to live by freeing ourselves of our 'likes and dislikes' and of central control. Now I must read the lecture again. Not so easy, as it is set in 'excessively small type . . . to emphasize the intentionally pontifical character' of the lecture.

And the last four, which I'd prefer not to exclude if there is space or patience:

7. C. Thomas Mitchell, *Redefining designing, from form to experience*, Van Nostrand Reinhold, New York, 1993.

' . . . laypeople find it very difficult to collaborate in the design of something with which they are not very familiar. In the Jordan case, for example, a husband tried to design his future house without permitting his wife to have any input. It quickly became apparent that he was involved in very few activities in the house. When unable to generate a design he reluctantly asked his wife to "help", and a design that pleased them both was then quickly generated.' (p. 80.39) ' Tom Mitchell's book is the best review I know of attempts to share art and design processes 'with everyone'. Surely the way of the future?

8. George Sturt, *The wheelwright's shop*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1923 (still in print).

'George Sturt, my grandfather, was not a stranger to the shop when he bought it. He had been leading man there for some time . . . . It seems almost certain to me, first, that he only made a lathe on condition that a proper "house" for it should be built, and second, that Grover was not very well able to refuse what his leading man wanted.' (p. 5.81)

This is the most useful book I know for 'seeing behind design', or 'through it', for in his account of craft of wagon-making George Sturt shows how objects of great complexity, and of excellent 'fit' to their users, were evolved entirely without designers or other educated specialists. I see similarities between this and the crafting of software, and encouragements to share creative processes 'with everyone'.



9. Gertrude Stein, *Look at me now and here I am*, writings and lectures 1911-1945, edited by Patricia Meyerowitz, Peter Owen, London, 1947 (originally published by Random House, New York, 1941, and still available in other editions).

'No matter how well you know the end of the stage story it is nevertheless not within your control as the memory of an exciting thing is or as the written story of an exciting thing is or even in a curious way the heard story of an exciting thing is. And what is the reason for this difference and what does it do to the stage. It makes for nervousness that of course, and the cause of nervousness is the fact that the emotion of the one seeing the play is always ahead or behind the play.' (p. 61.48)

I can't easily say why I like the theories and writings of Gertrude Stein so much . . . perhaps it's because she so closely observes her own reactions and out of them, the tiny thought-events which are normally disregarded, is able to reconstruct literature, or theatre, or anything? This is close to 'designing' as I know it and a way to enter 'human mind' as she calls it, the losing of oneself in one's work.

10. Hannah Arendt, *The human condition*, University of Chicago Press, Chicago and London, 1958 (still in print).

'This unpredictability of outcome is closely related to the revelatory character of action and speech, in which one discloses one's self without ever either knowing himself or being able to calculate beforehand whom he reveals. The ancient saying that nobody can be called *eudaimon* before he is dead may point to the issue at stake, if we could hear its original meaning after two and a half thousand years of hackneyed repetition; not even its Latin translation . . . *nemo ante mortem beatus esse dici potest* - conveys this meaning . . . For *eudaimon* means neither happiness nor beatitude . . . It has connotations of blessedness, but without any religious overtones, and it means literally something like the well-being of the *daimon* who accompanies each man throughout life, who is his distinct identity, but appears and is visible only to others.' (p.190.90)

What I learnt from this book is that mechanised living is not a norm but an aberration and that there is indeed a better way, well recognised in the past, through which people could live as people, not as consumers, workers or instruments of any kind. Hannah Arendt compares the ancient Greek and modern meanings of labor, work and action and exposes a modern blindness to social presence, as opposed to work and labour, as a reason for living. Given this I see how 'unemployment' as we call it, (supported by no-growth automation) could be enjoyed by everyone, as it once was by the few. The modern age could be a reversal of what it has been! ' (I see now that I mistakenly copied the quotation

from p.192 not 190 but I'll let it stand, assuming there is hidden wisdom in mistakes.)

john-chris

this was written for the ellipsis website :

<<http://www.gold.net/ellipsis/>> and a mirror site at <<http://www.ellipsis.com>>

who asked me for six favourite books, re design and everything

[↑ Contents](#)

393. **Maria Damon**

***Re: appropriateness & current genetic theory***

*Sun 15 Jun 1997*

---

At 8:03 PM -0500 6/14/97, Judy Roitman wrote:

>> Specifically, when the gene comes from one's mother, it is

>> apparently inactive, the researchers believe.

>> When it is inherited from the father, however, it is active, and

>> somehow facilitates social interaction.

>

>

> So even our (women's that is) \*genes\* are passive...

>

> I remember at arts camp back in high school in the early 60's being told

> that women couldn't write poetry because we tended towards passive

> grammatical constructions. No shit. Told this by a guy, of course.

> Unfortunately he was the writing teacher.

there's a lot of dumb folks out there, judy. i remember being told by some guy i had a crush on in my first year of college that i was the first woman he'd met whom he could consider his intellectual equal. i was barely able to contain myself, cuz he wasn't that smart, from saying that most of the women i knew were his intellectual superiors. of course, i continued to have a crush on him though with a strange, disoriented loss of balance after that.

>

>

>

>

>-----

> Judy Roitman | "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers!

> Math, University of Kansas | memory fails

> Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."

> [REDACTED] | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
>-----

[↑ Contents](#)

394. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: poetic lineage***

*Sun 15 Jun 1997*

---

jeez! how many books ARE there?! Five Temperaments sounds familiar, but so did the four poets title... all right gang, i see my responsibility here; i'll look it up tonight on database. e

[↑ Contents](#)

395. **luigi**

***Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn***

*Sun 15 Jun 1997*

---

| *lbd, where has that jwcurry poem you mention been published?*

tom--

Curvd H&z is jw curry's imprint, which has a bewildering array of aliases a&nd projects (spider plots in rat holes, 1 cent, industrial sabotoge (magazine), wrecking balzark...). th citation i gave is as close as i could come while looking at th thing, titled "ich" (did i miss that in my first post?). damon lopes has a page devoted to curry's work at his fingerprinting inkoperated site:

[http://www.interlog.com/~dal/after/list\\_curry.html](http://www.interlog.com/~dal/after/list_curry.html)

but it's far frm complete... he had been at lansdowne ave. in toronto, but last i heard he was back on th tracks vagabonding...

jw's work as both a publisher and a poet has been incredibly important to me (in both capacities)... his conception of poems as objects, embodied as publications, particularly... also worth considering in light of recent thread on printing-on-demand, and th viscosity of texts... i'd recommend any of his work to folks unfamiliar...

asever

lbd

[↑ Contents](#)

396. **Kenneth Goldsmith**

**WFMU on RealAudio**

Sun 15 Jun 1997

WFMU, the U.S.'s oldest (and greatest) listener-sponsored freeform radio station is now available on RealAudio via a live feed 24 hours a day!!! Check it out:

<http://www.wfmu.org/ssaudionet.shtml>

[↑ Contents](#)

397. **michael corbin**

**Re: importunate colors**

Sun 15 Jun 1997

Hard to keep in check the importunate cynicism of the lame-duck commander-and/in-chief holding forth on reconciliation of things racial and racist in these historical united states. Easy to see the window dressing of 'commissions' and 'town-meetings' and pennies thrown to the EEOC.

But I guess these are importunate times.

But then Gingrich and UofC regent Ward Connerly in today's NYTIMES pooh-pooh even this little Clintonian obliquity of saccharine (hope), and you see how far we have gone. Or how far gone we are.

Easy to avert one's gaze in the boundaries of poetry and elsewhere. Or not even to see it.

Thinking still of \_Black Chant: the Languages of African-American Postmodernism\_ and its project of "demonstrat[ing] the existence of discrete communities supporting avant-garde work in African-American poetics . . . and to give some indication of the potential significance of these communities . . ."

Nielsen's (possible) vision of a poetic "transracial plentitude" presupposes the architecture of white languages, lines, hymns, poetries of postmodernism. Experimental architects often unselfconsciously colorblind. Still a kind of blindness. Still blind.

So a worthy project here among the garde-avant; or one worthy of that place in the garde, (publishing projects, 'conferences' to be had, communities to be had, discussion lists to discuss, politics to create, readings to be read; poems to be written) in these importunate (cynical) raced times: (re)Reading and (re)writing white transformations of the poem as white transformations of/and black transformations of . . . white lines, white mythologies, white ears of the other. A poetic-politics of plentitude beyond the mau-mauing pols but also beyond the heretofore colored, liberal experiments in the languages of postmodernism. Beyond a boundary.

mc

[↑ Contents](#)

398. **Miekal And**  
***Re: to pine away like Echo***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

Kim Dawn = Alan Sondheim.

I like that.

I will read further if properly teased.

Desire

[↑ Contents](#)

399. **KENT JOHNSON**  
***Signage***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

Too quick on the delete, and I thought of wanting to add something after pressing the button: Gwyn McVay, I believe, asked a question pertaining to books of "criticism" by innovative writers (tho the question was more specific than that) and Nick Piombino responded with a well-chosen list. Not on there, however, as I recall, was Alan Davies's *\_Signage\_* (Roof, 1987) a book where poetry and criticism deeply fuse into strange and wonderful third things.

What ever happened to Davies, by the way? Perhaps he's been plenty active, and I just don't keep up with things like I might... I remember that during the 80's he was something of a contrarian within the LangPo community, publishing in most all the places, but he was of a different "theoretical" bent, and some of those differences are recorded in the old *\_L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book\_*. The difference goes something like this:

--Bernstein/Silliman/McCaffery, et.al.: "Thought is language."

--Davies: "No it isn't."

Well, one can imagine it was quite a bit more complicated than that, but the basic philosophical split was interesting (Davies, btw, is a long-time and committed Zen practitioner), and maybe stands as one of the best examples that the Language moment-- a few people still think otherwise, it seems--was not underwritten by some hegemonic Marxist scheme.

Anyway, *\_Signage\_*, by Alan Davies, humbly added to Nick Piombino's list.

Kent

[↑ Contents](#)

400. **Schuchat Simon**

***where's the list?***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

two days without any postings? does that mean the list is down, I'm cut off, or without anything inappropriate to say the list fell silent?

here is another list

Samuel Beckett

Gertrude Stein

Frank O'Hara

Robert Musil

Henry Green

Kenneth Rexroth

Christopher Isherwood

Guillaume Apollinaire

Ronald Firbank

[↑ Contents](#)

401. **Piombino/Simon**

***Re: poetic lineage***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

Susan Wheeler and Jordan Davis awhile back asked for recommendations of books about poetic lineage. I wanted to list a few books that I turn to about issues in poetics, including poets' views about their contemporaries and forbears. My #1 favorite source for writings about poetics by poets until relatively recently is that reliable warhorse Don Allen's *New American Poetry* (1960). There is an incredibly useful group of statements on poetics at the end of the book, 30 pages of gold. We have Olson's famous writing about composition by field - he writes about Crane, Cummings, Pound and Williams. We have Duncan mentioning 40 or so writers who have influenced him, Creeley on Olson, Levertov on Duncan and Creeley, Ginsberg on Christ, Buddha, Shelley and Blake, Leroi Jones (Baraka) on Lorca, Williams, Pound and Olson and bios by the authors which list further lineages such as Duncan crediting Satie, Stravinsky and Schoenberg for going "further in the articulation of time than poetry was prepared to go." Also, you might check out A.E. Housman's "The Name and Nature of Poetry" - "Matthew Arnold more than fifty years ago [this is in 1933] in speaking of Wordsworth and Coleridge's low estimate of the poetry of the eighteenth century, issued the warning that 'there are many signs to show that the eighteenth century and its judgements are coming into favour again.'" Other favorites include Paul Valéry's "Leonardo, Poe, Mallarmé" (Princeton UP, 1972) (Vol. 8 of the *Collected Works in English*), Robert Motherwell's "The Dada Painters and

Poets" (Wittenborn, Schulz, 1951) and The Collected Writings of Robert Motherwell-check out "Letter from Robert Motherwell to Frank O'Hara, dated August 18, 1965".

[↑ Contents](#)

402. **Gwyn McVay**

***open/innovative poetics pedagogy***

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

Are there any readings, whether single essays or collections by a particular author, that poetics-listers would consider useful to the participants in a workshop designed to explore open/innovative/experi "mental"/querzblatt writing and practices of writing? The various Sun & Moon anthologies, /Other Side/ and the Gertrude Stein Awards anthologies, are being considered as successful examples of same--but wd. much appreciate pointers--like if there's a particular essay in which Burroughs describes the Gysin cut-up method. Or a particular Bernstein essay? Or is it better just to put the students in a Joseph Cornell box and shake it vigorously?

bests

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

403. **David R. Israel**

***Re: Okudzhava and Aygi***

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

Schuchat Simon writes:

| *on the American side, do you think you could have the beats without  
Dostoevsky?*

& more particularly, where would "underground literature" be (or the "underground movement" as we used to say in the 60s) w/o Notes From The Underground? (noted blindly -- having never really read the latter)

On political-idea side, one could presumably trace Tolstoy to Gandhi to MLK to another side of the American hip weltenshauung.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

404. **Steven Marks**

**Re: poetic lineage / influence**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

Just to add to Judy's list: The most recent issue of the NY Review (June 26, 1997) has a long piece on Rabindranath Tagore by Amartya Sen. Has anybody else read this? I'm curious about whether the facts and opinions presented here are basically agreed upon or whether there are Indiologists (?) who have other takes on Tagore. David Israel, George Thompson -- any comments?

Steven

On Sat, 14 Jun 1997, Judy Roitman wrote:

*Here's one reference of poss interest to Jordon: an essay about Sylvia Plath in the New York Review of Books, written by James Fenton. Among other things, Fenton contrasts Plath's (constructed) sense of lineage (which he opines amounts to her sense of herself as a woman-poet) with that of Moore & Bishop. (Hmm -- was it a matter of influence? - or a matter of whom [historically] she felt she was competing with? -- pardon there, E)*

*Anyway, the essay appeared in a recent issue -- perhaps about 6 or so weeks ago (?). Title: "Sylvia Plath -- Priestess" or something along those lines.*

*best,  
d.i.*

*.  
.....*

*It was one of a series of 3, one for each of Moore, Bishop, and Plath.*

---

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

---

[↑ Contents](#)

405. **Piombino/Simon**

**Re: open/innovative poetics pedagogy**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

Hi Gwyn, C. Bernstein's a poetics(Harvard,1992) contains his classic poem/essay on contemporary poetics "Artiface of Absorption." It also contains what I



consider one of his most moving essays "The Second War and Postmodern Memory." I would also recommend Barrett Watten's Total Syntax (Southern Illinois UP), Ron Silliman's New Sentence (Roof), my own Boundary of Blur (Roof) and the terrific My Poetry by David Bromige (The Figures). Also, I'd highly recommend all three issues of Chain edited by Juliana Spahr and Jena Osman, and particularly the first issue on Gender and Editing including an engrossing forum containing thoughts on editing and other issues by 36 artists and poets, all women. This will shake them vigorously, I'll wager. Mon, 16 Jun 1997, Gwyn McVay wrote:

*Are there any readings, whether single essays or collections by a particular author, that poetics-listers would consider useful to the participants in a workshop designed to explore open/innovative/experimental "mental"/querzblatt writing and practices of writing? The various Sun & Moon anthologies, /Other Side/ and the Gertrude Stein Awards anthologies, are being considered as successful examples of same--but wd. much appreciate pointers--like if there's a particular essay in which Burroughs describes the Gysin cut-up method. Or a particular Bernstein essay? Or is it better just to put the students in a Joseph Cornell box and shake it vigorously?*

*bests  
Gwyn*

[↑ Contents](#)

406. **Kristin Gallagher**

**Re: Diamanda Galas**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

in the REsearch book \*angry women\* the first interview is with her, followed by a discography. if yer in a city some small singular serious about music record store will have something of hers. or find an oldish night of the living dead looking kid (wearing all black with lots of eyeliner on etc) and ask em where can i get some diamanda galas? he/she should be happy to oblige.

[↑ Contents](#)

407. **David Bromige**

**alan jennifer sondeheim**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

Absolutely, Kent, & good on you for speaking up. Amiss of me, since I share your sentiments, not to have done so long since. I am awed by his/her scale.

Myself have been writing drawn from list- & e-mail interaction, but s/he is i another league, with a grasp of programs that fits him/her to be the pioneer poet you make him/her out to be. Mind you, I dont know much abt what other workers in the field are capable of--perhaps Jim Rosenberg or Loss Glazier or some others have updated the List & I missed it. But no info one doesn't have can minimize Sondheim's postings. David

[↑ Contents](#)

408. **Tom Orange**  
*syllable king and pin*

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

seem not to be getting posts -- thot it was trouble w/my server but simon schuchat remarks of having trouble too -- hello sysop?

so i have to catch up a bit...

george thompson wrote:

- > There are probably many ways to define the syllable, but, like Olson maybe,
- > I tend to look at it as a metrical element, i.e., as an abstract unit of
- > measure that ignores real but metrically irrelevant things like phonemes or
- > distinctive features. [snip]
- > I don't understand the distinction that you make, Tom, between 'bent' or
- > 'rent', and 'ent'. As purely syllabic units they are all
- > equivalent...[snip] What is 'ent' if not a syllable? I see it as just a
- > sequence of phonemes, and so from my point of view, the phoneme remains
- the
- > fundamental unit of all language [not just poetry] from the
- > "sonic-semantic" point of view. What distinguishes 'bent' [as a "unit of
- > poetic substance"] from 'rent' and 'ent' are the initial phonemes: /b/ and
- > /r/ and 0 [zero phoneme].

i'm arguing for something i don't have terms for and that isn't quite thought out yet. i guess i want to say that while syllables carry already-determined meaning and phonemes don't carry any meaning (more or less in both cases -- certainly there are exceptions), i'm looking for a unit that lies somewhere between: small units of sound that carry meaning- potential. "ent" wd be something like this: a syllable yes but unlike "bent" or "rent" in that the latter already have meanings while "ent" is more waiting to be caught in a signifying intention. (i guess i want to attribute meaning to all syllables, which i know is ridiculous: "tion" is certainly a syllable but more like "ent" in my sense of having signifying intention rather than meaning of itself.)

but yr right george, olson is probably looking at it from the viewpoint of metrics, as you seem to be too, which is probably where we are differing. my "ent"

is something of an abstract unit, but i can't think it by itself as metrical: the "real but metrically irrelevant things" that the syllable as metrical unit "ignores" (in your and perhaps olson's sense) are precisely what interest me and what i'm trying to get at. bent rent and ent when all understood as syllables elide the differences in meaning (or, in the case of "ent," what i've tried to call signifying intention).

like joseph duemer said, "some syllables are heftier than others." for me, they're all too hefty!

tom.

[↑ Contents](#)

409. **Tom Orange**  
*jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn*  
*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

lbd, where has that jwcurry poem you mention been published?

i agree with what kent johnson says abt sondheim's work -- fascinating as it is, from what snippets we've seen posted here, yet generating little response. i myself have scrolled thru alan's stuff as it comes thru my mailbox, more or less in bewilderment and wonder, thus making no comment my only initial comment. must go to the spoons page and check out more.

by contrast, some of kim's writing certainly provoked responses here, but some of it also went by undiscussed. too much, all! baroque excess! skim, scan, scroll, delete! --More--(1%)--Press Space Bar to Continue--

t.

[↑ Contents](#)

410. **Bob Grumman**  
*Re: syllable king and pin*  
*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

How about "sylob" as a textual unit between a phoneme and a syllable? Not a suggestion really worth a posting, probably, but I also wanted to ask a question or two. What would the "s" in the phoneme, "sh," be called? Or the "t" in "th?" I'm vague about what a grapheme is, too: a phoneme in print? If there's no name for partial phonemes like the afore-mentioned "s" and "t," my first very tentative suggestion is "rudineme." So the word "the" would consist of the two phonemes, "th" and "e," and of the three rudinemes, "t," "h" and "e."

Oops, I shouldn't haven't started on this. Now I also want to know what elements like the dot of an "i" and the crossbar of a "t" should be called. My first

thought (forgive me) is "infranemes." I'm sure printers have some standard term, though.

Any help on these urgent matters would be appreciated.

--Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

---

411. **Pritchett, Pat**

**Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

I will briefly "third" Kent & Tom's posts. I too am betwitched, be- bothered and be-wilded by Alan's work as it appears here and at his other websites (which I've only just begun to examine). This is exciting groundbreaking work and only my own ignorance prevents me from saying more about the theory behind the work other than it appears to be the logical extension of his work in \_Disorders of the Real\_. "Confused Fall of Autumnal Empire" now adorns my grey office cube wall.

Patrick Pritchett

PS - pls note erratum in my prev. posted reading list: David Bromige is the author of \_The Haberdasher of Long Gone\_. Thank you.

-----

From: Tom Orange

To: POETICS

Subject: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn

Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 11:07AM

i agree with what kent johnson says abt sondheim's work -- fascinating as it is, from what snippets we've seen posted here, yet generating little response. i myself have scrolled thru alan's stuff as it comes thru my mailbox, more or less in bewilderment and wonder, thus making no comment my only initial comment. must go to the spoons page and check out more.

[↑ Contents](#)

---

412. **David Israel**

**Re: Diamanda Galas / Laurie Anderson**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

Gwyn et al.,

Kristin Gallagher's reference for a Galas discography sounds good --

| *in the REsearch book \*angry women\* the first interview is with her,*  
| *followed by a discography . . .*

I didn't speak up, since I've never had recordings of the Diamond Gal -- have only seen / heard her in live concert. I've a hunch that like composer/performer Glen Branca (for instance), some (or much) of Diamanda Galas's work is best (or maybe-even, only) susceptible to appreciation amid the wow! of live performance --

this being the utterance of basic biases (& from one who wasn't well able to endure an entire concert anyway; -- but still was glad to absorb what I could manage). Saw Galas in the 80s -- in San Francisco she performed in a dark, crowded South-of-Market venue: ideal. Hmm -- perhaps she also appeared in the John Adams-curated "New and Unusual Music" series (under SF Symphony aegis) that imported a number of fine out-of-towner innovators: Meredith Monk, Laurie Anderson, et alia.

Galas belts it out LOUD! Seem to recall an interview where she mentions classical operatic training (for "chops" ya know).

Regarding Laurie Anderson, she was supposedly going to establish (in collaboration w/ kindred performance / musician chums) some manner of surreal amusement park in Barcelona. Any news on that, anyone?

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

413. **Kim Dawn**

**Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn**

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

if anyone has sondheim's work on file could you post it? i missed it. what kind of minor , apprentice like character would i be kent?

kim dawn is a lewd drunken old man. she is a hologram. she is out to shock, provocation for provocations sake, art for art's sake kinda gal. from my point of view, i must say her writing, even her life, since the two are so entwined, hold no integrity. (even though i've never seen or read any of her work.) never seen the dripping the thawing the peeling the brewing the staining the gorging the vomiting the stuffing the wrapping the scraping the drenching the soaking. even so i feel i am an AUTHORITY on her work. especially the writing i've never read. she sounds like a girl who's too stuck on herself. in fact, i think she might be a serial killer. a rapist. definitely an alcoholic. she gets on my nerves. she cranks on my nerves. she pushes my buttons. i found myself dripping when i met her. definitely not literary quality. just some obnoxious snot-nosed kid from the poor part of town. oh, from the poor part of town, oh you poor poor thing. i suppose next she's gonna tell us she was beaten and thrown across rooms. i suppose she's gonna tell us she eats meat raw from the bone. i can't believe she

made it to university. she should be on the street selling her body. i hear she used to hoard chocolate bars in her room. her parents put her dinner on the floor under the table. they introduced her as the family dog with the bad home perm. well, i heard she runs a whore house. she's actually a man. and beats her women. i'm tired of her. i find her work far too personal. i don't wanna know who she is. i don't wanna guess what's fact. what's fiction. i like prose, sure, but i wouldn't call for work literary, it belongs in the worst pornography magazines, in comic books. i like poetry that's soft, that's academic, that's smarter than her, that's void of emotion. keep your spilling guts to yourself kimdawn. choke on;em.

[↑ Contents](#)

414. **Judy Roitman**

**Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

*I don't understand the distinction that you make, Tom, between 'bent' or 'rent', and 'ent'. As purely syllabic units they are all equivalent:*

I don't know what distinction Tom was making, but they sure seem different to me --- the semi-explosive b, the long r, the absence of a beginning consonant. Wouldn't confuse one for another in a dark alley, nope.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."   
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

415. **David Israel**

**Joke**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

For readers unfamiliar w/ LadyHawke, a.k.a. Irene A Mystery (who offers gratis an emailed joke-a-day to her subscribers), the appended will serve as intro. (The nature of her jokesterism varies, but this seems a somewhat typical example.) The 3-tiered formation of the joke gives it a nice folktale structure (& the cultural characteristics of the three levels of hyper-intelligence mentioned are, perhaps, interesting . . . )

d.i.

>>> Irene A. Mystery <[REDACTED]> 06/16/97

03:23am >>>

JUST A REMINDER

I will be a featured poet today,  
Monday night, June 16th, at 9 pm at  
PLANET ONE CAFE  
76 East 7th Street (near 1st Avenue)  
[REDACTED]

Hope to see you there! After all, Mets and Yankees are playing three times. I get to go on only once..... :))

And now, the Joke Du Jour: As they say, "Be careful what you wish for..... You just might get it!"

LadyHawke \*~\*~\*~\*~\* There were three guys and they're out having a relaxing day fishing. Out of the blue, they catch a mermaid who begs to be set free in return for granting each of them a wish. One of the guys just doesn't believe it, and says: "Ok, if you can really grant wishes, then double my IQ" The mermaid says: "Done. Suddenly, the guy starts reciting Shakespeare flawlessly and analyzing it with extreme insight.

The second guy is so amazed he says to the mermaid: "Triple my IQ" The mermaid says: "Done." The guy starts to spout out all the mathematical solutions to problems that have been stumping all the scientists of varying fields: physics, chemistry, etc. The last guy is so enthralled with the changes in his friends, that he says to the mermaid: "Quintuplet my IQ"

The mermaid looks at him and says: "You know, I normally don't try to change people's minds when they make a wish, but I really wish you'd reconsider."

The guy says: "Nope, I want you to times my IQ by five, and if you don't do it, I won't set you free."

"Please," says the mermaid "You don't know what you're asking... It'll change your entire view on the universe! ...won't you ask for something else... a million dollars? anything?"

But no matter what the mermaid said, the guy insisted on having his IQ increased by five times it's usual power. So the mermaid sighed and said: "Done."

And so.....

.  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .

He became a woman.

~~~~~

Submitted by Mich1FedX

P.S. NOTE for the new subscribers: the glyph at the end of my signature is a flying Hawke. View it in non-proportional font, like Courier. Also, ^v^

<- - LadyHawke. =20

.\_\*\*\_. \_., \_.\*\*\_. \_., \_.\*\*\_. \_., \_.\*\*\_.

LadyHawke's Joke du Jour

{=3D^:^=3D} \_\_ =3D^,^=3D \_\_ {^~;~^}

If you like sexual jokes / innuendoes / real life anecdotes / good old humor / political satires & such, why don't you subscribe to my humor list?

The subscription is free! Send a message to

██████████ with the word SUBSCRIBE in the

subject & your name in the body. If you are ON my list but do NOT want to be on it, please type UNSUBSCRIBE in the subject.

Hope to hear from new subscibers soon.

And remember, "A joke a day keeps the doctor away!" Or was it an apple?

Hmmmm....

///,      ///

\ /,      / >.

\ /,    \_/ /.

\    /\_ /.

\\_ /\_ <

/<<< \\_ \\_

/,) ^>> \_.\_ \

(/            <http://www.ladyhawk.com>

[↑ Contents](#)

416. **amato**

**Re: alan jennifer sondeheim**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

just to add my name to the list of folks who've noted alan sondheim's talents... if you haven't already, well worth checking out his web site, at:

[http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html)

i have to confess here that, if i could do it over again, one name that would appear \*someplace\* in my own \_bookend\_ is alan's... in any case, he's certainly managed some incredible aesthetic-philosophical (even mathematical!) deformations of the ascii-html interface, literally and metaphorically...



best,

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

417. **Daniel Bouchard**

***kdawn chronicles: an appropriate posting***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

Now we come to a point in the never-compelling, never-interesting kdawn thread where, as I excerpt at the bottom, the fart sent in the list's general direction throws a snide aside in that in angry kdawn's struggle against a complacent world, it is kdawn's poetry and interests that are most important, and not the soft-headed, bookish, poesies of the poetics listmembers.

This is truly a mild turn. Against the backdrop of deeper uncertainty--that of identity--the poetics listmembers (many if not most if not all) in addition to not knowing one another (the world), remain in the dark as to who kdawn is, although the painfully teasing posts make coy allusions.

We don't know for instance, if kdawn is a youngster, fingering a fresh tattoo on the leg, with another finger up the nose while watching the poetics listmembers squirm as they are startled out of their little worlds.

We don't know if kdawn if is an adult, been around the block a few times, scratching bald head with the left hand, the right forefinger up the nose, while watching the poetics list reel from street-smart e-mail antics that sends the stodgy scurrying to their isolated inner-rooms where the book lined shelves prevent bad things from happening.

We don't know for instance, if kdawn is a psychotic, looking up addresses of poetics listmembers through big free internet yellow pages, polishing shotgun barrel with right hand, while left forefinger explores nasal cavity.

We don't know if kdawn is at work in front of listless computer light, right hand fidgeting with stack of Twinkies, left thumb picking through ear wax, right eye on look-out for boss.

We just dont know.

That's why I'm going to stay tuned to the poetics list, where you can't say you aren't warned often enough.

██████████

kdawn wrote:

". i don't wanna guess what's fact. what's fiction. i like prose, sure, but i wouldn't call for work literary, it belongs in the worst pornography magazines,

in comic books. i like poetry that's soft, that's academic, that's smarter than her, that's void of emotion. keep your spilling guts to yourself kimdawn. choke on;em.

[↑ Contents](#)

418. **Alan Julu Sondheim**

**Re: away like Echo**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

Whew. I'm glad some people appreciate my work; I feel I'm borderline in this and other communities. But I also appreciate Kim Dawn's work, definitely, including her reply which I thought was brilliant. It's not a question of comparison; we're all inscribing...

Alan

URL:

[http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html) MIRROR:  
[http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt/](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt/) and Javascripted text/webpages --  
Tel. [REDACTED], 432 Dean St., Brooklyn, NY 11217 IMAGES:  
<http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> Editor, BEING ON LINE

[↑ Contents](#)

419. **dbkk**

**Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

At 1:21 PM -0400 6/16/97, Kim Dawn wrote:

*kim dawn is a lewd drunken old man. she is a hologram. she is out to shock, provocation for provocations sake, art for art's sake kinda gal. from my point of view, i must say her writing, even her life, since the two are so entwined, hold no integrity. (even though i've never seen or read any of her work.)*

<snip>

*i find her work far too personal.  
i don't wanna know who she is. i don't wanna guess what's fact. what's fiction.  
i like prose, sure, but i wouldn't call for work literary, it belongs in the worst pornography magazines, in comic books.  
i like poetry that's soft, that's academic, that's smarter than her, that's void of emotion.  
keep your spilling guts to yourself kimdawn. choke on;em.*

When Kathy Acker was on a panel I curated a few years ago--"Narrative Strategies for Century's End" or something like that--one thing that she was adamant

about was that she was \*not\* interested in the self. If you look at her work, you'll see what's she's dealing with is more like psychological tropes--or tremors of a larger, shifting cultural self.

To discuss writing in terms of "too personal" or "fact" vs. "fiction" you're missing the boat. It's all artifice, especially in Acker's world.

This surface of vulnerability you've adopted is manipulative--this unacknowledged manipulateness is the issue--not any shock value you think you're imparting. This is the 90s, after all, shock is like, \*over.\* We've already had it ad nauseum.

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 420. **L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy**

##### ***Billy's list***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

I'm forwarding information on a distribution service which Billy Mills is operating from Ireland.

But first a poem by one of the writers on his list, Maurice Scully, printed in *the Beau 3*.

Cheers,  
Randolph Healy.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### ON RE-READING LOUIS MACNEICE

You, teacher of poetry with chalk and hangover,  
The books you can sometimes share  
And all your worries and your guilt, relax over this part  
Of the curriculum at least, a shy man, once trapped in a classroom too,  
Who surely foresaw such grotesque foreplay with his work.

Across the pages the pencil-marks give artificial emphasis,  
Quibble, irritate, yet tend to make one in the end forgive  
With *Irony* and *Typical* in some swotting pupil's neat stilt.  
And metaphors get correct signs,  
And famous lyrics  
Are honoured with an asterisk.

Learnt by heart, but now years later, at a bus-stop in the rain, say,  
In Birmingham, London, Dublin let come back the formal echo  
Of some lines of his as a form of homage  
In so many other minds around the planet,

The songs, knowing at last how they should be sung,  
\_Con brio, pianissimo, tete-a-tete.\_

\*\*\*\*\*

alternative Irish poetries

a distribution list

abbreviations

pamph.        stapled or stitched pamphlet

pbk.         Paperback

d.w.         dust wrapper

NWP         New Writers' Press

Payment in Irish Punts preferred. If paying in other currencies, please add 10% to cover bank charges. Postage included in list prices.

Trade terms: 40% discount.

Please make cheques payable to William Mills.

Other titles may become available: please ask if interested.

Orders and inquiries to:

Billy Mills

11 Watermeadow Park

Old Bawn

Dublin 24

Eire

Tel: (353 1 ) 451 06 85

Healy Randolph

Rana Rana!

Wild Honey Press: 1997 21 x 13.5 cm. 30 pp. Pamph.

£3.50

Healy Randolph

25 Poems

Beau Press: 1983 19 x 11.5 cm. Pamph. dw.

£3.50

Healy Randolph

Arbor Vitae

Wild Honey Press: 1997 21 x 13.5 cm. 20 pp. Pamph.

Long poem in 3 sections.

£3.50

Joyce Trevor  
Pentahedron  
NWP: 1972 22 x 16 cm. 54 pp. Pbk./cloth dw.  
Joyce's first real book.  
£5.00 pbk. £8.50 cloth

Joyce Trevor  
The Poems of Sweeny Peregrine  
NWP: 1976 25 x 16 cm. 50 pp. Pbk.  
Version of the middle-Irish Buile Suibhne  
£5.00

Joyce Trevor  
stone floods  
NWP: 1995 23 x 15 cm 52 pp. Pbk.  
Fist book after 19-year silence.  
£5.99

Lloyd David  
Change of State  
Cusp: 1993 21.5 x 17.5 cm 32 pp. Pamph.  
1<sup>st</sup> book of verse by well-known critic.  
£4.00

Mills Billy  
The Properties of Stone  
Writers' Forum: 1996 A4 42 pp. Pamph.  
£3.00

Mills Billy  
Genesis & Home  
hardPressed: 1985 A5 24pp. Pamph  
Author's first book  
£1.50

Mills Billy  
Letters From Barcelona  
Dedalus: 1990 A5 32 pp. Pbk.  
Very few copies remain.  
£4.95

Mills Billy  
Unfinished Alba  
Longhouse: 1997 folded broadsheet  
Printed on light blue card.  
£1.00

Raworth Tom  
from Eternal Sections/as Teascain den tSioraiocht  
hardPressed: 1990: A5 8 pp. Pamph.  
Bilingual. To mark Tom's new Irish passport.  
£1.95

Scully Maurice  
The Basic Colours  
Pig Press: 1994 23 x 14 cm. 64 pp. Pbk.  
Vol. 2 of an ongoing 5-part set.  
£6.95

Scully Maurice (ed)  
The Beau 3 (1983/1984)  
Magazine A5 104 pp. Pbk.  
Inc. verse and prose by Scully, Healy & Mills.  
£2.50

Squires Geoffrey  
Landscapes & Silences  
NWP: 1996 20.5 x 13.5 cm. 62 pp. Pbk.  
£5.97

Squires Geoffrey  
XXI Poems  
Menard: 1980 A5 24 pp. Pamph.  
£2.50

Squires Geoffrey  
Drowned Stones  
NWP: 1975 22 x 14.5 cm 76 pp. Pbk.  
Squires' first major book. Sequence in 6 sections.  
£5.00

Squires Geoffrey  
This  
1996 21 x 21 cm. 61 pp. Plastic bound  
Published by the author  
£5.00

Walsh Catherine  
Prospect into Breath: Interviews with N&S Writers  
North & South: 1991 A5 190 pp. Pbk.  
19 page interview, plus Ric Caddel, Eric Mottram  
£9.95

Walsh Catherine  
Idir Eatortha and Making Tents  
Invisible Books: 1996 A4 85 pp. Pbk.  
New work & reprint of Making Tents (1987)  
£5.50

Walsh Catherine  
Pitch  
Pig Press, 1994 23 x 14 cm. 48 pp. Pbk  
£5.95

Walsh Catherine  
Short Stories  
North & South: 1989 A5 24 pp. Pbk.  
£3.95

Walsh Catherine  
from City West  
Longhouse: 1997 5-poem broadsheet  
Printed on purple card.  
£1.00

Young Augustus  
Adaptations  
hardPressed: 1989 A5 12 pp. Pamph.  
Versions from Brecht & Mayakovsky  
£1.50

\*\*\*\*\*

[↑ Contents](#)

## 421. **Alan Julu Sondheim**

### ***hysteriu***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

-

**hysteriu:** jennifer's wondering wumb

murky slugged-vine hungs duwn truilng frum durk-wull, skein-cutchers uf jennifer's wumb un the muve through julu; jewel-julu mirrurs bluud-durk spheres with perfect ruy-trucing us distunce turns buck un itself; birth is grunted ucross the gruin uf prutuculs; yuu're never ulluwed tu furget thut there is nu distunce between neurest puints in these enfolding tis- uses, clused dumuins sputtering in the heuted symphony uf bluud-red night, in the bluud-durk night

it's time tu stup the breuth uf gud, thin gluss needle between my heuted lips,  
julu slushing nuw in jennifer-visiuns cuming us pitch-durk bluud rises cluse tu  
temperutur-thermumeter

the wumb presses uut through the breusts, distends the nipples, wun't plu- cute  
until bluud is drwn drinking ut the muuth uf gud, the budy un im- mense und  
bluud-night cuvern, eyes teuring, surgery uf jennifer-julu in u sphere uf thin  
gluss electrude firing perfect bruin in this durk-red night uf reign uf bluud und  
heuted thin gluss needles

O Julu suys Jennifer yuu ulwuys luuk unly ut the piece, nut ut the hule. O Jen-  
nifer suys Julu everything is bruken und the suuner yuu reulize this. O Julu suys  
Jennifer dun't yuu ever huve u bruin. O Jennifer suys Julu unly when I huve u  
mind tu.

- - -

"She will dreum ulung with the cut, guudnight Jennifer, suys Julu.

"Guudnight Julu, huve u lovely dreum.

"(I wish there were mure uf us, thinks Julu.)

"Jennifer heurd thut!"

---

[↑ Contents](#)

422. **Pritchett, Pat**

**Re: Joke**

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

touche!

-----

From: David Israel

To: POETICS

Subject: Joke

Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 2:02PM

But no matter what the mermaid said, the guy insisted on having his IQ in-  
creased by five times it's usual power. So the mermaid sighed and said: "Done."

And so.....

He became a woman.

---

[↑ Contents](#)



423. **Rebecca Reynolds**

***Re: body as text***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

"All I ask to feel my brain." ---Artaud (but in French)

body/text text/body

--that is all you know on earth

Kim--

when the word "poem" is saving words the word is etherized. And yet

I like the bad girl stance. I'm tired of good girls who write about being desired.  
( I'm trying to get a photo taken for MY book and I don't look like one of those  
lady poets)

and yet I love decorum. What's Poetics? And if your reader renders something  
"literary" does she sanitize it? And if it isn't literary, can we talk about it on a  
literary list? (I mean literary as in Powetics) And if you appropriate a violent  
language can you tame it, like a sign? If text is signification, where is the body?  
How do you get back to Cixous? I just get further and further and further and  
further . . .

but the word is never etherized, quite (I mean disconnected from what is speak-  
ing)

with all this boundary crossing, like a group of beams across thresholds. I don't  
know.

Oh vanity of vanity, desire! --Christina Rossetti

I too would like a discussion of the text-body. I'm afraid I'm not  
enough of a French thinker or thinker at all to bring this  
abstract/concrete  
thing

together--where the body is text--or

to use a gritty pornographic "inappropriate," sometimes violent language--as if  
a word could be inappropriate--but sometimes

the language catches someone's skin (or catches on their skin) as well as on  
these various, mucky identities. literary theorist poet/scholar whatever--sort of  
deportment springs to mind. A kind of borderline of this is okay to say and yet I  
believe I'm only virtual (or is it viral?) so it's just a text kind of thing as long as  
I'm On Line

And these days, it IS viral . . . but if I talk about this sample of (say) fluid, this  
spit/blood/flesh/cunt am I, like, writing my body?

A lexicon has to be mixed?  
I don't know. I don't know!

--R. Reynolds

Kim Dawn wrote:

*body as text.  
the textual body.  
the texture of skin (                      ).  
the layers. the writing. become. dense. indecipherable.  
a mass of tangled hair below the surface.  
permanence. the tattoo. the thin ink and thick blood.  
the unreadable. the forgotten. the body inside the body.  
                                         beside  
                                         the  
                                         body.  
the in (                      )                      between  
the hated. the other. the split. the failure of erasure.  
the countless attempts. (                      skin rubbed raw.  
it is the memory written before birth. the memory we have chosen to forget.  
the memory which lives (and swells). boils. provokes the skins supple surface.  
sewn mouths upon the surface.*

[↑ Contents](#)

424. **Pritchett, Pat**

**Re: away like Echo**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

Not so much borderline as sui generis, Alan.

-----

From: Alan Julu Sondheim

To: POETICS

Subject: Re: away like Echo

Date: Monday, June 16, 1997 2:22PM

Whew. I'm glad some people appreciate my work; I feel I'm borderline in this and other communities. But I also appreciate Kim Dawn's work, definitely, including her reply which I thought was brilliant. It's not a question of comparison; we're all inscribing...

Alan

URL:

[http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html) MIRROR:

[http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt/](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt/) and Javascripted text/webpages --

Tel. [REDACTED], 432 Dean St., Brooklyn, NY 11217 IMAGES:  
<http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> Editor, BEING ON LINE

[↑ Contents](#)

425. **Mark Wallace**  
***The Dynamics of Literary Change***  
*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

I want to second David Bromige's comments from last week about the value of the new Impercipient Lecture Series. We're short these days on significant forums for the publishing of pieces on poetics outside the limitations of the academic marketplace, and the ILS has already put several significant essays out there for all of us.

While I agree also with David's praise of Steve Evans' essay THE DYNAMICS OF LITERARY CHANGE, I'd like not to stop with praise and get down closer to some of the issues in that essay. I don't know whether the poetics list is the best place to do that, but I'd certainly be interested in feedback from others who have read the Evans piece.

THE DYNAMICS OF LITERARY CHANGE seems to me the most thorough dismantling (but also perhaps reinscribing) that we've had recently of how the maneuvering for ideological space around the concept of the "new" in poetry needs reconsideration. Steve's work is part of a growing body of criticism by poets inside recognizably avant garde contexts about problems in the notion of the "new," and about the relation of various generations of avant garde writers to their forebearers. His range of information, and the ease with which he moves among contexts, is impressive. Going back to Adorno and (yes, can you believe it?) Hegel, as well as many others, Steve follows the notion of the "new" in art inside a number of modernist frameworks.

My interest here isn't really in repeating his argument, since he can do it better than I can anyway. But I do want to suggest that in critiquing the dynamics of the "new," Steve is pointing out one of the key issues of contemporary poetics (indeed, as he knows, perhaps "the" key issue of the last 120 years). While by no means am I interested in eliminating the notion of the "new" as a possibility for contemporary poetry, at the least it seems to me that a recontextualization of it is necessary--a recontextualization that sees the need for the "new" in poetry not simply as a given, but as a problem which avant garde writers of the 90s have a different relation to (in some ways) than the generations of avant garde writers before them.

Being a critic and not a poet, Steve is saved from the trouble of having to think through a place for his own poetry inside this framework. Anyone interested in such a take might check out Jefferson Hansen's article "Anarchism and

Culture" in a recent issue of *Witz*. Both articles share a great skepticism, although their conclusions differ at times. Steve's take, a sort of meditational weave, is the more scholarly and dispassionate; Jeff's has many of the twists and turns that a poet in this maze might find it necessary to inhabit.

One issue that Steve does not raise (this may not be a fault, but simply something outside the bounds of his essay) is how the dynamics of literary change influence the emergence of his own essay. That is, if Steve describes the field of literary activities at a given moment as one in which a variety of new approaches is both made possible and limited both by the objects and authors that constitute the field as well as those who wish the field to change (or who wish to ignore it entirely), then his own essay would also need to be read as one that both makes the history of its present moment possible, but is also to a certain extent made possible by that moment. If one of the concerns of much recent poetics has not been to state a case for the "new" poetry, but to bring the notion of the new under scrutiny, what I keep wondering is what it is about the present environment of avant garde poetry that makes critiquing the dynamics of the new often more important than naively offering something "new." Steve's essay might be then read as part of a new era of avant garde practice WHICH BOTH TAKES APART THE NOTION OF THE AVANT GARDE WHILE REMAINING COMMITTED TO CERTAIN OF THE POSSIBILITIES WHICH THAT NOTION STILL ENABLES. Dan Babiero's essay "Avant Garde without Agonism" in *Talisman* #14 looks in particular at the possibility of an innovative literature not defined by its rejection of previous innovations.

I'm not without reservations about Steve's work here. He runs the danger at times of suggesting that the specifics of the new are of no matter--he replaces some sentences from Robert Musil with his own statement that "A long list of the shibboleths and rallying cries of the time is omitted," perhaps unintentionally implying that the dynamic he elucidates here is ALWAYS more important than its specifics in any present moment. Some of his lists seem arbitrary, and others (he writes that "The most percipient of twentieth-century theorists--besides Williams, one might mention Gertrude Stein and Antonio Gramsci, Frank O'Hara and Marcel Proust, Samuel Beckett and Theodor Adorno) seem characterized by a kind of exclusivity that succumbs too easily to the dynamic that he is otherwise taking apart. I'm not sure it's so simply true that fields of literature are only "defined by what they exclude and on what principle they exclude it" (Evans 25), but even if they are, such a truth should hardly make us EAGER for exclusion. Evans knows that, of course, but even when he seems to be critiquing it as a misperception, he seems overly enamored of the idea that a close relation to "a small handful of other persons" remains a central condition of artistic activity, whereas it seems to me that the avant garde poetry of THIS MOMENT might have as one of its conditions that no such "small

handful of persons" can really be any longer the sole source of important innovation, assuming they ever were (and I think a history of 20th century poetic innovation will show that such a thing was NEVER true). It is this problem that makes his "Postface on the New Composition" to my mind the weakest part of his essay--his grounds for the choices of the poets he mentions seem for the most part absent, which leaves his mentioning of those writers without adequate discussion in an otherwise astonishingly thorough piece of work. It may be that he is undertaking such a discussion elsewhere--certainly it would have been helpful to tell readers that that is the case, if it is.

Still, it seems to me that THE DYNAMICS OF LITERARY CHANGE provides a scholarly grounding very helpful to the work of other poets and writers of poetics who recognize themselves as inside the dynamics Steve discusses. Since one of the conditions of poetry at the present moment is that many poets have increasingly smaller amounts of time to write and read, it is doubly impressive to me that poets have a critic willing to do some of the necessary work for an engaged poetry to continue. THE DYNAMICS OF LITERARY CHANGE seems to me a crucial essay in the history of our present moment, and more importantly the moment of our present history.

Mark Wallace

```

/-----\ |
|| | | GWU:
|| http://gwis2.circ.gwu.edu/~mdw | | EPC:
|| http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/wallace | |

```

[↑ Contents](#)

426. **Christopher Alexander**  
**Re: open/innovative poetics pedagogy**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

Gwyn wrt:

*Are there any readings, whether single essays or collections by a particular author, that poetics-listers would consider useful to the participants in a workshop designed to explore open/innovative/experi "mental"/querzblatt writing and practices of writing?*

I've found the Perelman (ed.) book Writing/Talks very useful, also of course The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book, which is just reissued—both because they bring together several different & disparate opinions on wrtg. also of course Content's Dream & Paradise & Method are usefully provocative. more recently (I think), a book called The Poetics of Criticism, again a critical anthology of sorts,

& in which several listmembers are "represented". & of course the Technique volume from Writing from the New Coast (O.blek).

Chris

..

Christopher W. Alexander etc.

nominative press collective



P.O. Box 522402 / Salt Lake City UT 84152-2402

<http://choengmon.lib.utah.edu/~calexand/nonce>

[↑ Contents](#)

427. **George Thompson**

***Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

>>I don't understand the distinction that you make, Tom, between 'bent' or  
>>'rent', and 'ent'. As purely syllabic units they are all equivalent:

>

>I don't know what distinction Tom was making, but they sure seem different  
>to me --- the semi-explosive b, the long r, the absence of a beginning  
>consonant. Wouldn't confuse one for another in a dark alley, nope.

>

>

Sure, no one wld want to meet rent or bent [especially bent] in a dark alley but ent wld be no threat: it doesn't have a head [zero phoneme].

What I meant was that /ent/ is just as much a \*syllable\* as the other two. The problem with the other two [I suppose we could add /ment/ to the gang, as well as 'meant'] is that they have more husk surrounding their syllabic core. The syllabic core of each of these syllables is the vocalism /e/. /bent/ and /rent/ just happen to have phonic stuff both to the left and the right of the core, whereas /ent/, poor thing, only has that little cluster /nt/ at its back, its tail I suppose.

Look, if you think /bent/ is someone to be avoided in dark alleys, what about that burly thug /brent/ and his wasted friend /spent/? Yes, syllables like people come in all shapes and sizes, but accd to the consitution they're all equal, and each gets only one vote.

I like Bob's attempt to come up with various emic alternatives to 'phoneme.' But phonemes are very interesting little things, poetic little things even.

Also, remember morphemes: the word 'bent' has only one syllable but it has two morphemes [/bend/ + past tense marker /t/ >> /bend+t/ >> 'bent']. So besides

its phonic husk it also carries the burden of two semantic units on its back, unlike that light-weight /ent/, which carries only one such unit [as in /stud-ent/].

As far as I can see if you want to dig down past the level of the syllable, down past the morpheme, you might well be getting down to the phoneme.

re Bob's question: What would the "s" in the phoneme, "sh," be called? Or the "t" in "th?" /sh/ and /th/ are both single phonemes in English, but they are represented by two graphemes. Your "rudinemes" look like graphemes to me.

Enough, all this play on -emes must be getting anemic now, so I'll stop.

George

[↑ Contents](#)

428. **amato**

***Re: The Dynamics of Literary Change***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

mark, thanx much for that summary-response to steve evans' essay (which i haven't yet seen)... very informative, searching...

best,

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

429. **Bob Grumman**

***Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

Thanks for the help on the various nemes, George. It works for me with the "th" in "thanks": /th/, a single discrete, irreducible verbal sound is a PHONEME; written, it becomes two GRAPHEMES, /t/ and /h/. And "thanks" contains two units of meaning that can't be reduced without losing their meaning, /thank/ and /s/, which are MORPHEMES (I had to clarify that by checking my dictionary).

Alas, as I wrote the above I remembered words like "stick." Would /st/ be a phoneme? Unlike /th/, it can be divided into two sounds. Then there's the /str/ of "strike." What would the /st/ in \*it\* be? It's two graphemes on paper and both a kind of phoneme by itself, and a portion of the larger phoneme /str/.

Hey, isn't it great to have someone around who can ask questions like this?!  
--Bob G.

on hate to admit how much time I've spent not just in dictionaries but in actual books on linguistics (if only coffee-table ones) trying to straighten them out. As I now understand it

a phoneme is the smallest discrete verbal sound

a grapheme, invisible in speech, is the smallest discrete written verbal sign

lmy that I've actually spent time in books on linguistics (only coffee-table ones, to be sure) trying to work out what George Thompson wrote:

>  
> >>I don't understand the distinction that you make, Tom, between 'bent' or  
> >>'rent', and 'ent'. As purely syllabic units they are all equivalent:  
> >  
> >I don't know what distinction Tom was making, but they sure seem different  
> >to me --- the semi-explosive b, the long r, the absence of a beginning  
> >consonant. Wouldn't confuse one for another in a dark alley, nope.  
> >  
> >  
> Sure, no one wld want to meet rent or bent [especially bent] in a dark  
> alley but ent wld be no threat: it doesn't have a head [zero phoneme].  
>  
> What I meant was that /ent/ is just as much a \*syllable\* as the other two.  
> The problem with the other two [I suppose we could add /ment/ to the gang,  
> as well as 'meant'] is that they have more husk surrounding their syllabic  
> core. The syllabic core of each of these syllables is the vocalism /e/.  
> /bent/ and /rent/ just happen to have phonic stuff both to the left and the  
> right of the core, whereas /ent/, poor thing, only has that little cluster  
> /nt/ at its back, its tail I suppose.  
>  
> Look, if you think /bent/ is someone to be avoided in dark alleys, what  
> about that burly thug /brent/ and his wasted friend /spent/? Yes, syllables  
> like people come in all shapes and sizes, but accd to the consitution  
> they're all equal, and each gets only one vote.  
>  
> I like Bob's attempt to come up with various emic alternatives to  
> 'phoneme.' But phonemes are very interesting little things, poetic little  
> things even.  
>  
> Also, remember morphemes: the word 'bent' has only one syllable but it has  
> two morphemes [/bend/ + past tense marker /t/ >> /bend+t/ >> 'bent']. So  
> besides its phonic husk it also carries the burden of two semantic units on  
> its back, unlike that light-weight /ent/, which carries only one such unit



> [as in /stud-ent/].  
>  
> As far as I can see if you want to dig down past the level of the syllable,  
> down past the morpheme, you might well be getting down to the phoneme.  
>  
> re Bob's question: What would the "s" in the phoneme, "sh," be called? Or  
> the "t" in "th?" /sh/ and /th/ are both single phonemes in English, but  
> they are represented by two graphemes. Your "rudinemes" look like  
graphemes  
> to me.  
>  
> Enough, all this play on -emes must be getting anemic now, so I'll stop.  
>  
> George

[↑ Contents](#)

430. **Kim Dawn**

***Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

this isn't acker's world baby.  
tell her, em.  
please, hot stuff, put me upon the right boat. oh, boy do i need direction.  
oh boy, do i do i do i do i do i do i do i do i do i. i do.  
can't you see dodie? i was crying out for your help. please show me the way  
to proper bad girl prose. or, is it fact or is it fiction. there i go being  
stupid again. a stupid cunt.  
ALARM, THAT DAWN GIRL IS TRYING TO SHOCK US.  
I HEAR AN OBNOXIOUS YAWN FROM DODIE.  
you call that personal? i didn't see anything of dawn's self there. in fact,  
(oops, there i go again, missing the boat) i don't see anything of dawn's  
self anywhere.  
who's we, dodie? who's had it? or, do you hold the consensus? have you been  
given the power to speak for all of us?  
well, i'd have to agree, kim dawn is not a part of the academic world. i  
told you, she makes me so mad too.  
i only wish you would write your snide comments more deliciously.  
get that pen outta yer ass and write something juicy. stop whining in the  
closet.  
so, dodie, please enlighten me, where this precious boat might be which  
lies in the 90's, which neither discusses fact/fiction or the personal/non.

at least make it interesting for us dodie. i guess you were right, her earlier response was not draped in niceties as i believed. i was warned but went on ahead anyway.

great stuff, alan and daniel.

[↑ Contents](#)

431. **Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson**

***Re: hello poetics!***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

Do the readers of  
> this list have antique furniture?  
> desperate for a new topic).

Well, ok, I rarely post (attendant) but I recognize a wake when I see one and thought I'd ask a question/raise a topic before more waves arrive. I'm working on a project (it is summer in Charlottesville) involving the correspondences, connecting flights, private dinner parties, sand castles of poets and "sculptors" working in and after Minimalism and Concept Art. Does this count as antique? Furniture, yes, I think. I've been swimming around in Smithson's writings, Matta-Clark's catalogues, LeWitt, Acconci mimeographs, etc. full of hand-shakes, references, affinities to poets like Coolidge, Mayer, Grenier, Greenwald. The moment is word-as-thing, material language, "textual spaces-as-architectural spaces," 1967, 1974, 1986. Poems and Things as parallel structures for each other.

Laurie Anderson writes in GM-C book, "The thing I loved best about that time was how much people were involved in each other's work. All of us did a lot of talking and a lot of writing. The Anarchitecture group was a completely literary thing and didn't have a lot to do with the structures we eventually came up with. What we were really entranced with was the subject --the subject meaning our ramblings... Because without the talk, the background, the thing that was left was really blank."

So, is any such talk recorded, documented, recognized, written about? Piombino and Watten and Davies do a lot with Smithson, but what other "artists" (plastic, environmental, conceptual) were important for poets at the time (and I know the time is really nebulous, cf. Tan Lin's present reactive work, a \*demaaterialization\* of words as things)? But who is in the house as it's split (and what are they writing)? Any memories?

Inbreeding always allowed (it is summer in Charlottesville),

Bennett Simpson

&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

&c.

Bennett Simpson &c.

██████ &c.

&c.

&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

[↑ Contents](#)

432. **Hugh Nicoll**

***Re: The Dynamics of Literary Change***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

At 5:00 PM -0500 6/16/97, ██████ wrote:

>mark, thanx much for that summary-response to steve evans' essay (which i  
>haven't yet seen)... very informative, searching...

>

Here, here ---- hear, hear

Could someone who has a copy of the elusive essay possibly scan it & post it, or  
put it up on a web-site somewhere, with Steve Evan's permission of course, so  
that it could become a source for further discussion?

Hugh

Hugh Nicoll, Miyazaki Municipal University,

Funatsuka 1-1-2, Miyazaki-shi 880 JAPAN

vox: 81-985-20-2000, ext 1306, fax: 81-985-20-4807

email: ██████

[↑ Contents](#)

433. **Steve Carll**

***Spencer Selby/Andrew Levy at Canessa Park***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

Thursday night, June 12th at the Canessa Park series in San Francisco, we were  
treated to a visit from Brooklyn's Andrew Levy and a special multi-media pre-  
sentation by S.F. poet Spencer Selby. Spencer began the evening by reading  
some recent poems (from a manuscript called \_The Big R\_ and also some unti-  
tled pieces) while projecting slides of his visual works behind him. Some in the  
audience found that the density of each dimension, spoken and visual, made the  
other hard to follow; others quite enjoyed the mutual interplay. Some of the  
lines I wrote down come from the slides, and others from Spencer's voice:

attention was interrupted

has been drawn since it affirms as though they are dead

loaded with relevance not yet shown  
can't use dead rain  
with its golden eye  
marked with something I can love  
it is higher than everything  
fragile lucid spirit  
half-truth drum roll  
dreams replaced by bad psychology  
it doesn't look like a finger it looks like a feather  
nothing can grow without reaction  
counterpoint running over dark red  
words are strung out and sometimes they are in the end "lost in the desert"  
art of discovering that money grows on trees that are absent  
you are night  
surface of nonsense  
this disease, and in his blindness  
poem  
heart disease and language made from what we want and cannot have  
heat makes the secret writing visible!  
a distance twisted by popular music  
before my brain received a phone call from your heart  
the politicians are doing in the world  
mode of signing in a circle  
cheating the knowledge box that took evasive action  
more of the divine enigma as we progress  
switch on positive human lamp  
All Men Are Liars  
monster born of meaning  
when light rebukes the world  
I'm one of those who believes that there is something that precedes  
these words won't let us leave  
demonic possession is mistaken for bedrest  
blazing light of memory showing everything but the past  
a poem written to release another paradox from your head  
a transcendental goal, if you will--

After a short question and answer session, there was a short break. Then Andrew Levy read work from \_Curve\_ and other work:

I wish we could share more readily the geography of orbit  
an oscillation that insists on something  
who talks like the trees are falling and all day goes like this  
consciousness is butter of antinomy

the ardor of your brain  
O ether tor  
making allegory from a continent whole as pardon  
the snow in perspective under the stars  
think against the fat  
tempt this landlord with lard  
once you are real you can no longer be ugly  
thunder smothers the sky  
you circle yourself too much  
the modern egalitarian jacket  
chemical insurances of the mind  
that's a big stick, bigger than any used in this century  
elevator hieroglyphics made it a game  
"Elephant Surveillance To Thought"  
the future is suffering and we're caught in the [sorry, got distracted!]  
so everyone shared the same body of water  
and took care to keep the filters clean  
and the mind clear.

The attendees included Cole Swenson, Norma Cole, Spencer's partner Sara and her sister, Colleen Lookingbill, Jordon Zorker, Steve Vincent, Brian Lucas, Steve Dickison, Tina Rotenberg, Pat Reed, Eric Selland, Andrew Joron, and George Albon.

On Saturday in the Sculpture Garden at the University Art Museum in Berkeley there was a Larry Eigner tribute reading featuring about 40 writers scheduled which I was unable to attend. I look forward to reading other people's notes on it!

\*\*\*\*\*

 Steve Carll  
<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/mags/antenym>  
<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/ezines/antenym>

In seed-  
sense  
the sea stars you out, innermost, forever.

--Paul Celan

\*\*\*\*\*

[↑ Contents](#)

> david   raphael   israel   <

```
>> washington d.c. <<
| [REDACTED] (home)
| [REDACTED] (office)
=====
| thy centuries follow each other
| perfecting a small wild flower
| (Tagore)
//\\\\\\\\\\\
```

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 435. **Charles Bernstein**

##### ***More RealAudio***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

For those of you who are winding your way through the LINEbreak shows in RealAudio (though I wonder how many on this list have access to sound on their web browsers?), there are now two poems of mine up in RealAudio -- readings of poems that appeared in the last two issues of Sulfur. Both poems are linked to:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/bernstein>

And while I am at it, let me make my periodic reminder to post information about recent publications of your own as editors, publishers, writers (print, web, and other).

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 436. **Holly Crawford**

##### ***Re: hello poetics!***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

```
> Do the readers of
>> this list have antique furniture?
>> desperate for a new topic).
>
```

Or I have a different project: There is no deadline. Send me an offer. A personal thought, a poem, a n equation, an antidote, a formula, a story, a personal incident, an object, a recipe or anecdotes. Something you want to offer or have been offered.

Offers that I have received over the last several years  
at:[http://www-leland.stanford.edu/~geo/holly\\_crawford.html](http://www-leland.stanford.edu/~geo/holly_crawford.html)

This site and project are never complete. The project is more than the site. The meaning of the project is the project taken as a whole, which is never possible.

What is offered? By whom? What and whom is sacrificed?

I have also have a tape of recorded offers. I asked other to read offers that I have received. I'm trying to figure out how to install this on my site.

Offerings Project

Send me an offer.

URL:[http://www-leland.stanford.edu/~geo/holly\\_crawford.html](http://www-leland.stanford.edu/~geo/holly_crawford.html)

[↑ Contents](#)

---

437. **Alan Julu Sondheim**

***Re: hello poetics!***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

Look at Bernadette Mayer's Memory, one of my favorite books.

Alan

---

URL:  
[http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html) MIRROR:  
[http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt/](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt/) and Javascripted text/webpages --  
Tel. [REDACTED], 432 Dean St., Brooklyn, NY 11217 IMAGES:  
<http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> Editor, BEING ON LINE

[↑ Contents](#)

---

438. **David Bromige**

***Innovative poetics reading lists***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

A p.s. to Chris Alexander's listing of Perelman's \_Talks\_ collection: there are 2 such volumes, from, I think, different publishers. The earlier one (1980?) may be o.p., but should be in collections like those at UCSan Diego, SUNY Buffalo, U.Arizona at Tucson, & many more for all i know. The earlier one has a more homecooked feel to it, not so focussed maybe but if you like that handheld camera effect....David

[↑ Contents](#)



439. **(Harold Davis)**

**Re: appropriate post...**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

I love, and have always loved, ever since I first listened to Scheherazade leave her hubby hanging that first night of their honeymoon, the art of digression, the continual insertion of clarifications, new insights, entirely unnecessary data that serve no purpose, no obvious purpose, other than to flesh out the author's, the text's, neuroses, obsessive, compulsive, and obsessive-compulsive. Commas are good. . . ellipses are better; semi-colons--and em dashes--are somewhere between the two. But (and I'm sure Laurence Sterne would agree), in the Poetics of Digression, the artist's best typographical weapon is the parenthesis.\* May you never get where you think you're going, amato. Endings are (almost) always letdowns.

\*Except, of course, for the footnote.

[↑ Contents](#)

440. **Holly Crawford**

**Re: appropriate post...**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

*I love, and have always loved, .....*

*Commas are good. . . ellipses are better; semi-colons--and em dashes--are somewhere between the two. But (and I'm sure Laurence Sterne would agree), in the Poetics of Digression, the artist's best typographical weapon is the parenthesis.\**

*May you never get where you think you're going, amato. Endings are (almost) always letdowns.*

*\*Except, of course, for the footnote.*

Yes!

I just finished and was sending out copies of the bone. It is part two. Part one and part two are based on Clement Greenberg's Avant-Garde and Kitsch. Part one is words by Clement Greenberg and part two is punctuation by...

I used different process on the different parts. Part II, the words in the poem were selected from words that corresponded to the respective Fibonacci number series. I repeated this process twice.

Part II:

Where,

where

where, where  
avant-garde?

Here is the introduction to the bone;

... .

..

..

- ?

- ?

.

- - , .

, ..

I'm working on anthology of punctuation now called Period.

All work is available at Printed Matter in NY.

Offerings Project

Send me an offer.

URL: [http://www-leland.stanford.edu/~geo/holly\\_crawford.html](http://www-leland.stanford.edu/~geo/holly_crawford.html)

[↑ Contents](#)

441. **dbkk**

***Re: jwcurry, sondeheim, kdawn,& Spicer***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

At 6:45 PM -0400 6/16/97, Kim Dawn wrote:

>this isn't acker's world baby.

>tell her, em.

>please, hot stuff, put me upon the right boat. oh, boy do i need direction.

>oh boy, do i do i do i do i do i do i do i do i do i. i do.

>can't you see dodie? i was crying out for your help. please show me the way

>to proper bad girl prose. or, is it fact or is it fiction. there i go being

>stupid again. a stupid cunt.

>ALARM, THAT DAWN GIRL IS TRYING TO SHOCK US.

>I HEAR AN OBNOXIOUS YAWN FROM DODIE.

Hi everyone, it's Kevin Killian. Just wanted to let youy all know, that yes, today I finally finished writing the biography of Jack Spicer and sent it off to the publisher (Wesleyan) before my deadline! Hooray! Lew Ellingham started this book in May 1982 and now it is done . . . I want to thank all of you on this list who have helped me over the years in all the different ways--

--And just being there to listen to me fret and worry about 1) was I putting too much in 2) leaving too much out 3) was I going to say the wrong thing 4) was I going to send it to the publishers, and then, some shocking fact would emerge that would throw all my conclusions out the window (tho' now I can't imagine what that might be, but something like, you know, Zukofsky wrote "After Lorca" as a prank.

You have all been angels. But Kim Dawn, what is going on? See what happens when my back is turned, people start using capital letters. Leave Dodie alone, I can hardly believe what I'm reading, and here I was actually thinking of making a visit to Canada.

Also, the editor at Wesleyan says that they are also going to print Peter Gizzi's edition of Spicer's lectures at the same time as the biography. So that's next spring.

Okay, more later, thank you--everybody for all your support.--XXX Kevin

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 442. **Piombino/Simon**

##### ***Re: Signage***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

---

Kent, you're so right. In fact, Alan Davies and I have published so many collaborations that my only excuse for this curious oversight must be some hidden admiration turned to envy. You know, his work has been frequently discussed by the eminent scholar and critic Jerome McGann, most recently in his *Black Riders, The Visible Language of Modernism* (Princeton UP, 1993). McGann wrote the following, about Alan's "Language Mind Writing" (the discussion this is excerpted from goes on for several pages): "Davies' text, originally delivered as one of the celebrated Langton Street 'talks,' observes the conventions of a certain kind of theoretical prose: Wittgenstein, Heidegger, perhaps Blanchot. But the text is so absorbed in its own expressiveness that reading it one may begin to lose track of the conventional distinction between words and things... This textual artfulness presides over the work... The text does not cease to function as philosophic exposition. Nevertheless, its linguistic formalities- its sign structures- stand out in ways we associate with poetical rather than with philosophical works... as if the text were an embodiment or enactment of thought, a demonstration (an example, a representation, a mimesis) of the idea that thought is always a certain kind of action- not a 'truth' but, as Riding would say, a 'truth-telling.' Alan Davies' most recent book of poetry is the stunningly beautiful *Sei Shonagon* (published by Hole Books (22-191 McLeod Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K2P 0Z8): 'We always care what happens next/until the unexpected always happens/absolving us of even chance' Kent, just for asking,

you are welcome to my second copy. Best wishes Nick On Mon, 16 June 1997,  
KENT JOHNSON wrote:

*Too quick on the delete, and I thought of wanting to add something after pressing the button: Gwyn McVay, I believe, asked a question pertaining to books of "criticism" by innovative writers (tho the question was more specific than that) and Nick Piombino responded with a well-chosen list. Not on there, however, as I recall, was Alan Davies's \_Signage\_ (Roof, 1987) a book where poetry and criticism deeply fuse into strange and wonderful third things.*

*What ever happened to Davies, by the way? Perhaps he's been plenty active, and I just don't keep up with things like I might... I remember that during the 80's he was something of a contrarian within the LangPo community, publishing in most all the places, but he was of a different "theoretical" bent, and some of those differences are recorded in the old \_L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book\_. The difference goes something like this:*

*--Bernstein/Silliman/McCaffery, et.al.: "Thought is language."*

*--Davies: "No it isn't."*

*Well, one can imagine it was quite a bit more complicated than that, but the basic philosophical split was interesting (Davies, btw, is a long-time and committed Zen practitioner), and maybe stands as one of the best examples that the Language moment--a few people still think otherwise, it seems--was not underwritten by some hegemonic Marxist scheme.*

*Anyway, \_Signage\_, by Alan Davies, humbly added to Nick Piombino's list.*

*Kent*

[↑ Contents](#)

443. **Pam Brown**

**Vysotsky**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

Simon said - "if you can ever find tapes or CD of Vladimir Vysotsky singing, that's definitely an experience. (if you saw the Baryshnikov cold war epic White Nights, Baryshnikov does a solo to a Vysotsky piece)"

Yes - Vysotsky is a bit like a Soviet version of Bob Dylan - only much better - much more ribald. Even though he had died a few years beforehand (and thousands queued to mourn him) his songs are also used in the soundtrack of a 1993 film called "Moi Ivan, Toi Ivan" - I'm not sure of the English title - I saw it in Paris... a film about a young Russian Jew and Russian gentile...

Pam

[↑ Contents](#)

444. **Kim Dawn**

**Re: More RealAudio**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

*For those of you who are winding your way through the LINEbreak shows in RealAudio (though I wonder how many on this list have access to sound on their web browsers?), there are now two poems of mine up in RealAudio -- readings of poems that appeared in the last two issues of Sulfur. Both poems are linked to:*

*<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/bernstein>*

*And while I am at it, let me make my periodic reminder to post information about recent publications of your own as editors, publishers, writers (print, web, and other).*

recent prose published in volume 19 no.4 spring 1997 issue of the journal -contemporary verse.

[↑ Contents](#)

445. **Piombino/Simon**

**Re: hello poetics!**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

Hi Bennett Simpson,

Quite an interesting question which probably Alan Sondheim could answer better than I could if you could tear him away from Julu and Jennifer. My sense of the art of the sixties in relation to poets was that delicious but extremely evanescent feeling that somehow art (perhaps poetry, music, anything) could be gently lifted out of its commercial(concrete?material? reality?) context and conceptually float away somewhere better on Pegasus wings, made out of pages from 0-9. Only these were Daedalus

wings, or more correctly Icarus wings, that perhaps eventually looked to Postmodernism for a soft landing. But, of course, if you remember the 60's, as the saying goes, you probably weren't there. This spirit probably lifted off somewhere right above the Spiral Jetty, when Smithson crashed into it.

By the way, how much are copies of 0-9 going for (edited by Bernadette Mayer and Vito Acconci in the late 60's- attention Granary Books!- side stapled & mimeo)? I almost got a really inexpensive copy from Suzanne Zavrian at Pomander Books but when I called she told me a dealer offered her \$25 over the modest \$30 she asked for, this dealer, who had with this copy put together a whole set for a collector who had already offered quite a sum for the whole set.

Best wishes,

Nick

On Mon, 16 Jun 1997, Bennett M. Sm

[Dimpson wrote:

*Do the readers of  
this list have antique furniture?  
desperate for a new topic).*

*Well, ok, I rarely post (attendant) but I recognize a wake when I see one and thought I'd ask a question/raise a topic before more waves arrive. I'm working on a project (it is summer in Charlottesville) involving the correspondences, connecting flights, private dinner parties, sand castles of poets and "sculptors" working in and after Minimalism and Concept Art. Does this count as antique? Furniture, yes, I think. I've been swimming around in Smithson's writings, Matta-Clark's catalogues, LeWitt, Acconci mimeographs, etc. full of handshakes, references, affinities to poets like Coolidge, Mayer, Grenier, Greenwald. The moment is word-as-thing, material language, "textual spaces-as-architectural spaces," 1967, 1974, 1986. Poems and Things as parallel structures for each other.*

*Laurie Anderson writes in GM-C book, "The thing I loved best about that time was how much people were involved in each other's work. All of us did a lot of talking and a lot of writing. The Anarchitecture group was a completely literary thing and didn't have a lot to do with the structures we eventually came up with. What we were really entranced with was the subject --the subject meaning our ramblings... Because without the talk, the background, the thing that was left was really blank."*

*So, is any such talk recorded, documented, recognized, written about? Piombino and Watten and Davies do a lot with Smithson, but what other "artists" (plastic, environmental, conceptual) were important for poets at the time (and I know the time is really nebulous, cf. Tan Lin's*

*present reactive work, a \*dematerialization\* of words as things)? But who is in the house as it's split (and what are they writing)? Any memories?*

*Inbreeding always allowed (it is summer in Charlottesville),*

*Bennett Simpson*

*&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.*

*&c.*

*Bennett Simpson      &c.*

 *&c.*

*&c.*

*&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.*

[↑ Contents](#)

446. **Alan Julu Sondheim**

***Re: hello poetics!***

*Mon 16 Jun 1997*

I was in the last 0-9 and I lost my set; they're going for up to \$250 a volume. I loaned the whole thing to someone a couple of years ago and I forget!

Anyway, I don't think it was lost in pomo; I think whatever that non- commercial spirit etc. was, it's still present like a good-bad penny.

After Buren for example, re: painting, there was no reason to continue.

That was clear. For that was a direction or vector slamming into the ground; he slammed it, along with the whole Parmentier, Toroni, Mosset (BPMT) gang.

Spiral Jetty and Smithson are before me; I never identified with the minimalists or reductive conceptualists.

What got lost was the whole culture, again slammed, etc. Writing was just a part of us. We walk around with broken skulls, trauma to the day.

Alan, if I lose my edge I'd rather die. I mean this literally; what oozes from the skull, well then. Maybe Brossard as well; I still have her early work as well (magazine).

[↑ Contents](#)

447. **charssmith**

**Re: syllable king and pin**

Mon 16 Jun 1997

---

Why not call the "s" & "t" alphabetic letters? (or graphemes if you must.) Just keep in mind that there is no one-to-one correspondence between letters & the phonemes English uses. "Th" & "sh" are each single phonemes. I don't think it's very useful to posit partial phonemes. Some linguists do talk about "secondary phonemes," but those, I believe, are related to stress & pitch. Some letters are used for multiple phonemes (the vowels, for instance) . Some phonemes are represented by more than one letter (the initial phoneme in "say" & "cease").

Robert Duncan used to have his students transcribe poems into the International Phonetic Alphabet. I've found it to be a useful & interesting exercise to tune your ears. It will also give you a visual graph of the sound structure of the passage or poem in question.

cs

In a message dated 97-06-16 13:48:58 EDT, Bob Grumman writes:

<< How about "syb" as a textual unit between a phoneme and a syllable? Not a suggestion really worth a posting, probably, but I also wanted to ask a question or two. What would the "s" in the phoneme, "sh," be called? Or the "t" in "th?" I'm vague about what a grapheme is, too: a phoneme in print? If there's no name for partial phonemes like the afore-mentioned "s" and "t," my first very tentative suggestion is "rudineme." So the word "the" would consist of the two phonemes, "th" and "e," and of the three rudinemes, "t," "h" and "e." >>

[↑ Contents](#)

448. **Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson]**

**Re: hello poetics!**

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

On Mon, 16 Jun 1997, Piombino/Simon wrote:

*Hi Bennett Simpson,  
Quite an interesting question which probably Alan Sondheim could answer better than I could if you could tear him away from Julu and Jennifer. My sense of the art of the sixties in relation to poets was that delicious but extremely evanescent feeling that somehow art (perhaps poetry, music, anything) could be gently lifted out of its commercial(concrete?material? reality?) context and conceptually float away somewhere better on Pegasus wings, made out of pages from  
0-9. Only these were Daedalus*



*wings, or more correctly Icarus wings, that perhaps eventually looked to Postmodernism for a soft landing. But, of course, if you remember the 60's, as the saying goes, you probably weren't there. This spirit probably lifted off somewhere right above the Spiral Jetty, when Smithson crashed into it.*

Smithson crashes (transitive), yes, he says NO to just about everything, including "concept" and "system" --what's his line, here it is, "I mistrust the whole notion of concept. I think that basically implies an ideal situation, a kind of closure." Of course Smithson's skepticism didn't keep anyone from trying to excavate --at least not on an allegorical level. Cf. Matta-Clark's utopian airing-out of previously closed spaces (and Dan Graham's no-holds barred political reading of such airing-out). There's a split between those who think art should make systems ambient, environmental, should bring them out of the dark, and those who think (liek Smithson, maybe) that this kind of impulse is self-defeating, that, yes, art can point to ruins/corpses, but once the taxonomy starts you're back in the realm of bad faith. I wasn't there, I don't remember, and as McGann says about so many things, "I don't know what I don't know."

Did the sculptors read the poets? This sounds like a naive question, and it is, but the reading I do in art history and criticism of the time is much more ignorant of words/poetry than the words/poetry is of the art. Why is this? Is concept cum word a more directly powerful (vaccuuming) notion than word cum concept? What is it about things and actions that cause people to "lift off" into the aether (and now, ironically (or not) back into commercial spaces: "Margins" show at Barbara Gladstone Gallery: Acconci, LeWitt, Matta-Clark, Smithson through July 19th)? Do people have a more immediate phenomenological (sorry) relation vis-a-vis "concept art" than they do "concept writing"? It's interesting that much of the writing by people like LeWitt and Acconci, "Sentences on Conceptual Art" etc. is considered still in the realm of "art" and not in the realm of "poetry" --even at a time when the possibilities and suppositions about "poetry" undergo massive re-exploration. Not just a case of historical jet lag.

Sorry fuzzy. I'm procrastinating.

Incidentally, Acconci has some early, early (1961) poems published in a new magazine out of Paris called \*Purple Fiction.\* I like them, and do everything they say.

Polaroids,

Bennett Simpson

&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

&c.

Bennett Simpson      &c.

■      &c.

&c.  
&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

[↑ Contents](#)

449. **Tom Orange**  
*syllable king and pin*  
Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

thanks to bob g. for posing some potentially useful "-emes" and "slybs", and to george t. for some linguistic clarifications.

yes, partial phonemes is messy business, "th" and "sh" being unique phonemes and thus irreducible to the different effects of the "t" and "s" in each case. and grapheme, yes, smallest discrete unit of verbal signification as bob puts it -- tho what do we do with an "i" with seven dots (lbd..?)

george, i like yr husk/core image: "meant" too is a fine example, that "a" being part of the husk i'd like to peel away, tho it has a certain graphic import.

hadnt thot abt morphemes tho, damn. and while we're at it, why not think abt "blent" (saw it in a d.g. rossetti sonnet not to long ago, "blended" becomes archaized into "blent")

tho in the showcase showdown of the "emes," my money says that "ent" is still a heavy-weight contender -- by any name.

cheers,  
t.

[↑ Contents](#)

450. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**  
*the personal and the innovative (big yawn)*  
Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

re notion being puffed out various corners that i detest the personal, let's do some real, critical, logical thinking:

the personal... in poetry: i get tired sometimes of what after a while can feel like an eternity of naval-gazing. but overall it's been great to move past pre-dominance of flowers/mythical figure tropes, and into the goldmine of material drawn from lived life. still, there are too many poets writing poems where editing or careful shaping are considered unnecessary as long as there is something personal in there. come one, admit it, you all know the breed: "my lover/ has flown from my heart/taking all the precious dreams/we built /together" on to "hey baby/when you took the heroin/ you also took the needle/and now i'm hurting/bad" blah blah blah

i'm looking for something more when i read a poem. this has been said, many times, many ways, even by many of us, so i won't go into it.

in other words, the personal, as a way of extending realm of subject matter -- i'm all for it. tillie olson RULES THE UNIVERSE! what puzzles and irritates me is that anyone reading my posts with modicum of care and thought, much less reading my work, would know all this. and isn't, after all, reading with care and thought what being writer, critic, is all about? [geez this must be a boring and obvious post for most of you -- it sure is boring to have to write. makes me think of adrienne rich's theory that the erasure of feminist theory holds us all back by making us continually have to rewrite it, and that at a certain point, pretending or deliberately choosing ignorance becomes an argument tactic in itself because it forces one side to continually have to restate the basics and obvious. sorry to do it here but after several waves of misinformation i'm at point of thinking it is now necessary.]

next, the personal in postings, correspondence with strangers, daily interaction. i don't think well of screaming crude hurtful invective and threats for little or no reason at complete strangers. nor of hitting on anyone in vicious, loudly sexually aggressive way to make hitee [and bystanders] uncomfortable, or to elicit flames, or to get people to notice one. perhaps it's because instead of trying to justify myself by pretending to things i've little or no experience of, in (for example) this particular scenario i know too much firsthand about how unjust and disgusting it is to be sexually harrassed. so adopting sexual harassment as blanket response is, to me, unacceptable. remember our audre lord: "the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house."

IMHO, personally vicious responses in what is meant to be a thoughtful, attentive, responsive environment like this list are particularly unwelcome. it isn't right for janitor to put up girly posters and threaten to rape co-workers, it isn't right for a stock trader to leave comments about a secretary's abortion and graphic sexual come-ons on her desk, and it isn't right to sexually harass people on this list either. duh.

also, i wouldn't take a tire iron and crush the hand of someone who was a little slow getting me my coffee. proportion. again, duh. i really am sorry about this posting -- it is so painfully obvious it is tiresome to even have to articulate -- i wish a few sectors of the response to my postings had not necessitated this. rob, you must be writhing -- i'll try and throw in a few buzzwords to comfort you -- deconstructionist angst, postmodern recovery of the self, phallus-laden trauma.

finally, sorry dodie, joseph, alan, and kali, but the "bad girl" (or "bad boy") pose is as old as the sun and far more trite and predictable (if i only had a dime for every college freshman or teenager with a cigarette dangling from their mouth,

a torn shirt, leather clothing of some sort, and a stock string of nasty things to say, i'd be rich. heck -- i'd take a nickle!). one can always find a crude, hurtful thing to do and then claim it was rebellion -- timothy mcveigh has shown us that, surely. finding a clear, elegant, blazing, exact-fit response, one (like dodie's hysterically funny, and aptly pointed video, uh, "review" chopped into one of those awful careless narrative "poem" offerings) which is not blindly, out of proportion, tritely hurtful, ahhh... THAT, THAT is much more difficult. consider tim o'brien's *The Things They Carried*, randy shilts' *And the band played on*, Tillie olson's *I stand here ironing*, larry heinemann's "paco's story," june jordan's "case in point" (appended to comfort everyone for having to wade through this muck), judy grahn's "a woman is talking to death," george herbert's "easter wings" and "redemption," dorothy allison's *bastard out of carolina*, seamus heaney's "mid-term break," anything by lady borton -- all creative/critical responses to deeply felt trauma and/or sociologic/political beliefs -- all arrows, explosions, exact clear aimed work by brilliant craftspersons writing of something they know a thing or two about...

and really, to make a life's work of complaining that someone has victimized you in some way; to make any slight or raised voice (imagined, actual, or provoked) justification for responding with massive gunfire while ignoring all the bystanders wounded, ignoring disparity between initial slight and way over-kill response... seems awfully hypocritical and self-centered, i.e. "i can be careless and insensitive and crude but no one else can ever cease to eternally monitor my sensitivities and cater to them"... i'm reminded of that awful phase teenagers go through when nothing their parents do is right and nothing teenager does is wrong...

sorry to bore you all with this. finally, could i ask a favor: before anyone goes about calling me names and making presumptions about my poetics and critical leanings and writing, please make some effort to a) actually READ and THINK about what i've said; b) actually read some of my work (<http://www.ai.mit.edu/people/elliza/elliza.html> and various publications -- sugar mule, nedge, east coast review, alsop review)? thanks!

-----

CASE IN POINT                  June Jordan, 1980

A friend of mine who raised six daughters and  
who never wrote what she regards as serious  
until she  
was fifty-three  
tells me there is no silence peculiar  
to the female

\* \* \*

I have decided I have something to say  
about female silence: so to speak  
these are my 2 cents on the subject:  
2 weeks ago I was raped for the second  
time in my life the first occasion  
being a whiteman and the most recent  
situation being a blackman actually  
head of the local NAACP

Today is 2 weeks after the fact  
of that man straddling  
his knees either side of my chest  
his hairy arm and powerful left hand  
forcing my arms and my hands over my head  
flat to the pillow while he rammed  
what he described as his quote big dick  
unquote into my mouth  
and shouted out: "D'ya want to swallow  
my big dick; well, do ya?"

He was being rhetorical.  
My silence was peculiar  
to the female.

[↑ Contents](#)

451. **Pam Brown**

***ships***

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

Yes Eliza -

" i get tired sometimes of what after a  
while can feel like an eternity of naval-gazing" - and after I became tired of  
sea-shanties and "moaning at the bar" I chucked it in and took up abstraction.  
Cheers,  
Pam

[↑ Contents](#)

452. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: ships***

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

you know, a friend of mine was describing a move to abstraction in painting in  
much the same way -- but you have made me take this in much more clearly,  
abstraction as an alternative to the endlessly personal. i guess, the only moves

away i have come up with were to other people's stories, or to impersonal country-house/landscape kinds of poems.

elizabeth bishop went to a fragmented, abstracted poetic in a number of poems and short stories where there was any use of personal material, and she often described ennui with naval gazing, though not the sea-going sort.

and walt whitman, of course, combined both naval(body) gazing and naval (sea) gazing!

how would an abstraction of the deeply personal/felt, like, say, picasso's "guernica" (does one put names of paintings in quotes or underline?) fit in your poetic? what if there was just one, teensy, weensy, little ship, not even a ship but a shippet, tucked away in one corner -- or maybe, say, one, just one sailor trope?

e

[↑ Contents](#)

---

#### 453. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

**!!whoops! not a plug!!**

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

sheesh! i just realized -- i didn't mean would everyone on list please look at my web page (though you're welcome to if you want). i meant, if you're about to make an assumption about my poetics/critical leanings/ me, could you do the research there first?

red-faced...

e

[↑ Contents](#)

---

#### 454. **Piombino/Simon**

**Re: Smithson's Poetics**

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

Hi Bennett Simpson, Thanks for mentioning the show at Barbara Gladstone. I did meet Robert Smithson once, introduced to him on a visit to Max's Kansas City in 1972 or 1973. He expressed a lot of interest in poetry and spoke of wanting to see more connections between the arts. Although I don't know so much about Smithson's art work, I've always been fascinated by his writing, which has been recently republished. In his article "From Ivan The Terrible to Roger Corman or Paradoxes of Conduct In Mannerism as Reflected in the Cinema" he mentions Baudelaire, Nabokov, William Empson, Shakespeare, Stanislavsky, Brecht, Poe. Did he read contemporaneous poets? My guess is he did, at least in passing, given that he seemed to read quite a lot. Another quote, this time "A

Museum of Language in the Vicinity of Art": "Serge Gavronsky writing in *Cahier Du Cinema*, No. 10, points out that Warhol employs a kind of self-inventing dialogue in his films, that resembles the sub-dialogue of Nathalie Sarraute. Gavronsky points out the 'dis-synchronzied talk' 'monsyllabic English,' and other 'tropistic' effects..." Best wishes, Nick P. On Tue, 17 Jun 1997, Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson wrote:

*On Mon, 16 Jun 1997, Piombino/Simon wrote:*

*Hi Bennett Simpson,*

*Quite an interesting question which probably Alan Sondheim could answer better than I could if you could tear him away from Julu and Jennifer. My sense of the art of the sixties in relation to poets was that delicious but extremely evanescent feeling that somehow art (perhaps poetry, music, anything) could be gently lifted out of its commercial(concrete?material? reality?) context and conceptually float away somewhere better on Pegasus wings, made out of pages from 0-9. Only these were Daedalus wings, or more correctly Icarus wings, that perhaps eventually looked to Postmodernism for a soft landing. But, of course, if you remember the 60's, as the saying goes, you probably weren't there. This spirit probably lifted off somewhere right above the Spiral Jetty, when Smithson crashed into it.*

*Smithson crashes (transitive), yes, he says NO to just about everything, including "concept" and "system" --what's his line, here it is, "I mistrust the whole notion of concept. I think that basically implies an ideal situation, a kind of closure." Of course Smithson's skepticism didn't keep anyone from trying to excavate --at least not on an allegorical level. Cf. Matta-Clark's utopian airing-out of previously closed spaces (and Dan Graham's no-holds barred political reading of such airing-out). There's a split between those who think art should make systems ambient, environmental, should bring them out of the dark, and those who think (liek Smithson, maybe) that this kind of impulse is self-defeating, that, yes, art can point to ruins/corpses, but once the taxonomy starts you're back in the realm of bad faith. I wasn't there, I don't remember, and as McGann says about so many things, "I don't know what I don't know."*

*Did the sculptors read the poets? This sounds like a naive question, and it is, but the reading I do in art history and criticism of the time is much more ignorant of words/poetry than the words/poetry is of the art. Why is this? Is concept cum word a more directly powerful (vaccuuming) notion than word cum concept? What is it about things and actions that cause people to "lift off" into the aether (and now, ironically (or not)*

back into commercial spaces: "Margins" show at Barbara Gladstone Gallery: Acconci, LeWitt, Matta-Clark, Smithson through July 19th)? Do people have a more immediate phenomenological (sorry) relation vis-a-vis "concept art" than they do "concept writing"? It's interesting that much of the writing by people like LeWitt and Acconci, "Sentences on Conceptual Art" etc. is considered still in the realm of "art" and not in the realm of "poetry" --even at a time when the possibilities and suppositions about "poetry" undergo massive re-exploration. Not just a case of historical jet lag.

Sorry fuzzy. I'm procrastinating.

Incidentally, Acconci has some early, early (1961) poems published in a new magazine out of Paris called *\*Purple Fiction.\** I like them, and do everything they say.

Polaroids,

Bennett Simpson

&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

&c.

Bennett Simpson      &c.

██████ &c.

&c.

&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

[↑ Contents](#)

455. **Bob Grumman**  
**Re: syllable king and pin**  
Tue 17 Jun 1997

Much of my interest in what might be called micro-poetics is hard for me to defend. For instance, I disagree with Charles Smith when he says that it would not be "very useful to posit partial phonemes" but I can't offhand think of an example of where it *\*would\** be useful, only that I vaguely remember from time to time being bothered in my writing by the lack of one.

As for just calling "s" and "t" alphabetic letters, I generally do--but it might not be enough. What if, to take a crazy example, you were dealing as a critic with the line, "The twenty-two trucks turned." You could say its author used the letter /t/ five times and the phoneme /t/ twice; but what if for some obscure reason you wanted to say he'd used the /t/ three times as a part of phonemes? That is,



what if you wanted to distinguish the fractional phoneme /t/ from the plain letter /t/, and also from the plain phoneme /t/ (which interestingly to me isn't necessarily the plain letter /t/--which makes me wonder what the w is in the phoneme /tw/ of "two.")

All of this got me rummaging through Cummings, master of the expressive use of the less-than-syllable, as in the following:

birds(  
    here,inven  
ting air  
U  
)sing  
  
tw  
iligH(  
t's  
    v  
    va  
    vas  
vast  
  
ness.Be)look  
now  
    (come  
soul;  
&:and  
  
who  
    s)e  
    voi  
c  
es  
(  
are  
    ar  
    a

Speaking of syllables-that-aren't-words like "ent," just look at how much meaning he puts into "ness!" And at the "ting(le)" he adds with an incomplete syllable, and the zing/sing he gets from a complete but isolated syllable, and--best--the breakdown of the syllable/word, "are" (reversing the expansion of "vast"), to show/say the scattered birds' voices becoming one (with the hint of that one voice's beginning some primal alphabet). In short, there's much in poetry that's smaller than syllables.

(As Alan Sondheim beautifully demonstrated yesterday with his "wundering wumb," etc.)

Now a literary history question. I'm not very widely read but my impression is that Cummings (in English, at any rate) was the first poet to use the "intra-syllabic word-break" to aesthetic effect. E.g.: as in his breaking "inventing" into "inven" and "ting" for the latter's hint of "tingle," and "using" into "u" and "sing."

Does anyone out there know of anyone who did this kind of thing before him?

--Bob G

██████████ wrote:

- >
- > Why not call the "s" & "t" alphabetic letters? (or graphemes if you must.)
- > Just keep in mind that there is no one-to-one correspondence between letters
- > & the phonemes English uses. "Th" & "sh" are each single phonemes. I don't
- > think it's very useful to posit partial phonemes. Some linguists do talk
- > about "secondary phonemes," but those, I believe, are related to stress &
- > pitch. Some letters are used for multiple phonemes (the vowels, for instance)
- > . Some phonemes are represented by more than one letter (the initial pho-
- neme
- > in "say" & "cease").
- >
- > Robert Duncan used to have his students transcribe poems into the
- > International Phonetic Alphabet. I've found it to be a useful & interesting
- > exercise to tune your ears It will also give you a visual graph of the sound
- > structure of the passage or poem in question.
- >
- > cs
- >
- > In a message dated 97-06-16 13:48:58 EDT, Bob Grumman writes:
- >
- > << How about "syb" as a textual unit between a phoneme and a syllable?
- > Not a suggestion really worth a posting, probably, but I also wanted to
- > ask a question or two. What would the "s" in the phoneme, "sh," be
- > called? Or the "t" in "th?" I'm vague about what a grapheme is, too: a
- > phoneme in print? If there's no name for partial phonemes like the
- > afore-mentioned "s" and "t," my first very tentative suggestion is
- > "rudineme." So the word "the" would consist of the two phonemes, "th"
- > and "e," and of the three rudinemes, "t," "h" and "e." >>

[↑ Contents](#)

456. **Jordan Davis**  
*rebus alibi camphor brain*  
Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

Play of signifier  
    sound  
    writing

cross on the t (imploded t?)

play of the signifier at what level? the letter? the word? the line? (writing)

or is the writing evidence of talk, of being fast on your feet (Woody Allen? John Godfrey?)

I hear "-omological" when I see "ent-" coming down the alley. Meaning may break down into tiny units but you need all the units you need?

Oak oak! like like

--"Drunken Winter"

J Ceravolo

---

Jordan Davis

[↑ Contents](#)

457. **Henry Gould**  
*Re: The Dynamics of Literary Change*  
Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

A book I'm enjoying & finding relevant to the issues Mark (& Steve) have raised is *Baudelaire and the Aesthetics of Bad Faith* by Susan Blood (Stanford, 1997). The author re-interprets *Les Fleurs du Mal* and the canonization process undertaken by Proust, Valery & others in the early 20th cent. which made Baudelaire(-Poe) the arch-avatar of "the new"; she looks at this process and the ideology of high modernism through the lens of Sartre's concept (bad faith). Sartre wrote a critique of Baudelaire which caused an uproar in France in the 50s - Sartre was debunked as a philistine for accusing Baudelaire of bad faith & instituting the poetics of aesthetic equivocation - the scandal was linked (as a springboard) to the "nouvelle critique" of later french theory.

I'm unable to summarize Blood's points very well (just a poet, y'all) but she quotes C. Greenberg who looked to the origins of Modernism (the "new") in Kant's methods of critique - art critiques its own processes in an effort to substantiate its position - reach the ultimate "pure poetry" - the Poe/Baudelaire techniques of "hypocritical" writing for the "hypocrite" reader develop the

mystique of art-for-art - & the High Modernists consolidated and formalized this approach. This I guess relates to what Steve (via Bourdieu?) was getting at about "exclusions" in creating a "field" -

I would guess that the Sartre essay, which I haven't been able to find yet, would have some relevance to people looking for a "new-not-new" or a new engage writing or a new old writing... a flip side to post-structuralism or somethin'? - Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 458. **Field of Roses**

##### **Re: ships**

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

*you know, a friend of mine was describing a move to abstraction in painting in much the same way -- but you have made me take this in much more clearly, abstraction as an alternative to the endlessly personal. i guess, the only moves away i have come up with were to other people's stories, or to impersonal country-house/landscape kinds of poems.*

Under a cover slide at 400x I like to remember the advice of the painter, Ron Bloore, "Let's find a way to look out".

eeeeee

Linda Charyk Rosenfeld

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 459. **Fred Muratori**

##### **Happy Genius?**

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

Anyone know what ever happened to \_Happy Genius\_, a lit mag that was to feature work by some folks on this list?

-- Fred M.

\*\*\*\*\*

Fred Muratori "The spaces between things keep  
( ) getting bigger & more

Reference Services Division important."

Olin \* Kroch \* Uris Libraries - John Ashbery

Cornell University

Ithaca, NY 14853

WWW: <http://fmref.library.cornell.edu/spectra.html>

\*\*\*\*\*

[↑ Contents](#)

460. **Kim Dawn**  
***dot of the i/cross bar of t***

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

i tend to disagree with eliza's point on abstraction being void of the personal. if anything, abstraction is entrenched with the personal far more than the obvious. down with the personal she says, let's have a more academic discussion (privileged academia over the personal, why can't they be one and the same, or, at least, intermingled?) she then proceeds to divulge her rape experience. (thank you) appreciated, but seemingly contradictory to her earlier response. i'm not sure what she wants. how is your way of expressing your experiences of 'victimization' better from mine? although, i did find her response (s) to be provocative (not without feeling, like mine) and well considered. thank you.

the dot of the i, the cross of the t. the t bar overshadows the i like a small baby star floating in (non) space (though deeply connected to the upward dignified line beneath it. holding the self (i) up even with the space between.

what is to be made of the space between the dot and the upward line of the i?

the cross bar of the t (-) makes me think of the aura of the branch jutting out over/from/between the tree. (and the body/beneath) -(benjamin) (-) is the branch which touches/overshadows remembers the body standing beneath it.

[↑ Contents](#)

461. **David Bromige**  
***ships***

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

George Bowering, who is in hiding due to some litmafia complications, asks me to post one word to the list (a request which reflects his lifelong interest in spelling--some of you will recall his remarks re-GinsbUrg) :

navEl

david

[↑ Contents](#)

462. **Judy Roitman**  
***Re: syllable king and pin***

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

Why not call the "s" & "t" alphabetic letters? (or graphemes if you must.)  
Just keep in mind that there is no one-to-one correspondence between letters

*& the phonemes English uses. "Th" & "sh" are each single phonemes. I don't think it's very useful to posit partial phonemes. Some linguists do talk about "secondary phonemes," but those, I believe, are related to stress & pitch. Some letters are used for multiple phonemes (the vowels, for instance) . Some phonemes are represented by more than one letter (the initial phoneme in "say" & "cease").*

*Robert Duncan used to have his students transcribe poems into the International Phonetic Alphabet. I've found it to be a useful & interesting exercise to tune your ears It will also give you a visual graph of the sound structure of the passage or poem in question.*

CS

The most successful techniques for teaching dyslexics to read (such as Orton-Gillingham) break written English into --- what? Something that doesn't quite fit into the linguistic categories mentioned so far, judging from my necessarily partial parental knowledge of my son's experience. But this raises all kinds of issues about the relation between written and spoken language. For example, the different weights (nothing at all to do with semantics) of "wait" and "weight" --- for me, very striking, but I know that for others (e.g., my son) barely if at all present.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

463. **David Israel**

**!!whoops! not a plug!! -Reply**

Tue 17 Jun 1997

Eliza -- << sheesh! i just realized -- i didn't mean would everyone on list please look at my web page (though you're welcome to if you want). i meant, if you're about to make an assumption about my poetics/critical leanings/ me, could you do the research there first? >>

I felt that meaning was perfectly clear in the 1st instance.

Not to worry. Happy to be.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

464. **Martin J Spinelli**

**EPC Sound Room**

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

The Sound Room at the Electronic Poetry Center

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/sound>

has recently been overhauled. You will now find recordings previously unavailable online by Charles Bernstein, Steve McCaffery, Ray Federman, Jena Osman, Loss Glazier, and Kenneth Sherwood on an updated list of all EPC soundfiles. Our RealAudio files now emanate from a faster machine and we have added an option which allows users to download most RealAudio files before playback (which will end interruptions that can occur with streaming RealAudio). Also, the updated soundfile information page now includes help with using RealAudio.

In addition, you'll find a links page to other sites with poetic/literary audio.

Best,  
Martin

---

Spinelli [REDACTED] English Department, SUNY @ Buffalo LINEbreak  
<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/linebreak> EPC Sound Room  
<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/sound>

Martin

[↑ Contents](#)

465. **Joseph Lease**

**Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn**

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

an Irish rock star said--I don't care if it's all been done before--I haven't done it all before--

that too is a part of the story--

if what we mean by culture--and history--is character labs--where selves reconfigure--

On Mon, 16 Jun 1997 [REDACTED] wrote:

*At 1:21 PM -0400 6/16/97, Kim Dawn wrote:*

*kim dawn is a lewd drunken old man. she is a hologram. she is out to shock, provocation for provocations sake, art for art's sake kinda gal. from my point of view, i must say her writing, even her life, since the two are so entwined, hold no integrity. (even though i've never seen or read any of her work.)*

<snip>

*i find her work far too personal.  
i don't wanna know who she is. i don't wanna guess what's fact. what's fiction.  
i like prose, sure, but i wouldn't call for work literary, it belongs in the worst pornography magazines, in comic books.  
i like poetry that's soft, that's academic, that's smarter than her, that's void of emotion.  
keep your spilling guts to yourself kimdawn. choke on;em.*

*When Kathy Acker was on a panel I curated a few years ago--"Narrative Strategies for Century's End" or something like that--one thing that she was adamant about was that she was \*not\* interested in the self. If you look at her work, you'll see what's she's dealing with is more like psychological tropes--or tremors of a larger, shifting cultural self.*

*To discuss writing in terms of "too personal" or "fact" vs. "fiction" you're missing the boat. It's all artifice, especially in Acker's world.*

*This surface of vulnerability you've adopted is manipulative--this unacknowledged manipulateness is the issue--not any shock value you think you're imparting. This is the 90s, after all, shock is like, \*over.\*  
We've already had it ad nauseum.*

*Dodie*

[↑ Contents](#)

466. **Thomas Bell**  
***abstraction/personal***

Tue 17 Jun 1997

It's possible for some to learn to discriminate between the appropriate, artistic, and possible resolving "personal" and the endlessly repeated and possibly sensational "personal," I would think. tom bell

At 12:04 PM 6/17/97 -0400, Kim Dawn wrote:

>i tend to disagree with eliza's point on abstraction being void of the  
>personal. if anything, abstraction is entrenched with the personal far more  
>than the obvious.  
>down with the personal she says, let's have a more academic discussion  
>(priviledging academia over the personal, why can't they be one and the  
>same, or, at least, intermingled?)  
>she then proceeds to divulge her rape experience.(thank you) appreciated,



>but seemingly contradictory to her earlier response. i'm not sure what she  
>wants. how is your way of expressing your experiences of 'victimization'  
>better from mine? although, i did find her response (s) to be provocative  
>(not without feeling, like mine) and well considered. thank you.

[↑ Contents](#)

467. **charssmith**

***Re: Innovative poetics reading lists***

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

p.s. to db's:

The earlier volume was published by BP himself as Hills 6/7 in 1980 w/ a cool cover by Francie Shaw.

cs

<< A p.s. to Chris Alexander's listing of Perelman's \_Talks\_ collection: there are 2 such volumes, from, I think, different publishers. The earlier one (1980?) may be o.p., but should be in collections like those at UCSan Diego, SUNY Buffalo, U.Arizona at Tucson, & many more for all i know. The earlier one has a more homecooked feel to it, not so focussed maybe but if you like that hand-held camera effect....David >>

[↑ Contents](#)

468. **henry g**

***lyric & individual***

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

another book recommendation from the sexless ghost monk of the death-house book repository:

Smith, John E.

America's philosophical vision

U Chicago, 1992

among other things, book summarizes how Peirce, James, Dewey, Royce et al - the pragmatists - overturned the dichotomies of european philosophy (self/ other, matter/mind, knowledge/experience) with a redefinition of "experience".  
Ironical how the "innovative" tradition in U.S. downplays its own philosophical heritage. looking for a ground for a "new" lyric centered in experience, rather than self, rather than language? look in your own backyard. there are no individuals. there are only generals, and kernels.

- Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

469. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

*new quotes from old, new quotes from old...*

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

oh for heavens sake, kim dawn is it really too much to ask that posts be read carefully before you make assumptions? this is getting to be like some night-marish party game of telephone.

these posts are getting abominably dull. i can imagine getting into endless post, misinterpretation, and correction syndrome and it is a pretty bleak vision. how about this: listmembers, don't believe any interpretations or conclusions drawn about what i've said until you've actually read what i said yourself? trusting that you'll do that and i won't see any more third generation errors of interpretation based on misreading of me, i'll make this set of corrections and then leave the matter to the pantheon of accuracy and careful reading (saints, gods, goddesses, the whole lot).

a) don't know where you got a rape experience, much less "her [elliza's] rape experience" out of post. i mentioned that i wouldn't condone sexual harassment having had personal experience of it. went on to list examples of harassment. i am discussing harassment, not rape, and did NOT say examples were my own experiences at ANY POINT!). here is quote. "in (for example) this particular scenario i know too much firsthand about how unjust and disgusting it is to be sexually harrassed. so adopting sexual harassment as blanket response is, to me, unacceptable."

then, later, examples as part of argument against harassment: "it isn't right for janitor to put up girly posters and threaten to rape co-workers, it isn't right for a stock trader to leave comments about a secretary's abortion and graphic sexual come-ons on her desk, and it isn't right to sexually harass people on this list either." i go on to say i'll append a poem by JUNE JORDAN -- not by me, as part of example of apt, proportionate, blazingly good response to deeply felt personal belief and append it. i am NOT june jordan. not only do i say poem is BY june jordan when i say i'll append it, i attach a second clue: her name next to title, with date she wrote poem. and it is a pretty well known poem of hers!

b) i never said anything even approaching your quote of me: "down with the personal. let's have a more academic discussion (privileging academia over the personal." i analyze the personal in two different areas: poetry and postings on list. in poetry, i say "overall it's been great to move ... into the goldmine of material drawn from lived life" but with some reservations. i later say in post, as elaboration of reservations, that when frustrated with what feels like an endless personal i've made my own move into other people's stories and landscape/scenery type poems, and i admire pam brown's description (though she may

have been being playful about misspelling) of using abstract as alternative to narrowed subject matter of strictly personal.

i say of personal in context of postings/discussion, that it was too personal to harass someone sexually on list, or to use posts to make vicious personal attacks. here are quotes": "next, the personal in postings, correspondence with strangers, daily interaction. i don't think well of screaming crude hurtful invective and threats for little or no reason at complete strangers. nor of hitting on anyone in vicious, loudly sexually aggressive way to make hitee [and bystanders] uncomfortable, or to elicit flames, or to get people to notice one."

"IMHO, personally vicious responses in what is meant to be a thoughtful, attentive, responsive environment like this list are particularly unwelcome"

at no point do i even mention the word "academic" or say academic should be privileged over personal. at no point do i indicate any difficulty with the personal in postings to list at all EXCEPT when posting is unmerited and/or vicious personal attack or sexual harassment. i am, and how on earth has this gotten lost in the brunt of all this, one of the original "chided" ones who put up silly post wi/ s&m/faux stein poem. i.e., i put up personal sort of post (joke and parodic poem), and went on to defend it in two, count them, two posts! sheesh. leapin' lizards. prancin' poetics. creamsicles.

c) finally, i do NOT say "abstraction [is] void of the personal." i say i'd never thought of abstraction as alternative to hypnotic naval/navel gazing (LOVE those sailors!) of the endless personal. abstraction as ALTERNATIVE. i go on to list ways in which abstraction incorporates personal ("guernica") while having the remove of abstraction, and e. bishops use of abstraction with some of her most personal material (thinking in particular of "the scream," "the shampoo," "four love poems," poem about taxi ride through central park and owl, "rooster," the earthshaking "One Art" (it starts out abstract and suddenly drops into one of the most wrenching direct personals i've ever come across)).

so, list, go directly to the source for your latest on What Elliza

Said and accept no substitutes!

e

[↑ Contents](#)

470. **Steven Marks**

***Re: !!whoops! not a plug!!***

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

Please, everybody, plug away as our list owner only recently reminded us. Where else can we learn about all the great sites and books and pamphlets and

magazines, etc? It's not like this stuff is advertised on television. It's not like a lot of it is \*even\* in bookstores.

your faithful plugger and pluggee,  
Steven

p.s. for the -emes people: should that be pluggee? What does the extra "g" add? a thousand?

*Eliza --*

*<< sheesh! i just realized -- i didn't mean would everyone on list please look at my web page (though you're welcome to if you want). i meant, if you're about to make an assumption about my poetics/critical leanings/ me, could you do the research there first? >>*

---

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

---

[↑ Contents](#)

471. **Judy Roitman**

***No RealAudio***

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

*And while I am at it, let me make my periodic reminder to post information about recent publications of your own as editors, publishers, writers (print, web, and other).*

Have a chapbook (The stress of meaning) fresh off the (Standing Stones) Press.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

---

[↑ Contents](#)

472. **David Israel**

***Re: !!whoops! not a plug!! / the EME***

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

Steven --

(just to make sure I misunderstand you adequately):

| *for the -emes people: should that be pluggee?*

how about a pluggeme? -- most discrete (atomic) unit of a (discreet) plug (as in: an elliptical near-reference to the fact of having written something)

& the dream-eme (discrete unit of a dream scenario -- oneiric pixel)

then: the e-eme (basic building block of email experience -- this exists somewhat below the level of actual manifest e-language; it's the abstract idea of email communication, as an all-but-inchoate sub-particle of such)

also to note: the eme-eme --  
most discrete unit of an analytical perspective

d.i.

p.s.: further on the Kim debate: Joseph Lease & Thomas Bell each make points worth making. Every drop-soul must learn the byways of the ocean for itself, neh? Still, there are limits as to what a given reader need read. And in conversation (at least), courtesy has much to recommend it. The business of what lies beyond personality, is subtle & difficult but needful & interesting.

[↑ Contents](#)

473. **David Israel**

***Re: ships***

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

<< what if there was just one, teensy, weensy, little ship, not even a ship but a shiplot, tucked away in one corner -- or maybe, say, one, just one sailor trope?  
>>

This reminds that in Creeley's charming little book *\*Autobiography\** (Hanuman Press -- also in some collection of writings -- but the Hanuman Press volume [small enough to fit in hand] seems suited to this text), he remarks that Chs. Olsen alleges that the ideograph of a boat is thought to be, historically, the first known sign of the self.

Somewhere in the quatrains of Rumi's (in C.Barks' version), is a fine one beginning --

in the boat of myself . . . .

(& he speaks, also, of being subsumed in the surround of water -- but I forget the particular words) -- composer Stephen Dickman told me he set this verse to music . . . .

Among Tagore's *\*Crescent Moon\** poems (Steve M. -- not yet gotten my NYROB, but soon) -- a collection entirely concerned w/ childhood experience -- is one remarkable poem -- initial lines linger in memory:

Day after day I float my paper boats  
one by one down the running stream  
In big black letters I write my name on them  
and the name of the village where I live

I launch the paper boats . . .  
[. . . precis of remainder of poem:  
and I look out as they wander away --  
I know that somewhere downstream,  
you'll find them and know who I am!]

It seems significant that the child/poet writes both his personal name as well as the name of his village -- individual in its setting of community. One alone would not be enough.

The dailiness of the sailing of the boats -- and the sense of unknowing where they're going -- and the imagination of a destination where recognition occurs -- all these elements of the idealized rustic child-writer's narrative are evident in ways that seem charmed.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

474. **Pam Brown**

***ships***

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

Eliza -

you wrote "and walt whitman, of course, combined both naval(body) gazing and naval (sea) gazing"

It was a joke, Joyce. Here in the antipodies we gaze at our "navels".

But to stay with militarism & abstraction what was that line from the seventies from the feminist poet Marge Piercy -

something like "a general admired an abstract painting so much he had an entire country bombed into its reproduction"

Cheerio for now

Pam

[↑ Contents](#)

475. **John Tranter**

***Mocking the New Zealanders***

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

In a recent posting, Alan Sondheim said:

" murky sluggish-vine hungs duwn truilng frum durk-wull, skein-cutchers  
uf  
jennifer's wumb un the muve through julu; jewel-julu mirrurs bluud-durk  
spheres with perfect ruy-trucing us distance turns buck un itself;  
birth  
is grunted ucross the gruin uf prutuculs; yuu're never ulluwed tu  
furget  
that there is nu distance between neurest puints in these enfolding  
tis-  
uses, clused dumuins sputtering in the heuted symphuny uf bluud-red  
night,  
in the bluud-durk night "

I know Australians are supposed to do it all the time, but I think it's cruel to mock the New Zealand accent like that.

[illegible]

[↑ Contents](#)

476. **John Tranter**

## *Dumb jokes*

Tue 17 Jun 1997

Q: Why do blondes act so dumb?

A: So that men can understand them.

[illegible]

Short Street, Balmain NSW 2041, Australia      Phone Sydney (██████████)  
FAX (██████████)

[↑ Contents](#)

### 477. John Tranter

## Varieties of Marxists ...

Tue 17 Jun 1997

In a recent posting Kent Johnson  
(or, as he firmly spells it) KENT JOHNSON wrote ...

Well, one can imagine it was quite a bit more complicated than that, but the basic philosophical split was interesting (Davies, btw, is a long-time and committed Zen practitioner), and maybe stands as one of the best examples that the Language moment-- a few people still think otherwise, it seems--was not underwritten by some hegemonic Marxist scheme. Anyway, *\_Signage\_*, by Alan Davies, humbly added to Nick Piombino's list.





Or you could just let the whole thing flow...

Alan

[↑ Contents](#)

480. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

***MY NAME IS EMILY VEY DUKE.***

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

MY NAME IS EMILY VEY DUKE AND I AM NOW PARTICIPATING IN THIS DISCUSSION GROUP. I DO NOT HAVE A WEB SITE. I WOULD LIKE TO POST MY POETICS HERE FOR DISCUSSION AND WILL BE HAPPY TO PARTICIPATE IN ANY TYPE OF (COMPULSIVE \NON COMPULSIVE) DISCOURSE PROPOSED. ABOUT MYSELF AND OTHERS. I'M NOT FUSSY. MY AIM IS TRUE.

OKAY, SOME POETICS FOLLOW:

1) We arrived in South Africa with fifteen thousand Rands which were fifteen thousand avails of prostitution.

2) I feel welcome here

3) Finally I just told him "Dad, I have to believe that you will protect me from male sexual desire, including your own." He was so high but so lucid, I knew we could discuss anything. He said "I am so glad you said that Em. I can promise you, I will always do that. You are a beautiful woman, I am so proud of you, I brag your stories to everyone. You are my precious daughter and you are always safe with me.

4) Me and Tim and Stephen are sitting outside the Trident. I'm drinking a chocolate latte. We have stayed up all night. It's 10:30 am and I got a whole bunch of demerol from Anthony last night. He had sprayed Farenheight For Men all over his cock and I feared I felt some kind of sore on the head.

5) My mother was sorry when I arrived home from South Africa. I wish I spoke Japanese so I could tell her to fuck off in another language.

[↑ Contents](#)

481. **Joseph Duemer**

***Re: ships***

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

One of David Israel's great charms is his delicate sense of literary associations. Creeley/Rumi/Tagore on the self as a boat, very sweet & apt. Rowing over deep clear water.

---

Joseph Duemer  
School of Liberal Arts  
Clarkson University  
Potsdam NY 13699  
Phone: [REDACTED]  
Fax: [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

---

"Art cannot be tamed, although our responses to it can be . . ." -Jeanette Winterson

[↑ Contents](#)

482. **Joseph Lease**

***Re: ships***

*Tue 17 Jun 1997*

---

Split Face

It was our party. The ancestors had arranged a party for us. We acted inappropriately on purpose. We took off our pants and shrieked. We shoved video cameras down our throats. "That's my throat, byaby. That's my throat, baby." Everything was mommy: the stars, the trees, the matted grass. Then, just as suddenly, everything refused to be mommy. Just quit--and laughed at us. We knew we were banal but everything laughed at us. We shrieked louder.

Say the word ship.

Think of a ship.

Matter is water.

Hear the world beneath.

Hear forests at the bottom.

Touch green cold water.

People have always said,

The moon was a ghostly galleon--  
need breathing need--

On Tue, 17 Jun 1997, Joseph Duemer wrote:

*One of David Israel's great charms is his delicate sense of literary associations. Creeley/Rumi/Tagore on the self as a boat, very sweet & apt. Rowing over deep clear water.*

---

*Joseph Duemer  
School of Liberal Arts*

Clarkson University  
Potsdam NY 13699

Phone: [REDACTED]

Fax: [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

---

*"Art cannot be tamed, although our responses to it can be . . ."*  
-Jeanette Winterson

[↑ Contents](#)

483. **David Israel**

***Re: ships / boats***

Tue 17 Jun 1997

---

Joseph --

<< . . . Creeley/Rumi/Tagore on the self as a boat, very sweet & apt. Rowing over deep clear water. >>

For your generous & amiable remarks, gratitude.

This also serves to remind of another Asian poem -- a Chinese quatrain I (re)translated long ago -- discovered it in the large anthology *\*Sunflower Splendor\** (among the best of such volumes, in my view; & they had a mirroring Chinese-lang. edition). The little poem's title (most literally) would be:

SEARCHING-FOR-SPRING ARBOR

Forget what poet, & (too bad) forget the 1st line (except that it prob. sets scene of poet in his own small boat, and might have the word "dusk" in it; the sense is, he's solitary) -- Remainder of the 4-liner runs thus:

| . . . . | the boatmen in the smokey midst are each the other hailing | this evening of my boat adrift upon which bank to rest? | only toward the water's place of further fragrance sailing

That sense of decision -- of a conflict (however languorous) -- which side should I go to shack up? what to do now? -- and the insouciant answer: no no, best to drift on some more (downstream, toward -- maybe -- greater fragrance . . .)

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

484. **dbkk**

***Re: new quotes from old, new quotes from old...***

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

At 4:33 PM -0400 6/17/97, Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest wrote:

>oh for heavens sake, kim dawn is it really too much to ask that posts  
>be read carefully before you make assumptions? this is getting to be  
>like some nightmarish party game of telephone.  
>  
>these posts are getting abominably dull.

Eliza,

I feel for your frustration. No one likes to feel misinterpreted and then to see misinterpretations heaped upon that. But, I'd like to point out--having been involved in a newsgroup where professional flammers took over the group for a while (as I mentioned before and was criticized for, for using the word "flamer")--off-the-wall attacks and misrepresentations are simply techniques to arouse responses. It's an ugly game, but it's just a game, Eliza. I don't think you have to worry about anyone else misreading you or taking the inaccurate response seriously.

Dodie

[↑ Contents](#)

485. **Wystan Curnow**

***Re: One small, shameless derby tossed into the air: \*I Won!\****

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Dear Rob,            Though I've been in Zagreb and Venice for weeks, its great to be back and to hear about your award! Congratulations! Your posts I've always appreciated. Tell us a little about the book and the award.            Wystan

[↑ Contents](#)

486. **Tom Orange**  
***for "-eme" people***

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

ok then, plug-eme as discrete unit of reference to having written something:  
" read me...! "

dream-eme, oneiric pixel: a rebus, depicts a house with a boat on its roof, a single letter of the alphabet, the figure of a man running whose head has been conjured away (cf. traumdeutung ch. 6)

seem-eme, discrete unit of possible resemblance: " =? "

me-eme,  
t.

[↑ Contents](#)

487. **Wystan Curnow**  
***Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint***  
*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Dear David,                      I realise it must be hurtful, but take no notice of Jay Schwartz spoil spwartzes. Keep up the good work. And now that I've got myself into your good books ( the allusion did not pass me by) I'm thinking of putting in for the Yale myself (at Marjorie's suggestion) and wondered if you--and any other list members come to that--would write me a reference (refer to whatever you like, see if I care, damn you and your impartiality! ). I thought of you especially because I'd like to see more of these Chairs go out of the country ( and not necesarily back to the Auld Countrie)and think you might be sympathetic.  
Wystan

[↑ Contents](#)

488. **Wystan Curnow**  
***Re: Inappropriate postings***  
*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Dear Judy,  
      Yeah, just what I wuz beginning to notice too. When we've finally done with these silly posts about silly posts we can I hope get back to silly posts, or preferably folks to real serious posts about, like Mainstream poetry vs radical/experimental poetry, about academics vs real people, about form vs content, those meat and potatoes issues we all joined the list to flog to death.  
      Wystan

[↑ Contents](#)

489. **rsillima**  
***Help***  
*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Can somebody send me a copy of the Poetics Digest for 6/17? I inadvertantly deleted it before I was able to read it. (The "mouse buttons" on an IBM ThinkPad are not its strong features, or maybe they're its "too strong" features).  
Arghh.  
Ron

Ron Silliman  
262 Orchard Road  
Paoli, PA 19301-1116

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] (o)

[REDACTED] (fax)

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/silliman/>

[↑ Contents](#)

490. **David Israel**

*the Yale game*

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

[was: Re: Jay Schwartz's complaint]

Mornin' (or maybe evenin'), Wystan --

thanks for your amicable notes; now here's riffin' on your Yale hat-throw. Let me see if I (a) understand you and (b) can muster some reply.

<< I'm thinking of putting in for the Yale myself (at Marjorie's suggestion) and wondered if you--and any other list members come to that--would write me a reference >>

I assume you're referring to the Yale Series of Younger Poets? (an open annual publication-competition, entry into which I've described having made; requirements being (i) no prior BOOK of Poetry published (chapbooks okay); and (ii) can't be older than 40 years; and (iii) certain physical particulars abt. what constitutes a properly constituted MS) --

When you speak of "a reference", I suppose you could mean a "letter of recommendation"? Well, 1. I feel pretty sure that any such would be of zero positive value (or relevance) to the competition; believe it or not, they actually read manuscripts; 2. even if a helpful note of referral *were* of use, I'm not an apt candidate for providing one -- unless a repentant Yale were interested now in the referral of a thrice (or so)-loser (kind of like: in a late, sudden bout of guilt for egregiously having passed over my work . . . ;- ) (??); 3. to whom would one recommend? Actually, the identity of the ultimate poet-judge (which changes, from time to time if not always from year to year) is a matter of public record. I've not kept track as to who that might be at this point. (I've no idea what happens at Yale in the event that a poet-judge is aware of the existence of a particular MS among the Readers' piles . . . )

Anyhow, month for MSS submissions to said Series is FEBRUARY -- so you've time to work out a gameplan. [The suggestion that you're considering applying for this (at Marjorie's recommendation) might've been a play for ironies unperceived by me; I'm byting on assumptions otherwise.]

and I've a story:

Last Thanksgiving, I went w/ some chums to a midday brunch at a local hotel restaurant -- and as we sat before plates from the buffet, I chatted with the son-in-law of one old friend. Said son-in-law happens to be a grad student in English at Yale, so -- anecdotally -- I remarked that in past years I'd applied for the Younger Poets. Gent allowed as he'd, in past years, been a READER for same. I mentioned the name of the administrative coordinator -- chap named Yee I think -- with whom I'd had some correspondence. . . . (generally related to my tendency to bend the rules anent an upper limit to the number of pages permitted in an acceptable MS -- after some word of self-explanation, Yale tended to show some flexibility on that point) --

so here I was chatting away w/ this "faceless Reader" -- who seemed nice enough. Alas, I seem to be able to salvage from the experience little Point of Advice . . . we ended up going to see the film (from your hemisphere, WYST.) Shine. . . telling another tale of winning & losing. Saith Tagore:

What music is that in whose measure  
the world is rocked?  
We laugh when it beats upon the crest of life  
& shriek in horror when it retreats into the dark  
But the play is the same that comes & goes  
to the rhythm of the endless music  
You hide your treasure in the palm of your hand  
and we cry that we are robbed  
But open or shut your palm as you please  
the gain & the loss are the same  
At the game that you play with your own self  
you win & lose at once

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

491. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: hasty (haitch tee) em el***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

the formatting for screen is done, in large measure, not by the sending web machine (as i understand this) but by the receiving machine. so, one might have a

long line which fits on one's OWN screen, thus putting <BR> at end of line effectively marks line off. but on other person's screen, one perhaps using different font size and/or font, line won't fit and will be broken.

having said that, unless one is at the extreme of long lines, or one's reader has screen set to big font, this probably wouldn't come up.

re <pre>, one is working with same recipient formatting difficulty -- on all the computers \_i've\_ tried this out with, <pre> set in line before text (indicating text is pre-formatted thus exact line breaks and spacing should be kept intact when formatted by recipient machine) always ends up displaying in this revolting courier font that looks like someone typed it badly, and is very difficult to read.

that, however, is MY opinion. doubtless there are a number of you who are fond of courier! and now will deliberately go and set any html document you HAVE as <pre> (and if you do, at end of document close off with </pre> to end preformatting cue) just so it will always have that hand-typed look... ah for variety... e

[↑ Contents](#)

492. **Jordan Davis**

***MY NAME IS OY***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

It had been  
my understanding that poetry  
was supposed to run  
ten to twenty years  
ahead  
of the culture  
I'm runnin back to Ultravox  
and Emo Phillips yall  
keep  
this

We need trained squads to make love to the police (no we don't)

---

And what about the idea that poets figure out which is the "correct" language game to be playing? Kinda insider=tradingish, huh?

Jordamo

[↑ Contents](#)



493. **robert drake**

***Re: Inappropriate postings***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Wystan:

>...When we've

>finally done with these silly posts about silly posts we can I hope

>get back to silly posts, or preferably folks to real serious posts

>about, like Mainstream poetry vs radical/experimental poetry, about

>academics vs real people, about form vs content...

>

and I'm hopin those "vs"s stand fr verses rather than versus

lbd

[↑ Contents](#)

494. **henry ghost**

***Re: MY NAME IS OY***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

On Wed, 18 Jun 1997 08:53:31 -0400 Jordan Davis said:

> It had been

>my understanding that poetry

> was supposed to run

> ten to twenty years

>ahead

> of the culture

but to run like that

sometimes it helps to plant your feet

among the runners

back then

who paced the meadows

1000 to 2000 years

ahead of u.s.

- Enrico

[↑ Contents](#)

495. **George Thompson**

**Re: for "-eme" people**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Date: Wed, 18 Jun 1997 10:07:17 -0400

To: Tom Orange <[REDACTED]>

From: [REDACTED] (George Thompson)

Subject: Re: for "-eme" people

*The original "-eme" person was a linguist, Kenneth Pike, who got tired of the positivism of earlier American linguistics, which was in his view too "etic" [i.e., it studied language without regard to meaning: contrast the terms 'phonetics' and 'phonemics']. So an emic analysis of language examines the meaning-bearing elements, at no matter what level.*

*So when Tom turns to "plugemes", "dream-emes", etc. he is being a linguist in the style of Kenneth Pike.*

*In a certain literal sense, phonemes are the most \*fundamental\* unit of any text [language sequence], although sub-phonemic analysis is possible. But in another sense, I see no reason to think that any one type of analysis [or level of analysis] is more fundamental than any other. Clearly, poets will have a serious interest in phonemes and graphemes, as well as in the sub-syllabic emes that Tom is fishing around for.*

*But a couple of weeks go, on another thread, there was discussion of the formula, and the examination of larger bodies of text at a much higher level than that of the isolated word. In my view there are good reasons to view this sort of analysis as just as fundamental as the phonemic one.*

*So when Charles Olson determines that the syllable is "the king and pin of versification" what he means, as he goes on to say, is that the syllable "rules and holds together the lines, the larger forms, of a poem" [Selected Writings, p.17]. He begins from the syllable and looks \*up\* from it to the higher-level units [the words and lines and larger forms] for which the syllable is the "basic" building-block.*

*Tom on the other hand seems to have begun from the syllable and looked \*down\* into the sub-syllabic regions inhabited by phonemes and other microscopic creatures still waiting to be named...*

*It is all a matter of where one's interest lies, not of any absolute "fundamentalism."*

*I suppose you could say that the most interesting poets are those who have explored all these levels. But I would guess that there are some who have more interest in one or another, rather than all. And why not?*

George

[↑ Contents](#)

496. **KENT JOHNSON**  
***non-American true-believers***

Wed 18 Jun 1997

Question: When someone (as the Australian Stalinist JOHN TRANTNER or the Canadian Spartacist George Bowering have recently done) post four or five quick, witty ripostes to the list in a row, does it most likely mean that she or he has been drinking at the machine? I ask this not out of contentious desire, but out of a gnawing sense of embarrassed recognition. Thus, I humbly (or imho, imho, imho) propose that this list add a new rule to its rubric of guidelines: Any-one caught drinking behind the wheeeeeeeel (the e key keeps getting stuck) will be immediately reported to the authorities in Buffalo.

Ketn (PS: Sorry if I'm whipping a dead horse, but is it a good thing or a bad thing that I can no longer read anything by G. Bowering without imaging a tall, taut, and graying Mounty (ie?) in glossy red, with ebony black boots to the knees and six-inch stiletto heels?)

[↑ Contents](#)

497. **KENT JOHNSON**  
***(Fwd) "Buddhistic poetry"***

Wed 18 Jun 1997

Since I plugged the BASM anthology here a few weeks back, and since there's also been some discussion on Araki Yasusada here, I thought I'd forward this, which was posted to the CAP-L group today. I've changed one unclear utterance. There may well be more that I haven't caught...I seem to always find or think of things I should have caught or said otherwise after I send and reflect. That's life. Kent

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

From: Self <STUDENT/KJOHNSON>  
To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: "Buddhistic poetry"  
Date: Wed, 18 Jun 1997 13:55:38 +0600

About a month ago there was a question on this list about the absence of Asian-American poets in *Beneath a Single Moon: Buddhism in Contemporary American Poetry*, an anthology I edited with Craig Paulenich some years back. The question referred to Walter K. Lew's introduction in his praised anthology

\_Premonitions\_, wherein our book is strongly criticized. I am still waiting to see Premonitions, and so my first look at Lew's commentary was a couple of days ago, when I saw it quoted in the current Boston Review, as part of a response by him and four other Asian-American writers to Marjorie Perloff's essay ("In Search of the Authentic Other: The Poetry of Araki Yasusada.") which appeared in the April/May issue of the BR. This particular response, part of a fascinating and varied section of brief essays on Perloff's piece, makes the claim that I am the Yasusada author and directly charges that I am an opportunist and a racist, fueled by the desire for "self-gain."

I'll say here, for what it's worth, that very few people have any real knowledge about the nature of Yasusada, and I would like to suggest that too many have jumped to conclusions about the origins, aesthetics, and motivations of this highly unusual work. Further materials are scheduled to appear, including the complete collection (with an appendix of "critical" materials) from Roof Books, and I would urge those interested in the meaningful issues provoked by the "Yasusada affair" to read carefully and reserve final judgement at least until after the book appears.

In any case, back to the question of the BASM anthology. Here is the Lew quote I wish to comment on from \_Premonitions\_:

"The 45 American poets whose essays and poetry on Buddhist practice comprise the anthology are all Caucasian, and the book only mentions Asians as distal teachers (ranging from Zen patriarchs to D.T.Suzuki), not as fellow members or poets of the sangha...When one considers the relative obscurity of some of the poets included in the book, one wonders how it was possible not to have known the Buddhistic poetry of such writers as [Lawson Fusao] Inada, Al Robles, Garrett Kaoru Hongo, Alan Chong Lau, Patricia Ikeda, and Russell Leong...[Gary] Snyder's introduction deliberates the question--'Poetry is democratic, Zen is elite. No! Zen is democratic, poetry is elite. Which is it?'...perhaps he should have also asked whether Zen and poetry, as reconfigured in American Orientalism, are racist."

Before reading this quote, I was quite certain that we had probably missed, out of ignorance, Asian-American poets who should have been included in the anthology. But now I am not as sure. If Mr. Lew (and the other co-signers of the BR response) had carefully considered the Shambhala anthology, they would have seen that a fundamental criteria for inclusion was a serious background in Buddhist study and practice. We were not interested, in the least, in poetry exhibiting the vague and stereotypical waft of the "Buddhistic." If anything, our anthology begins to point to the fact that reductive notions of the "Buddhistic" are one of the by-products of the "Orientalism" that Mr. Lew denounces. There

is simply no way of boiling down Buddhist artistic expression to any particular "Buddhistic" characteristics of tone, content, or style.

Now, I still suspect that there are publishing Asian-American poets who would have met the criteria we established for the anthology, but their absence was certainly not due to some underlying racist criteria of selection; we simply (and perhaps to our editorial discredit) were, and are, unaware of Asian-American poets who also happen to be Buddhists. Apparently, and unfortunately, so is Mr. Lew, as I assume he would have mentioned specific names if there were any.

We are *\*considering\** undertaking a second edition of the anthology, and would welcome any and all suggestions for new poets to include.

Kent Johnson

[↑ Contents](#)

498. **Douglas Barbour**  
***Re: eyerhymes in Edmonton***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Although I was on the organizing committee, I still enjoyed eyerhymes, & when it was all over I tried to get a bit of it into my journal. I hope others will report on it, as my report is undoubtedly biased from the inside. On the other hand I wasn't a major figure on the committee, & it was really Jars Balan & Peter Bartl who made it the success everyone seemed to think it was. Still for those of you who weren't there, here are some notes on what happened.

Not to go beyond the obvious about eyerhymes: that Jars Balan was the moving force, & did most of the work, & Peter Bartl also did a lot, as did the various students & support staff over in Art & Design, including Sue Coberg. I just had to be there, & pick up a few people at the airport, & enjoy myself & moderate a few sessions. Anyway, it began well & went well, & apparently most of the participants thought it went very well; was well organized (it always looks more chaotic from the inside, I guess). And there was a lot of good stuff during the weekend. It began officially on Thursday afternoon (the 12th): Stephen Scobie had come in in the afternoon & I had picked him up along with two others, Dave Baptiste Chirot & Eduardo Kac. Fred Wah had come in the night before to set up the paintings he had collaborated on with artist Bev Tosh. eyerhymes began with the opening of the first of 3 exhibitions, the Wordsounz & Eye Rhymes: visual poetry and artist books that John Charles organized at the Bruce Peel Special Collections library. Then early in the evening Dick Higgins gave the keynote address. A rambling & wide ranging trip through the history & present situation of pattern poetry with slides, it was charming & delightful, not least because he is such an obsessive, a man possessed by his interest. And there is something winning about such obsessions when they are ones you appreciate.

We then moved down the HUB Mall to the FAB Gallery for the opening of ImageNations: an exhibition of visual poetry from around the world. Some great stuff, & then three readings, beginning with Bob Cobbing, who although aging still has his chops & uses his great voice wonderfully. Clemente Padin from Uruguay, with the help of a translator, did a set of conceptual works, acting out instructions, sounding some things, & generally playing a humorous game with linguistic concepts. He finished with a choral work for the audience, sounding various vowels loud & soft, which evryone got into. Mykola Miroshnechenko, of Ukraine, gave a much quieter & more traditional reading, but a fascinating one in its way. Interestingly, the large contingent from Ukraine, which was featured on Saturday, tended to stay apart, which can be understood because of language difficulties, but some of the others at the residence were sorry about it. Friday set the tone for the conference as a whole. It was Canada day. On Wednesday evening, when I had brought Bob Cobbing into the college, I met a bunch of grad students, including Peter Jaeger from Western & others & they asked if we had a copy of Sons of Captain Poetry & if so could I arrange a showing. Well, I hadnt thought of it, but it was a great idea, so I checked it out the next morning & was able to arrange a showing on Friday at noon (later at 1130 since Fred's reading was not an hour long). Anyway, the first set of papers included an interesting one on Robert Zend's work by Stephen Cain; Darren-Wershler-Henry & Christian Bök doing a stereo presentation on both panels of Steve McCaffery's Carnival. Brilliant & a tour de force, which we came to associate with them. Craig Saper, from the University of Pennsylvania, gave a paper on the Assembling Movement in Canada in the 1970s. Fred then performed the new poems he had written to/for Bev Tosh's paintings, while she performed a kind of movement as a white 'puppet' figure against the projections of her paintings. Theyd never done it before but it was terrific, & everybody loved it, from the response. Having chaired that, I also chaired the session on bp after lunch. But first we showed the bp film. I hadnt seen it for a long time, but the students werent the only ones who had had never seen it, so everyone stayed to watch. Dick Higgins, who knew barrie well, had never seen it. The ending, which I had forgotten, was bp singing his elegy for Hugo Ball then climbing back out through the broken windows. But now that elegy is self-referential, & I was in tears, & not alone in that. But there were also all his comments on poetics, which even at that young age were so right, so on, & still so ignored by so many. Almost everyone I talked to was glad I had shown it, so I think it was one of those things that only we could have done & that helped to define the conference. Then the papers on bp seemed to flow right on from that. Peter Jaeger, who just finished his PhD on bp, did a good job of exploring what goes on in ABC. And Graham Sharpe, who's doing his MA on Ganglia/grOnk Press, told us a great deal about the archive at Simon Fraser, & what he's finding there, & how it helps define exactly what the press, barrie's own wee effort, did. After

the break, Marvin Sackner, another true obsessive, explained at great length but with winning charm, how he's slowly creating a new multimedia database for the Ruth and Marvin Sackner Archive of concrete and visual poetry. It's something all right. Stephen introduced Darren & Christian for a reading. Christian has memorized a lot of the dada classics & did a few; he also read/performed from Crystallography & an amazing new work in which he is writing five separate pieces in which all the words therein use only words with the saem vowel, from a through u. More tours de force. Darren was quieter, but read some fine pieces from Nicholodeon, & a new piece which was very witty & intelligent. And we thought, boy these youngsters are really challenging us. Then down to the final opening, at Latitude 53, of Cantextualities: Contemporary Canadian Visual Poetry. Some wonderful stuff in the show. Performances included W. Mark Sutherland. from Toronto, who can do a lot with his voice, although he was apparently 'freaked out' because he's used to working with a mike, & there wasnt one in that small space. He had some incredible sounds anyway, & some nifty pieces. But the gallery was incredibly hot, & close. Re: Sounding was next, & seemed to go over well. Paul Dutton went last & he has some incredible pieces, & blew everyone away. So it was a good evening of sound, even if we were all sweating like pigs. Saturday was on the visual poetry of eastern Europe, where there is a long tradition of pattern poetry. We attended the first set of talks, & they were interesting, & they did introduce us to a lot of work going on over there. After supper, some of the poets showed us their work: one of the heroines of Austrian concrete/sound, Elizabeth Netzkowa read & had read some of her work, & played taped of some other, very moody, elegiac, but quite powerful; & she, in her quiet dignity, was impressive. & Bodyvoice, an improv dance group to which one of my poetry students belongs, did a short & quite powerful group dance, Untying My Tongue. Sunday was the longest day of all & we stayed through it all. The rest of the world was brought in. Brian Reed of Stanford started out with a very intelligent look at John Ashbery's 'Litany' & resistance to Visual Poetry in the American Academy. I was chairing this session too, & it was a delight to do so. Stephen then read from his chapter on Finlay in his forthcoming book on visual poetry etc. Very solid, very interesting. Francis Edline showed a number of slides introducing us to the work of Finlay's & Timm Ulrich's visual poetry: another overview, but very helpful with the pictures. At the next session, Klaus Groh struggled with his english to introduce us to some traditions which back up his own work. He was charming & came up with one term, a neologism, many of us immediately loved: 'trace-catching.' He also said "an art work is like a battery," although I didnt quite follow how it was in his talk. Craig Dworkin gave a superbly intelligent talk on "The Use of Overprinting Considered in Terms of Information Theory and Post-Structural Linguistics," with some transparencies & basically from notes: another impressive young grad student. In the early afternoon, Bohdan



Nebesio talked about intertitles in silent cinema, Clement Padin used his own work to try to come to some views of a rhetoric of visual poetry. Jesper Olsson of Sweden, another grad student, told us a lot about the concrete poetry scene in Sweden in the 50s & 60s; background that helped fill in a missing history, nicely done. Late afternoon, Adele J. Haft, who is a classical scholar now interested in map-poems, introduced us to them & asked for more; many had some to tell her about. Claus Clüver of Indiana talked about what he called Kinetic poetry, poetry that moves & moves its audience in participation. Johanna Drucker spoke very wittily about the ways much concrete poetry used letters differently than she does in her *The Word Made Flesh*, her wearing of weird glasses & general stance & delivery turned her lecture into a performance. Great fun, & provocative. We'd been at it since 0830, but there was another session before supper: Willard Bohn on Jose Juah Tablada's visual poems. AN intriguing introduction to someone I had never heard of. And Owen Smith told us about Fluxus by performing a number of Fluxus pieces, & well too. After supper, Dave Baptiste Chirot rambled most intelligently about two of his influences, Kruchonyk & Robert Grenier, with very interesting references to wcwilliams's poetics. John White of U of London had some very interesting things to say about 'indexical signs in futurist poetry, much of which apparently agrees with Stephen's interpretations in his book. We were by this time tired but stayed around for a couple of creative presentations. Jan Davis of Australia showed a series of slides of her collection of artist books on the Solomon Islands, which were beautiful & more, but in which she didnt seem to come to grips with some of the political problematics she seemed aware of in her talk. Johanna Bartl of Germany opened a collection of boxes & laid out their changing contents, but as she kept going around all ten to put all back in different orders (same boxes). But got up & went to the last sessions this morning; on computer art/poetry, holopoetry, & visual poetics & innovative communication technology, by Patrick-Henri Burgaud, who showed us videos of his computer art, which was very colorful & delightful, Eduardo Kak, who has been doing holographic poetry for more than a decade now, some of it deliberately meant to offer each eye slightly different views of letters etc., & Eric Vos, who knows the contemporary technology scene & its possibilities very well. Then the last session by two people into artist books & collecting. Martha Carothers talked about signs, & capital letters, what she called visual essays. She quoted a satire of dumbing down from 1951 that actually did sound very contemporary. Then Judith Hoffberg, of Umbrella Editions in California, & a real fan of all this stuff & a hustler of great charm, who I had enjoyed talked to throughout the conference, although I didnt really know her, but she seemed to know many of the people there, & was obviously a longtime friend of Higgins, enthused about three artists she admires for breaking away from the norm. Such enthusiasm was a great way to end the official part of the conference. We all went off to the



Faculty Club for lunch, & some talk after about possibly setting up an association or at least trying to arrange another conference in a few years. Jars was left to follow some ideas up & help us all keep in touch.

=====

Douglas Barbour  
Department of English  
University of Alberta  
Edmonton Alberta T6G 2E5

██████████ FAX: ██████████

H: ██████████

~~~~~

Between 'attached' and 'aloft'  
getting the poem on the page  
a voice tells her on this day  
\_attend\_.

Phyllis Webb

[↑ Contents](#)

499. **Susan Wheeler**

***Thanks re Digest***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

For all those (& especially Nick) who made suggestions re texts that look at the issue of poetic lineage, many thanks.

Glad you're there, out there, even at our diciest.

Susan

Susan Wheeler

██████████

voice/fax ██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

500. **Jordan Davis**

***Re: MY NAME IS OY***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

> >       It had been  
> > my understanding that poetry  
> >       was supposed to run  
> >       ten to twenty years

> >ahead  
> > of the culture  
>  
> but to run like that  
> sometimes it helps to plant your feet  
> among the runners  
> back then  
> who paced the meadows  
> 1000 to 2000 years  
> ahead of u.s.  
> I love the facials at Elizabeth Arden  
but only God  
can make a  
classicism  
-Jaglom

[↑ Contents](#)

501. **ghost**

***Re: MY NAME IS OY***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

On Wed, 18 Jun 1997 10:56:09 -0400 Jordan Davis said:

>> > It had been  
>> >my understanding that poetry  
>> > was supposed to run  
>> > ten to twenty years  
>> >ahead  
>> > of the culture  
>>  
>> but to run like that  
>> sometimes it helps to plant your feet  
>> among the runners  
>> back then  
>> who paced the meadows  
>> 1000 to 2000 years  
>> ahead of u.s.  
>> I love the facials at Elizabeth Arden  
>but only God  
> can make a  
> classicism

the Pope hath spoken (experience  
the Rape  
of the Lock (crossing  
the Jordan)  
- Hagoo

[↑ Contents](#)

502. **Poetics List**

**Eigner Passages**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Announcing publication of PASSAGES 5

in memory of Larry Eigner

contributors include: Steve Luttrell, Dodie Bellamy, Steve Benson, Joanne Kyger, Lawrence Upton, Belle Gironda, George Albon, Andy Levy, Deborah Goudreault, Stephen Ronan, Lee Ann Brown-Laynie Browne-Douglas Rothschild-Anselm Berrigan-Lisa Jarnot-Bill Luoma-Drew Gardner ("the Optionists"), Nancy Dunlop, Jack Foley, Kit Robinson, Robert Grenier, Charles Bernstein, Avery E.D. Burns, Dorothy Jesse Beagle, David Baptiste Chirot, Jack Collom, Bob Harrison, Ben Friedlander, Larry Eigner (includes previously unpublished material).

Available July 1 (print), September 1 (electronic -- with links to other WWW Eigner material)

price and snail-mail address t.b.a.

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/ezines/passages>

co-edited by Ben Friedlander and Chris Funkhouser

[↑ Contents](#)

503. **Jordan Davis**

**Re: MY NAME IS OY**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

> > >     It had been  
> > > my understanding that poetry  
> > >     was supposed to run  
> > >     ten to twenty years  
> > > ahead  
> > >     of the culture  
> > >

> >> but to run like that  
> >> sometimes it helps to plant your feet  
> >> among the runners  
> >> back then  
> >> who paced the meadows  
> >> 1000 to 2000 years  
> >> ahead of u.s.  
> >> I love the facials at Elizabeth Arden  
> >but only God  
> > can make a  
> > classicism  
>  
> the Pope hath spoken (experience  
> the Rape  
> of the Lock (crossing  
> the Jordan)  
>  
There ought to be a law against it, Henry.  
Mr. Bones, there is  
--G Herbert

[↑ Contents](#)

504. **Tom Orange**  
**for "-eme" people**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

On Wed, 18 Jun 1997, George Thompson wrote:

*The original "-eme" person was a linguist, Kenneth Pike, who got tired of the positivism of earlier American linguistics, which was in his view too "etic" [i.e., it studied language without regard to meaning: contrast the terms 'phonetics' and 'phonemics']. So an emic analysis of language examines the meaning-bearing elements, at no matter what level.*

too much etic, not enough emic, makes fer anemic emes. maybe requires an emetic, a poemetics (...urp!...)

*Tom on the other hand seems to have begun from the syllable and looked \*down\* into the sub-syllabic regions inhabited by phonemes and other microscopic creatures still waiting to be named...*

*It is all a matter of where one's interest lies, not of any absolute "fundamentalism."*

*I suppose you could say that the most interesting poets are those who have*

*explored all these levels. But I would guess that there are some who have more interest in one or another, rather than all. And why not?*

at the same time i was musing on olson's "projective verse" i was also reading michelle leggot's take on the opening of zukofsky's "a"-22

AN ERA  
ANY TIME  
OF YEAR

here's a whole field of microscopic creatures which, with their proximate latin roots, spread out over the whole 1000 lines of "a"-22. (cf.

"reading zukofsky's \_80 flowers\_" esp. pp. 34-52)

cheers,  
t.

[↑ Contents](#)

505. **Tom Orange**  
***running back to ultravox***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

so we drink and sink  
and talk and stalk with  
interchangeable enemies and friends  
trying on each others' precious skins  
while we're dying to be born again  
--"artificial life" (1977)

[↑ Contents](#)

506. **Pritchett, Pat**  
***Re: This Is A Plug***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Poems of mine will be appearing shortly in the following:

Prairie Schooner (old, non-innovative stuff)

River City

} New stuff

Mirage

Patrick Pritchett

[↑ Contents](#)

507. **David Israel**

**Re: MY NAME IS OY / a sidebranch**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Jordon Davis keyed:

> It had been my understanding that poetry  
> was supposed to run  
> ten to twenty years ahead  
> of the culture

it had been my under  
standing that poetry  
was supposed to be  
the culture  
but when they  
parted company did they  
part ways?  
or did poetry just race ahead?  
a progressivist theory  
(contra nostalgiaism)  
a faster-vaster jogger  
a quicker city-slicker  
if it's circular then po could lag way behind  
& come out ahead or race way ahead  
& end up at end  
but if the culture went zig  
& poetry went zag  
the culture  
kept zigging  
the poets  
kept zazzing  
the culture was jigging  
the poets were jagging  
they might soon be spiraling  
in counter concentricities  
or else  
something else  
else again  
again

| *I'm runnin back to Ultravox*

who's that?

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

508. **John E. Matthias**

**ND Review**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

The summer issue of *\_Notre Dame Review\_* has now been published. Contributors include Robert Archambeau, Susan Bergman, Eavan Boland, Robert Boyers, Richard Burns, Esther Cohen, Catherine Daly, Beth Ann Fennelly, Barry Goldensohn, Janet Holmes, David Hoppe, Colette Inez, Suzanne Paola, John Peck, Michael Schneider, Barry Silesky, R.D. Skillings, John Howland Spyker, and Maura Stanton.

Of particular interest to people on the list will be Richard Burns' memoir about living with Peter Russell in Venice in the 1960s at the period when Russell was publishing the early and influential Poundian journal *\_Nine\_* and beginning to write his "Elegies of Quintilius." Also Robert Archambeau's article "Another Ireland" dealing with the work of Billy Mills, Randolph Healy, and Trevor Joyce. (The second part of this piece will appear in #5 and deal with Geoffrey Squires, Maurice Scully, and Catherine Walsh.)

Coming up in the next issue will be a major long poem by Robert Creeley, "Histoire de Florida," along with substantial excerpts from John Montague's poem in progress, "Conversations with David Jones."

*\_Notre Dame Review\_* is published bi-annually. Subscriptions: \$15 (individuals) or \$20 (institutions) per year. Single copy price: \$8. Sample copies: \$6 each. Write to *\_Notre Dame Review\_*, Dept. of English, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, IN 46556.

Selections from the first two issues of *\_NDR\_* can be visited on our website: <http://www.nd.edu/~english/ndr/ndr/htm>

John Matthias

[↑ Contents](#)

509. **George Bowering**

**Re: Inappropriate postings**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

*I wasn't going to add any more pointless posts, but the beating Jay received makes me also want to let him know, as well as his enemies, that I agree with his position. The excessive silliness of many of these posts keeps me from being any more active on the board, as Mark Presnar seems to feel as well. Thanks Jay and sorry for the heat.*

*Standard Schaefer*

I could not agree more. And now I understand fully what Jay was trying to suggest when he walked in here last Tuesday, completely naked and with a crow on his shoulder. More power to you, Jay!

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

510. **George Bowering**

**Re: ms. non-provocateur**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

*I'm not familiar with Sylvia Fraser. She sounds interesting. Who is she?  
Where's her work available?*

*Dodie*

She is a former beauty queen from Hamilton who has for 30 years been writing mushy pop novels and trying to get called "an artist." A few years ago she published one of those recovered-memory-incest books. It was not well received. I haven't read it, but my mate Angela did and said that it was pretty bad writing.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

511. **George Bowering**

**Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

*bob grumman mentions:  
jwcurry has a one-LETTER poem in which he replaces the  
dot of an i with a finger-print...*



I recall a poem by Aram Saroyan (I think) that was a sort-of one-letter poem. It was an m with one extra bump.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

512. **George Bowering**  
*Re: jwcurry, sonndheim, kdawn*  
*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

>this isn't acker's world baby.  
said this "Kim Dawn"

What the heck is a world baby?

Is that, like, a moon?

Is that, like, the offSPRING of an earth mother?

Is that something they know about in London, Ontario?

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

513. **George Bowering**  
*Re: jwcurry, sonndheim, kdawn,& Spicer*  
*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Kevin!

That is great news about the Spicertome being finished. And also Gizzi's book being done too; what a Spicerspring that is going to be. I sent Peter some colour snaps I took of him standing in front of the window of the room in which Jack gave those lectures. Oh the world goes so damned fast it's slow.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

514. **N. Dhillon**  
***Journey - Manuscript***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

I have recently completed a poetry manuscript and have temporarily placed it online at <http://home1.gte.net/dhillon/journey> . I would greatly appreciate any comments or feedback you may have on either the text itself, its presentation, or on what to do with it.

This current online version requires that you have a frames-compliant browser (>Net2.0 or MSIE2.0). Please let me know if there are any formatting issues as well.

Thanks and best regards,  
Navdeep

(Please cc: me @ [REDACTED] as I'm on the digest version)

[↑ Contents](#)

515. **Bob Grumman**  
***Re: syllable. king and pin of versification.***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Yes, Aram Saroyan \*did\* do the one-letter poem with the m with an extra leg that George Bowering mentions. It even made one edition of the Guinness Book of Records as the world's shortest poem!

--Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

516. **Pritchett, Pat**  
***Re: News from Naropa***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Thanks to quick notice from Anselm Hollo, I had the opportunity today to attend a talk given by Robert Creeley under the Big Tent on the Naropa lawn. (Further

thanks to Steven & Judy Taylor who loaned me the 3 bucks to get in - somehow I'd thought it was free!) I doubt I'll post many such reports from the Naropa Summer Program but I thought the List might be interested in some brief notes made from this particular talk by the cher maitre. It was on Origins.

(Program Notes: Rather hot inside the Tent. Scapulas and drifting cottonweed everywhere. Anselm and Creeley stroll up, Anselm sporting a nifty panama hat. At my right, Steven Taylor dabs at a string quartet & voice arrangement for Allen Ginsberg's harmonium scoring of one of Blake's "Songs of Innocence." "It's beautiful. The best thing he ever did," confides ST. Also present, besides the usual suspects, Aldon Nielsen, toting camera ).

Creeley begins by discussing the two poets he was most attracted to in Conrad Aiken's anthology of American Poetry: E.A. Robinson and Marsden Hartley. In particular in Robinson he was drawn to "the tacit Maine sense that the world can never be resolved humanly." Robinson, he says, is "a great poet of depending" i.e. his work bristles with "or if" and "and if." He then reads from "Man Against The Sky," interrupting finally with "let's skip to the chase... you can tell the absolute concentration with which I've prepared for this." The poem closes on a grand, mordant, give-it-up/all is lost note. Creeley: "He doesn't see much hope. Again, a disposition of that part of the country."

He relates a bit of Robinson's personal history: His father was a failure in business. His brothers - one a doctor, the other a businessman - were addicted to drugs and booze, respectively. Meanwhile, Robinson tried to pursue his "vocation" as a poet. RC: "Only someone in such a situation could consider poetry a \*vocation.\*" Then a reading, beautifully, "Eros Turannos." "I was drawn to poets who had worked through the crisis of person."

The first time Creeley ever formally declared himself as poet was in a SFPD line up - he'd been picked up on a grand vagrancy charge. "And what do you do for a living Robert?" "I'm a poet." Kerouac was later incensed he'd spent the weekend in jail. "Why didn't you tell them you have a book in the library?" RC: "Because I don't."

Then a reading from Parts 1 & 3 of Hart Crane's "For the Marriage of Helen & Faustus." ("Capped arbiter of beauty...") "It's as if," RC sez, "here in America we have to make ourselves up."

Re: Robert Frost - "I did not trust him. I just didn't." Once he and Ginsberg were looking through an old photo book of poets. Allen had drawn a Hitler mustache on Frost's photo. Sd RC: "Why did we hate him so much?"

Then a reading from Henry Vaughan's "I saw Eternity the other night..." RC: "Vaughan had a curious ability to wait and pace." And he spoke of his regard for Wyatt and, not surprisingly, Campion.

After that, I had to leave, alas. Maybe Aldon, if he has any time (which I doubt very much he does) can close these inchoate observations.

Patrick Pritchett

[↑ Contents](#)

517. **David Bromige**

**Warning label: do not open if easily offended by silliness**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Well, Bowering certainly came back with a bang. Didn't know he had it in him. What does it signify, being naked with a crow on the shoulder? Can one ask, on which *\*side\** this crow is perched? Actually, this posting isn't particularly silly. But it *\_might\_* have been. The intention was there, but the impulse flagged. And there are those who will never know they passed up a non-silly, thoroughly tedious posting. Alack aday. D.

[↑ Contents](#)

518. **Jay Schwartz**

**Re: Warning label: do not open if easily offended by silliness**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

It wasn't my shoulder the crow was perched on.

[↑ Contents](#)

519. **Wystan Curnow**

**Re: hello poetics!**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Dear Bennett,                      This is a subject that interests me. Have you looked at Lawrence Weiner? He appears in one of the L= anthologies. There's a strange statement of his in Dieter Schwarz's catalogue raisonne of W's books 'Literature is an attempt to portray within the context of a narrative or non-narrative structure the relationships of human beings to human beings, and art is the relationship of human beings to objects, that' simple enough (sic!). Poetry essentially is something that is not translatable; its possible to get an approximate translation, it's made not to be translated, its made to have the beauty and the form and the sens of the language itself, and my work is designed initially to be translated, either into physical form or into languages, and that's enough of a difference for me. Literature is essentially about a subjective reality, and art is essentially about an objective reality.' Its from an interview with Schwarz of 1989. It is interesting less for what it claims about literature and poetry, than as an apology ( why I am not a poet) for his own practices which in terms of the

making words ' material ' are clearly larger than those of any other so-called conceptual artist. At least for the sake of argument, I'm not convinced by W's defence. Indeed, I'd like to see how the texts of Weiner, and say Hamish Fulton, Richard Long, David Tremlett ( the Brit. backpacker poets) not to mention , Jenny Holzer etc etc would survive the 'test of poetry'. What thoughts?    Wys-tan

[↑ Contents](#)

520. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

**Re: MY NAME IS OY**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

ARE YOU PEOPLE MAKING FUN OF ME? IF SO I DON'T GET IT. ARE YOU MAKING FUN OF MY MIDDLE NAME? VEY? OR IS THIS POEM SOMEHOW A RESPONSE TO MY WORK? SHOULD I GO TO ANOTHER MAILING LIST FOR JUICIER, MORE CHEAP- / COSTLY-THRILLS-STYLE CORRESPONDANCE? IF SO, ANY SUGGESTIONS? I AM SO SAD AND UNCELEBRATED IT FEELS LIKE A FUCKING VIRUS. I WANT ACTION....

[↑ Contents](#)

521. **David Bromige**

**Rated G**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Now Jay has cleared himself of Bowering's charge (of being naked with crow on shoulder), my question still goes unanswered, to wit, What does it signify, being naked with a crow on the shoulder? (I made no attribution of naked crowness to any one particular person).

If I met a person in such condition, I might think Hmm, taking his crow for an outing, or, Huh, is this religion? Or Far out, jump back, beats lobsters! Or Wow, his crow ate his clothes, but he still cares for him! Or I might somehow try to reconcile "they left him naked" with "they had him eat crow". In fact, I did try that, & I failed. Is this phrase the very ikon of opacity to me alone? David

[↑ Contents](#)

522. **Wystan Curnow**

**Re: hello poetics!**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Bennett,

Isn't that magazine 'Purple Prose'?

Wystan

[↑ Contents](#)

523. **ghould**

**Re: Warning label: do not open if easily offended by silliness**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

the crow was perched on the southwest side. His name is Cautantowwit. Don't mess with him.

- Poe

[↑ Contents](#)

524. **Charles Alexander**

**Re: smithsons poetics, artists/poets**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

6. *Smithson's Poetics*

23. *hasty (haitch tee) em el (2)*

*Did the sculptors read the poets? This sounds like a naive question, and it is, but the reading I do in art history and criticism of the time is much more ignorant of words/poetry than the words/poetry is of the art.*

*Why is this?*

Replying to this after getting it late last night in digest mode . . .

Or maybe the artists just don't talk about it as much? I don't have the sense that the artists (visual, musical, etc.) are ignorant of the poetry, although this is a question I like to approach at the local level. Here in Tucson, I think of the visual artists as, in a sense, much more involved in the physical aspects of everyday life than the poets are, if that makes sense. Just, going to an art studio every day, or as much as possible, confronting the realities within that studio, which are often very physical. And I find them quite knowledgeable about the poetry which comes close to them, meaning local poets involved with presses which also inhabit the same studio buildings, poets who give readings and organize events in art galleries which also represent the artists, etc. Conversely, I don't find the poets locally nearly so knowledgeable about local visual artists, although there are certainly exceptions.

I also find poets sometimes conversant with theory in the abstract, but not with specific visual theories, and not with technical aspects of the visual arts. I often find visual artists more able to converse about how a poem is made than I find poets able to talk about how a painting is made. But I live with a painter and may simply be in their company more, talking about such things.

One of my favorite local painters, Jim Waid, studied at New Mexico with Robert Creeley. Jim's probably 50 years old now, and can talk about a fairly good range of literature, although certainly more about literature written 20 to 50 years

ago. But then, we're talking about Smithson here, so perhaps poets more easily talk about visual/conceptual art which happened a couple of decades ago and has had a good deal of things written about it, than we can talk about current movements in the galleries of New York and Los Angeles and elsewhere right now.

As a poet, I think it has benefited me immensely to be joined with a painter, to get out every month and see visual art with a semi-insider's point of view, and to go and see it in other communities wherever I go. Without doing so, I don't think I could begin to understand Smithson and others of the past, at least not in the same way.

charles

chax press :: alexander writing/design/publishing books by artists' hands :: web sites built with care and vision handmade and trade editions of contemporary innovative writing [REDACTED] :: <http://personal.riverusers.com/~chax/>

[↑ Contents](#)

525. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: cummings & the syllable break & phonetic alphabet***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Dear List

*Now a literary history question. I'm not very widely read but my impression is that Cummings (in English, at any rate) was the first poet to use the "intra-syllabic word-break" to aesthetic effect. E.g.: as in his breaking "inventing" into "inven" and "ting" for the latter's hint of "tingle," and "using" into "u" and "sing."*

*Does anyone out there know of anyone who did this kind of thing before him?*

Nothing strikes the top of my head about people doing this in English before or simultaneous with Cummings -- but I'd want to re-read Loy, Elsa von Freitag Loringhoven, and others, to investigate this. And though the cross-line syllable breaks aren't present, I do think that some of the energy Cummings gets from syllabic force is present (and to my mind, in a more compelling way) in Hopkins, particularly in a poem like The Windhover.

>> Robert Duncan used to have his students transcribe poems into the  
>> International Phonetic Alphabet. I've found it to be a useful & interesting  
>> exercise to tune your ears It will also give you a visual graph of the  
sound  
>> structure of the passage or poem in question.

Another good way of getting at this is to take a poem and translate it into similar sounds of the same language -- also attuning to fine differences (and fine similarities). For example, I once began a review of *Rational Geomancy* (by Steve McCaffery & bp Nichol) with such a translation of the title (including subtitle, authors, etc.). So the beginning correspondence went like this:

# Rational Geomancy

Rash! Shun algae,  
Oh man, see . . .

I would think that any linguistic-based exercise of poetic analysis would be valuable to students learning, whether it would be such translations, or dividing poetic lines into structural linguistic tree-like diagrams, etc. I remember when studying linguistics years ago, thinking it WAS poetry.

charles

ps -- I've been getting the list in digest mode as in the recent past and for a while to come I'm on a web design list in which I receive more than 100 messages a day and it's just too much. But I miss contributing more to the poetics list and will try to do a little more. For people at the recent Larry Eigner tribute, I understand Jack Foley said how nice it was that I was there. But in fact I wasn't there, although I would love to have been there. Nice to be thanked, but I apologize to anyone who thought I was there and didn't have a chance to catch me -- as a couple of people have reported to me.

chax press :: alexander writing/design/publishing books by artists' hands ::  
web sites built with care and vision handmade and trade editions of contempo-  
rary innovative writing [REDACTED] :: <http://personal.riverusers.com/~chax/>

[↑ Contents](#)

526. **Charles Alexander**

## tenney's html question

Wed 18 Jun 1997

Tenney

To get your poem's long lines to read as long lines, there are many ways to go. You could choose a line length which seemed to fit for just about any browser at any resolution -- set your own at 640 x 480 and make sure it works there, and everywhere you approached the edge, make a new paragraph break. Then, for each line which was a continuance of what was above, rather than an entirely new poem line, put in a consistent number of non-breaking spaces, as they are called. Several in a row, in HTML, might look like this:

[illegible]



(that's assuming that my ampersands will stay ampersands as this email works its way to poetics list). These nonbreaking spaces would be what you would want to indicate space in the middle of a line, too.

And if your paragraph breaks seem to space things too wide, play around with the paragraph formatting specifications. You might look at some of the HTML code (your browser should have a menu function like "View Document Source" or something like that) for poems on the chax site --

<http://personal.riverusers.com/~chax/> -- or at the Light & Dust site or at Electronic Poetry Center -- there are links to both of those on the links page at the chax site.

More ideal, perhaps, would be to set the poem as a table, with the table borders set to zero pixels so that there are no visible border lines. Then make each line a cell in the table. And set the height of the cells so they work as you want them. In this way, you might make people scroll from left to right to see the entire line, but the line wouldn't have to break at all. The code for this, with six lines of "blah" (and you could continue the length as long as you want, might look like:

```
<TABLE CELLSPACING=0 CELLPADDING=0 >
<TR>
<TD>blahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblah-
blah
blahblah</TD>
</TR>

<TR>
<TD>blahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblah-
blah
blahblah</TD>
</TR>

<TR>
<TD>blahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblah-
blah
blahblah</TD>
</TR>

<TR>
<TD>blahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblah-
blah
blahblah</TD>
</TR>
```

```
<TR>
<TD>blahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblah
blah
blahblah</TD>
</TR>

<TR>
<TD>blahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblahblah-
blah
blahblah</TD>
</TR>
</TABLE>
```

If you want me to help you code anything, Tenney, I'd be glad to try and do so.  
And if anyone wants to hire me to design web works or help design such, that is  
what I do, among other things.

hope this helps,

charles

chax press :: alexander writing/design/publishing books by artists' hands ::  
web sites built with care and vision handmade and trade editions of contempo-  
rary innovative writing ██████ :: <http://personal.riverusers.com/~chax/>

[↑ Contents](#)

527. **ghould**

**Re: Rated G**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

the naked man is obviously King David (of Israel) just having come back from  
dancing before the ark of the covenant. the crow is Poe's raven, which, as he  
JUST TOLD US, is Cautantowwit, the Narragansett god of death and the after-  
life, whose abode is in the Southwest. If you can't see such obvious allusions,  
David, you'd better find another list - like the FUNPOETRY list, where good  
times are had by all over a shared bowl of virtual rice krispies.

"Keep talkin' - I'll think about where to aim."

- Spandrift

[↑ Contents](#)

528. **David R. Israel**

**DB's Koan**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

. . . . my question still goes unanswered, to wit,  
What does it signify, being naked with a crow on the shoulder?

. .

. . . . .

.....

..... CAW !! CAW !!

. . . . . caw !

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

529. **Joel Felix**

**electronic book review's "electropoetics"**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Hello poetics. ebr has a new # at  
<http://www.altx.com/ebr>  
with contributions from many of our own list number  
including Joe Amato, John Cayley, Wendy Battin, and  
Issa Clubb. All these and Harry Mathews! Come here  
what the electro poets have to say for themselves.  
Is this the new literature of constraints? (Outside  
of this quasi-provocative language of marketing, that's  
a question that remains, IMO.) What can an electronic  
poetry \*do\* that print poetry cannot? These questions  
and more considered by sharper minds than mine, brought  
to you by ebr, at no cost but your leisure.

Joel Felix

[↑ Contents](#)

530. **David Bromige**

**PG-13 (some naked silliness, but not gratuitous)**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Wystan : you have my sympathy. It is hard to turn one's back on the transpar-  
ent, because it's so easy to see through.

Henry: you have my pity. It is hard to face into the opaque w/o pretending you have made it go away.

Spandrift : you have my wonder. I thought when I met you first, that I *\*was\** on the FUNPOETRY list.

db

[↑ Contents](#)

---

531. **Wystan Curnow**

***Re: the Yale game***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Dear David,

It was the (Wheel) Chair of Modern Poetry at Yale I had in mind, actually. I'm too old for the Yale Younger Poets. And just so there's no further confusion, the Marjorie who suggested I put in for it was Marjorie Stevenson, my next door neighbour, who knows how tired I am of being an Associate Professor and how I'd love to put my feet up in New Haven, New Caledonia, or the New Hebrides, she was the one that drew this impressive Vacancy to my attention.

Anyway, David, I do appreciate your advice, helpful anecdotes.

Best wishes,  
Wystan

[↑ Contents](#)

---

532. **Stephen Cope**

***Re: Address query***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

Might anyone know of an e-mail address for Burton Hatlen?

Thanks in advance,

Stephen Cope

[↑ Contents](#)

---

533. **Gwyn McVay**

***Re: DB's Koan***

*Wed 18 Jun 1997*

---

David I., I thought it was "Caw Caw Caw Lord Lord Lord Caw Caw Caw."

Gwyn, likely misquoting

[↑ Contents](#)

534. **Wystan Curnow**

**Re: Second SVP colloquium - update**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Dear Lawrence Upton,

Please email me details of the October symposium. It now looks as if I will be in the UK at that time and would be interested in contributing/participating.

Best wishes,

Wystan



English Department

University of Auckland

Private Bag, 92019, Auckland, New Zealand

Fax 64.9.3737429

[↑ Contents](#)

535. **Piombino/Simon**

**Re: Hello poetics**

Wed 18 Jun 1997

---

Wystan, the fickle finger of deletion has deprived me of the late night review of your hello poetics post (in response to Bennett Simpson) I was very much looking forward to rereading, and hopefully responding to. Do you still have it, and if so, would you repost it? Or perhaps another denizen of this list might do me that kindness? I remember your mentioning Lawrence Weiner, and pointing out how artists might not be so quick to discuss their views of contemporaneous literary work. This certainly seemed to be the case with many artists and is a continuing phenomenon. Which brings to mind how much I miss Susan Bee and Mira Schor's M/E/A/N/I/N/G, which for ten years brought forth contemporary artists' and some poets' ideas about art and books with great energy and specificity. Although we do have a promised "M/E/A/N/I/N/G Book" to look forward to. And we also have, fortunately, Mira Schor's new collection of essays, "Wet: On Painting, Feminism, and Art Culture" from Duke University Press. I know how "personal" messages might annoy some of the faithful, but since my server claims it is "too many hops" to get a message to me from Auckland except on this list, might I ask you here if you still plan to come to the US this year, perhaps to serenade us with a poem or two from Cancer Daybook and other more recent works, in the Big Apple and perhaps elsewhere? Best wishes, Nick

[↑ Contents](#)

536. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: own horn, tooting of same***

Thu 19 Jun 1997

---

now available from University Press of Mississippi

C.L.R. James: A Critical Introduction

by Aldon Nielsen

in paperback & hardback (though if you spring for the high-priced spread you'll miss the photo of James that adorns the paper version)

Also available in the Fall from Mississippi

\_Minty Alley\_ by C.L.R. James

his only novel --

[↑ Contents](#)

537. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: That was no camera, that was my life***

Thu 19 Jun 1997

---

despite Patrick's invitation, I won't attempt to summarize the rest of Robert Creeley's day in Boulder

--

however,,

as he spoke of the Zukofsky tribute earlier in the year at Buffalo, Creeley began to recall his own experience of Zukofsky and the openings into earlier poetry that LZ made possible for RC, -- by the time he got to the reading of a poem, both Creeley and his audience were profoundly moved -- I felt honored to have been there

[↑ Contents](#)

538. **David R. Israel**

***Re: (Fwd) "Buddhistic poetry"***

Thu 19 Jun 1997

---

Kent --

thanks for the informative / interesting post. Curious, btw, what the CAP-L group might be. One assumes from your response that the little list of poets mentioned --

..... such writers as [Lawson Fusao] Inada, Al  
Robles, Garrett Kaoru Hongo, Alan Chong Lau, Patricia Ikeda, and  
Russell Leong...

are known to you, and are not deemed to (as you say) meet the criteria of "a serious background in Buddhist study and practice." (I'm unfamiliar w/ those writers, wouldn't know.) You say:

*We were not interested, in the least, in poetry exhibiting the vague and stereotypical waft of the "Buddhistic." If anything, our anthology begins to point to the fact that reductive notions of the "Buddhistic" are one of the by-products of the "Orientalism" that Mr. Lew denounces. There is simply no way of boiling down Buddhist artistic expression to any particular "Buddhistic" characteristics of tone, content, or style.*

Good. I much enjoyed *\*Beneath A Single Moon\** when it appeared -- and it proved an eye-opener in several ways -- introducing a number of contemporaries whose work I've come to like, as well as giving a valuable slant on familiar figures (e.g. Leslie Scalapino) whom I came to appreciate in a new light. The mix of poetry, theoretical writings & biographical matter make it a fine resource.

*We are \*considering\* undertaking a second edition of the anthology, and would welcome any and all suggestions for new poets to include.*

hope you do. Meanwhile, is BASM still in print? (I noted it to have been remaindered some years ago . . . hence the question.)

best,

d.i.

•

• • • • •

.....

> david   raphael   israel   <

>> washington d.c. <<

| [REDACTED] (home)

██████████ (office)

=====

thy centuries follow each other

| perfecting a small wild flower

(Tagore)

////////////////////

[↑ Contents](#)

539. **Marjorie Perloff**

***Re: Visual Poetics Conference at Edmonton***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

Thanks to Doug Barbour for a wonderful account of the conference! I'm heart-broken to have missed it! Glad Brian Reed and Craig Dworkin did so well! I hope there will be a publication and also a society set up. I'm teaching a grad seminar on Visual Poetics next year.

One question on the latter: where does one get affordable materials? Xeroxes aren't really adequate. Recommendations for books for class use are appreciated.

Best wishes,  
Marjorie Perloff

[↑ Contents](#)

540. **Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson]**

***Re: hello poetics!***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

Wystan,

There is a magazine called "Purple Prose." There is also one called "Purple Fiction" and yet another called "Purple Fashion." They are all run by purple french people from paris, but the articles are written in a variety of languages: French, English, Japanese, German (the reader is left to choose according to her abilities). "PP" is more general than the other two --covers art, music, film, culture/lifestyle interface, glossy advertizing euro disco dilemmas and danish neutrality. "PF" is styled literary, and is a real mixed bag of european and american writers, still glossy. "PFASH" is, as far as I can tell, one of the most elegantly produced and sexy fashion photography pubs in circulation. No written text here. The eds. are Elein Fleiss and Olivier Zahm (the latter a reg. contributor to ArtForum, which "PP" resembles somewhat). You can find any of the purple pieces in larger bookstores or definitely at Printed Matter in NYC. (I'm a partial purple participant --hence the purling promotion.)

Pontoons,

Bennett

On Thu, 19 Jun 1997, Wystan Curnow wrote:

| *Bennett,*

| *Isn't that magazine 'Purple Prose'?*

| *Wystan*



&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

&c.

Bennett Simpson &c.

██████ &c.

&c.

&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

[↑ Contents](#)

541. **Rachel Loden**

***Re: Inappropriate postings***

Thu 19 Jun 1997

---

*I wasn't going to add any more pointless posts, but the beating Jay received makes me also want to let him know, as well as his enemies, that I agree with his position. The excessive silliness of many of these posts keeps me from being any more active on the board, as Mark Presjnar seems to feel as well. Thanks Jay and sorry for the heat.*

*Standard Schaefer*

*I could not agree more. And now I understand fully what Jay was trying to suggest when he walked in here last Tuesday, completely naked and with a crow on his shoulder. More power to you, Jay!*

*George Bowering.*

*It wasn't my shoulder the crow was perched on.*

*Jay Schwartz*

Which prompts the inevitable question, Jay, if it wasn't a crow on your shoulder were you just really happy to see George?

Rachel Loden

[↑ Contents](#)

542. **Bob Grumman**

***Cummings, Syllables, Nemes....***

Thu 19 Jun 1997

---

I look forward to what Charles ALEXander comes up with regarding what I call the "intra-syllabic word-break." Can't remember ever coming across it in Loy but haven't read her that much--and I have to admit that I've never heard of Elsa von Freitag Loringhoven. If she was innovating anywhere near Cummings's level, I'd certainly like to hear more about her. Thanks, too, Charles, for the reminder of Hopkins's importance in this area. I revisited "The Windhover" where I did find "kingdom" broken into "king-" and "dom" at the end of

the poem's first line and beginning of its second, which is certainly a precursor of what Cummings did. But Hopkins did it to make his first line rhyme with his fourth whereas Cummings fragmented his words mainly to "disconceal" inner words and hints of words, like "sing" (and "zing") in "using," and "ting(le)" in "inventing." Thus, while Hopkins is boosting the force of his syllables, Cummings is concerned with the force not of his syllables but of his \*sylbs\* (or whatever we decide to call textual entities smaller than syllables but larger than phonemes). Although you could say Cummings makes syllables of "sing" and "ting" above. (They aren't syllables in "us/ing" and "in/vent/ing.") He more clearly works with a sub-syllable to disconceal in the poem I quoted when he breaks "voices" into "voi," "c" and "es" to hint of "void"--and "envoi," too, due to the proximity to "voi" of an "e" broken off from "whose" by a parenthesis curve.

I do think Hopkins a precursor in word-breaks. Consequently, I now have a new, related question: was HE the first to break lines off in the middle of words? That would have been an, perhaps THE, important first step toward what I call infra-verbal poetry--one easy to overlook as major now that it's been done, and superceded.

I have other questions. I know that Dadaists broke up words--at least I can't imagine they didn't--but I doubt that they did so to any aesthetic purpose (except to provide implicit metaphors of chaos, revolution, etc.) Does anyone know much about Dada experiments in this line? Also, how prevalent has word-fragmentation been among the language poets? I know P. Inman, for one, has used it. Can't remember if he kept all the fragments of some of his words, though--rather than just a front or rear fragment.

I'm among the world's worst literary historians but fascinated by it, especially the history of literary technique.

Now, just in case this posting isn't dense enough, a few further thoughts on "nemes." It crossed my mind that one might want to have some term at hand to refer to the r's in "brave prince." You could call them letters but that seems insufficient if you want to emphasize their sound--as sort of submerged alliterants. (I'm continuing my discussion with Charles Smith about the value of having some term for a partial phoneme.) If we called the r's "rudinemes" or some such, we could refer to "rave rinse" as a phonemic alliteration and "brave prince" as a rudinemic alliteration. I know, we're into details of details no one but the kind of maniac I am could care about. But it isn't TOTALLY uninteresting, is it?

One last note--about another neme: "repeneme," a term I coined to refer to any repeated sound in poetry--like the l-sounds in "total lunacy," which aren't either alliterations or consonances but repeat each other to \*some\* auditory effect. Is there some better term available?

--the ultra-nemic Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

543. **Jordan Davis**

***The Overlap***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

I'm stunned -- I have zero overlap with the concerns floating around on the various lists now -- this coming from one whose standards were pretty dubious to begin with --

so when there's nothing to talk about, sell!

Teachers & Writers Collaborative bought a bunch of copies of Muriel Rukeyser's ultra-obscure biography of pioneering American scientist Willard Gibbs, and we can't seem to hawk them in Union Square (intern hazing ritual) -- so -- our bind is your boon -- copies of *\_Willard Gibbs\_* are \$15 ppd to the first five people to email their mailing addresses to [REDACTED]

OK -- O Canada --

Jordan

[↑ Contents](#)

544. **Alan+++Sondheim**

<>

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

...

every moment when the word leans  
it becomes another word and language  
gains ascendance across body and  
function as if there were speaking  
at the beginning of things which  
already announced their beginning  
because she said there were extru-  
sions from the start that wrapped  
around itself adjusting her shawl  
in the cold wind by the north sea  
where ice flows burned the sea down  
and brine turned its loamy foamy in  
white emerald there in the true sea  
where plankton rose and deep blue eyes  
and blond hair swirled in black light  
of blue by the grey sea by the black

sea by the brine sea by the sea brine  
where the words flew as she spoke  
into one another as the moment pulls  
back and shows its white teeth through  
the sizzle of words in color words  
pulling back language she commented  
i didn't come here for this

[↑ Contents](#)

545. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: reappropriating the inappropriate***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

Have just now read over all the list mail that came through while I was virtually elsewhere -- have to ask --

about these "professional" flame throwers

outside of the Army, is there really a market for this profession? can one apply for such a job, or, as with the posted positions at Yale and Harvard, is application considered proof of unworthiness?

Is Kim Dawn related to P.M. Dawn? Delta Dawn?

Has anyone noticed that none of the Summer reading lists posted here repeats a single title from the NY Times Books of Summer issue?

Where are the flames of yesteryear?

[↑ Contents](#)

546. **Daniel Tessitore**

***Re: Rated G***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

Naked people with crows on their shoulders are members of a British doomsday cult. They are often heard mumbling to themselves "Wodwo is coming, Wodwo is coming."

DT

-----

From: David Bromige[SMTP: ]  
Sent: Thursday, June 19, 1997 9:32 AM  
To:   
Subject: Rated G



M'J%"'" &<1E0SB<CH1&!+\ @\*!ZA'E!])(@)N&T(\*A1P''\*(=1BFU)"!M'^!Q M"E  
 3P&E\*HN4?(&P#(&=O!Y\$V`"!Q?T>A"8 D(")! \$D(1& =\\*A1]P!Y\$< M\$!TP+  
 [ #` &9\_-<%(Z1OT'M!\*5ASA'3<\_M4B021X080VP23!O"H7E0;!T!1!B  
 M=4OS'J%05/\<4C80!!\$B00!P'^ "(!O@?PJQ'R @`0K!&Y 1H (@\*?HN)5Q) M'K!  
 2D1' 'L%6U)LC@\$JQ=1%P([%N9!1[P(@)"!2D2^P: 5 '" +@.!K(\$AM M;4V1&T  
 B`N]&T".A2F("\$')3)E0Q4\_") (%L"██████'5H)" CD6];`00@%Z A  
 M\&=,`5)@3UT%P\$8\*P5V!")!J(<!PVTc0`-!K3])!L',\*A1<PMF(3P1&@(5^B M(S!  
 W)"#?7"= !L5P4%S <X7-/T5/P^R%!3#5C'>\$\$(%RQ1L)B8O]7QEJ55P'' M@!U0!  
 ^!3L!██████)!%Z!9T6,#\$!O@(ASAWQ\_@&] !@\$;"230B&\_1I!%\1@\$:S  
 M"H5A,1Q#(B! 2?T#H&8`T\$X!4I!:`!MP9\_.[3D\$D("9846S0:,%D;('Q7J5P M:\*)&(!  
 ██████:(BX/-H` `J%:6M4)!NP`- <\$/]H\$P> '= 7,#804F O\$R5<JT\*/ M\*-  
 <58C(2L"G6"H46P0(`=Q ```,`\$! ``````P`1\$ ````! ``<PX\$,M95\ DO % ``@P8!  
 +A9IQ\O \$>`#T`0````4````!213H@``````\*Z8 ` end

[↑ Contents](#)

## 547. **Ira Lightman**

### ***Text radicalism and incest radicalism***

Thu 19 Jun 1997

I have read Sylvia Fraser's incest-book, \*My Father's House\*. It isn't just "one of those recovered-memory-incest books", as George calls it; it was one of the first such incest books and is very interesting indeed. It uses the literary trope of multiple voice and text disruption to figure the eruption into the present of repressed incest memories from the past.

These writerly figures do not, I would remind George, belong to one tradition's use of them; an artist's use of them around a theme other than the primacy of language and/or art and/or the slipperiness of the notional self (or around any of the themes you like) can be \*very\* interesting. What bothers George's friend about the writing of Sylvia Fraser?

What I think bothers a lot of writers about incest memory literature is its operatic, sometimes messianic gestures. Even incest memory literature using postmodern and modernist text disruption can tend to employ more mawkish or melodramatic operatic gestures, and this seems to be what George's rather nasty hearsay from his friend over Sylvia Fraser suggests:

> "a former beauty queen from Hamilton who has for 30 years been writing mushy pop novels and trying to get called "an artist." "

"A former beauty queen from Hamilton..." means what, a yokel, someone who'll never make it internationally? She has for/to me. "...who has for 30 years been writing mushy pop novels...": whose melodramatic gestures sentimentalise, evade debate? Only from one viewpoint. "...and trying to get called "an artist." " Nasty, George. It does not follow so easily as you imply, though, that someone using simple, melodramatic gestures *\*is\** simple and melodramatic, nor that the work may not have a more sophisticated effect, or be enjoyed by sophisticated readers.

Fraser uses a style where the past erupts in a voice like a demon possessing the autobiographic I of the present. Ok, this may seem old hat to George's friend, or "bad writing" in that context. However, to someone processing recovered incest memories, it's a very powerful evocative trope; one of the reasons there's a lot of melodrama and zeal in such books is that the effort of undoing of a self in denial is a fight: a fight against denial. The fact that the erupting voice, however, may seem demonic is very psychologically interesting (thus interesting about the world: a feature of "good writing"). The incestuous abuse of a child is demonic; but so too may seem the return of feelings that one has repressed to a self in denial!

Fraser's writing is thus good (as in insightful and cathartic) and, moreover, may be useful for real people, supportive helpers. These may be conservative-minded in their literary tastes but perhaps more socially radical than George Bowering in fighting incestuous abuse of children (I say this tartly, melodramatically). Fraser's *\*My Father's House\** may indeed, unlike any good book George or his friend could commend, open up the mind of helpers and incest survivors reading it. To the slipperiness of realist narrative; which is the kind of consciousness-raising that other (more high?) lit like George's more preferred canon can do for others. If the helpers and incest survivors whose minds have been thus opened to language openness do not then go on to read George's preferred canon it may be that it is itself closed and conservative and in denial and "bad" about incest; as

George's friend implies Sylvia Fraser is about writing. This norm of closed-off denial in "good writing" may, indeed, contribute to the very melodramatic gestures that are a deliberate bad girl bad taste snub to "good writing" (I think of Karen Finlay here too). Although I personally like Acker and find Bernadette Mayer's "Studying Hunger" great writing and great sex-positive radical work, I find them utterly reactionary and ignorant about incest radicalism.

Ira Lightman

On Wed, 18 Jun 1997 12:31:56 -0700 George Bowering wrote:

> From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>  
> Date: Wed, 18 Jun 1997 12:31:56 -0700  
> Subject: Re: ms. non-provocateur  
> To: [REDACTED]  
>  
> >I'm not familiar with Sylvia Fraser. She sounds  
interesting. Who is she?  
> >Where's her work available?  
> >  
> >Dodie  
>  
> She is a former beauty queen from Hamilton who has for 30  
years been  
> writing mushy pop novels and trying to get called "an  
artist." A few years  
> ago she published one of those recovered-memory-incest  
books. It was not  
> well received. I havent read it, but my mate Angela did  
and said that it  
> was pretty bad writing.  
>  
>  
>  
>  
>  
> George Bowering.  
>  
> 2499 West 37th Ave.,  
> Vancouver, B.C.,  
> Canada V6M 1P4



>

> fax: [REDACTED]

> e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

548. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: American Derision***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

Watched a portion of Robert Hughes' new series "American Visions" last night - the first hour of Part 4, anyway, before I fell asleep on the couch. I found it a particularly irksome exercise and wondered if anyone else felt the same way. What a pompous old billygoat Hughes is! He reminds me of Gertrude Stein's description of Pound: "Ezra Pound is the village explainer. Fine if you are a village. If not, not." The lowpoints for me: Hughes shortshrifting Rothko (his project to raise Abstract Expressionism to the level of religious painting was "bound to fail," opined RH, without giving any reason. Translation: I don't like this stuff!) And as my wife was quick to point out indignantly, he gave, in the first hour of Part 4 anyway, no mention of any women artists at all. Where were Helen Frankenthaler? Louise Nevelson? Diane Arbus? Elaine DeKooning? (to name but a few...)

What I did take away though was a question about the influence of Abstract Expressionism on Language Poetry. I've not read anything yet about this, but a cross-pollenizing current here seems fairly evident. The underlying idea in both movements being the liberation of the text -- painted, or written -- from all notions of an imposed narrative logic, that is, a direct transmission of a pre-constituted and inflexible set of meanings, a rigid, unchanging code, from to author to viewer or reader. Meaning, instead, is seen as contextualized event -- it does not naturally inhere within a work, but occurs in the space created at the intersection of painting and viewer, text and reader. Hughes wore his best look of crinkled bafflement as Rauscheneberg explained this in so many words to him in RR's studio. Typical discussions of the evolution of LangPo focus on its literary and political roots. What I'd like to know, if someone can supply it, is what's been said on LP's connection to painting?

Patrick Pritchett

[↑ Contents](#)

549. **Charles Alexander**

**book market**

Thu 19 Jun 1997

---

There is a business called Book Market, which opens bookstores which are bargain warehouses, and intentionally temporary, say 4 months, in cities throughout the US. They also have some permanent stores. But with the temporary ones, there are incredible bargains when it gets near time to close. The one in Tucson is closing On June 29, and yesterday I was able to buy 51 books for \$48. Not much in the way of poetry, but I did manage to find some other interesting books: for example, Women, by Phillippe Sollers, for \$1, Venus Blue, by Gustaf Sobin, for \$1, and Scratches, which is the first volume of Rules of The Game, by Michel Leiris, trans. by Lydia Davis, also for \$1 -- all books over \$4 were \$1, and all books \$4 and under were 75% off.

Just saying this in case some of you have this store in your area which is also getting ready to close. Probably I'm going to find out that these stores are hurting the independents, and that their labor politics and other politics is terrible. But for now, all I know is that there is a lot to wade through, but a lot of incredible bargains.

If you're in Tucson, the store is on Oracle, a block or so north of Roger, on the same side of the street as Borders and Kinko's.

charles

chax press :: alexander writing/design/publishing

books by artists' hands :: web sites built with care and vision

handmade and trade editions of contemporary innovative writing

■■■■ :: <http://personal.riverusers.com/~chax/>

[↑ Contents](#)

550. **Pritchett, Pat**

**Re: Rated G**

Thu 19 Jun 1997

---

The Raven, of course, is psychopomp, or Guide of Souls to the Land of the Dead. Now her lesser cousin, the crow, alas, is merely Guide of Souls to MLA Conferences and the like. Hence, the sartorial state alleged by Bowering to this poor, nameless & benighted apparition. Unless, as Kent surmises, he's been sipping away at a jug of Canadian courage.

Patrick.

-----

From: David Bromige

To: POETICS

Subject: Rated G

Date: Thursday, June 19, 1997 12:54PM

Now Jay has cleared himself of Bowering's charge (of being naked with crow on shoulder), my question still goes unanswered, to wit, What does it signify, being naked with a crow on the shoulder? (I made no attribution of naked crowness to any one particular person).

If I met a person in such condition, I might think Hmm, taking his crow for an outing, or, Huh, is this religion? Or Far out, jump back, beats lobsters! Or Wow, his crow ate his clothes, but he still cares for him! Or I might somehow try to reconcile "they left him naked" with "they had him eat crow". In fact, I did try that, & I failed. Is this phrase the very ikon of opacity to me alone? David

[↑ Contents](#)

551. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

***MY NAME IS EMILY VEY DESPERATE***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

1) CAN YOU TELL I'M DESPERATE? I THINK IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO MISS.  
LIKE A CAT SPRAYED ME WITH "DESPERATE FOR MEN"

(ALL OVER HIS PECKER AND I FEARED  
I FELT A SORE THERE, ON THE HEAD)

IT'S MY TRADEMARK, AT ONCE ENDEARING AND UGLY TO THE BONE.

2) I'M WAITING FOR THE DOLLARS TO START A SLOW PARADE INTO MY  
WALLET. I LIKE DOLLARS. I'M WEARING THEM OUT COUNTING THEM UP.  
I'M EXTREMELY BEATIFUL:

"ATHLETIC, INTELLIGENT, TENDER. OUT SERVICE ONLY."

3) I'M BITTERLY ENVIOUS OF THOSE I LOVE MOST. OEDIPALLY! AND  
WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY CAUSE YOUR SUCCESS IS MY  
FAILURE SISTER.

4) DADDY, YOU FUCKED UP AGAIN.

[↑ Contents](#)

552. **Mark Wallace**

***abstractly personal***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

As a poet whose work has sometimes been called "personal" by those who consider themselves "abstract," and "abstract" by those who consider themselves "personal," it seems to me that these two terms can open a pretty

worthwhile mess for thinking about contemporary poetry. The obvious point that everyone already knows is this: neither the notion of the "personal" or of the "abstract" is a given. As terms, their meanings are capable of refiguring depending on the context that is brought to bear on them.

Anyone surveying the landscape of poetry practice since the 50s can see that the "personal" in poetry has often become associated with a rather standardized poem-narrative about the poet's "personal" problems. Yet it seems equally clear that the "personal" does not have to result in such a poem, and that different types of poems might use different notions of the "personal." The Charles Bernstein et. al list of experiments recently published in (help here on the citation please) has as one of its possibilities "write an autobiographical poem without any pronouns"--lots of room there, yes?

Yet the notion of "abstraction" in poetry, as it relates also to other contexts such as painting, equally has a history associating it with certain kinds of writing, and it has not been uncommon, since the 50s, to use the terms "abstract" and "personal" as key oppositions in determining who is interested in what kind of poetry. But just like with the use of "personal," the relevance of 'abstraction' to poetry does not have to do with some pre-defined certainty about what "abstract" poetry will look like--rather, the poem that results has to do with the particular sense of 'abstraction' that the writer brings to the poem.

If there is a problem, it is not with the idea of "the personal" in poetry, or with the idea of "abstraction" in poetry. Rather, it is that the discourse about 20th century poetry often has an overdetermined certainty about what these terms mean. "Anne Sexton is personal, and we don't like that." "Gertrude Stein is unreadably abstract, and we don't like that." I happen to prefer Stein to Sexton, but it's certainly not on the grounds that one is personal and the other abstract.

I think that what I'm saying here is probably obvious to everyone discussing these issues--I don't mean my remarks here as a particular response to any other recent takes on the issue. It's a discussion I've much enjoyed.

But I will say this: an overdetermined, overly narrow sense of the possibility of ANY word is actually one of the main curses of public discussion about poetry. It's a good thing that words don't always care that much about what we think of them, or otherwise language might become as permanently narrow as what we often say with it.

Mark Wallace

/-----\ |  
||  || GWU:  
|| <http://gwis2.circ.gwu.edu/~mdw>

|| EPC:

|| <http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/wallace> ||

---

[↑ Contents](#)

553. **George Bowering**

***Re: Warning label: do not open if easily offended by silliness***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

Jay Schwartz alledges that

| *It wasn't my shoulder the crow was perched on.*

Now I am wondering whether the stress here is on MY or on SHOULDER.

And just for the record, it wasnt my SHOULDER the twelve budgies were perched on.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

554. **George Bowering**

***Re: Rated G***

*Thu 19 Jun 1997*

---

Re Bromige's quandary:

I may have forgotten my ear-pieces and mistook someone's saying something about getting this SHOW on the ROAD.

But there was some kind of bird on there, and he had his shirt off. That I remember for sure.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

555. **George Bowering**

**Re: DB's Koan**

Thu 19 Jun 1997

---

I suggest reading Kroetsch's great novel What the Crow Said.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,

Vancouver, B.C.,

Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

556. **Stephen Cope**

**Re: TAXING GRAD STUDENTS (fwd)**

Thu 19 Jun 1997

---

Apologies for burdening the list w/ academic info. But this seemed worthy of attention and/or distribution. Those in academic positions might pass it on to their grad. students and/or write the necessary letters to congress...

6/13/97

*Tax Scenarios Show Loss of Section 117d  
Could Increase Grad Student Taxes by up to 1000%  
or more than \$500/month  
SEVEN STUDENT TAX RETURNS BELOW*

*Washington, DC . . . The House Ways and Means Committee has voted in favor of a tax bill that includes among its provisions a tax increase on graduate teachers and researchers of up to 1000% (one thousand percent). In a vote strictly on party lines, the Committee approved the tax proposal originally offered by Chairman Bill Archer (R-TX). Quick surveys done by NAGPS have concluded that the tax proposal would dramatically increase tax burdens on graduate students making less than \$15,000 per year.*

*Among the various changes to the tax code, the Chairman's proposal would eliminate Section 117d of the Internal Revenue code. Section 117d currently protects from taxation the tuition waivers often granted by universities to graduate teaching and researchers in return for teaching up to 40% of the courses on some of the nation's largest university campuses.*

*Because the value of tuition waivers often exceeds stipends also paid to TAs and RAs, counting those waivers as income has the potential to*

increase taxes by thousands of dollars per student per year. Seven student scenarios (listed below) illustrate how some students will pay 1000% (one thousand percent) more in taxes, or up to more than \$500 per month.

In response, NAGPS (the National Association of Graduate-Professional Students) is calling upon students, faculty and administrators throughout the United States to contact members of Congress to protest this new tax. Graduate students throughout the US have expressed shock and surprise at the proposal, with email listserves, web sites and word-of-mouth quickly alerting students.

"It is sad that a bill being offered to make taxes 'more fair' has instituted a brand new tax on students many of whom earn less than \$15,000 per year," said NAGPS Executive Director Kevin Boyer. "It is also a shame that, instead of taking a pro-graduate-education stance in this bill, the committee chose instead to offer no incentives for graduate education." NAGPS had anticipated that the tax legislation would extend a tax deduction for student loan interest, and would offer a tax incentive to employers who sought to pay for employees' graduate school. Both provisions have widespread bipartisan support and were promised in 1996 Congressional or Presidential campaigns.

Those interested in learning more about the tax bill should visit the NAGPS web site at <http://www.nagps.org/NAGPS/>. NAGPS is also running a legislative alert email list. To be placed on the list, send an email request to [REDACTED]

#####

NAGPS Asked: What if Section 117d were eliminated?  
What could be the effect on your tax bill?  
These students represent some of the effects.

STUDENT #1  
Female PhD Student  
Asian Languages & Culture  
University of Michigan/Ann Arbor

CURRENT LAW SCENARIO  
1997 Gross: \$ 8,333  
Projected 1997 Income Tax: \$ 268  
1997 Net Income \$ 8,065

NO SECTION 117D SCENARIO  
Stipend Income: \$ 8,333  
Tuition waiver (2 x \$9470): \$18,940  
Total Income: \$27,273

*Projected 1997 Income Tax: \$ 3,109 (+ 1160%)  
Tuition Paid: \$18,940  
1997 Net Income \$5,224 (-\$237/mo)*

*STUDENT #2*

*Married Couple, filing jointly; Male PhD student at the University of Alabama/Huntsville, both residing in Huntsville, Alabama. Recently married. Husband is student at the University of Alabama/Huntsville. Wife lost her job in 1996 and has augmented income with painting homes.*

*CURRENT LAW SCENARIO*

*1996 Gross: \$39,836  
1996 Tax: \$ 4,405  
1996 Net Income \$35,431*

*NO SECTION 117D SCENARIO*

*Stipend Income: \$39,836  
Fellowship Income: \$ 6,000  
Total Income: \$45,836  
Projected 1996 Income Tax: \$ 5,081 (+ 15%)  
Tuition Paid: \$ 6,000  
1996 Net Income \$34,755 (-\$56/mo)*

*STUDENT #3*

*Female PhD Student  
Worcester Polytechnic Institute  
Resides in Millbury, Massachusetts*

*CURRENT LAW SCENARIO*

*1996 Gross: \$14,400  
1996 Federal/State Tax: \$ 2,390  
1996 Net Income \$12,500*

*NO SECTION 117D SCENARIO*

*Stipend Income: \$14,400  
Tuition Waiver Income: \$10,680  
Total Income: \$25,080  
Projected 1996 Income Tax: \$ 3,992 (+67%)  
Tuition Paid: \$10,680  
1996 Net Income \$10,488 (-\$168/mo)*

*Student says: "This would leave me with 10,400, or about 870 per month. I pay 450 in health insurance, 600 in car insurance, 400 per month for rent, and about 100 per month for utilities. This leaves me about 280 per month for food, clothing, books, entertainment, gas, and other incidental expenses. I have enough trouble as it is living on the 1000 dollars per month that I currently make after taxes. I never see the extra 10,680 dollars that go for my tuition ; they are not in my pocket. If this tax*



*bill is passed, I would seriously consider leaving graduate school, as I do not think that I could afford to live on the pay that I would take home."*

*STUDENT #4*

*Male PhD Student*

*University of Delaware*

*Resides in Newark, Delaware*

*CURRENT LAW SCENARIO*

|                                |                 |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>1997 Gross:</i>             | <i>\$ 9,600</i> |
| <i>1997 Federal/State Tax:</i> | <i>\$ 838</i>   |
| <i>1997 Net Income</i>         | <i>\$ 8,762</i> |

*NO SECTION 117D SCENARIO*

|                                   |                             |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>Stipend Income:</i>            | <i>\$ 9,600</i>             |
| <i>Tuition Waiver Income:</i>     | <i>\$11,250</i>             |
| <i>Total Income:</i>              | <i>\$20,850</i>             |
| <i>Projected 1997 Income Tax:</i> | <i>\$ 2,527 (+201%)</i>     |
| <i>Tuition Paid:</i>              | <i>\$11,250</i>             |
| <i>1996 Net Income</i>            | <i>\$ 7,073 (-\$141/mo)</i> |

*Student says: "To offset the tax difference (\$1,713 at least) for me, and to compensate for the increased tax withheld from an increased stipend, the university would have to increase my stipend by more than 20 percent \$1,985 bringing it from \$9,600 to \$11,585." How can they do this without increasing tuition?*

*STUDENT #5*

*Male PhD Student is a Research Assistant on an EPA Grant and studies at Worcester Polytechnic Institute Resides in Worcester, Massachusetts.*

*CURRENT LAW SCENARIO*

|                                |                 |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>1996 Gross:</i>             | <i>\$14,000</i> |
| <i>1996 Federal/State Tax:</i> | <i>\$ 549</i>   |
| <i>1996 Net Income</i>         | <i>\$13,451</i> |

*NO SECTION 117D SCENARIO*

|                                   |                             |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>Stipend Income:</i>            | <i>\$14,000</i>             |
| <i>Tuition Waiver Income:</i>     | <i>\$11,280</i>             |
| <i>Total Income:</i>              | <i>\$25,280</i>             |
| <i>Projected 1996 Income Tax:</i> | <i>\$ 3,797 (+691%)</i>     |
| <i>Tuition Paid:</i>              | <i>\$11,280</i>             |
| <i>1996 Net Income</i>            | <i>\$10,203 (-\$270/mo)</i> |

*Student says: Each year, I pay \$3960 rent, \$480 health insurance, \$360 bus pass, \$240 phone, \$600 other utilities, \$130 membership in two professional societies (American Chem. Soc. and Water Environment Fed.), and \$60 to maintain a checking account, for a total of \$5830 in expenses before food. I*

*spend another \$300 on books and supplies (grad books are expensive!). I'm frugal - I can maintain a home and eat for \$10/day, or \$3650/yr. That leaves \$3671, or \$306/month for entertainment, clothing, Christmas presents for my nieces, prescription medicines, non-prescription medicines, film developing, and a suit when I graduate. But this bill would leave me with \$299, or \$16.58/month. Maybe I won't need that suit."*

**STUDENT #6**

*Female PhD Student*

*Involved with Dartmouth College Graduate Student Council, Resides in Hanover, New Hampshire*

**CURRENT LAW SCENARIO**

|                         |          |
|-------------------------|----------|
| 1996 Gross:             | \$13,538 |
| 1996 Federal/State Tax: | \$ 1,429 |
| 1996 Net Income         | \$12,109 |

**NO SECTION 117D SCENARIO**

|                            |                      |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| Stipend Income:            | \$13,538             |
| Tuition Waiver Income:     | \$29,128             |
| Total Income:              | \$42,665             |
| Projected 1996 Income Tax: | \$ 7,709 (+539%)     |
| Tuition Paid:              | \$29,128             |
| 1996 Net Income            | \$ 5,828 (-\$523/mo) |

*Student says: "Therefore, Dartmouth graduate students would have paid \$6280 more in taxes, which would have made our income \$7258 for the year (46% decrease). It would not be possible to live in the area on that wage. For 1997, the tuition is now \$30,528. I hope this helps! I sent the word out to all Arts and Sciences graduate students at Dartmouth yesterday (291 of us we're a small grad institution) and all who have responded are very upset. It just would not be possible for any of us to pursue a career in research and education if this tax bill passes. As graduate students, we do not expect high incomes in our chosen fields and, to be here now, we are sacrificing health benefits, pension plans, and high incomes during our 20s and 30s. All of this we do to become educators and educated researchers for the United States. Shouldn't they be encouraging us??"*

**STUDENT #7**

*Married Couple*

*Wife is a student at George Washington University. Husband employed by federal government. Resides in Alexandria, Virginia*

**CURRENT LAW SCENARIO**

|                         |          |
|-------------------------|----------|
| 1996 Gross:             | \$50,528 |
| 1996 Federal/State Tax: | \$ 5,950 |
| 1996 Net Income         | \$44,578 |

NO SECTION 117D SCENARIO

Stipend Income: \$50,528  
Tuition Waiver Income: \$ 9,050  
Total Income: \$59,578  
Projected 1996 Income Tax: \$ 8,164 (+37%)  
Tuition Paid: \$ 9,050  
1996 Net Income \$42,364 (-\$185/mo)

\*=====

=====\*

| >>> The National Association of Graduate - Professional Students <<< |  
| 825 Green Bay Road, Suite 270 PHONE: [REDACTED] |  
| Wilmette, IL 60091 FAX: [REDACTED] |  
| Toll Free 1-888-88-NAGPS \* Email to: [REDACTED] |

\*-----\*

| NAGPS 12th National Conference - New Orleans, Louisiana |  
| October 30 - November 2, 1997 |

+-----+

| To access the NAGPS Internet Job Bank, send email to [REDACTED] |

\*-----\*

| #### WWW Site > <http://www.nagps.org/NAGPS/> #### |

\*=====

=====\*

---

This message | Help on the lists [REDACTED]  
sent using the | Subscribe/remove/etc.

[REDACTED]  
NAGPS E-mail | General talk list [REDACTED]  
Server | Reach NAGPS officers [REDACTED]

=====

=====

Pascual H. Benito  
Graduate Student  
U.C. Berkeley  
Dept. Material Sci.& Mineral Engineering

-----

Office: 485 Davis ph: [REDACTED]  
Home: 916 Mendocino Ave. Berkeley Ca 94707  
Phone: [REDACTED]  
email: [REDACTED], or [REDACTED]

=====

=====

=====  
=====  
\* AAASCommunity, the Discussion & News list of the  
\* Email Network of the Association for Asian American Studies  
-----

\* Coordinator: <[REDACTED]>  
=====  
=====

[↑ Contents](#)

557. **Pam Brown**

**X**

Thu 19 Jun 1997

X

[↑ Contents](#)

558. **Mark Weiss**

**summer reading**

Fri 20 Jun 1997

I just received several very slightly dinged (as in dented, not made grey) copies of Richard Elman's novel Tar Beach from Sun&Moon, a bargain at \$6.50. A wonderful book, and I can't imagine better reading for the sand set this summer.

[↑ Contents](#)

559. **Maria Damon**

**Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn**

Fri 20 Jun 1997

At 11:18 AM -0500 6/16/97, Pritchett,Pat @Silverplume wrote:  
>I will briefly "third" Kent & Tom's posts. I too am betwitched, be-  
>bothered and be-wilded by Alan's work as it appears here and at his other  
>websites (which I've only just begun to examine). This is exciting  
>groundbreaking work and only my own ignorance prevents me from saying  
more  
>about the theory behind the work other than it appears to be the logical  
>extension of his work in \_Disorders of the Real\_. "Confused Fall of Autumnal  
>Empire" now adorns my grey office cube wall.  
>  
>Patrick Pritchett

hey, sondheim's the greatest. i adore his work and i've let him know back-c.

[↑ Contents](#)

560. **Gwyn McVay**

**Re: x**

Fri 20 Jun 1997

DT, how on earth can you put forth such a blatantly male-centered discourse?

On Fri, 20 Jun 1997, Daniel Tessitore wrote:

y

-----

From: Pam Brown[SMTP: [REDACTED]]  
Sent: Friday, June 20, 1997 11:24 AM  
To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: x

x

[↑ Contents](#)

561. **Gwyn McVay**

**Re: x**

Fri 20 Jun 1997

*Actually, that was a plug. Limited handsewn editions of "y" will soon >be availble from my own Euro-American-male-dominated propaganda machine, the O Press.*

Fine, as long as O Press uses Quark XPress.

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

562. **Steve Shoemaker**

**back in the addle**

Fri 20 Jun 1997

Well, I've finished my dissertation, had a small vacation, and cleaned out my mailbox. At least it *\*was\** nice & tidy until i sent my "set poetics mail" command before i went to bed last night. Now it's pleasingly packed again and the struggle to catch up, keep up, and generally hup hup w/ you all begins--let her rip!

steve

ps.

Hi Bennett, you finally "appeared." I remember those summers in C-ville, but if you think they're hot you shld try C-town (Charleston). At least here, tho, one can stagger over to the ocean and get licked by a wave. A mountain ain't quite so lubricious, eh?

[↑ Contents](#)

563. **Daniel Tessitore**

**Re: x**

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

y

-----

From: Pam Brown[SMTP: [REDACTED]]  
Sent: Friday, June 20, 1997 11:24 AM  
To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: x

x

[↑ Contents](#)

564. **Daniel Tessitore**

**Re: x**

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

Actually, that was a plug. Limited handsewn editions of "y" will soon be availble from my own Euro-American-male-dominated propaganda machine, the O Press.

DT

-----

From: Gwyn McVay[SMTP: [REDACTED]]  
Sent: Saturday, June 21, 1997 12:14 AM  
To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: Re: x

DT, how on earth can you put forth such a blatantly male-centered discourse?

On Fri, 20 Jun 1997, Daniel Tessitore wrote:

y

-----  
*From: Pam Brown[SMTP: [REDACTED]]  
Sent: Friday, June 20, 1997 11:24 AM*

To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: x

x

[↑ Contents](#)

565. **Daniel Tessitore**  
**(no subject)**

Fri 20 Jun 1997

Who was the guy--I think he was British--who, like Hughes seems to have done, went through the 20th c. on PBS with a rather sarcastic eye maybe four or five years ago? I think his was more of a biography tour.

DT

-----  
From: Mark Weiss[SMTP:[REDACTED]]  
Sent: Saturday, June 21, 1997 3:33 PM  
To: [REDACTED]

A few comments on Hughes: in his final episode among the very few currently working artists he had anything good to say about were Louises Bourgeoise and Susan Rothenberg. His comments on the dirt-paved loft were more bemused than celebratory. And he punctured a few silly reputations, like Koons. (If you're interested in kitsch elevated to art check out Robert Colescott or Luis Jimenez) His thrust was clearly despair about much of what goes on these days in the business of art, and I think he's largely right. Some characters get off rather too easily. Eric Fischl, despite what Hughes characterizes as his bad drawing, becomes a contemporary master. I've been waiting without much hope for him to reach puberty. But I, too, am dubious about many of Hughes' ideas. I think he rather simplifies the history of the art of this place in order to substantiate a theory of decline analogous to Turner's "frontier thesis," in this case that American art declines as it loses contact with its roots in landscape. Rather too neat, and also ignores the many, like John Lees, still profoundly involved with that landscape.

At 11:49 AM 6/20/97 -0700, you wrote:

>Pritchett,Pat @Silverplume wrote:

>>

>> Watched a portion of Robert Hughes' new series "American Visions" last night

>> - the first hour of Part 4, anyway, before I fell asleep on the couch.

I

>> found it a particularly irksome exercise and wondered if anyone else felt  
>> the same way. What a pompous old billygoat Hughes is! He reminds me of  
>> Gertrude Stein's description of Pound: "Ezra Pound is the village explainer.  
>> Fine if you are a village. If not, not." The lowpoints for me: Hughes  
>> shortshifting Rothko (his project to raise Abstract Expressionism to the  
>> level of religious painting was "bound to fail," opined RH, without giving  
>> any reason. Translation: I don't like this stuff!) And as my wife was quick  
>> to point out indignantly, he gave, in the first hour of Part 4 anyway, no  
>> mention of any women artists at all. Where were Helen Frankenthaler? Louise  
>> Nevelson? Diane Arbus? Elaine DeKooning? (to name but a few...)  
>>  
>> What I did take away though was a question about the influence of Abstract  
>> Expressionism on Language Poetry. I've not read anything yet about this,  
>> but a cross-pollenizing current here seems fairly evident. The underlying  
>> idea in both movements being the liberation of the text -- painted, or  
>> written -- from all notions of an imposed narrative logic, that is, a direct  
>> transmission of a pre-constituted and inflexible set of meanings, a rigid,  
>> unchanging code, from to author to viewer or reader. Meaning, instead, is a  
>> seen as contextualized event -- it does not naturally inhere within a work,  
>> but occurs in the space created at the intersection of painting and viewer,  
>> text and reader. Hughes wore his best look of crinkled bafflement as  
>> Rauscheneberg explained this in so many words to him in RR's studio. Typical  
>> discussions of the evolution of LangPo focus on its literary and political  
>> roots. What I'd like to know, if someone can supply it, is what's been said



>> on LP's connection to painting?

>>

>> Patrick Pritchett

>

>Afraid I wouldn't be able to comment on LP's connection to painting,  
>except to maybe spout out some theories based on my own use of paintings  
>and art criticism in my work, but I did have the same reaction to  
>American Visions. Perhaps I'm unfair because I only saw the last  
>"episode", but I too noticed the absence of women and his derision of  
>"current" American art. I was disappointed, especially after reading the  
>article in the Sunday Times about it - I thought that he was bitter on  
>America because in the end, the series was funded by Britain and not the  
>U.S.

>I think also was his inconsistency of opinion, his editorializing.  
>"Stations of the Cross", for example, he implied should hardly be called  
>such. I might agree it probably isn't a fulfilling spiritual experience,  
>but I think it held greater meaning than he gave it credit for. I also  
>found his debate with - I forget the artist's name, but he did the  
>Michael Jackson and Bubbles sculpture - almost disturbing. Of course he  
>was playing devil's advocate, but he seemed he was trying to get the  
>artist to justify his work, and they were discussing a work-in-progress!  
>He also dismissed many pieces with a "but so what", such as the gnawed  
>chocolate block, but commented favorably on a room filled with dirt.  
>It was here that I thought of the rhetorical in art - just as in a  
>workshop I had with Aaron Shurin, where we discussed the rhetorical in  
>writing. I might agree with Hughs in that being gay or anorexic/bulimic  
>or having AIDS doesn't necessarily make your art good, and that a room  
>full of dirt perhaps has subtle(er) implications than does a block of  
>chocolate. But in any case, I found his concluding dismissal of current  
>American art disturbing - because his whole point was that it mirrors the  
>society, and hey, look at society right now.

>Anyway, back to "space created at intersection of painting and viewer".  
>Yes, another artist commented on that. That the context comes in this  
>space, and each viewer changes that context. I want to connect this to  
>another point about how the art is installed - Chinese men behind a  
>veil, or angles and light making you look at something a certain way -  
>but I haven't completed that connection in my head yet. Conceptual art  
>too. Looking forward to more discussion.

>

>(My first big convoluted outburst)

>Karen McKeivitt

>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

566. **dbkk**

***Re: Text radicalism and incest radicalism***

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

At 8:31 PM +0100 6/19/97, Ira Lightman wrote:

*Fraser uses a style where the past erupts in a voice like a demon possessing the autobiographic I of the present. Ok, this may seem old hat to George's friend, or "bad writing" in that context. However, to someone processing recovered incest memories, it's a very powerful evocative trope; one of the reasons there's a lot of melodrama and zeal in such books is that the effort of undoing of a self in denial is a fight: a fight against denial. The fact that the erupting voice, however, may seem demonic is very psychologically interesting (thus interesting about the world: a feature of "good writing"). The incestuous abuse of a child is demonic; but so too may seem the return of feelings that one has repressed to a self in denial!*

Very interesting post, Ira. It reminds me of what I was just reading in Terry Castle's collection of essays, *The Female Thermometer*, Castle's theory that the uncanny (in Freud's sense of it) was invented by the Age of Reason. If the uncanny is the return of something repressed, it cannot exist without repression. If one believes in a world of ghosts and the supernatural, there can be terror, but not the uncanny, because, again, there is nothing to break through. Rationalism to the rescue! So, the voices coming through as demonic, as you describe them above, to me, shimmers with uncanniness.

Somewhere in *Mina* I quote the line, "the return of the repressed excess beyond the text." I love that line. In my version I stick a cartoon POW! in the middle of it.

Dodie

p.s. And sorry to Pat P., to whom I already went on and on about this privately.

[↑ Contents](#)

567. **Judy Roitman**

**query**

Fri 20 Jun 1997

---

Any readings etc. in San Diego the week of July 14?

Please answer before June 26. Thanks.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

568. **Karen and Trevor**

**Re: American Derision**

Fri 20 Jun 1997

---

Pritchett, Pat @Silverplume wrote:

>  
> Watched a portion of Robert Hughes' new series "American Visions" last  
night  
> - the first hour of Part 4, anyway, before I fell asleep on the couch. I  
> found it a particularly irksome exercise and wondered if anyone else felt  
> the same way. What a pompous old billygoat Hughes is! He reminds me of  
> Gertrude Stein's description of Pound: "Ezra Pound is the village explainer.  
> Fine if you are a village. If not, not." The lowpoints for me: Hughes  
> shortshifting Rothko (his project to raise Abstract Expressionism to the  
> level of religious painting was "bound to fail," opined RH, without giving  
> any reason. Translation: I don't like this stuff!) And as my wife was quick  
> to point out indignantly, he gave, in the first hour of Part 4 anyway, no  
> mention of any women artists at all. Where were Helen Frankenthaler?  
Louise  
> Nevelson? Diane Arbus? Elaine DeKooning? (to name but a few...)  
>  
> What I did take away though was a question about the influence of Abstract  
> Expressionism on Language Poetry. I've not read anything yet about this,  
> but a cross-pollenizing current here seems fairly evident. The underlying  
> idea in both movements being the liberation of the text -- painted, or  
> written -- from all notions of an imposed narrative logic, that is, a direct  
> transmission of a pre-constituted and inflexible set of meanings, a rigid,  
> unchanging code, from to author to viewer or reader. Meaning, instead, is a  
> seen as contextualized event -- it does not naturally inhere within a work,

> but occurs in the space created at the intersection of painting and viewer,  
> text and reader. Hughes wore his best look of crinkled bafflement as  
> Rauscheneberg explained this in so many words to him in RR's studio. Typical  
> discussions of the evolution of LangPo focus on its literary and political  
> roots. What I'd like to know, if someone can supply it, is what's been said  
> on LP's connection to painting?  
>  
> Patrick Pritchett

Afraid I wouldn't be able to comment on LP's connection to painting, except to maybe spout out some theories based on my own use of paintings and art criticism in my work, but I did have the same reaction to American Visions. Perhaps I'm unfair because I only saw the last "episode", but I too noticed the absence of women and his derision of "current" American art. I was disappointed, especially after reading the article in the Sunday Times about it - I thought that he was bitter on America because in the end, the series was funded by Britain and not the U.S. I think also was his inconsistency of opinion, his editorializing. "Stations of the Cross", for example, he implied should hardly be called such. I might agree it probably isn't a fulfilling spiritual experience, but I think it held greater meaning than he gave it credit for. I also found his debate with - I forget the artist's name, but he did the Michael Jackson and Bubbles sculpture - almost disturbing. Of course he was playing devil's advocate, but he seemed he was trying to get the artist to justify his work, and they were discussing a work-in-progress! He also dismissed many pieces with a "but so what", such as the gnawed chocolate block, but commented favorably on a room filled with dirt. It was here that I thought of the rhetorical in art - just as in a workshop I had with Aaron Shurin, where we discussed the rhetorical in writing. I might agree with Hughs in that being gay or anorexic/bulimic or having AIDS doesn't necessarily make your art good, and that a room full of dirt perhaps has subtle(er) implications than does a block of chocolate. But in any case, I found his concluding dismissal of current American art disturbing - because his whole point was that it mirrors the society, and hey, look at society right now. Anyway, back to "space created at intersection of painting and viewer". Yes, another artist commented on that. That the context comes in this space, and each viewer changes that context. I want to connect this to another point about how the art is installed - Chinese men behind a veil, or angles and light making you look at something a certain way - but I haven't completed that connection in my head yet. Conceptual art too. Looking forward to more discussion.

(My first big convoluted outburst)  
Karen McKevitt

[↑ Contents](#)

569. **Christina Fairbank Chirot**

***Re: eyerhymes in Edmonton***

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

Thank you to Douglas Barbour for sending a report on from Edmonton. And thank you again Douglas for the ride for Eduardo and me. Walt Whitman wrote in *Specimen Days* that the real story of the (Civil) War would never be written in books but would lie in the grave and silence. Hopefully some good work from the story of Edmonton will come, and not so much the story of the event as the work that comes about from the contacts made at the event. The event is just the start, not the finish or summation. A good deal of thanks to Jars Balan and Peter Bartl and the Ukrainian Languages people at Edmonton for providing un point de repere, for making this possible. I wanted to note a few things not mentioned in Douglas' report that were quite important at the eyerhymes Conference. On Monday, 16 June 97 the grand finale luncheon and an organizational meeting of the IVLA were held to close the conference. This was the official closing. But there was another, unofficial event held to bring the conference to its end/beginning and return it to the poets. This was an evening of performance held in Lecture Theatre 1 Humanities Centre at 19:30. Sergei Biriukov of Tambov, Russia and I (Dave Baptiste Chirot Milwaukee, USA) organized the event and Jars Balan and Peter Bartl gave us permission to use the hall. The readers/performers in their order of appearance:

Elizabeth Netzkowa & Sergei Biriukov poetry reading from texts  
Clemente Padin: presentatiuon of video In Memorium America Latina  
Rafael Levchin: poetry performance  
Mark Sutherland: sound poetry  
Mark Sutherland and Sergei Biriukov: improvised sound poetry  
Sergei Birikov: Zaum  
Alexandr Bubnov: poetry, performance pieces and songs  
                    accompanied by guitar  
Bob Cobbing: poems and sound poetry

The event was attended by about forty people and lasted for two hours. It was agreed by the poets present afterwards that the best way to end the conference was unofficially, with performances and international participation. Douglas Barbour noted the Ukrainians being somewhat apart from "the others" so to speak. I would say that this is so and not so. The so: Ukraine has not long been independent and there is a desire among the Ukrainians to celebrate and emphasize the distinctiveness of their culture and traditions. In the academic West it is easy to frown on nationalism, but then if you are the person who is carrying the big stick and carrying all the walking around money, it is always easy to be critical of the messiness of people who have only some land and odburately enduring traditions to announce themselves with. (There are after

all reservations in the USA for just such people. And there is Chernobyl in the Ukraine as a monument to the Soviet Union.) The not so: no one really approached the Ukrainians. Language barrier is no excuse. The Russians and Ukrainians attended all the talks, despite little knowledge of English on the part of many. But on the day of talks by Ukrainians and Russians (many of these presented in English language) a large contingent of Canadians and Americans left the conference and spent nearly the whole day at a large mall. But you can do this perhaps when you are the person carrying all the walking around money, perhaps that is why this was so. But it showed little solidarity with or interest in other poets and their work. Perhaps little interest is equated with little value--what money is there to be made from such poets? There is more of worth at the mall perhaps. This was unfortunate as many good presentations were given by Eastern Europeans. Jars Balan gave a moving account of the life and work of the Ukraine's first Concrete poet, Mykola Miroshnychenko, who was present at the conference and who had read the night before; Oleh Il-nytzkyj gave a terrific talk on the work of Mykhail Semenko and Sergei Biriukov gave a dramatic theoretical and historical accounting of Futurism, made vivid & immediate by his readings of Kruchonykh's and Kamensky's Zaum and Ferro-Concrete pieces. As Douglas Barbour noted, palindromes are very important in Ukrainian language and poetry, and there were talks and examples on this provided by Alexandr Bubnov and Ivan Luchuk. (Much discussion after among Luchuk, Mykola Soroka, Bob Cobbing and myself as to whether or not Luchuk has written as he claims the longest palindrome ever--3, 333 characters. The discussion continued through the rest of the conference as it hinges on the nature of extension--that is, what is the hinge by which the extension is hinged . . . from that starting point you can get into quite wide areas of visual and sound rhyming or what Robert Grenier calls "rhymms" and interrealities.) In many ways I know for myself and the Russian and Ukrainian poets the conference provided an opportunity to thank in person Gerald Janeczek for his works *The Look of Russian Literature* and *Zaum The Transrational Poetry of Russian Futurism*. Gerald Janeczek and his work have had a huge impact and influence on my own work and that of the Russian and Ukrainian poets with whom I met and exchanged materials. He gave a wonderful and detailed and moving presentation on the life and work of Rea Nikonovna, one of the most interesting and important of contemporary Russian visual and mail artists.

The major accomplishment of the Eyerhymes conference was to bring together work and workers from many countries and traditions. Visual poetry is not the hottest new thing just going in a course guide or trendy web site but the oldest continuous tradition of writing. Edmonton provided a place to exchange work and learn of the ongoing traditions of visual poetry, that these continue and open possibilities and awarenesses in the world and writing that though

enduring suppression and neglect will go on. Hopefully the contacts made at the conference will lead to a renewed sense of a community of visual poets both independent and working together. I would also like to thank Bob Cobbing, Paul Dutton and Clemente Padin, Sergei Biriukov, Johanna Bartl and Mikalo Luhovyk and jwcurry for their work and example and many discussions over many long nights.

Again my thanks to Jars Balan for bringing the work and poets together, giving energy and hope for ongoing work!

--dave baptiste chirot

[↑ Contents](#)

570. **Piombino/Simon**

**Re: o**

Fri 20 Jun 1997

---

DT:

Since O Books is already taken (Leslie Scalapino's Press) what about Uh-Oh Press?

Nick P.

On

Fri, 20 Jun 1997, Daniel Tessitore wrote:

*Actually, that was a plug. Limited handsewn editions of "y" will soon be availble from my own Euro-American-male-dominated propaganda machine, the O Press.*

*DT*

-----

*From: Gwyn McVay[SMTP: [REDACTED]]  
Sent: Saturday, June 21, 1997 12:14 AM  
To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: Re: x*

*DT, how on earth can you put forth such a blatantly male-centered discourse?*

*On Fri, 20 Jun 1997, Daniel Tessitore wrote:*

*y*

-----

*From: Pam Brown[SMTP: [REDACTED]]  
Sent: Friday, June 20, 1997 11:24 AM  
To: [REDACTED]*

Subject: x

x

[↑ Contents](#)

571. **Daniel Zimmerman**

***Re: Cummings, Syllables, Nemes....***

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

Bob Grumman wrote:

>

> I look forward to what Charles ALEXander comes up with regarding what I  
> call the "intra-syllabic word-break." Can't remember ever coming across  
> it in Loy but haven't read her that much--and I have to admit that I've  
> never heard of Elsa von Freitag Loringhoven. If she was innovating  
> anywhere near Cummings's level, I'd certainly like to hear more about  
> her. Thanks, too, Charles, for the reminder of Hopkins's importance in  
> this area. I revisited "The Windhover" where I did find "kingdom"  
> broken into "king-" and "dom" at the end of the poem's first line and  
> beginning of its second, which is certainly a precursor of what Cummings  
> did. But Hopkins did it to make his first line rhyme with his fourth  
> whereas Cummings fragmented his words mainly to "disconceal" inner words  
> and hints of words, like "sing" (and "zing") in "using," and "ting(le)"  
> in "inventing." Thus, while Hopkins is boosting the force of his  
> syllables, Cummings is concerned with the force not of his syllables but  
> of his \*sylbs\* (or whatever we decide to call textual entities smaller  
> than syllables but larger than phonemes). Although you could say  
> Cummings makes syllables of "sing" and "ting" above. (They aren't  
> syllables in "us/ing" and "in/vent/ing.") He more clearly works with a  
> sub-syllable to disconceal in the poem I quoted when he breaks "voices"  
> into "voi," "c" and "es" to hint of "void"--and "envoi," too, due to the  
> proximity to "voi" of an "e" broken off from "whose" by a parenthesis  
> curve.

>

> I do think Hopkins a precursor in word-breaks. Consequently, I now have  
> a new, related question: was HE the first to break lines off in the  
> middle of words? That would have been an, perhaps THE, important first  
> step toward what I call infra-verbal poetry--one easy to overlook as  
> major now that it's been done, and superceded.



>  
> I have other questions. I know that Dadaists broke up words--at least I  
> can't imagine they didn't--but I doubt that they did so to any aesthetic  
> purpose (except to provide implicit metaphors of chaos, revolution,  
> etc.) Does anyone know much about Dada experiments in this line? Also,  
> how prevalent has word-fragmentation been among the language poets? I  
> know P. Inman, for one, has used it. Can't remember if he kept all the  
> fragments of some of his words, though--rather than just a front or rear  
> fragment.

>  
> I'm among the world's worst literary historians but fascinated by it,  
> especially the history of literary technique.

>  
> Now, just in case this posting isn't dense enough, a few further  
> thoughts on "nemes." It crossed my mind that one might want to have  
> some term at hand to refer to the r's in "brave prince." You could call  
> them letters but that seems insufficient if you want to emphasize their  
> sound--as sort of submerged alliterants. (I'm continuing my discussion  
> with Charles Smith about the value of having some term for a partial  
> phoneme.) If we called the r's "rudinemes" or some such, we could refer  
> to "rave rinse" as a phonemic alliteration and "brave prince" as a  
> rudinemic alliteration. I know, we're into details of details no one  
> but the kind of maniac I am could care about. But it isn't TOTALLY  
> uninteresting, is it?

>  
> One last note--about another neme: "repeneme," a term I coined to refer  
> to any repeated sound in poetry--like the l-sounds in "total lunacy,"  
> which aren't either alliterations or consonances but repeat each other  
> to \*some\* auditory effect. Is there some better term available?

>  
> --the ultra-nemic Bob G.

Bob, I haven't the texts at hand, remember seeing hypenations generated (inadvertently?) by typesetters [do we really KNOW any of those guys?--probably quite literate!] as early as the 17th cent., & perhaps before. This thread interests me because for the past 30 years or so I've hidden my secret identity as Captain -Neme-O, i.e., as what Olson called "a crawler of my own ground." I've reverted, now and then, to a 'syllabic' [I wonder, not knowing IPA] inventory of my own poems, starting with the first 'sound' in the poem & making a list of all the other words in the poem with the 'same' 'sound'--then, having exhausted the armamentarium, I've looked at the lists to see if any of them bear a coherence sufficient to consider 'sonic armatures'--not that I'd

necessarily revise to enhance incipient ones [though occasionally I have], but just to discover what I might have tapped into on Orphee's radio [cf. Paul Kugler's *The Alchemy of Discourse*, Bucknell UP, 1982]. This practice has often yielded results interesting to me, at least, though I'd hesitate to recommend it as a fundamental *\_generative\_* practice of poetics [it does offer more interesting possibilities than my current obsession, anagrams...a kabbalist at heart?]. Any other nuts-n-bolts freaks out there? Dan Zimmerman 485 Parsonage Road Edison, NJ 08837 [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

572. **David Bromige**  
***abstract personal***

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

Kudos to Mark Wallace for his posting re these terms. These shopworn terms. Personally, the poetry most commonly called "personal" is not nearly personal enough for me. Just as the neo-formalists are not nearly formalist enough for me, either. Banaid art. Banaid art would be better, actually. I would gladly argue that Silliman's giant "abstracts" (humanity crystallized as motions, 'states', reflection & inwardness as surface phenomena equal with Q-tip in street) --I'm thinking of *\_Ketjak\_* & *\_Tjanting\_*, but why stop there? I would argue that these are highly personal, as personal as you can get. \*Much more\* personal than Sexton or Plath, say, whose poems have their protocols of the personal-qua-tabu-subjects. These protocols are heavily coded treaties between readers & writers.

When Bob Grenier wrote "I HATE SPEECH" much was encoded therein. But surely one objection was to the way poets were shortchanging themselves (thus, ultimately, us) by meeting an audience far more than any imaginable "halfway", by opting for a protocol-model of speech, thus scanting poetry, which best keeps to itself its thought. Keeps as itself. "Back where the words are born," I think Grenier writes somewhere. There \*can\* be thinking before one speaks. Paradoxically (?), an esthetic quickness is more able to deliver such, than any plan.

When somebody puts his elbows on the desktop & tells me, "I'm going to level with you," I reavch for my doubt.

As for neo-formalism (Dana Gioia, I hear, is an adviser to Hallmark), it lacks micro-intensity. Micro being where lives actually takes place, neo-formalism is dead.

Sorry about putting the apples in with the oranges. Their apparance of relation is no accident..

+++++

To try to keep down # of postings, two other matters:

towards end of a talk I gave (printed in the first Hills/Talks book, ed Perelman) Barrett Watten has little good to say re-Rauschenberg. Smithson has held his interest & barrett has written of this. Too bad Barrett is not active on this List; he wrote often for *\_Art Week\_*. Michael Palmer had an interest in Rothko, but denies he himself is a Language Poet. Surely a check thru Bernstein & Andrews will turn up the linkages our correspondent (s) are/is looking for. Myself have found Magritte & Escher & Van Gogh & H. Rousseau & Stuart Davis, to name 5 that stay with me among a host, relevant to the writing I enjoy, by self or others. Eigner, only LANGPO in the "Ur" sense, writes to a French correspondent "Moi je suis Henri Rousseau le Dounaier et Grandma Moses" or much to that effect. There's Matisse in early Perelman, though I hope I don't have to prove it.

+++++

Borge Glowering's rdg of Jay's line must be correct, not my SHOULDER, & I kick myself for missing it, a matter of stress. Doesn't, hwvr, account for gb's initial sentence (re man naked with crow), nor does gb's latest reframe job on this List. Probably my love of opacity is making me unconsciously yet deliberately obtuse. David

[↑ Contents](#)

573. **Michael Magee**

***Re: abstract personal***

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

thoughts on David Bromige's very recent post: on Silliamn/personal - yes, reading *\*What\** in a graduate seminar of Bob Perelman's many of us came to the same conclusion - *\*What\** is intensely personal, and not, to glance at a lang po buzz word, schizophrenic at all - it seems the the catalogue of the ways in which a contingent and pluralist community/world/space is working on a single consciousness. what could be more personal than that?

on lang po & artists: what about a guy like Bruce Nauman? I was just at the San Francisco MOMA and saw a - what? - sculpture, I guess, of his called something like "Imprints of the knees of five famous artists." One of the five famous artists is supposed to be de Kooning, but it turns out they're all imprints of one of Nauman's own knees - a good joke, I thought. He also has a couple of pieces in the Phila Museum of Art which I like, but it's purely an acquaintance's affection. Anyone know his work well?

-Mike.

[↑ Contents](#)

574. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

***Re: abstract personal***

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

On Fri, 20 Jun 1997, Michael Magee wrote>

> on lang po & artists: what about a guy like Bruce Nauman? I was just at  
> the San Francisco MOMA and saw a - what? - sculpture, I guess, of his  
> called something like "Imprints of the knees of five famous artists." One  
> of the five famous artists is supposed to be de Kooning, but it turns out  
> they're all imprints of one of Nauman's own knees - a good joke, I  
> thought.

I have a lot of trouble with this type of work, the discourse it creates/alleges. It comes from humour and vulnerability (I hope) but just operates as an enactment of arrogance, plus doing the dirty work of turning the world/community/network/lonely nobodies of artists into a daunting institution. It comes from the longing to be part of a family, but my feeling is that it instigates that same (painful) longing in others. Doesn't that seem less than ethical? Or at least less than kind. I guess in my world (desolate these days) I'm hoping artists and writers are motivated by kindness. And, as always, personal insecurity.

I have a question, as well. What does "Lang Po" stand for? I'm sorry for ignorance which I know, for I have my own miniscule area of expertise, will make me appear poignantly ridiculous. Oh, I take that back. I have no area of expertise.

[↑ Contents](#)

575. **Henry Gould**

***Re: abstract personal***

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

Abstract is not the contrary of personal - concrete is. & abstract & concrete are slippery terms about poetry or painting. An abstract painting emphasizes the concreteness of the medium; so, I guess, would an opaque (non-narrative, non-"speech") poem. But a painted abstraction is set in a frame, or many frames - some specific, some more general or universal; the primary frame being the impulse & movement of the whole work. It's hard for me to get the point of pushing around these counters (abstract, personal, more abstract, more personal than you, etc.). I don't see how at this level of generality these oppositions mean much in terms of experiencing the impact of a work of art. If it has any.

- Henry Gould (with doo-be-doo John Dewey looking over his crow)

p.s. seems to me that the MEDIUM of poetry taken up by Plath or Sexton is the very same one taken up by the language poets. & I don't see how the formalities imposed by the former are any more constricting or artificial than those of the latter. What does the poem do with its materials? This literary progress by short-term one-upmanship will tell us nothing. That is, it will tell you as little about Plath etc. as I can tell you about Silliman etc. the times change, the styles change... then they change back again...

[↑ Contents](#)

576. **Henry Gould**

***Re: abstract personal***

*Fri 20 Jun 1997*

---

"An irritated person is moved to do something. He cannot suppress his irritation by any direct act of will; at most he can only drive it by this attempt into a subterranean channel where it will work the more insidiously and destructively. He must act to get rid of it. But he can act in different ways, one direct, the other indirect, in manifestations of his state. He cannot suppress it any more than he can destroy the action of electricity by a fiat of will. But he can harness one or the other to the accomplishment of new ends that will do away with the destructive force of the natural agency. The irritable person does not have to take it out on his neighbors or members of his family to get relief. He may remember that a certain amount of regulated physical activity is good medicine. He sets to work tidying his room... ...This transformation is of the very essence of the change that takes place in any and every natural or original emotional impulsion when it takes the indirect road of expression instead of the direct road of discharge. Irritation may be let go like an arrow directed at a target and produce some change in the outer world. But having an outer effect is something very different from ordered use of objective conditions in order to give objective fulfillment to emotion. The latter alone is expression and the emotion that attaches itself to, or is interpenetrated by, the resulting object is esthetic... ...The problem of conferring esthetic quality upon all modes of production is a serious problem. But it is a human problem for human solution; not a problem incapable of solution because it is set by some unpassable gulf in human nature or in the nature of things. In an imperfect society - and no society will ever be perfect - fine art will be to some extent an escape from, or an adventitious decoration of, the main activities of living. But in a better-ordered society than that in which we live, an infinitely greater happiness than is now the case would attend all modes of production. We live in a world in which there is an immense amount of organization, but it is an external organization, not one of the ordering of a growing experience, one that involves, moreover, the whole of the live creature, toward a fulfilling conclusion. Works of art that are not

remote from common life, that are widely enjoyed in a community, are signs of a unified collective life. But they are also marvelous aids in the creation of such a life. The remaking of the material of experience in the act of expression is not an isolated event confined to the artist and to a person here and there who happens to enjoy the work. IN THE DEGREE IN WHICH ART EXERCISES ITS OFFICE, IT IS ALSO A REMAKING OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE COMMUNITY IN THE DIRECTION OF GREATER ORDER AND UNITY. [my caps]

- John Dewey, *Art as Experience*, 1934. Dewey was obviously a Nazi.

postscript: there are emotions that are NOT negative [i.e. irritability] and Dewey does not emphasize the negative emotions.

what this book can do is establish certain relations between reading [aesthetic receptivity] and awareness [aesthetic judgement] leading to an understanding of poetry as an ART FORM as opposed to an omnivorous key to counter-knowledge on the one hand or explosion of rage/lust /ego on the other. Aristotle's measure.

"The enemies of the esthetic are neither the practical nor the intellectual. They are the humdrum; slackness of loose ends; submission to convention in practice and intellectual procedure. Rigid abstinence, coerced submission, tightness on one side and dissipation, incoherence and aimless indulgence on the other, are deviations in opposite directions from the unity of an EXPERIENCE [my caps]. Such considerations perhaps induced Aristotle to invoke the "mean proportional" as the proper designation of what is distinctive of both virtue and the esthetic. He was formally correct. "Mean" and "proportion" are, however, not self-explanatory, nor to be taken over in a prior mathematical sense, but are properties belonging to an EXPERIENCE [my caps] that has a developing movement toward its own consummation." - Dewey

Dewey is a gold mine. He's not intellectual, either. There is no chortling over apercu or "meaning". It's a response to a poem or other work of art as an emotional/intellectual complex fulfilling its purpose over time..... - HG

"an immense amount of organization". POWER. Today a friend of mine, a paralegal, who had asked for flex time of a sort (after working there for eight years or so), was told she had one option: either keep working her present hours (40/wk), or work HALF time for LESS pay. Does she have time for poetry? She reads it over the radio as a volunteer for a special program for the blind... this is what we are up against, folks... this is the coin of the realm! Is it art? Does it reflect? Move? Mirror the pressure of the time? IS IT ART? Or SELF-expression? Or both? Who the hell cares... if we were artists we would organize, and maybe write 1 or 2 poems a year, in prison. as it is, we're... academics - or dilettante wannabes.... with long resumes....publication credits... blurbs.... what

a bore. Auden has a poem about the "artists" chatting away, with the crucifixion going on in the distance... Auden was a commie... ...meanwhile the mysterious positive emotion keeps drawing poems out of flax.

[↑ Contents](#)

577. **Steven Marks**

***Re: Cummings, Syllables, Nemes....***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

Bob G. wrote:

>Also,

>how prevalent has word-fragmentation been among the language poets? I

>know P. Inman, for one, has used it. Can't remember if he kept all the

>fragments of some of his words, though--rather than just a front or rear

>fragment.

>

I don't know the answer to this question, but if you want to see a poem that makes an interesting use of front and rear fragments of words, go to Chis Alexander's Webzine "n/formation." Look for his poem "ferrites" in the current issue. URL is

<http://choengmon.lib.utah.edu/~calexand/nonce/nonce.html>

cheers,

Steven

---

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

---

[↑ Contents](#)

578. **David R. Israel**

***The God of Small Things***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

[ was: Subject: Re: reappropriating the inappropriate ]

Aldon Nielsen sounds this genteel provocation:

*Has anyone noticed that none of the Summer reading lists posted here repeats a single title from the NY Times Books of Summer issue?*

For the record (not the CD tho), I have in mind -- probably -- to read Arudathi Roy's new (& 1st) novel, \*The God of Small Things\* (which I think maybe was



reviewed in that NYTBR -- memory now is muddled or muffled or mottled or fiddled or faddled or fuddled).

Also to note, said volume has just gotten the author in some curious, censorious legal trouble in India (in her native state of Kerala) -- (the novel benightedly esteemed immoral or such).

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

579. **KIM DAWN BAKER**

***rape***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

i was at the wick last night with betsy leading this big brick laying guy on letting him buy us drinks when i went to the washroom he followed me into my stall it was so fast he pulled my shirt and bra up touched my mouth with his big hand and put his cock in my mouth i dont know how i got outta there but i did it thundered around six that morning i had just gotten to sleep i was scared of the big noise i remembered a dream where my mom was wearing black and blue i was so far outta my body i wish i felt more.

[↑ Contents](#)

580. **Dean Taciuch**

***Re: abstractly personal***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

I take a poet like Robert Creeley to have much to say on the subject of personal/abstract, that sense of the personal rendered as object ones finds in much of his work.

And there's the concern for the medium of expression that one often terms abstract (as Henry Gould notes). Here's a related quote, from WCWilliams--

In a reading in 1950 at UCLA, Williams speaks of "that transition that you have to make, from the sentimental subject to the structure of a work of art."

"That's the big general step that has to be made before we can get a cultured public. When we take that jump from loving to have a subject that we love talked about and put into rhymed verse, that's one thing. When we have a structure made of words to represent something which is our lives, here, and we recognize it by the way it's made; you go from there to there, and that's a tremendous step in the culture of a nation. Difficult to make. Let me point as simply as this: I had a friend, a very good friend, his name was Hartpence and he was an assistant in a gallery in New York, a picture gallery, not a gallery but



a, well, a shop where they sold modern paintings. And while the boss was out, Hartpence was there and one of their best customers came in, a charming old lady, just as sweet as she could be. And she liked one of the pictures, quite expensive. But she said, "Now Mr. Hartpence, I like this picture very much. But what is all this down in this corner here?" And Hartpence looked at it. "Madam," he said, "that is, that is . . . paint." (laughter from audience) He didn't make the sale. I don't think he lost his job, but maybe he did at that. Sometimes you have to lose your job to make a point. (laughter from audience)"

And in 1951, at Harvard, introducing "Spring and All":

"Poems are not made of thoughts, beautiful thoughts, it's [sic] made of words! Pigments put on--here,there, made, actually."

These were, judging by the audience reactions on the tapes, surprising ideas.

Dean Taciuch

[↑ Contents](#)

---

581. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: abstract personal***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

T'ang dynasty poet, what ho?

>I have a question, as well. What does "Lang Po" stand for? I'm sorry

>for ignorance which I know, for I have my own miniscule area of

>expertise, will make me appear poignantly ridiculous. Oh, I take that

>back. I have no area of expertise.

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

---

582. **Mark Weiss**

***(no subject)***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

A few comments on Hughes: in his final episode among the very few currently working artists he had anything good to say about were Louises Bourgeoise and Susan Rothenberg. His comments on the dirt-paved loft were more bemused than celebratory. And he punctured a few silly reputations, like Koons. (If you're interested in kitsch elevated to art check out Robert Colescott or Luis Jimenez) His thrust was clearly despair about much of what goes on these days in the business of art, and I think he's largely right. Some characters get off rather too easily. Eric Fischl, despite what Hughes characterizes as his bad drawing, becomes a contemporary master. I've been waiting without much hope for him to

reach puberty. But I, too, am dubious about many of Hughes' ideas. I think he rather simplifies the history of the art of this place in order to substantiate a theory of decline analogous to Turner's "frontier thesis," in this case that American art declines as it loses contact with its roots in landscape. Rather too neat, and also ignores the many, like John Lees, still profoundly involved with that landscape.

At 11:49 AM 6/20/97 -0700, you wrote:

>Pritchett,Pat @Silverplume wrote:

>>

>> Watched a portion of Robert Hughes' new series "American Visions" last night

>> - the first hour of Part 4, anyway, before I fell asleep on the couch. I

>> found it a particularly irksome exercise and wondered if anyone else felt

>> the same way. What a pompous old billygoat Hughes is! He reminds me of

>> Gertrude Stein's description of Pound: "Ezra Pound is the village explainer.

>> Fine if you are a village. If not, not." The lowpoints for me: Hughes

>> shortshifting Rothko (his project to raise Abstract Expressionism to the

>> level of religious painting was "bound to fail," opined RH, without giving

>> any reason. Translation: I don't like this stuff!) And as my wife was quick

>> to point out indignantly, he gave, in the first hour of Part 4 anyway, no

>> mention of any women artists at all. Where were Helen Frankenthaler?

Louise

>> Nevelson? Diane Arbus? Elaine DeKooning? (to name but a few...)

>>

>> What I did take away though was a question about the influence of Abstract

>> Expressionism on Language Poetry. I've not read anything yet about this,

>> but a cross-pollenizing current here seems fairly evident. The underlying

>> idea in both movements being the liberation of the text -- painted, or

>> written -- from all notions of an imposed narrative logic, that is, a direct

>> transmission of a pre-constituted and inflexible set of meanings, a rigid,

>> unchanging code, from to author to viewer or reader. Meaning, instead, is

a

>> seen as contextualized event -- it does not naturally inhere within a work,

>> but occurs in the space created at the intersection of painting and viewer,

>> text and reader. Hughes wore his best look of crinkled bafflement as

>> Rauscheneberg explained this in so many words to him in RR's studio. Typical

>> discussions of the evolution of LangPo focus on its literary and political

>> roots. What I'd like to know, if someone can supply it, is what's been said

>> on LP's connection to painting?

>>

>> Patrick Pritchett

>

>Afraid I wouldn't be able to comment on LP's connection to painting,  
>except to maybe spout out some theories based on my own use of paintings  
>and art criticism in my work, but I did have the same reaction to  
>American Visions. Perhaps I'm unfair because I only saw the last  
>"episode", but I too noticed the absence of women and his derision of  
>"current" American art. I was disappointed, especially after reading the  
>article in the Sunday Times about it - I thought that he was bitter on  
>America because in the end, the series was funded by Britain and not the  
>U.S.

>I think also was his inconsistency of opinion, his editorializing.  
>"Stations of the Cross", for example, he implied should hardly be called  
>such. I might agree it probably isn't a fulfilling spiritual experience,  
>but I think it held greater meaning than he gave it credit for. I also  
>found his debate with - I forget the artist's name, but he did the  
>Michael Jackson and Bubbles sculpture - almost disturbing. Of course he  
>was playing devil's advocate, but he seemed he was trying to get the  
>artist to justify his work, and they were discussing a work-in-progress!  
>He also dismissed many pieces with a "but so what", such as the gnawed  
>chocolate block, but commented favorably on a room filled with dirt.  
>It was here that I thought of the rhetorical in art - just as in a  
>workshop I had with Aaron Shurin, where we discussed the rhetorical in  
>writing. I might agree with Hughs in that being gay or anorexic/bulimic  
>or having AIDS doesn't necessarily make your art good, and that a room  
>full of dirt perhaps has subtle(er) implications than does a block of  
>chocolate. But in any case, I found his concluding dismissal of current  
>American art disturbing - because his whole point was that it mirrors the  
>society, and hey, look at society right now.

>Anyway, back to "space created at intersection of painting and viewer".  
>Yes, another artist commented on that. That the context comes in this  
>space, and each viewer changes that context. I want to connect this to  
>another point about how the art is installed - Chinese men behind a  
>veil, or angles and light making you look at something a certain way -  
>but I haven't completed that connection in my head yet. Conceptual art  
>too. Looking forward to more discussion.

>

>(My first big convoluted outburst)

>Karen McKeivitt

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

## 583. **Alan+++Sondheim**

**Subject: Ex-Mig**

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

+++

Subject: Ex-Mig

Exchange of Migrating Names

{b:2} Migrating Names bash: Migrating: command not found

personal-name = Alan\*\*\*Sondheim To : Travis\*\*\*Sondheim

<[REDACTED]> Cc: Subject: Migrating Names -- Message Text --

Names Migrate

Intention transforms across applications; the railroad meets itself on the other side of the world.

Date: Thu, 19 Jun 1997 23:21:40 -0400 (EDT) From: Travis\*\*\*Sondheim

<[REDACTED]> To: Alan\*\*\*Sondheim <[REDACTED]> Subject: Migrating Names

Thin links break, there are always girls and boys, Travis and Susan, always time on hand. I'd wonder:

{k:1} date Thu Jun 19 23:24:09 EDT 1997 {k:2} exit

Connection closed by foreign host.

{b:9} date Thu Jun 19 23:23:22 EDT 1997

Susan-Travis fingers grow thin with longing; Jews, they just aren't \_there.\_ This could be a problem.

----- The following addresses had permanent fatal errors ----- <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] Subject: we have no roots

Susan - the problem is theirs.

Travis

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

"It's this sort of thing." "They always say things like this." "You've got to expect them to feel this way."

"They're \_clingy.\_"

-----

[↑ Contents](#)

584. **Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson**

**What Sauna?**

Sat 21 Jun 1997

This is a funny quote from Weiners. I don't know much about him, but the business of poetry being essentially humans relating to humans, art being essentially humans relating to objects feels kinda arbitrary. Humans always relate to both humans and objects. Art, poetry? What about puppies and steambaths? Translation is what you want and when you want it. Puppy is also a word when it pisses on your floor. Why does Weiners limit his words to concept as material? This quote sounds afraid to go more elastic with its genres. But that's ok too. Everybody's on the clock. Concessions.

mulling,

Bennett

On Thu, 19 Jun 1997, Wystan Curnow wrote:

*Dear Bennett,*

*This is a subject that interests me. Have you looked at Lawrence Weiner? He appears in one of the L= anthologies. There's a strange statement of his in Dieter Schwarz's catalogue raisonne of W's books 'Literature is an attempt to portray within the context of a narrative or non-narrative structure the relationships of human beings to human beings, and art is the relationship of human beings to objects, that' simple enough (sic!). Poetry essentially is something that is not translatable; its possible to get an approximate translation, it's made not to be translated, its made to have the beauty and the form and the sens of the language itself, and my work is designed initially to be translated, either into physical form or into languages, and that's enough of a difference for me. Literature is essentially about a subjective reality, and art is essentially about an objective reality.' Its from an interview with Schwarz of 1989. It is interesting less for what it claims about literature and poetry, than as an apology ( why I am not a poet) for his own practices which in terms of the making words ' material ' are clearly larger than those of any other so-called conceptual artist. At least for the sake of argument, I'm not convinced by W's defence. Indeed, I'd like to see how the texts of Weiner, and say Hamish Fulton, Richard Long, David Tremlett ( the Brit. backpacker poets) not to mention , Jenny Holzer etc etc would survive the 'test of poetry'. What thoughts?*

*Wystan*

&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

&c.

Bennett Simpson      &c.

██████ &c.  
                    &c.  
&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

[↑ Contents](#)

585. **Bennett M. Sm [Dimpson]**  
***Re: smithsons poetics, artists/poets***  
*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

I don't know what poets do generally.  
Is there any such thing as an artist?  
"Locals Only" is expandable.  
The moon is backyard and Robert Smithson  
singing contracts in the craters has found  
address books in every single one.  
"Winter Solstice, 4000 BC."  
Tomorrow night in Rene's typewriter.  
Do not lock  
and load.  
Charlottesville, Virginia photo  
index loop poop CPR.  
Need cheap tix to LGA, will red-eye,  
do while, Bennett  
&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.  
                    &c.  
Bennett Simpson      &c.  
██████      &c.  
                    &c.  
&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.&c.

[↑ Contents](#)

586. **Peter Ganick**  
***announce POTEPOETZINETHREE ----***  
*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

POTEPOETZINE will be sent out this coming monday-----  
contributors include; kim dawn, susan finnegan, guy  
bennett, craig foltz, jim leftwich, john kimball/peter ganick,  
john sembrakis, dan raphael, robert j. tiess, steve tills----  
to receive your own issue, send your e-mail address to:



| thy centuries follow each other  
| perfecting a small wild flower  
| (Tagore)  
////////////////////////////////////////\\\\\\\

[↑ Contents](#)

588. **David R. Israel**

***oops, never mind***

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

in a moments-ago post, I erroneously wrote:

| *p.s.: I've seen nor hide nor hair of the Poetics listserv -- no  
| posts, no digests, nada -- for the past 2 days. Strange.*

well, that had been true till I got the "June 18-20" digest -- an item from which (From Aldon N.) I was in fact responding to.

pardon moi; (chalk it off to the humidity . . . ?)

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

589. **Bob Grumman**

***Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po***

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

First off, thanks, Steven Marks, for alerting me to Chris Alexander's "ferrites," which DOES do very nice things with word fragments--and made me remember I wanted to tell Judy Roitman that I, too, am fascinated by the different tones, or whatever, of words on the page like "wait" and "weight," to which I would add "wgt." though its difference from the others is partly semantic since the abbreviation makes it say "cut&dry, impersonal, abstract," as well as "feel" different. Then there are "gray" and "grey," which are not only "visio-tonally" different, but semantically different, the "a" making "gray" a much happier hue than "grey," and also younger since (I think) "grey" is old-fashioned- seeming.

I also have a few comments for the abstraction/personal thread. My impression is that people like Mark W. are for a few words, loosely- defined, that they can run with while people like Henry Gould and I prefer many words, precisely-defined. Anyway, like Henry, I don't see an opposition between personal and abstract--but I do believe that abstract implies impersonal. The way I'd avoid all this is to speak of object-centered versus people-centered poetry. Either can be highly personal or impersonal. Plath seems mostly people-centered, most language poets object-centered (the object being language a lot of the time). But I'm just musing.



Anyway, that brings me to Stephen C. Ellman's request for enlightenment on what "lang po" is. It's short for "language poetry." As to what THAT is there is a lot of disagreement. I consider it poetry that works against linguistic norms--that is, breaks the rules of traditional prose and/or verse grammatically or orthographically. It's language-centered, but so is much non-language poetry. It has many socio-political definitions, too, that have nothing to do with what it actually is. And various poets are termed language poets, or NOT language poets, for purely personal reasons like cliquishness and anti-cliquishness. It's all very confusing, and I'm definitely not an authority on it, so would very much like to see other definitions of it. Meanwhile, I don't use the term in my formal taxonomy, going instead with "xenolinguistic poetry"--which no one else uses, which keeps its meaning from being corrupted.

Which brings me to viz po, short for visual poetry, and Marjorie Perloff's request for affordable materials for a seminar on visual poetry she's doing next year (and it's great that she's doing it, visual poetry continuing to be severely under-considered by the academy).

Sad to say, while there are a lot of terrific chapbook collections of viz po around, and zines of it, and isolated articles on it in small-circulation magazines, so far as I know there haven't been any full-scale major anthologies of it (in English) since the Solt and Williams anthologies over twenty years ago, and no worthwhile full-scale collections of viz po criticism EVER--except Bob Cobbing and Peter Mayer's *\*Concerning Concrete Poetry\** of 1978.

But I do have a few recommendations:

1. CORE: A Symposium on Contemporary Visual Poetry which contains a bit of criticism and a few samples of visual poetry but is mainly a sort of introduction to certain visual poets--as opposed to visual POETRY. But most of the serious practitioners have a page or two in it of comments about where they are in the field and how they feel about it, etc., so it should interest anyone interested in visual poetry.

The latest issue of SCORE (1015 NW Clifford St., Pullman WA 99163--I don't know the price; same address should get you information about CORE, which is probably out-of-print) which has a LOT of state-of-the-art visual poetry--from Russia, Australia, Uruguay, etc., as well as the States.

Harry Burrus's anthology *O!!Zone Visual Poetry* 1996 which has a very international, large collection of mostly first-rate recent visual poetry. I have a review of it in the May issue of Small Press Magazine. The price I give there I'm pretty sure is wrong--it's very high, if not (\$30)--though it's an 11 by 8.5 book of 188 pages. Burrus's address is 1266 Fountain View, Houston TX 77057-2204.

Then there are two excellent visual poetry websites, the UBUWEB and Karl Young's Light & Dust Site no student of viz po should be allowed to ignore. The first is esp. good on historical visual poetry, the latter on current visual (and lots of other kinds of) poetry. And both are free!

Score, previously mentioned, has published a number of worthwhile collections of visual poetry, too. Among the very few other presses publishing viz po is my own Runaway Spoon Press. A catalog is available through the electronic poetry center's links to small presses. Most of my books are small saddle-stitched SCRUFFY-NOT-SHODDY productions. Here're the authors and titles of a few:

John Byrum: CONFLATIO

Jake Berry: EQUATIONS

Karl Kempton: RUNES 6, and RUNES 7

Virginia V. Hlavsa: FESTILLIFES

Richard Kostelanetz: REPARTITIONS IV

Jonathan Brannen: WARP & PEACE

Stephen-Paul Martin: UNTIL IT CHANGES

Lloyd Dunn: INBETWEENING

Larry Tomoyasu: MOCKINGBIRD LITMUS

Harry Polkinhorn: SUMMARY DISSOLUTION

John Martone: FAR HUMAN CHARACTER

G. Huth: GHOSTLIGHT

LeRoy Gorman: HEAVYN

Guy R. Beining: PIECEMEAL, 1 through 8 (8 volumes but single copies available)

All but the Kemptons are \$3 apiece; the Kemptons are \$5 apiece. Not only are these books representative of high-level current visual poetry but examples of the micro-press in action and thus capable, I would hope, of inspiring the truly interested visual poet into similar publishing efforts.

I hope this biased and incomplete list proves helpful, not only to Marjorie but anyone curious about viz po.

--Bob G.

> Bob G. wrote:

>

> >Also,

> >how prevalent has word-fragmentation been among the language poets? I

> >know P. Inman, for one, has used it. Can't remember if he kept all the

> >fragments of some of his words, though--rather than just a front or rear

> >fragment.

> >

> I don't know the answer to this question, but if you want to see a poem

> that makes an interesting use of front and rear fragments of words, go to  
> Chis Alexander's Webzine "n/formation." Look for his poem "ferrites" in  
> the current issue. URL is  
>  
> <http://choengmon.lib.utah.edu/~calexand/nonce/nonce.html>  
>  
> cheers,  
> Steven  
>  
> \_\_\_\_\_  
> Steven Marks  
>  
> <http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>  
> \_\_\_\_\_  
Judy Roitman wgt.

[↑ Contents](#)

590. **John Tranter**

***Abstract Personal HallmarkCards***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

In a recent post, David Bromige said :

"As for neo-formalism (Dana Gioia, I hear, is an adviser to Hallmark), it lacks micro-intensity. Micro being where lives actually takes place, neo-formalism is dead."

Now come on, David, you now better than to traduce a good poet's name with loose, malicious and inaccurate gossip like that. Dana Gioia is not, nor has he ever been, an advisor to Hallmark.

<IR> It's \*Hallmark\* who is the advisor to \*Dana Gioia\*. </IR>

Okay?

» » » » » » » » » » [REDACTED] » » » » » » » » » »

John Tranter, 39 Short Street, Balmain NSW 2041, Australia

Phone Sydney ([REDACTED]) FAX ([REDACTED])

[↑ Contents](#)

591. **Maria Damon**

***Re: Spicer***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

| Okay, more later, thank you--everybody for all your support.--XXX Kevin

yay, kevin, delighted it's finally in the bag, i look forward to being able to refer all of my students to it, spicer's developing a minor cult in mpls.

[↑ Contents](#)

592. **Susan Wheeler**

***Abstract etc.***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

from early journals of Elizabeth Bishop:

"It's a question of using the poet's proper materials, with which he is equipped by nature, i.e., immediate, intense physical reactions, a sense of metaphor and decoration in everything -- to express something not of them -- something I suppose, <spiritual>. But it proceeds from the material, the material eaten out with acid, pulled down from underneath, made to perform and always kept in order, in its place. Sometimes it cannot be made to indicate its spiritual goal clearly (some of Hopkins', say, where the point seems to be missing) but even then the spiritual must be felt. Miss Moore does this -- but occasionally I think, the super-material content in her poems is too easy for the material involved, -- it could have meant more. The other way -- of using the supposedly 'spiritual' -- the beautiful, the nostalgic, the ideal and <poetic>, to produce the <material> -- is the way of the Romantic, I think -- and a great perversity. This may be capable of being treated by a mere studying of simile and metaphor -- This is why genuine religious poetry seems to be about as far as poetry can go -- and as good as it can be -- it also explains the dangers of love-poetry."

Susan Wheeler

██████████

voice/fax ██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

593. **Maria Damon**

***Re: jwcurry, sondheim, kdawn***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

At 2:52 PM -0400 6/17/97, Joseph Lease wrote:

>an Irish rock star said--I don't care if it's all been done before--I

>haven't done it all before--

>

>that too is a part of the story--

>

>if what we mean by culture--and history--is character labs--where selves

>reconfigure--

i agree. one of the most exciting things about teaching or writing for that matter is watching students (or feeling oneself) reinventing the wheel. this was the principle behind much "experimental education" in the 1970s and is still very meaningful to me. i actually think, too, that part of the power of acker's writing comes from a slippage between the "personal" and the "experimental," deconstructive nature of her writing. if it were all one or all the other, it'd be boring, a one-trick pony, etc, and there are times when i do feel that. but it's exciting to me the aesthetically pleasurable, and disturbing, disorientation (regardless of what she herself says about her writing) that ensues from experiencing her writing as both.

[↑ Contents](#)

594. **p.c. jaeger**  
***eyerhymes at Edmonton***

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

I can't add too much here to what Doug Barbour and Dave Chirot already posted about the eyerhymes conference, except to say that it was extremely well organized. also I think Doug was a bit too modest about his performance with Steven Scobie at the Latitude 53 gallery in Edmonton--many of us there thought it was one of the night's highlights, especially the group's translation of Derrida's Postcard. & Bob Cobbing's performance was superb--it was great too see someone of his age and stature still performing--in fact, his age added to the performance, because it countered our culture's typical stress on the youthful body (refreshed by age!).

this was an exceptionally good conference...thanks to all involved.

Peter

[↑ Contents](#)

595. **Aldon L. Nielsen**  
***Re: \_My Life in the Bush of Ghosts\_***

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

Amos Tutuola died last week -- small obits here and there, but many U.S. papers failed to quote anything from his books --

If you haven't already, read \_The Palm Wine Drinkard\_

[↑ Contents](#)

596. **Daniel Tessitore**

**Re: abstract personal**

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

Lang Po was a failed marketing ploy, by which chunks of Alpo were shaped into the likenesses of famous poets. You know, the dogs just gobbled'em up anyway.

DT

-----

From: George Bowering[SMTP: [REDACTED]]

Sent: Monday, June 23, 1997 9:37 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: abstract personal

*stephen ellwood asked:*

*I have a question, as well. What does "Lang Po" stand for? I'm sorry for ignorance which I know, for I have my own miniscule area of expertise, will make me appear poignantly ridiculous. Oh, I take that back. I have no area of expertise.*

*Lang Po is the second cousin twice removed of Li Po.*

And also grandnephew of Edgar Allan Po.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,

Vancouver, B.C.,

Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

597. **LYNES- KATHERINE**

**Re: abstract personal**

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

stephen ellwood asked:

*I have a question, as well. What does "Lang Po" stand for? I'm sorry for ignorance which I know, for I have my own miniscule area of expertise, will make me appear poignantly ridiculous. Oh, I take that back. I have no area of expertise.*

Lang Po is the second cousin twice removed of Li Po.

or it's language poetry at least that's what i've translated it as being and btw expertise can be and often is over-rated.

kl

[↑ Contents](#)

598. **David R. Israel**

**representation**

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

abstract v. personal was bandied about variously here. Henry Gould then remarked,

*Abstract is not the contrary of personal - concrete is. & abstract & concrete are slippery terms about poetry or painting. An abstract painting emphasizes the concreteness of the medium; so, I guess, would an opaque (non-narrative, non-"speech") poem.*

I guess in painting, the "representational" has often been posited as the contrary of the "abstract." Or one hears of "representational" vs. "nonrepresentational" painting. In both painting and poetry, narrative also has something to do with these fulcra, sometimes.

These issues & contraries came to mind when chancing on this:

"It is idle to talk always of the alternative of reason and faith. Reason is itself a matter of faith. It is an act of faith to assert that our thoughts have any relation to reality at all." -G.K. Chesterton, \*Orthodoxy\*

Similarly, perhaps (in a manner of speaking) the personal is itself a matter of the abstract -- a particular case thereof. Or should we rather phrase this vice versa?

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

599. **Dean Taciuch**

**Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po**

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

Bob Grumman wrote:

>I also have a few comments for the abstraction/personal thread. My  
>impression is that people like Mark W. are for a few words, loosely-  
>defined, that they can run with while people like Henry Gould and I  
>prefer many words, precisely-defined. Anyway, like Henry, I don't see  
>an opposition between personal and abstract--but I do believe that  
>abstract implies impersonal. The way I'd avoid all this is to speak of

>object-centered versus people-centered poetry. Either can be highly  
>personal or impersonal. Plath seems mostly people-centered, most  
>language poets object-centered (the object being language a lot of the  
>time). But I'm just musing.

People are, among other things, objects. Not merely, but also.

Dean

[↑ Contents](#)

600. **David Bromige**

***POETPOETZINE; Rachel Loden's e-ddress***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

Yes, good idea Jay, please, Loss, sign me up as subscriber to  
POETPOETZINE.

And, excuse the intrusion of private things into the common matrix, but Rachel  
Loden, the postmaster tells me the e-ddress I have for you, doesn't deliver. Cd  
you b.c. me w/ the right stuff? Thanks, & have a mad midsommarsnatt all of you  
fellow-listlings, what with this wild fullest of moons out there in deepest sum-  
mer northernmost sun! Lets get out there & do something to Romanticism it'll  
never forget! David

[↑ Contents](#)

601. **David Bromige**

***oops***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

I t h o u g h t there was something familiar about that title. But then I thought,  
"Aw, when you're over 60, everything new sounds the same." I had e-called a  
posting by Loss re this e-zine, & mistook him for the issuer. Sorry, Peter, of  
course I recognize the title now, I was even in one! Duh. (But Rachel, its no mis-  
take that I couldnt forward this great joke to you last nite because of the P.O.  
Btw, Listlings, [REDACTED] (subject: subscribe; body: your name) will send you  
an off-color (what joke isnt?) joke a day. It could relieve some of the humor-  
stress on this List. David

[↑ Contents](#)

602. **lee ann brown**

***Re: POETICS Digest - 18 Jun 1997 to 20 Jun 1997***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

Dear Poetics List,



eeeww!

---

Back by popular demand...from the SPAM home page...be sure to check this important Web feature for collectible items, and show your support for Hormel's best selling by-product!

S P A M H A I K U S

Author Unknown

Cold, Pink, gelatinous mass,  
The potted meat for which I crave,  
Warns of impending earthquake.

Ears, snouts and innards,  
A homogeneous mass.  
Pass another slice.

Pink tender morsel,  
Glistening with salty gel.  
What the hell is it?

Cube of cold pinkness  
Yellow specks of porcine fat.  
Give me a spork please.

Old man seeks doctor.  
"I eat SPAM daily", he says.  
Angioplasty.

Highly unnatural,  
The tortured shape of this "food".  
A small pink coffin.

Hors d'oeuvre with great flair:  
Spam, Vienna sausage, Chex.  
Blend well with Cheez Whiz.

What are the clear parts?  
My mind reels, thoughts turn to hooves.  
I'd best just eat it.

We joke about SPAM  
But secretly we think that  
It tastes pretty good.

Watch the pink slab fry.  
Its grease can lubricate eggs.  
Get ketchup ready.

Spam on Wonder Bread.  
He's allergic to sulfites.  
Hives come after lunch.

Pressed, the cold slice soothes  
Eye, a black-and-blue shiner.  
SPAM, what useful stuff.

Parts of pigs o' plenty.  
Sumptuous feet and tails.  
Rub amber gel through hair.

You don't want to know  
What they put in that tin can.  
It's scary to think.

Drop a pig in a blender,  
Add salt and dye:  
The recipe for SPAM.

O D E T O S P A M  
by Charlie Johnston

What shining deity from Olympus knelt  
down to the earth and hog butt smelt?  
Creating then man's eternal desire  
for swine entrails congealed by fire.

Where are the Jack Collom SPAM ACROSTICS?

Love,  
Lee Ann Brown

Currently reporting from Charlotte, NC where "Livermush" is made (Neese's Liver Pudding) (a combo of pork parts and grains) It's black, you slice it and then you fry it. It's like Southern Pate'. Also known as "Scrapple." I think I feel poetry coming on. I'll cheat and include one of my verses from "Amazing Grace" included in forthcoming book, "Polyverse" (Sun & Moon Press, hopefully Fall 1997) . . .

Amazing Grits! How sweet the Redeye  
That flavored my Livermush!  
Fried Okra, Collard Greens and Chicken, fried  
Ice Tea, Lots of lemon, with Mint, crushed.

(Sing to the tune of Amazing Grace)

[↑ Contents](#)

603. **Janet S. Gray**

**CFP: Oswald/Ruby photo**

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

Forwarding this on the notion it will be of interest to some list members:

In-A-Gadda-Da-Oswald is a picture based on the iconic 1963 photo of Lee Harvey Oswald's murder. The photo was altered in Adobe Photoshop, placed on the internet, and quickly became a global fetish object, gracing walls from the Pentagon to the Australian outback, as well as being used as an instructional tool in journalism and English classes.

In-A-Gadda-Da-Oswald can be found at  
<http://www.tw-zone.com/cosmo/index.html>

We are seeking essays, poems, or other forms of writing that analyze In-A-Gadda-Da-Oswald from the perspectives of cultural or aesthetic criticism, political analysis, parody, or other approaches. Creative and experimental work are welcome. Please limit submissions to 1000 words. Writers and thinkers of all ages and disciplines are invited to submit.

The deadline for submission is October 1, 1997. Send submissions in ASCII by e-mail to



All submissions will be considered for inclusion in an electronic journal, "Oswald in a Jam: Dissemination of Popular Culture on the Internet."

[↑ Contents](#)

604. **Bob Grumman**

**Re: Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po**

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

Regarding Dean Taciuch's posting, granted, people are also objects, so to be precise I should speak of objects-which-aren't-people-centered poetry and objects-which-are-people-centered poetry. Better: nonsocial- object-centered poetry and social-object-centered poetry. For easy discussion, though, object-centered" and "people-centered" poetry seem reasonable to me.

Or maybe "pre-human-" or "pre-animal-" or "pre-organism-object-centered poetry versus "people-centered poetry" would be best: fewest words with no loss of precision.

I believe, by the way, that there are brain-sections devoted to people as people, and brain sections devoted to objects, including people as objects. There have been people with stroke-related or other brain- damage (if I remember it right)

who couldn't identify people but could identify objects. Other data supports this (I am sure I remember, but can't remember ANY details, so I surrender in advance to any challenges). If I'm right about this, it might be that one kind of poet is using more of certain brain areas than the other, and less of others. Maybe even working out of different areas.

Still just musing, Bob G.

P.S., I think there are abstraction areas in the brain, too, that are different from object-related areas. Another zone some work out of--like me, possibly too much of the time, I sometimes suspect.

[↑ Contents](#)

605. **Judy Roitman**  
**Re: abstract personal**  
Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

- Henry Gould (with doo-be-doo John Dewey looking over his crow)

*p.s. seems to me that the MEDIUM of poetry taken up by Plath or Sexton is the very same one taken up by the language poets. & I don't see how the formalities imposed by the former are any more constricting or artificial than those of the latter. What does the poem do with its materials? This literary progress by short-term one-upmanship will tell us nothing. That is, it will tell you as little about Plath etc. as I can tell you about Silliman etc. the times change, the styles change... then they change back again...*

I think --- what the hell do I know, but I think --- it isn't the formalism that's at issue, it's the placing of things into convenient mythology. Or not. Better not to, even if the mythology is invented right there on the spot. E.g., (or is it c.f.?) E. Dickinson, who didn't. Sometimes.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

606. **David R. Israel**  
**haiku-gram**  
Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

Lee Ann --

////////////////////\\\V////

492

"Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so  
As women do in divers countries go  
In divers habits, yet are still one kind,  
So doth, so is religion; and this blind-  
Ness too much light breed;"

from Satire 3, c.1593

Jonson, a little later:

"O, these so ignorant monsters! Light, as proud,  
Who can behold their manners, and not cloud-  
Like upon them lighten?"

from "An Epistle to a Friend, to Persuade Him to the Wars"

Gary R

[↑ Contents](#)

608. **Dean Taciuch**

***Re: Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po***

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

*Regarding Dean Taciuch's posting, granted, people are also objects, so to be precise I should speak of objects-which-aren't-people-centered poetry and objects-which-are-people-centered poetry. Better: nonsocial-object-centered poetry and social-object-centered poetry. For easy discussion, though, object-centered" and "people-centered" poetry seem reasonable to me.*

*Or maybe "pre-human-" or "pre-animal-" or "pre-organism-object-centered poetry versus "people-centered poetry" would be best: fewest words with no loss of precision.*

Actually, I think perhaps it's too precise--making distinctions where they're not needed. Or at least such a distinction is in fact the question (not an answer). I'm thinking here of Olson's Projective Verse, among other things; the idea that one treats the self as an object in a field of objects.

Dean

[↑ Contents](#)

609. **Bob Grumman**

***Re: Nemes, Names, Lang Po, Viz Po***

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

So Donne donne hyphenated word-breaks at ends of lines long before Hopkins. Whaddya know! Thanks, Gary R.

As for Dean T's bringing in Olson's idea that one treats the self as an object in a field of objects to support Dean's belief that we don't need to distinguish pre-human-object-centered poetry from people-centered poetry (if I have him right), it still seems to me there'd be a significant difference between the self in a field of non-human objects and the self in a field of people-objects. A field of words is different from a field of rocks is different from a field of people even if we accept words, rocks and people all as objects. Or am I missing something?

--Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

610. **main**

### ***Re: representation***

Sat 21 Jun 1997

---

On Sat, 21 Jun 1997, David R. Israel wrote:

*Similarly, perhaps (in a manner of speaking) the personal is itself a matter of the abstract -- a particular case thereof. Or should we rather phrase this vice versa?*

the roman's \_persona\_ was something to sound through, a face mask fronting the voice you stood behind; so we get person(s) from artifice. \_personae\_: multiple masks of some one mythical face no one ever saw on stage.

personal/abstract, concrete/abstract, personal/impersonal... stein and creeley were set forward as examples of the abstract and concrete respectively, and sexton as an example of the personal. how, precisely, is the personal being configured? perhaps it'd be useful to look at specific uses of language from, say, stein and sexton. someone proposed narrative as an attribute of the personal. how is narrative being defined? is the personal a matter of how narrative is employed (tonal shifts, tense shifts, uses of grammar, singular and cohesive speech-act versus polyvocal and conflicting speech-acts, and so on)? from the examples given, there seems to be an implied connection between the personal and normative grammar and syntax: ? if sexton's work is an example of the personal, how is this determined: use of first-person? personal-historical details? normative syntax and temporal sequence? lack of self-reflexivity in the poems? conversely, is stein's work, then, impersonal/abstract/concrete, and why? anyone wanna propose two specimens for close-reading? best, dan featherston

[↑ Contents](#)

611. **Jordan Davis**  
***representation and separability***  
*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

At 5:39 PM -0500 6/21/97, Dean Taciuch wrote:

>Representational work  
>has separable content, nonrepresentational work doesn't (or its separable  
>content is unimportant).  
>  
>I'm seeing this question of content come up in my classes, as I'm trying to  
>cover Mac Low and Cage. . .there is a resistance on the part on the  
>students (undergraduate), which I think is due to their not being able to  
>say what the poems are "about." At least that's how they've expressed the  
>discomfort to me.  
>The work seems "abstract" to them because there's no separable content,  
>nothing they can paraphrase when someone asks them "what's that poem  
about"

Dean -- I disagree wildly. You are correct to suggest that the separable content may be intended to be unimportant -- but it is nonetheless there, like the pigment Williams alluded to. The resistance of your students is a real resistance -- the differences of tone, style, whatever, between different works in which ordinary syntax is kaput or in which the so-called materiality of language is allegedly foregrounded -- these are real differences of what we stereotype as meaning. Not much mistaking 'Fits of Dawn' for 'I Don't Have Any Paper' or 'Toner' or 'Tone Arm' or Zukofsky's translation of Catullus. (Though

This issue of the importance of the separability of prose meaning from abstract writing is the main issue (as I see it, anyway) in the interview between John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch, collected by Anne Waldman in the anthology Out of this World. The interview (which apparently was conducted on a typewriter and not out loud -- a significant detail for an interview in which Ashbery explains that the subject of his poetry is people and objects) has an apprehensive Koch teasing out the meaning of some Tennis Court Oath era-lines, and a diffident Ashbery just teasing.

Tuba lure only,  
Tea glass hyena,  
Jordan  
Tea glass hyena.

[↑ Contents](#)



612. **Dean Taciuch**

***Re: representation***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

Another way to frame the "abstract vs personal" or "concrete vs personal" discussion might be to consider separable or paraphrasable content. "Personal" might (might) be considered as something which the work can be said to be "about" if there is an "about" to it. That is, representation vs nonrepresentation, as David Israel has posed it. Representational work has separable content, non-representational work doesn't (or its separable content is unimportant).

I'm seeing this question of content come up in my classes, as I'm trying to cover Mac Low and Cage. . .there is a resistance on the part on the students (undergraduate), which I think is due to their not being able to say what the poems are "about." At least that's how they've expressed the discomfort to me. The work seems "abstract" to them because there's no separable content, nothing they can paraphrase when someone asks them "what's that poem about" (of course, that's not the question I ask them. That's not the question at all)

Dean

[↑ Contents](#)

613. **Piombino/Simon**

***Re: representation***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

Hi Dean Taciuch,

I wonder if it might help to approach Cage and Mac Low's writing to students with difficulties like this by introducing them to their music as a parallel effort at dealing with meaning in more oblique ways than is usually expected. I would like to suggest, in particular, Jackson Mac Low's amazing relatively new cd "Open Secrets" (1993 Experimental Intermedia Foundation 224 Centre Street, New York, N.Y. 10013). Here are some of the cuts:

1. 1st Milarepa Gatha
2. Milarepa Quartet for Four Like instruments
3. Thankss
4. Winds/Instruments
5. 38th and 39th Merzgedichte in Memoriam Kurt Schwitters
6. Phoneme Dance in Memoriam John Cage

This album is an amazing mix of pure music (as in Winds/Instruments, which evokes an almost melodically harmonic, lyricized Webern) and the Milarepa Gothas which are spoken word, but for many voices, prominently Ann Tardos, all of which show the presence of Mac Low's precision of unexpectable

soundings. The Winds/Instruments particularly reminded me of something Mac Low once said to me when he and I did a collaborative reading with Charles Bernstein at the Living Theater some years ago. The direction he kept coming back to was: "Real silences."

Best wishes,

Nick P. On Sat, 21 Jun 1997, Dean Taciuch wrote:

*Another way to frame the "abstract vs personal" or "concrete vs personal" discussion might be to consider separable or paraphrasable content. "Personal" might (might) be considered as something which the work can be said to be "about" if there is an "about" to it. That is, representation vs nonrepresentation, as David Israel has posed it. Representational work has separable content, nonrepresentational work doesn't (or its separable content is unimportant).*

*I'm seeing this question of content come up in my classes, as I'm trying to cover Mac Low and Cage. . .there is a resistance on the part on the students (undergraduate), which I think is due to their not being able to say what the poems are "about." At least that's how they've expressed the discomfort to me.*

*The work seems "abstract" to them because there's no separable content, nothing they can paraphrase when someone asks them "what's that poem about" (of course, that's not the question I ask them. That's not the question at all)*

*Dean*

[↑ Contents](#)

614. **Dean Taciuch**

***Re: representation, separability, self***

*Sat 21 Jun 1997*

---

Jordan Davis wrote:

>Dean -- I disagree wildly. You are correct to suggest that the separable  
>content may be intended to be unimportant -- but it is nonetheless  
>there, like the pigment Williams alluded to. The resistance of your  
>students is a real resistance -- the differences of tone, style, whatever,  
>between different works in which ordinary syntax is kaput or in which the  
>so-called materiality of language is allegedly foregrounded -- these are  
>real differences of what we stereotype as meaning.

Meaning and content are different things. Nonrepresentational (abstract) works certainly have meaning (they \_mean\_ far more, that is, in more ways, than do representational works). But the paraphrasable content (the descriptive, the referential) is not as important.

*This issue of the importance of the separability of prose meaning from abstract writing is the main issue (as I see it, anyway) in the interview between John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch, collected by Anne Waldman in the anthology \_Out of this World\_. The interview (which apparently was conducted on a typewriter and not out loud -- a significant detail for an interview in which Ashbery explains that the subject of his poetry is people and objects) has an apprehensive Koch teasing out the meaning of some Tennis Court Oath era-lines, and a diffident Ashbery just teasing.*

Well, having just tried teaching \_Tennis Court Oath\_ I'd sure like to have found that interview. But certainly the lines in the TCO poems have meaning; what they lack is a clearly defined referent. They will, in the course of one's reading, find a referent (via the reader) so they become meaningful. If the reader is reluctant to do this (if he or she assumes, for example, that "that's the writer's job, not mine,") then it all looks meaningless.

And, in an effort to keep my posts down today (nothing from me in over a month, then, what, four posts today?) I'll respond to Bob Grumman's last here too:

Bob Grumman wrote:

>As for Dean T's bringing in Olson's idea that one treats the self as an  
>object in a field of objects to support Dean's belief that we don't need  
>to distinguish pre-human-object-centered poetry from people-centered  
>poetry (if I have him right), it still seems to me there'd be a  
>significant difference between the self in a field of non-human objects  
>and the self in a field of people-objects. A field of words is  
>different from a field of rocks is different from a field of people even  
>if we accept words, rocks and people all as objects. Or am I missing  
>something?

Well, it's not that as though we don't make this distinction (human vs nonhuman) all the time; what I'm suggesting is that the "significant difference" is not obvious or something to be taken for granted when it comes to writing.

I am a person / "I" is an object.

Dean

[↑ Contents](#)

615. **Jay Schwartz**

***Re: announce POTEPOETZINETHREE ----***

*Sun 22 Jun 1997*

---

Sign me up for a subscription please- I saw this on the Poetics List.

My e-mail is [REDACTED].

looking forward to it,

Jay

[↑ Contents](#)

616. **Michel Delville**

***Hughes's theory of decline / Baudrillard's art conspiracy***

*Sun 22 Jun 1997*

---

Reading yesterday's postings on Hughes' attacks on contemporary art, I was reminded of an interview Jean Baudrillard published in a recent issue of the French magazine, \*artpress\*. The interview itself was published as a "droit de réponse" to the uproar caused in the art world by Baudrillard's article, "The Art Conspiracy" (first published in the 20 May issue of \*Libération\*), in which he develop his own theory of decline, arguing that we are all simultaneously conned by and complicit with the "theatricality" of the art scene. What Baudrillard is taking issue with, however, is not so much the art world as the "aesthetics" that surrounds it, namely "that added value or cultural veneer behind which intrinsic value disappears". "We can no longer pin down the object," Baudrillard goes on, "all we have are the surrounding discourses or an accumulation of visions that end up forming an artificial aura." (\*artpress\* no. 216, Sept. 1996).

I suppose there's nothing wrong with seeing art as a simulacrum or defining the art market as a system of easily consumable signs, but there's a rather disturbing form of nostalgia behind all this which some may find extremely compromising, if not altogether reactionary. Mourning the singularity of the lost object, dreaming of a pre-poststructuralist world in which images are still connected to the world out there, etc. And yet, as Baudrillard himself hastens to add, dodging accusations of aesthetic and political conservatism: "I know that object does not exist, no more than truth does, but I maintain the desire for it through a way of looking which is a kind of absolute, a divine judgement, and which reveals the insignificance of all other objects. This nostalgia is fundamental. It is lacking in all kinds of contemporary art. it is a kind of mental strategy which ensures that one makes proper use of the void." Baudrillard's own "art" photographs are a case in point but seem less nostalgic than epigonic, looking back

as they do on the glazed, faded super-realism of Edward Hopper or the early David Hockney.

Too bad Baudrillard -- just like Hughes, I suppose though I did not have a chance to see the TV programme in question -- puts Jeff Koons, Jesus Rafael Soto, Anselm Kiefer (a very nostalgic artist if there ever was one) and others into the same basket. Of course, the main limitation of Baudrillard's theories about anything has always been their refusal to approach the social and cultural specifics of the subjects he's trying to demystify and "decode". . .

-----  
Michel Delville  
English Department  
University of Liège  
3, Place Cockerill  
4000 LIEGE  
(BELGIUM)

Fax: ++ 32(0)4 366 57 21  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

617. **Michel Delville**  
***query / Stein***  
*Sun 22 Jun 1997*

---

Dear listers:

could anybody please backchannel me with the address (and, if possible, the fax number) of the Estate of Gertrude Stein ?

Many thanks -- yours desperately,

-----  
Michel Delville  
English Department  
University of Liège  
3, Place Cockerill  
4000 LIEGE  
(BELGIUM)

Fax: ++ 32(0)4 366 57 21  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

618. **rsillima**

***Paint, he sd, or move objects around, ride a horse, box, etc.***

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

Dear Pat,

LP's relation to painting? An interesting question, although I doubt that it's one with any kind of conclusive, easy to summarize response. I've heard at least one person argue, with reasonably convincing terms, that I at least have been as deeply influenced by Lucy Lippard's art criticism as by any artist (specifically her work, *Six Years: the Dematerialization of the Art Object*). And there have always been lots of painters and visual artists around, including Susan Bee, Doug Hall, Diane Hall, Francie Shaw, John Woodall, Jill Scott, Jock Reynolds and Lee Sherry, well as publishers (notably Geoff Young and Douglas Messerli) who made great use of their connections to the art world for many, many great covers, writers whose work often took on aspects that were all but indistinguishable from other art forms (Johanna Drucker's books, Steve Benson's performances, Grenier's scrawl). Hannah Weiner and Jackson Mac Low were both acknowledged by the performance art world even before there was a collective identity to something like langpo. Abby Child was a great filmmaker already by the time she began writing.

But another way to look at all these inchoate references would be just to see how much langpo ("a moment, not a movement") was a phenomenon of the 1970s and look at the visual arts of that decade. It was very much an "in between" period and not surprisingly conceptual and performance art were at their most influential during that period. I really got to know Kathy Acker, for example, through our attending the Bluxome Street events around 1974 when David Anderson sponsored 30 performances by Bay Artists (Tom Marioni, Terry Fox, etc.) in part to really prod that scene (which in turn led to the SF Art Dealers Association, which was always trying to get those things out of their galleries where (1) they couldn't sell it and (2) it too often stained the wall to wall carpeting, to "donate" half of their collective storage facility on Langton Street, leading thus to the creation of 80 Langton (now New Langton Arts and around the corner on Folsom). Events at the Museum of Conceptual Art (Marioni's loft as I recall) on 3rd Street were popular, always followed by drinks at Jerry's & Johnny's (where the Marriott Jukebox is now I think).

Later, Jill Scott (an Australian artist who's been back there now for many many years) and I co-hosted a series at The Farm in SF, one performance artist and one poet on each bill. One of the things which fascinated performance folks about the SF langpo scene was that there seemed to be a shared vocabulary in which writers could talk and learn from one another while no two performance artists seemed to be doing even remotely the same thing, so it was very difficult

to even discuss the work and actually no particular impetus to go see what X was doing because it wouldn't have any impact on your work anyway.

By performance art, I mean the conceptual side of that. The physical theater community (George Coats, etc.) was a totally different scene and while there some folks, like George Lakoff, who were very active with it, it never really connected in the same way. But that may be the bias of my own perspective speaking.

Ron

Ron Silliman  
262 Orchard Road  
Paoli, PA 19301-1116

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] (o)

[REDACTED] (fax)

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/silliman/>

[↑ Contents](#)

619. **David R. Israel**

**"the scholarly monograph in crisis"**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

Poetas,

summer daze, weekend Poetics traffic being slower, I'll borrow some bandwidth to forward the better part of an announcement I got from another listserv. I'm no academic and have no personal involvement in what's discussed. That being so, I found it a bit interesting for its metaphorical shades -- reminding of issues in the Po world, etc.

cheers,

d.i.

-----  
Subject: CONFERENCE: THE SPECIALIZED SCHOLARLY MONOGRAPH IN  
CRISIS

Date: Thu, 12 Jun 97 13:50:33 -0500 From: H-Net News and  
Announcements Editor <[REDACTED]> \*\*\*\*\*

THE SPECIALIZED SCHOLARLY MONOGRAPH IN CRISIS

OR, HOW CAN I GET TENURE IF YOU WON'T PUBLISH MY BOOK?

SEPTEMBER 11-12, 1997  
WASHINGTON, DC

CONFERENCE SPONSORED BY:

AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES  
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESSES  
ASSOCIATION OF RESEARCH LIBRARIES

"Saving 'Tenure Books' From a Painful Demise"  
*Chronicle of Higher Education*, 11/1/96

"Profit Squeeze for Publishers Makes Tenure More Elusive"  
*New York Times*, 11/18/96

*Recent headlines in the New York Times and the Chronicle of Higher Education warn of the dangers posed by the threat to the specialized scholarly monograph. The primary market for specialized monographs--research libraries--has been burdened over the past decade with significant increases in the costs of science and technology journals, resulting in dramatic decreases in monographic purchases. Faced with this eroding market and declining subsidies from both universities and funding agencies, university presses can no longer afford to publish the specialized research which is central to their mission. As a consequence, young faculty are not getting tenured or promoted, undermining the future of education and scholarship in the humanities and social sciences.*

*This conference on the specialized scholarly monograph brings together faculty, administrators, publishers, and librarians to focus attention on an issue central to the entire academic enterprise. It examines the current state of scholarly communication and explores the potential of new technologies to provide both new means of dissemination and new formats for conducting research and communicating the results.*

*The conference examines:*

*\* the issues involved in the creation and dissemination of scholarly communication from the perspectives of a university administrator, scholar, publisher, and librarian; \* the functions and costs involved in the scholarly communication process, examining the factors which have contributed to the endangered status of the monograph; \* expectations for young faculty, and how and why they are changing; \* how the issues differ across fields and disciplines and how these variables affect the decisions made by the presses; \* current experiments in monographic publishing; and \* new frameworks in scholarly communication and how these might provide new models for creation and dissemination of research.*



*SPEAKERS INCLUDE:*

*John D'Arms, ACLS*

*Charles Beitz, Bowdoin College*

*Scott Bennett, Yale University Library*

*Stanley Chodorow, University of Pennsylvania*

*Colin Day, University of Michigan Press*

*Sandria Freitag, American Historical Association*

*Joanna Hitchcock, University of Texas Press*

*Steve Humphrey, University of California, Santa Barbara*

*Robert Langenfeld, University of North Carolina, Greensboro*

*Peter Nathan, University of Iowa*

*Teresa Sullivan, University of Texas at Austin*

*Marlie Wasserman, Rutgers University Press*

*Robert Wedgeworth, University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign  
Library*

*PROGRAM OUTLINE*

<snip> { I'll spare you those particulars; the conference is being held at a Marriott, across the street from my office in DC -- so if anyone were actually to go, you're welcome to send me an e-m & I'll say hi - d.i. }

*For more information or to register online, see  
<<http://arl.cni.org/scomm/epub/program.html>>*

*Mary Case, Director  
Office of Scholarly Communication  
Association of Research Libraries  
21 Dupont Circle, N.W., Suite 800  
Washington, D.C. 20036*

*██████████ X112*

*Fax: ██████████*

*Internet: ██████████*

[↑ Contents](#)

620. **GrahamD**

***Re: representation***

*Sun 22 Jun 1997*

---

What IS the question you ask them?

Curiously,

David Graham

██████████

---

From: UB Poetics discussion group on Sat, Jun 21, 1997 4:48 PM

Subject: Re: representation

To: ██████████

<<<<<<<<<<<<< The work seems "abstract" to them because there's no separable content, nothing they can paraphrase when someone asks them "what's that poem about" (of course, that's not the question I ask them. That's not the question at all)

Dean<<<<<<<<<<<<<

[↑ Contents](#)

621. **Daniel Tessitore**

***Re: bio sphere***

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

Maria Damon and EVD had this exchange:

and of course those

> categories are highly dependent on context, what i know of the poem, poet,

> or cultural work the poem does or intends. in one context a work is

> interesting, in another, it's boring or seems out of place.

I would go farther and say that from a poet or artist about whom I have one set of information (one code of desires) a work will seem boring, while from another the same exact work would be compelling, make me sick with yearning...and isn't that the name of the game. \_\_\_\_\_

I'll throw my ignorance out on the table--what game is this and how does one play it? can you provide an example (is it possible?) of identical work being compelling if written by poet A and boring if written by poet B?

Doesn't this show that intimate knowledge of the circumstance's of the writer's life can as easily be a detriment (at least a limitation) to your reading?

DT

[↑ Contents](#)

622. **John Kinsella**

***What's in a name? Salt 10 poetry journal***

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

I've just received an advance copy of Salt 10 - you'll find work by writers from France, Sweden, England, USA, NZ, and Australia in there:

Adam Aitken

Pierre Alferi

Rae Armantrout

Karen Attard

Charles Bernstein

Andrea Brady  
Veronica Brady  
Andrew Burke  
Helene Cixous  
Maryline Debiolles  
Gunnar Harding  
Lyn Hejinian  
Paul Hoover  
David Howard  
Paul Kane  
Steve Kelen  
John Kinsella  
Andrew Lansdown  
James Lucas  
Jennifer Maiden  
Rod Mengham  
Douglas Messerli  
Peter Minter  
Les Murray  
Travis Ortiz  
Loss Pequeno Glazier  
Simon Perchik  
Marjorie Perloff  
Peter Riley  
Zan Ross  
Frances Rouse  
Tracy Ryan  
Michael Sharkey  
Ron Simms  
Kathleen Stewart  
Keston Sutherland  
John Tranter  
Karlien van den Beukel  
Brenda Walker  
Alan Wearne  
John Wilkinson

---

Enjoy

Best

John K

[↑ Contents](#)

623. **jarnot**

**brathwaite**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

i'm trying to get in touch with kamau brathwaite re: a reading. if anyone has info, please back channel me. thanks. lisa jarnot

[↑ Contents](#)

624. **John Kinsella**

**Salt poetry journal sub details**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

Salt sub details: \$33.95 for two issues (plus a free copy of Salt 9)  
for airmail o/s add \$20, for surface add \$8  
\$67.80 for four issues (plus a free copy of Salt 9)  
for airmail o/s add \$40, for surface add \$16

Cheques, money orders, or payment by credit card welcome. All payments must be in Australian dollars.

Please send to: Fremantle Arts Centre Press

PO Box 320

South Fremantle 6162

Australia

Fax: 61 8 9430 5242

Email: [REDACTED]

Salt 10 (320pp) has been printed and is about to be released.

Best

John Kinsella

[↑ Contents](#)

625. **henry g**

**Re: representation**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

On Sat, 21 Jun 1997 13:47:34 -0400 David R. Israel said:

>

>I guess in painting, the "representational" has often been posited as  
>the contrary of the "abstract." Or one hears of "representational"  
>vs. "nonrepresentational" painting. In both painting and poetry,  
>narrative also has something to do with these fulcra, sometimes.

Point well taken, as was Judy Roitman's about the gratuitous or meretricious use of accepted mythologies as a kind of "representation." But then, what is the current mythology? I remember reading Ashbery's "Tennis Court Oath" as a 19-yr old & responding to it's non-representational gratuitous non-sense with joy & fascination. Now I read it & say "so what?" & feel sorry for the next generation having to "study" it in classes... why this drastic shift in response? Because I think the "abstract" non-representational in poetry is a function of the mythology of Symbolism that Valery noted & that I mentioned a few weeks (days?) ago - it amounts to an aesthetic summed up in one phrase: *\_epater le bourgeois\_*. (have I got that right?) Refuse to please the masses.

To Judy: I don't think Plath is as great an artist as E. Dickinson but I don't think their approaches were so different: they juxtaposed private experience and the literary & religious forms of the day.

Every work of art abstracts from reality in some degree. But I think even non-representational art is evocative of lived experience and actually proceeds from roots in lived experience. I agree with Dewey that the expressive effect of art comes from its fusion of form & substance, and from the re-working of experience in a new kind of order. Sorry for what sound like cliches - but you shd read *\_Art as Experience\_* by Dewey for a trumping of these false dichotomies (form/content, abstract/personal, idea/matter, etc.) & a concentration on what art really is - a kind of moving/vitalizing experience DEVELOPING OVER TIME (in countless minute gradations of development. who wants to talk about "development" as a criterion? as opposed to "innovative" or "pioneering" for a while. we already love the avant-garde.)

I don't think there is such a thing as non-representational poetry. Or impersonal. The one would be meaningless, the other generic (factory-made). There IS such a thing as personal noise (I've made some myself) but poetry is a kind of art & gets free of the maker & available to the audience as something more than noise (i.e. experiential meaning - even if it's not "cognitive", just "poetic" or expressive). - Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

626. **henry g**

***Re: representation***

*Sun 22 Jun 1997*

---

postscript. there is no non-representational poetry. Music is mostly non-representational (except on an emotional level). Painting can be either; an abstract painting doesn't "mirror" ordinary sight the way a representation does, thus it's not an "image" of an exterior reality. But language is always already representational. Every word in a Mac Low poem (Mac Low could be taken as the

refutation of all my comments on this list over many subjects) represents a number of things; the aleatory correlation of individual words begins to represent things in a vague way or surprising way. "Language poetry" [Henry doesn't know what it is either] may close down ordinary "speech" but it doesn't cancel representation; the poem "x" or "y" represents a member in good standing of the alphabet.

The odd thing about a lot of innovative poetry that aims to escape the commodified "self" of "ordinary" poetry is that it comes off as purely gratuitous SELF-expression. This may come back to the gnarled question of "voice" and the deeper impulse toward art-making. The necessity involved in forming a "persona", a mask, a speaker - & all the narrative correlations that entails - might make for a much RICHER poetry than the fashionable dictates of the unfashionable "text". - Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

627. **Thomas Bell**

***fluent narratology***

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

I have been reading Andrew Gibson's account of Michel Serres's ideas about "fluent" (nongeometric) narratology. I'm a newcomer to this idea and it seems primarily to focus on prose. I would be interested in sources and ideas about a similar approach to poetry. tom bell

[↑ Contents](#)

628. **Pam Brown**

***address please***

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

"And there have always been lots of painters and visual artists around, including Susan Bee, Doug Hall, Diane Hall, Francie Shaw, John Woodall, Jill Scott,"

Apologies for using the list to seek...but I have been trying to find JILL SCOTT for months now - I know she's moved to Germany & is listed on a web site there but no email or postal address...& her Sydney dealer is definitely unhelpful in furnishing a contact address...does anyone have it please?

Thankyou  
Pam BRown

[↑ Contents](#)

629. **Hank Lazer**

**Re: XCP**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

Yunte--

Just wanted to let you know that our Minneapolis panel has been accepted, officially. Mark & Maria sent me info on registration, hotels, etc. If you didn't get the same packet, let me know & I'll photocopy it & send it to you.

Here, catching up from the aftermath of Julie's wedding. It went well, with lots of overeating, drinking, and general merriment. My new job has me extremely busy--yes, no golf these days. A little time for reading & writing. Some time too for a mysterious stomach ailment (sort of like my post-China stomach problems--intense pain).

Alan & I saw Batman & Robin yesterday--amazing sets, special effects, zap zap zap....

Hope you are doing well. Is Julia getting ready to move to NYC? Will you move to another place in Buffalo? How goes the dissertation?

Love,

Hank

[↑ Contents](#)

630. **Bob Grumman**

**Re: representation**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

To follow up on what Henry G. said about there being no non-representational poetry because that area is where I feel most out of it as a would-be understander of ALL poetry. I, too, think non-representational poetry not possible. However, there IS non-representational textuality. On the page it's what I call "textual illumagery" or a form of visual art that uses graphemes (yes, back to phemes) or . . . typophemes (typographical symbols) to dot out some kind of graphic work, representational or non-representational. I have all kinds of trouble with my fellow visual poets in getting them to agree that this kind of thing, which I like as much and consider as high an art as visual poetry, is not poetry. It's visual art--or, in my lexicon, illumagery.

Orally, non-representational textuality is textual music, or music made out of phonemes. Both kinds of non-representational textualities tend toward representationality, though, word-fragments tending inevitably to suggest full words.

Either kind of textual non-poetry has its unique tone, and is valuable for being able to say things about language in expressive modalities other than the verbal.

--Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

631. **Steven Marks**

***Re: haiku-gram***

*Sun 22 Jun 1997*

---

On Sat, 21 Jun 1997, David R. Israel wrote:

>  
> SUMMER SOLSTICE  
>  
> Humid in DC!  
> the air-conditioner hums  
> & just the first day!  
>  
> in darkness I type  
> is this the post-mod lifestyle?  
> my basement outpost  
>  
> forget the spam-po  
> what I'd really like to see  
> is donut haiku  
>  
> buttermilk sugar  
> they knead me & they fry me  
> none taste the center  
>  
the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands  
sumer is icumen in, says Steven

---

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

---

[↑ Contents](#)



632. **George Bowering**

**Re: abstract personal**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

*stephen ellwood asked:*

*I have a question, as well. What does "Lang Po" stand for? I'm sorry for ignorance which I know, for I have my own miniscule area of expertise, will make me appear poignantly ridiculous. Oh, I take that back. I have no area of expertise.*

*Lang Po is the second cousin twice removed of Li Po.*

And also grandnephew of Edgar Allan Po.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

633. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

**Re: abstract personal**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

Thanks everyone for illuminating me as to "Lang po". Just to let you know, I'm Emily Vey Duke, not Stephen Ellwood. I'm just using his e-mail account.

Take Care,  
EVD

[↑ Contents](#)

634. **Pam Brown**

**Re: address please**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

Thanks Wystan -

I need to contact Jill about a videotape (what else ?).

Also - the article I wrote about the NZ anthology (the recent Oxford one) will be published in the Spring issue of "Overland" - I quoted a few lines from your "Cancer Daybook" poem - briefly...and, really, the article became more something about Magazines versus Anthologies in the end. If you'd like

to see it I'll send a copy of the magazine...in Spring...then I'd need your postal address as well.

Thanks again,

Pam Brown

At 01:03 PM 23/6/97 +1200, you wrote:

>Dear Pam,

> I saw Jill almost exactly a year ago in Amsterdam. Then  
>she was on a fellowship at ZKM,( address: postfach 6909, Karlsruhe  
>76049, Germany.) I have a feeling she was not going to be there much  
>longer but you might try ZKM. I recall us exchanging cards, so I'll  
>see if I can find hers.

> best wishes

> Wystan

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

635. **Wystan Curnow**

***Re: address please***

*Sun 22 Jun 1997*

---

Dear Pam,

I saw Jill almost exactly a year ago in Amsterdam. Then she was on a fellowship at ZKM,( address: postfach 6909, Karlsruhe 76049, Germany.) I have a feeling she was not going to be there much longer but you might try ZKM. I recall us exchanging cards, so I'll see if I can find hers.

best wishes

Wystan

[↑ Contents](#)

636. **main**

***address: karen kelley***

*Sun 22 Jun 1997*

---

please backchannel.

thanks,

dan featherston

[↑ Contents](#)

637. **Alan \* Sondheim**

**new work (fwd)**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

There is new work at the Mirror site below (in Canberra); please check it out.

When I am online using my linux operating system, you can access an additional experimental webpage suite at EXPERIMENTAL below.

Please note - Alan

URL: [http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html) MIRROR  
with other pages at: [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt) IMAGES:  
<http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> TEL [REDACTED] EXPERIMENTAL  
(on and off): <http://166.84.250.149> Editor, BEING ON LINE

[↑ Contents](#)

638. **Pam Brown**

**oops**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

Oops - I meant to send that message to Wystan not to the entire list.

Sorry

Pam

[↑ Contents](#)

639. **Pete Landers**

**Re: Happy Genius?**

Sun 22 Jun 1997

---

On Tue, 17 Jun 1997,  
Fred Muratori wrote:

*Anyone know what ever happened to \_Happy Genius\_, a lit mag that was  
to feature work by some folks on this list?*

Fred,

You might have lost my email address, or perhaps I moved since we last traded mail. Email me at [REDACTED] or snail mail me at

Pete Landers

34 Rose Circle

Hamlin, NY 14464

I originally hoped to make two or three mags a year, but now it appears that publication will be irregular. It will eventually come out. I hope for good news

soon. The content is really good, and I will be very glad to see it finally take on paper form. There are some people from the list in it, but there's quite a bit more than that. You'll see. Soon, I hope.

Pete

[↑ Contents](#)

640. **David R. Israel**

***Re: haiku-gram***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

[d.i.]:

*forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku*

*buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center*

[Steven Marks]:

*the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands*

without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

641. **David R. Israel**

***Buddhistic poetics . . .***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

--Message-Boundary-12549

Content-description: Information about this message.

This message contains a file prepared for transmission using the MIME BASE64 transfer encoding scheme. If you are using Pegasus Mail or another MIME-compliant system, you should be able to extract it from within your mailer. If you cannot, please ask your system administrator for help.

---- File information -----  
File: 062297-buddhist-post  
Date: 23 Jun 1997, 0:34

Size: 8683 bytes.

Type: Unknown

--Message-Boundary-12549

--Message-Boundary-12549--

[↑ Contents](#)

642. **David R. Israel**

***Buddhistic poetics . . .***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

[Mon June 23, early a.m.]

Poetas & poeticos,

Have on a few, rare occasions encountered phenomenon of a post that just won't post. Kent Johnson sent me one such, and I tried posting it yesterday on his behalf (along w/ my gratuitous verbose argumentative tangential introduction) -- to no effect; it (like its predecessors from his machine) was promptly lost in space.

However, not to be outwitted by the mysteries of some presumed hidden STOP code, I'm washing this thru the wringer of ASCII conversion via word processing software, and will then sail the new-pressed moiety into (one hopes) a receptive cyberspace. I'm tacking it on as an attachment [in ASCII DOS text, hopefully readable!] (re-inserting into an email msg. doesn't suffice to solve the fade phenomenon).

Okay, let's see if this boat can float!

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

643. **David R. Israel**

***(Fwd) Buddhistic poetics / take two (or ...)***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

--Message-Boundary-8574

Content-description: Information about this message.

This message contains a file prepared for transmission using the MIME BASE64 transfer encoding scheme. If you are using Pegasus Mail or another MIME-compliant system, you should be able to extract it from within your mailer. If you cannot, please ask your system administrator for help.

---- File information -----

File: 062297-buddhist-post

Date: 23 Jun 1997, 0:56

Size: 9324 bytes.

Type: WordPerfect

--Message-Boundary-8574

--Message-Boundary-8574--

[↑ Contents](#)

644. **David R. Israel**

**(Fwd) Buddhistic poetics / take two (or ...)**

Mon 23 Jun 1997

---

Here's another try at forwarding this mystery post -- the earlier attachment (in ASCII / DOS) may be hard to read; this one is attached as a WordPerfect file . . . (after this, I give up, or throw the ball back into Kent's court . . .)

cheers,

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

645. **Steven Marks**

**Re: haiku-gram**

Mon 23 Jun 1997

---

[d.i.]:

*forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku*

*buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center*

[Steven Marks]:

*the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands*

[David Israel]

without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe

[s.m.]

nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves  
y'all should join in

[↑ Contents](#)

646. **lee ann brown**

***Re: Donuts/Livermush cont'd***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Charlotte Food Haiku

Krispy Kreme donuts  
are the only ones for me  
Light, flaky, glazed, yum.

Inhale them one by  
one - Do the dozens out back,  
midnight parking lot.

Livermush, also  
known as Scrapple. Slice it and  
Fry it up for me.

Black and crusty is  
how my Diddy likes it- He's  
afraid cuz it's pork.

[↑ Contents](#)

647. **Daniel Zimmerman**

***Re: Cummings, Syllables, Nemes....***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

This is a multi-part message in MIME format.

Bob Grumman wrote:

>

> Dan--good to find out I'm not the only nuts-and-bolts freak out there.

> I hope others join us. Meanwhile, I'd be interested in seeing an

> example of Capt. -Neme-O's lists. you got any lying around?

>

>

Best, Bob

>

> P.S., a couple of coincidences: I live in Port Charlotte, Florida, which

> is 25 miles or so from Fort Myers, which is kinda Edison South. Also,

> one of my other wacked out hobbies is the Shakespeare Authorship  
> Controversy (I'm one of the boring traditionalists there); I bring that  
> up because I was just writing about an anagram in some 17th-century work  
> that's supposed to indicated that Lord Oxford wrote Shakespeare's  
> works. So I've been fooling around with anagrams myself.

Hi, Bob.

I tried to send this attachment yesterday, but it wouldn't attach, so I'll try again.

I apologize for the length of the post, but as you'll see, it probably couldn't have worked any shorter.

Dan Zimmerman

-----38481D2581B--

[↑ Contents](#)

648. **KENT JOHNSON**

*post mystique*

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

My public thanks to David Israel for his unflagging and heroic efforts in getting my little post about the Beneath a Single Moon "controversy" (not here but at CAP-L) onto the list. When I asked David to help me out, I never imagined it would cause him so much trouble, and my apologies if the space taken up was disproportionate.

For those who might be interested in the issue, a recent development is a post (from an "abd" doctoral student in East Asian Languages at University of Chicago) in which every editor and poet involved in the anthology is accused of being a racist through and through and of only being capable of comprehending a "candy-Buddhism" that is designed to culturally expropriate Asian Americans. (I'm trying to be fair and accurate.)

This only goes to further prove that people from Chicago don't hesitate to tell you exactly what they think.

I'm going to be vacationing in distant parts for all of July starting next week, so a good rest of the summer to all.

Kent

[↑ Contents](#)



649. **David R. Israel**

**Re: haiku-gram**

Mon 23 Jun 1997

---

[d.i.]:

*forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku*

*buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center*

[Steven Marks]:

*the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands*

[d.i.]:

*without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe*

[s.m.]:

*nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves*

[d.i.]:

nonesistence hides  
in the very word donut  
nut signifies naught

| *y'all should join in*

[↑ Contents](#)

650. **LYNES- KATHERINE**

**Re: y'all join in**

Mon 23 Jun 1997

---

[d.i.]:

*forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku*

*buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center*

[Steven Marks]:

*the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands*

[David Israel]

*without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe*

[s.m.]

*nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves*

*y'all should join in*

okay...

yellow innards splooch  
bavarian dive bomber  
cannot hold center

katherine.

[↑ Contents](#)

651. **David R. Israel**  
**also Re: haiku-gram**

Mon 23 Jun 1997

---

adding another:

[d.i.]:

*forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku*

*buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center*

[Steven Marks]:

*the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands*

[d.i.]:

*without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe*

[s.m.]:

*nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves*

[d.i.]:

nonesistence hides  
in the very word donut  
nut signifies naught  
and what about do?  
do of course signifies dough  
a dough-naught for you!

| *y'all should join in*

[↑ Contents](#)

652. **Hank Lazer**

**Re: XCP**

Mon 23 Jun 1997

---

Oops. Apologies--my e-mail on XCP should have gone to Yunte, not to Poetics List....

Hank Lazer

[↑ Contents](#)

653. **F.A. Templeton**

***ad Fiona Templeton***

Mon 23 Jun 1997

---

new from ROOF BOOKS

Contact James Sherry

\* CELLS OF RELEASE \*

fax 00 [REDACTED]

by Fiona Templeton

tel 00 [REDACTED]

a document of the poetry installation at the abandoned panopticon Eastern State Penitentiary, Philadelphia, written onsite on continuous paper, one cell per day, woven throughout the cells

With photographs and notes.

128 pages. ISBN 0-937804-69-X \* \$13.95 \*

Order from Segue Foundation, 303 East 8th Street, New York NY 10009, USA  
(as a limited offer includes postage & handling)

-----

Also from ROOF, by Fiona Templeton

\* YOU--The City \*

YOU--The City was an intimate citywide play for an audience of one, produced in New York in 1988, and subsequently recreated in various cities, including London.

With photographs, instructions, notes, maps, charts.

192 pages ISBN: 0-937804-38-X \* \$11.95 \*

(limited offer as above to include postage and handling)

.....

I enclose \_\_\_ x \$13.95 for Cells of Release

\_\_\_ x \$11.95 for YOU--The City

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

[↑ Contents](#)

654. **Burt Kimmelman**

***poetry new york #9***

Mon 23 Jun 1997

---

The new issue of Poetry New York has finally arrived from the printer and has been sent to our distributor so it will be in the stores soon. I am in the last leg

of teaching summer school, and so I will be sending contributors' copies out in a week or so when I can catch my breath.

Tod Thilleman and I are most grateful to all of the contributors (large handful read this List) for their patience.

I imagine Tod will be preparing a formal announcement about the issue soon.

Burt

[↑ Contents](#)

655. **Jordan Davis**

***Tournament at the Electronic Country Club***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

There's a great line in Steve Evans' Impercipient Lecture Series essay -- he characterizes the 80s as such a wild time that Baudrillard could be received as a great thinker.

Anybody pick up the new UMN History of Structuralism? I was hot to buy it till I saw the chapter heading "Foucault sells like hotcakes". I like candy, but ...

What are the rules of this club we're in?

Jordan

[↑ Contents](#)

656. **David R. Israel**

***& also Re: haiku-gram***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Thanks, Katherine, for adding a haiku to the donut garland. Your post & mine crossed in the mail, so I've here sandwiched your 'ku inbetween those 2 of mine -- hope others have more dough to add to this nutsness.

d.i.

[d.i.]:

forget the spam-po

what I'd really like to see

is donut haiku

buttermilk sugar

they knead me & they fry me

none taste the center

[Steven Marks]:

the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands

[d.i.]:

without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe

[s.m.]:

nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves

[d.i.]:

nonesistence hides  
in the very word donut  
nut signifies naught

[Katherine Lynes]:

yellow innards splooch  
bavarian dive bomber  
cannot hold center

[d.i.]:

and what about do?  
do of course signifies dough  
a dough-naught for you!

| *y'all should join in*

[↑ Contents](#)

657. **Steven Marks**

***Re: Tournament at the Electronic Country Club***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

>

> What are the rules of this club we're in?

>

> Jordan

>

I wouldn't want to be a member of a club that would let me in.

Steven (Groucho) Marks(x)

---

Steven Marks

<http://members.aol.com/swmarks/welcome.html>

---

[↑ Contents](#)

658. **Wendy Battin**  
***info on Bryars?***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Anyone familiar with the work of Gavin Bryars? Just heard an extraordinary piece called \_Jesus' Blood Never Failed Me Yet\_ (thanks Forrest) and wonder what to hunt for next.

Wendy

----- Wendy Battin  
<http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Lofts/5471/ashland.html>  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

659. **Herb Levy**  
***Attachments***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Uh, I understand the frustration someone might feel not being able to get through to the list or with how ASCII reconfigures texts, but sending e-mail attachments to more than 500 people on an e-mail discussion list is not a good idea.

These don't always come through legibly, especially for those of us who receive the list in digest form.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

660. **Daniel Tessitore**  
***Re: identity of the poet***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

HG wrote:

What I thought Kali was saying was that where a writer's coming from matters in the same way that it just helps to know that Mick Jagger didn't grow up in the Alabama fields inventing Robert Johnson tunes. [warning: we already had the Stones discussion. no further comments allowed. - Blarnes] - HG \_\_\_\_\_

How is knowing where a writer comes from the same as knowing where he or she DOESN'T come from? DT

[↑ Contents](#)

---

661. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: retool***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

\_C.L.R. James: A Critical Introduction\_, by Aldon Nielsen, is available at a discount (why wait for remainders?) from the C.L.R. James Institute in New York -- if interested in getting a copy from them, email Jim Murray at

██████████

They also have several publications by James (including discounted copies of the correspondence James sent to Constance Webb) --

----- on another front, I have been contacted by a freind who is organizing a speaking trip by Richard Wright's Widow, Ellen, to the U.S. SOON -- if anybody out there is interested in organizing a speaking date (and has a few \$\$ to do so) let me know --

"friend" for "freind" etc --

[↑ Contents](#)

---

662. **Daniel Zimmerman**

***attachments***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Sorry I sent an attachment with a recent post to Bob G. Didn't realize the taboo.

Dan Zimmerman

[↑ Contents](#)

---

663. **Gwyn McVay**

***Re: attachments***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Living in the world yet not forming attachments is the way of a true student.



Zengetsu  
T'ang dynasty

[↑ Contents](#)

664. **aerialedge**

***New Berrigan, Davis, Templeton &&& @ Bridge Street***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Lots new & good. Ordering instructions at the end of the post. Thanks poetics for your support.

1. *The Mooring of Starting Out: The First Five Books of Poetry*, John Ashbery, Ecco, \$25 cl. Collects *Some Trees*, *The Tennis Court Oath*, *Rivers and Mountains*, *The Double Dream of Spring*, and *Three Poems*. Not bad.
2. *On the Level Everyday: Selected Talks on Poetry and the Art of Living*, Ted Berrigan, ed. w/ intro by Joel Lewis, preface by Alice Notley, Talisman House, \$12.50. "So if you start a poem and you put some of it here, and you want to put the next part of it there, because you have a third part which you're going to put over here, because when you do it'll look beautiful and be gorgeous, and it will also be right, that's as good a reason as one can ever come up with. There's nothing wrong with beauty: although it isn't necessarily better than ugliness. As William Saroyan says, 'It's no help, but it's a good thing.' Thank you."
3. *The Psychic Life of Power: Theories in Subjection*, Judith Butler, Stanford, \$15.95. Via Hegel, Nietzsche, Freud, Foucault, and Althusser, Butler tracks the figure of a psyche that "turns against itself" and seeks to theorize the ambivalent relationship between the social and the psychic.
4. *Upstairs*, Jordan Davis, Barque Books, \$5. Includes the hits "Chippewa Mishegas," "Layla Playland," "Flub Grid," "Uncle, I'm Cold," and "Tutor Me Sunlight."
5. *The Politics of Truth*, Michel Foucault, Autonomedia, \$8. "Critique is the movement by which the subject gives itself the right to question truth on its effects of power and to question power on its discourses of truth. . . . in a word, the politics of truth."
6. *The Semblance of Subjectivity: Essays in Adorno's Aesthetic Theory*, ed. Tom Huhn and Lambert Zuidervart, MIT, \$35 cl. Contributors: Martin Jay, Shiery Weber Nicholsen, Richard Wolin, Rolf Tiederman, Rudiger Bubner, J. M. Bernstein, Heinz Paetzgold, Gregg M. Horowitz, Sabine Wilke, Heidi Schlipphacke, and the editors.
7. *Forms of Expansion: Recent Long Poems by Women*, Lynn Keller, U Chicago, \$16.95. Chapters on DuPlessis & Dahlen, S. Howe, Hacker, Dove &

Osbey, Grahn, and Doubiago. "Forms of Expansion" is a fascinating and necessary book for anyone interested in postmodern poetics. . . . Her ability to discern common patterns within divergent poetics is a singular and brilliant strength." --Alice Fulton

8. Retreating the Political, Phillippe Lacoue-Labarthe and Jean-Luc Nancy, Routledge, \$18.95. "If, today, everything is political, how can we re-treat the political on the basis of its retreat from any specificity whatsoever?"

9. Hambone 13, ed. Nathaniel Mackey, \$10. Lisa Cooper, Lyn Hejinian, Hank Lazer, Martha Ronk, Chris Tysh, John Yau, Kevin Young, David Marriott, Araya Asgedom, Will Alexander, Connie Deanovich, Phillip Foss, Clayton Eshleman, Joseph Donahue, Michael Boughn, Skip Fox, Ted Pearson, Charles Stein, Paul Naylor, Julio Cortazar, Larry Price, Norman Finkelstein, John Taggart, Maria Damon, A.L.Nielsen, Benjamin Hollander.

10. C. L. R. James: A Critical Introduction, A. L. Nielsen, U. Mississippi, \$18. "C.L.R. James was a historian who was given to exploring the political significance of the Cuban Revolution by means of an exegesis of the surrealist poetry of Aime Cesaire. While Discoursing on the development of the literary imagination in the United States, he was likely to focus on the political polemics of a small band of Abolitionists. When advancing his arguments for the independence of the West Indies from colonial rule he turned to talk of calypso singers and novelists. Writing a column on the sport of cricket, James naturally found himself writing about James Baldwin, William Wordsworth, and Willie Mays. . . . Evidently experience had never taught James that being interdisciplinary is so very hard to do."

11. Cells of Release, Fiona Templeton, Roof, \$13.95. A document of the poetry installation at the abandoned panopticon Eastern State Penetentiary written on continuous paper over six weeks at the cite with photos and descriptive material. "as the child turning in the cupboard/from dumber blows turning/as the bird makes the nest/pushing out with its breast/turning/beside myself/curling to the wind/rolling to the wall/releasing room/for you"

12. Complete Short Poetry, Louis Zukofsky, Johns Hopkins, \$19.95. New in paperback.

& a few of poetics kinda bestsellers currently in stock. Asterick indicates signed copies available:

Aesthetic Theory, Theodor W. Adorno, \$39.95 cl.

Paradise & Method: Poetics & Praxis, Bruce Andrews, \$19.95.

Onward: Contemporary Poetry & Poetics, ed. Peter Baker, \$29.95.

Drafts 15-XXX: The Fold, Rachel Blau DuPlessis, \$12.\*

The Cold of Poetry, Lyn Hejinian, \$12.95.\*

Some Other Kind of Mission, Lisa Jarnot, \$11.

\_Imagination Verses\_, Jennifer Moxley, \$8.95.  
\_The Marginalization of Poetry: Language Writing and Literary History\_, Bob Perelman, \$15.95.  
\_Wittgenstein's Ladder: Poetic Language and the Strangeness of the Ordinary\_, Marjorie Perloff, \$27.95.  
\_In Memory of My Theories\_, Rod Smith, \$9.\*  
\_Reponse\_, Juliana Spahr, \$10.95.\*  
\_Sonnets of a Penny-a-Liner\_, Mark Wallace, \$9.\*  
\_Frame (1971-1991)\_, Barrett Watten, \$13.95.

Poetics folks receive free shipping on orders of more than \$20. Free shipping + 10% discount on orders of more than \$30. There are two ways to order. 1. E-mail your order to [REDACTED] with your address & we will bill you with the books. or 2. via credit card-- you may call us at [REDACTED] or e-mail [REDACTED] w/ yr add, order, & card # & we will send a receipt with the books. We must charge some shipping for orders out of the US.

Bridge Street Books, 2814 Pennsylvania Ave NW, Wahsington, DC 20007.

[↑ Contents](#)

665. **michael corbin**

***Re: Tournament at the Electronic Country Club***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Jordan Davis wrote:

>

> There's a great line in Steve Evans' Impercipient Lecture Series essay --  
> he characterizes the 80s as such a wild time that Baudrillard could be  
> received as a great thinker.

Or perhaps that fencing off of something called "the 80s", \*that\* contained dissipation, contained here in the creeping fin de millennium is mere succedaneum (a nostalgia of the present?) for this time's (is it the post-wild "90's"?), this moment's own deliquescence.

"In the wake of all that resurfaces, history backtracks on its own footsteps in a compulsive attempt at rehabilitation, as if in a recompense for some sort of crime I am not aware of - a crime committed by and in spite of us, a kind of crime done to oneself, the process of which is sped up in our contemporary phase of history and the sure signs of which today are global waste, universal repentance and resentment [ressentiment] - a crime where the lawsuit needs to be re-examined and where we have to be unrelenting to go back as far as the origins, if necessary, in quest of retrospective absolution since there is no resolution to our fate in the future. It is imperative that we find out what went wrong and at which moment and then begin examining the traces left on the

trail leading up to the present time, to turn over all the rocks of history, to revive the best and the worst in a vain attempt to separate the good from the bad." (Baudrillard, "Hystericizing the Millennium")

*Anybody pick up the new UMN History of Structuralism? I was hot to buy it till I saw the chapter heading "Foucault sells like hotcakes". I like candy, but ...*

And the Theorists and the Theory are packaged and shelved neatly according to one's predilection of recieved greatness or thinkerness, circulating histories of need (a post-scarcity need, a 90s thing), and a passion for sweets and scape-goated confidence-persons. Thank bejesus poetree doesn't languish in such soiled historicity. If structuralism has a two-volume cenotaph it surely must be done. Whew. Just in time.

*What are the rules of this club we're in?*

Like the hurricane forecasters watching depressions transform into larger whirl-wind beasts, the rules, if we can call them that, seem, well, blurry, despite our over-confidences in our instruments; no Angelus Novus obediently facing in one (backward) historical direction. Nope. Alas, all directions at once.

mc

[↑ Contents](#)

## 666. **Herb Levy** ***Re: info on Bryars?***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

He's a British composer (now) working in what gets called a post-minimalist style, which in his case ends up being darkly moody, often pretty, melodic music. There's little else recorded that follows that slowly opening timbral format of Jesus' Blood, a fairly early work (the 1st, shorter, version of which is about 20 years old).

There's one other early work recorded, The Sinking of the Titanic, on the same label (Phil Glass's, I can't remember the name right now) as the CD of Jesus' Blood.

Bryars' more recent music can be heard on a couple of good CDs of chamber music on ECM (After the Requiem & Vita Nova), & a disc of string quartets & duos on Argo. Argo also has a recent CD with a cello concerto, a piece for percussion ensemble and something else I forget, which I haven't heard yet.

*Anyone familiar with the work of Gavin Bryars? Just heard an extraordinary piece called \_Jesus' Blood Never Failed Me Yet\_ (thanks Forrest) and wonder what to hunt for next.*

Wendy

-----  
Wendy Battin <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Lofts/5471/ashland.html>  
-----

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

667. **Keith Tuma**  
***Re: info on Bryars?***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

Wendy--

You might be interested in John Taggart's notes on Bryars' "Jesus' Blood. . ." (and other matters, from Reich to Stevens to Scarry) in *\_Apex of the M\_ 4*. Called "Jesus' Blood: Notes & Overlays." 66-85.

--Keith

[↑ Contents](#)

668. **Joseph Zitt**  
***Re: info on Bryars?***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

Wendy Battin wrote:

>

> Anyone familiar with the work of Gavin Bryars? Just heard an  
> extraordinary piece called *\_Jesus' Blood Never Failed Me Yet\_* (thanks  
> Forrest) and wonder what to hunt for next.

Bryars is a big name in new music circles ("new" not necessarily indicated when a piece was composed). He has a *\*lot\** of stuff out. His other best known work is "The Sinking of the Titanic", which keeps expanding. The most recent version (I think) is on the Point Music label (who also did the recent version of JBNFMY. I'm eager to hear his new album (on ECM?) with Charlie Haden.

My favorite things of his were the albums he did on the Obscure label in the 70s: shorter versions of the above two pieces, and an opera, *Irma*, built from Tom Phillips's "A Humument". I don't know if it's been rereleased though.

There's more info on the Web at <http://www.netpoint.be/abc/music/bryars/> and <http://www.december.org/> among other places.

\*feep\*

[↑ Contents](#)

669. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**  
***long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

Mon 23 Jun 1997

---

The Personal, the Political, and the Just Plain Awful

One problem with the current trend toward a "We Did It!" mode of criticism is its frequent inaccuracy. "We Did It"-style modern writers and critics often speak of the Confessional trend in poetry as if personal revelation in literature were unique to this era, as if the single most important and compelling aspect were that... "We Did It!"

But personal revelation in literature was in force long before, say, Sexton and Lowell. Consider the Biblic Psalms of David, or the Song of Solomon. Or, from the early sixteenth century, this luscious, deeply moving and extravagantly personal lyric by Thomas Wyatt:

-----  
INDENT  
-----

(Untitled)

"They fle from me that sometyme did me seke  
With naked fote stalking in my chambre.  
I have sene them gentle, tame, and meke,  
That nowe are wyld and do not remembre  
That sometyme they put theimself in daunger  
to take bred at my hand; and nowe they raunge  
besely seking with a continuell chaunge.

"Thancked be fortune, it hath ben othrewise  
Twenty tymes better; but ons in speciall,  
In thyn(1) arraye after a pleasaunt gyse,  
When her lose gowne from her shoulders did fall,  
And she me caught in her armes long and small(2);  
Therewithall swetely did me kysse,  
And softly saide, deare hert, howe like you this?

"It was no dreame: I lay brode waking.  
But all is torned thorough my gentilnes  
Into a straunge fasshion of forsaking;  
And I have leve to go of her goodenes,  
And she also to use new fangilnes.

But syns that I so kyndely ame served,  
I would fain knowe what she hath deserved."

1. thyne: thin
2. small: narrow

-----  
END INDENT  
-----

There is a rich vein of the deeply personal in Wyatt's poems. In one sense, the value of this is historical; one gets a sudden glimpse into the bedchambers, manners, emotions over four hundred years ago. There is, however, a great deal more to the poems -- an ear for glorious phrasing, an astoundingly graceful and haunting word choice, a gift for the unexpected turn, the sudden flash of deep feeling -- that are almost the signature of a Wyatt poem.

What is meant by the "personal" here is a focus on a lived life, one with cracks, confusions, deep and often haunted glimpses into the writer's everyday.

One sees a line, a combination of the personal and exquisite artisan again and again in literature. For example, consider the work of John Donne, George Herbert, Richard Hart Lovelace, Christopher Smart, Anne Hutchinson, and Jane Taylor. But mid-nineteenth century, this vein seems to disappear. There is, of course, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Barrett-Browning, Byron, Keats, Poe. But even when professing to be at their most personal, there is almost never a sense that the artist has taken her or his hand out of the breast pocket and stopped declaiming. A glimpse of that old style of blazing directness and clarity gleams from out of Longfellow's "Children's Hour," and in much of the work of Emily Dickinson, but it doesn't appear in force again till the early twentieth century.

Switch to the present day. As editors and writers, Jordanne and I are often given poems about the most private aspects of their writer's life. As poets, we find all sorts of personal moments making their way into our poems.

Does that make the writing good? Decidedly not.

I'm reminded of something a friend said about teaching Composition in college: "Right at the beginning of the course, I tell the students that while they might find themselves using personal material in the course, they may find it is too painful and uncomfortable to work with. And I also tell them that they do not automatically get a good grade when they put something personal in a text."

My main gripe at the moment is the flood of incest and molestation poems. They seem to generally start with an air of self-conscious daring, then move quickly to a fairly standard body of images, phrases, and plot twists, finishing

often with either righteousness or melodrama or both. Just to start, there is not very much that is daring, in a literary sense, about writing an incest poem; an enormous number of writers have done and are doing it even as we read (or write). Further, while a tone of "I'm saying something controversial, something I know people will argue with" is almost always present, really, who defends incest? I cannot think of a single instance, at this moment, of anyone saying they think incest is good, or should become a standard family practice. Thus the set-up fairly reeks of straw dummies.

Having said this, yes, I have written one. And one of my favorite poems in the world is a poem by Bruce Weigl on the subject, "The Impossible."

Certainly incest is terrible. So are war, pestilence, famine, domestic violence, child abuse, illness, the death of parents and loved ones, rape, and a million other things. But it will never be the case that it doesn't matter what one writes, if one just remembers to write about an Important Subject.

To put this in a slightly different context, I have an acquaintance, a Mediocre Poet par excellence. He has been writing mediocre poems for a quarter of a century -- poems with trite phrases, poems whose last stanza can be predicted from about the middle stanza on (and sometimes earlier). Typical example (not actual but representative):

He rode in a frenzy  
over the mean streets,  
her words echoing in his head,  
her soft lips a memory.

One day, Mediocre Poet discovered a Subject: racism. Now I saw such oeuvres as:

He rode his bike in a frenzy  
over the mean streets,  
the ugly words, "black bastard,  
nigger, boy" echoing in his head.

He would declaim these works passionately, glare in a sort of righteous froth if one did not immediately explode with praise -- "didn't we CARE about racism"? But that wasn't the point. Whether we cared about racism or not, they were mediocre poems, and he was asking me and his other listeners and readers to evaluate him as a writer, to put him in the context of writing. He wanted our praise as writers, praise for him as a writer, space in a magazine as a writer, but if we had any criticism of the writing, he ignored the writing to fixate on the subject.

A writer does not do a cause any favors if the writing is bad. More important to us as writers, it is in attention to details, to good writing, to finding the most accurate, clear truth -- a truth we know and care enough about to peel off our



public "self" and reach deeper to get at -- that our most "important" poems, and indeed, writing, lies.

Important poems may not always be about earth-shattering subjects. Maxine Kumin writes a poem about swimming, a simple poem about going to a college swimming pool and swimming in meter to "Abide With Me." But inside that simple, important poem is a shimmering, aqua, gentle voice telling me about habit, about roots, about the weary reality of constant travel. Inside that simple poem -- a deeply personal moment conveyed in a stripped-down, unself-glorying way -- Kumin takes one of the greatest risks a writer can take: she shows her honest self without an effort to impress us, to write herself into a heroic narrative.

The risk is the truth, the step back from "what will people think of me when they write this poem." The skill is a matter of seeing, and a matter of deeply honed technique.

A deeply felt but clumsy poem about incest by a modestly skilled writer may still be important to the writer, to the writer's family and friends. Given to me by someone close in a moment of sharing deeply personal matters with each other, such a poem might well be deeply moving. But -- and here is where our Mediocre Poet comes in -- sent to me in a literary context, that is, put up to evaluation in a literary context, it is what it is: a not well written piece of writing. And in that literary context, as an editor, as a public writer, I must evaluate the clumsy poem that way because it is my job to say when the emperor has no clothes.

[↑ Contents](#)

670. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

**WHOOPS -- format-corrected copy**

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

The Personal, the Political, and the Just Plain Awful

One problem with the current trend toward a "We Did It!" mode of criticism is its frequent inaccuracy. "We Did It"-style modern writers and critics often speak of the Confessional trend in poetry as if personal revelation in literature were unique to this era, as if the single most important and compelling aspect were that... "We Did It!"

But personal revelation in literature was in force long before, say, Sexton and Lowell. Consider the Biblical Psalms of David, or the Song of Solomon. Or, from the early sixteenth century, this luscious, deeply moving and extravagantly personal lyric by Thomas Wyatt:

-----  
INDENT  
-----

(Untitled)

"They fle from me that sometyme did me seke  
With naked fote stalking in my chambre.  
I have sene them gentle, tame, and meke,  
That nowe are wyld and do not remembre  
That sometyme they put theimself in daunger  
to take bred at my hand; and nowe they raunge  
besely seking with a continuell chaunge.

"Thancked be fortune, it hath ben othrewise  
Twenty tymes better; but ons in speciall,  
In thyn(1) arraye after a pleasaunt gyse,  
When her lose gowne from her shoulders did fall,  
And she me caught in her armes long and small(2);  
Therewithall swetely did me kysse,  
And softly saide, deare hert, howe like you this?

"It was no dreame: I lay brode waking.  
But all is torned thorough my gentilnes  
Into a straunge fasshion of forsaking;  
And I have leve to go of her goodenes,  
And she also to use new fangilnes.  
But syns that I so kyndely ame served,  
I would fain knowe what she hath deserved."

1. thyne: thin
2. small: narrow

-----  
END INDENT  
-----

There is a rich vein of the deeply personal in Wyatt's poems. In one sense, the value of this is historical; one gets a sudden glimpse into the bedchambers, manners, emotions over four hundred years ago. There is, however, a great deal more to the poems -- an ear for glorious phrasing, an astoundingly graceful and haunting word choice, a gift for the unexpected turn, the sudden flash of deep feeling -- that are almost the signature of a Wyatt poem.

What is meant by the "personal" here is a focus on a lived life, one with cracks, confusions, deep and often haunted glimpses into the writer's everyday.

One sees a line, a combination of the personal and exquisite artisan again and again in literature. For example, consider the work of John Donne, George Herbert, Richard Hart Lovelace, Christopher Smart, Anne Hutchinson, and Jane Taylor. But mid-nineteenth century, this vein seems to disappear. There is, of course, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Barrett-Browning, Byron, Keats, Poe. But even when professing to be at their most personal, there is almost never a sense that the artist has taken her or his hand out of the breast pocket and stopped declaiming. A glimpse of that old style of blazing directness and clarity gleams from out of Longfellow's "Children's Hour," and in much of the work of Emily Dickinson, but it doesn't appear in force again till the early twentieth century.

Switch to the present day. As editors and writers, Jordanne and I are often given poems about the most private aspects of their writer's life. As poets, we find all sorts of personal moments making their way into our poems.

Does that make the writing good? Decidedly not.

I'm reminded of something a friend said about teaching Composition in college: "Right at the beginning of the course, I tell the students that while they might find themselves using personal material in the course, they may find it is too painful and uncomfortable to work with. And I also tell them that they do not automatically get a good grade when they put something personal in a text."

My main gripe at the moment is the flood of incest and molestation poems. They seem to generally start with an air of self-conscious daring, then move quickly to a fairly standard body of images, phrases, and plot twists, finishing often with either righteousness or melodrama or both. Just to start, there is not very much that is daring, in a literary sense, about writing an incest poem; an enormous number of writers have done and are doing it even as we read (or write). Further, while a tone of "I'm saying something controversial, something I know people will argue with" is almost always present, really, who defends incest? I cannot think of a single instance, at this moment, of anyone saying they think incest is good, or should become a standard family practice. Thus the set-up fairly reeks of straw dummies.

Having said this, yes, I have written one. And one of my favorite poems in the world is a poem by Bruce Weigl on the subject, "The Impossible."

Certainly incest is terrible. So are war, pestilence, famine, domestic violence, child abuse, illness, the death of parents and loved ones, rape, and a million other things. But it will never be the case that it doesn't matter what one writes, if one just remembers to write about an Important Subject.

To put this in a slightly different context, I have an acquaintance, a Mediocre Poet par excellence. He has been writing mediocre poems for a quarter of a

century -- poems with trite phrases, poems whose last stanza can be predicted from about the middle stanza on (and sometimes earlier). Typical example (not actual but representative):       He rode in a frenzy       over the mean streets,  
her words echoing in his head,       her soft lips a memory.

One day, Mediocre Poet discovered a Subject: racism. Now I saw such oeuvres as:

He rode his bike in a frenzy  
over the mean streets,  
the ugly words, "black bastard,  
nigger, boy" echoing in his head.

He would declaim these works passionately, glare in a sort of righteous froth if one did not immediately explode with praise -- "didn't we CARE about racism"? But that wasn't the point. Whether we cared about racism or not, they were mediocre poems, and he was asking me and his other listeners and readers to evaluate him as a writer, to put him in the context of writing. He wanted our praise as writers, praise for him as a writer, space in a magazine as a writer, but if we had any criticism of the writing, he ignored the writing to fixate on the subject.

A writer does not do a cause any favors if the writing is bad. More important to us as writers, it is in attention to details, to good writing, to finding the most accurate, clear truth -- a truth we know and care enough about to peel off our public "self" and reach deeper to get at -- that our most "important" poems, and indeed, writing, lies.

Important poems may not always be about earth-shattering subjects. Maxine Kumin writes a poem about swimming, a simple poem about going to a college swimming pool and swimming in meter to "Abide With Me." But inside that simple, important poem is a shimmering, aqua, gentle voice telling me about habit, about roots, about the weary reality of constant travel. Inside that simple poem -- a deeply personal moment conveyed in a stripped-down, unself-glorifying way -- Kumin takes one of the greatest risks a writer can take: she shows her honest self without an effort to impress us, to write herself into a heroic narrative.

The risk is the truth, the step back from "what will people think of me when they write this poem." The skill is a matter of seeing, and a matter of deeply honed technique.

A deeply felt but clumsy poem about incest by a modestly skilled writer may still be important to the writer, to the writer's family and friends. Given to me by someone close in a moment of sharing deeply personal matters with each other, such a poem might well be deeply moving. But -- and here is where our Mediocre Poet comes in -- sent to me in a literary context, that is, put up to evaluation in a literary context, it is what it is: a not well written piece of

writing. And in that literary context, as an editor, as a public writer, I must evaluate the clumsy poem that way because it is my job to say when the emperor has no clothes.

[↑ Contents](#)

671. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***henry g's [always] provocative response!***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Hi Elliza,

I liked your essay, like hearing your voice, which seems to come from a different atmosphere from a lot on there (is it the Rochester MN atmosphere?). I have a couple comments on it - first, maybe you'd want to get into the difference between personal & confessional (confessional always seems to have an aura of shame or taboo around it - which is like an automatic increase in "sex-appeal" or relevance for some people. Personal is, as you point out, more basic & perennial). The other thing is just an editorial quibble - I think you use variations on the word "deep" too often. Another thing - I think people might question the historical aspect of it - the section about the personal up to mid-19th cent. - seems a little simplified. Does the "declamatory" in the Romantics you mention have anything to do with a response (on their part) to the neo-Classicism of Pope, Dryden, etc. who also socially-refined away the "personal" that you find in its rawness (& sexiness) in Donne, Wyatt, etc.? Were the Romantics trying to re-personalize English poetry - & perhaps fighting an uphill battle? As you say it was not until the early 20th (Eliot on the metaphysicals, Pound, Williams) that the Renaissance "came back".

Nowadays our avant-garde symboliste aquademiques & our post-Amerique neo-formaliste nostalgiques leetle Reech poetes divide the scene between them in their manneriste formalities & the blazing personal of wheech you speeque is found onlee in the interstices...

pleez forward to poetique leeste eef you theenk eet is provocateef...-Henry G

-----

e, forwarding

[↑ Contents](#)

672. **DS**

***Re: & also Re: haiku-gram***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

At 11:04 AM 6/23/97 -0400, you wrote:

>Thanks, Katherine, for adding a haiku to the donut garland. Your  
>post & mine crossed in the mail, so I've here sandwiched your 'ku  
>inbetween those 2 of mine -- hope others have more dough to add  
>to this nutsness.

>

>d.i.

>

>[d.i.]:

>

> forget the spam-po

> what I'd really like to see

> is donut haiku

>

> buttermilk sugar

> they knead me & they fry me

> none taste the center

>

>[Steven Marks]:

>

> the center holds holes

> something to nibble around

> no mess on my hands

>

>[d.i.]:

>

> without the coffee

> a donut is not done here

> darkness to imbibe

>

>[s.m.]:

>

> nut to do but dough

> coffee from a hell of beans

> my do-dough dissolves

>

>[d.i.]:

>

> nonesistence hides  
> in the very word donut  
> nut signifies naught  
>  
>[Katherine Lynes]:  
>  
> yellow innards splooch  
> bavarian dive bomber  
> cannot hold center  
>  
>[d.i.]:  
>  
> and what about do?  
> do of course signifies dough  
> a dough-naught for you!

do-ough a de-ar  
a whole in one  
raison drops in bun

*y'all should join in*

[↑ Contents](#)

673. **KIM DAWN BAKER**

***the abstract personal***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

she started crying today. suddenly.  
the limbs hang loose like dripping socks on a vent in a closed room,  
filling the air inside the room . lungs without breath.  
i drew the drapes.  
i lied under the covers. I covered my face.  
i feel like I deserved it.  
i think all women should carry guns.  
  
space of the room. space of the page.  
blank. white. coded.  
(I have smoked so many cigarettes today I have no throat left.)  
vida simon wrote;" these words are stains." end quote)  
I want a wet nurse to carry me under her breast for ever.  
and she said, dont touch me.

and he said;  
nothing.

she never spoke or felt the desire for touch again.  
she hated her more than she hated him. she split from her self, again and  
again and hated each of the many sides.  
she felt nine years old. she feared she would never understand daylight  
again.

the space of the page = the space of the room

they are both of the body. the body of the tongue moistens the page and  
salts the periphery of the room. the tongue is the important limb here  
because it is the vehicle of sexuality and the vehicle of  
l a n g u a g e .  
this is a tired tongue.  
this is a dry mouth.

the mark upon the page. the incision/inscription of mark into/upon/beneath  
the skin. the mark is the memory. the memory is always there. she is not  
always present.

she lost her mouth.

she lost her will.

the drapes are drawn.

what I feel at this moment is authentic. I believe this. my face wettens  
as I read or write anything to do with  
the (disembodied)/my(embodied) body.

this is a result of language.

the body refers to a body, any body, a depersonalized body, a body other  
than my own, or my own, a room, a space, a page, the social body, the body  
of language, etc.

my body refers to this skin this flesh of mine which are penetrated,  
stabbed, marked, incised upon. this skin which sweats, sticks, breathes,  
suffocates, this suicidal body.

through language (coded) I can (pre) determine the stasis of the dis /  
embodied state of my corps through my use of words. there is power in this  
choice of whether it is mine or nobody's or everybody's. but it is always  
all three. plus the other/s. which makes six, the splits duplicate  
themselves. these bodies are transparent but can still bleed and stain and  
be cut through with knife.

there is no difference between the abstract and the personal. abstraction is an  
unnecessary term, it is a defunct of language. it describes nothing. except the  
inability to describe. abstraction is as, if not more personal than what is deemed  
to be personal, because the abstract purposefully encodes itself to be



indecipherable to the viewer. the abstract is dishonest. it is in hiding, it has kidnapped the free flowing body, it constricts, it mangles, it distorts, until there is no memory upon the surface, there is only diluted, misplaced memory.

[↑ Contents](#)

674. **David Israel**  
***Re: info on Bryars?***  
*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Some dozen years ago, Gavin Bryars was among the composers whom Charles Amarkhanian interviewed in his live interview-plus-music series "Speaking of Music" (held at the Exploratorium, at the Palace of Fine Arts in San Francisco, during several years in the pre-delinquent 80s).

I recall that Bryars seemed to have a bit of a dry sense of humor. The "Jesus Blood" piece still lingers in memory these many years later. One had the sense that he emerged -- generally speaking -- out of a world / sensibility akin to other experimentalists (esp. Terry Riley & Steve Reich) who'd toyed w/ tape loops & who came to be called minimalists.

Among Herb Levy's always-good music annotations, was this:

<< Bryars' more recent music can be heard on a couple of good CDs of chamber music on ECM (After the Requiem & Vita Nova), & a disc of string quartets & duos on Argo. >>

By the by, one of those string quartet pieces of Bryars' was just lately used by NYC choreographer Gloria McLean (erst a dancer w/ the late Eric Hawkins' company, & now doing her own thing) in setting a new dance piece.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

675. **Maria Damon**  
***Re: \_My Life in the Bush of Ghosts\_***  
*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

wow, i had no idea tutuola had been alive all this time...yes, his work is amazing. i tried to get it on the list of 20 books that MFA students have to read here, but no dice.

At 8:26 AM -0700 6/21/97, Aldon L. Nielsen wrote:

>Amos Tutuola died last week -- small obits here and there, but many U.S.

>papers failed to quote anything from his books --

>

>If you haven't already, read \_The Palm Wine Drinkard\_

[↑ Contents](#)

676. **David Israel**

***Re: Attachments***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Duly noted -- sorry, won't do it again.

d.i.

/////

>

> Date: Mon, 23 Jun 1997 09:55:04 -0700

> From: Herb Levy <[REDACTED]>

>

> Uh, I understand the frustration someone might feel not being able to

> get through to the list or with how ASCII reconfigures texts, but

> sending e-mail attachments to more than 500 people on an e-mail

> discussion list is not a good idea.

>

> These don't always come through legibly, especially for those of us

> who receive the list in digest form.

[↑ Contents](#)

677. **Charles Alexander**

***help find***

*Mon 23 Jun 1997*

---

Sorry to bother the list with this, but does anyone have an email address for Matthias Regan -- I seem to have misplaced it, and I recently had some Chax broadsides I sent to him returned to me, so I'm trying to find him.

thanks,

charles

ps -- please email me directly.

chax press :: alexander writing/design/publishing

books by artists' hands :: web sites built with care and vision

handmade and trade editions of contemporary innovative writing

[REDACTED] :: <http://personal.riverusers.com/~chax/>

[↑ Contents](#)

678. **Kali Tal**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Eliza,

I'm on a diff wavelength than most of the folks I read on the POETICS list, but, as a certified lit critter and publisher of poetry which has sometimes been seen as "confessional," I figure I might as well let you know what I think of your article and use it as an opportunity to take a stand for a particular sort of "personal" writing.

The way I read it, you're arguing against giving automatic \*literary\* pats on the back to poets who write about their own incest/abuse and you're upholding some sort of standard of good poetry which these poets--like other poets--need to meet in order to qualify \*as\* good poets. Okay. I don't know many people who would disagree with you on these grounds, just as you don't know many people who would support the notion that incest is a Good Thing. Honestly, I don't see any bigger flood of "plain awful" poetry about incest than I see about other "personal" subjects, ranging from death to sex. And I think if it was there, I \*would\* see it, because I study and write about sexual abuse survivor literature along with several other literatures of trauma. So I'm not convinced that you aren't creating a straw woman to bash here. Question is, why? I mean, why pick on incest poetry particularly?

For the last 10 years I've been working with and publishing Viet Nam veteran writer poets--mostly working class guys, mostly \*guys\*, and mostly of the leftist antiwar stripe; enlisted men and noncoms, usually not officers and never officers over the rank of captain. If you know the military, you know what kind of guys I'm talking about. Some of them have gone through creative writing programs, have MFAs, some from "good schools." But mostly they aren't poets of the sort usually discussed on this list. Now, I \*like\* the work of a lot of poets discussed on this list, but I don't think it's the only kind (or even the best kind) of poetry out there. I think the guys I publish are pretty fucking good, maybe \*because\* they are mostly talking about things that matter to them in the way that few things matter to \*anyone\*--matter in the way that life and death matter when they're up close and personal and you've crossed the line between them and the most important thing in your life is to make other people SEE/READ how \*much\* they matter. A poem about swimming (which, of course, really \*isn't\* about swimming, or not in the way that we usually think of swimming) just isn't the same. Can be good, even great. But not the same. These poets I'm talking about, they aren't waving; they're drowning. And that makes all the difference.

Because I publish a journal in which I often feature the work of veteran poets, I'm inundated with Bad Viet Nam Veteran Poetry. You're right. Just cause a guy pours his heart out on a page doesn't make it art. You wouldn't believe the number of poems about the Wall I'm subjected to every year, and almost every goddamn one of them *\*sucks\**. In fact, I've been thinking of doing a stuffed owl version of "Bad Wall Poetry" subdivided into sections called "You're Dead and It Makes Me Blue/I Oughta Be Dead Too," "Those Motherfucking Politicians Sent You Off To Die/And They Never Even Told Us Why," "If To the POW Cause You Are Not True, I'll Hold My Breath Till My Face Turns Blue," and "I Dodged the Draft So I Wouldn't Get Kilt/And Now I'll Bore You With My Guilt." Yeah, there's a lot of bad poetry about the Viet Nam war out there. More of it, I'd wager, than there is bad incest poetry, because by my calculations there's a lot less incest poetry out there overall.

There are also stunningly good poems by vets about their war experience, or, rather, about the way they've come to reimagine and reconstruct their experiences so that they *\*tell\** us something in a way that touches us someplace new. So you know where I'm coming from (and as a counter to your Mediocre Poet), I'll give you an example of what I'm talking about. David Connolly is a working class guy whose Irish American family has lived in South Boston for generations. He doesn't have a creative writing degree, but he's taken a lot of workshops and he's struggled to refine his poetry for going on twenty years. W.D. Ehrhart (a rather more well-known working class Viet vet poet--see the latest issue of *\_War, Literature & the Arts\_* which is devoted to his work) "discovered" David when David and his adult daughter took Ehrhart's course at U-Mass Boston. David's got over 20 years in working for the phone company. He's an IRA symp, a strong union man, a dedicated father, and a friend who would ride shotgun for you through the gates of hell. In short--exactly the kind of person, and poet, of which I'm most fond. David's also the kind of poet who can do a reading and hold an audience rapt, take them along for a whiplash rollercoaster ride and then slam their heads into a wall so that they fucking WAKE UP when he's reading. Maybe that's not what you want out of a poet, but it's one of the things I want, so I published his book, *\_Lost in America\_*. You gave a 16th C. example of a poem containing personal revelation that you liked, and a 20th C. example of the mediocre. Here are two 20th C. examples I think are swell.

The first is David Connolly's prose poem and--like other poetry--it helps if you know the lingo of the genre, so I'll tell you now that "dien cai dau" is Vietnamese for crazy (shortened in English pidgeon to "dinky dow"). "Ops" are operations, "grunts" are combat infantry, "boonierats" are soldiers who stayed out in the bush, "APC" is an armored personnel carrier, the Michelin was a French-owned rubber plantation, ARVNs were the soldiers of our South Vietnamese

allies (in soldier lore not known for their courage), "MP" is Military Police," and "LT" is a lieutenant.

---

## LETTER TO THE BEAR, LOST IN AMERICA

Hey Bear,

Listen up! You remember coming in from those road ops, the convoys back and forth to Cu Chi, fucking caked in clay? And no one would take a shower because some big-assed red bird was sitting up on the roof, like he was the spirit of death or something? Remember? That bird had nearly twenty hard, young killers milling around in towels and shower shoes, all rolling their eyes, saying shit like, "Not me, m'man, I ain't going first, uh uh, no way, nevah happen!" I think that Chicano gunner started it about birds being bad luck because he asked me one time if the Irish thought so and I told him, "si, m'man, es verdad." Then that dien cai dau Clyde, the grunt the NVA loved to nibble on, that dude who had forty, fifty little shrapnel hits on him, and a couple of big ones, who wasn't afraid of shit, he grabbed Gracie's shotgun and jacked one ready. Now I knew that shotgun was full of deer slugs, man. I knew that round would go through that bird like off-duty sailors through a corner full of whores. And I knew the sound of the gun would scatter those boonierats like they were fucking ARVNs. But I was high and I knew he'd fire before I could speak, and he did. He let go at that bird, man; remember how it disappeared? For a few seconds, a smoky halo of red feathers hung just above the shower, then began to fall on the crowd which by that time had become an absolute clusterfuck of towels and assholes and elbows, half of them trying to get away from the gunfire and the rest trying to get out from under the birdshit and red feather rain. And the slug, it kept going, man, up, right into one of those transformers on the poles along the perimeter road. It whanged into the case and the top just burst open with sparks. What a pop, huh, like the Fourth of Fucking July. Then the power line fell and the guy going by in the jeep swerved to avoid it and drove right into the open deck of that old APC? That stopped everyone in their tracks, huh? If there was one thing we all understood and appreciated, it was destruction, man. We were all howling and shit, pointing to the dipshit driver who was grinning and waving like I'm OK, Ma, to us. Then the jeep blew, and that old, gas-powered track lit off from it and the ammo in both started to cook. That driver was trying to jump up his own ass to get out of the way. We were all fucking dien cai dau by then, hysterical, holding on to ourselves, cheering and watching it all. People were passing around doobies and putting red feathers in their hair and shit, roaring out what was blowing off. There's .50s; there's some M-60, yea, grenades! Then the MPs came, fucking housecat cops, and broke it all up, actually told us that what we were doing was dangerous. That night,

it was all we could talk about, the "Big-Assed, Bad Luck, Bird Blast Blast," everybody all fucked up, giggling about it, all high and shit, well into the night? And the next morning we went into the Michelin. And only Gracie and Shock, Ratshit and the LT, and you and I came out. Then Ratshit and Gracie and the LT, they all got wasted up north. So listen, Bear. The other morning, the phone rang, and I found out that Shock was dead, man. And this morning, as big as life, there was a bright red cardinal in my yard. I might have been a dumb grunt, but I'm not stupid. I let him be. So now it's just you and I, Bro, who remember when we laughed at death, then met him, him and his fucking bird. I hope it's not just me. Out.

---

So maybe that pins your meters and maybe it doesn't. Me, I laughed myself sick the first time I heard David read it, and then, when I read it in hardcopy, read it over and over again, marveling at the layers he'd managed to create. That's \*personal\*; David's got nightmares about the up-close-and-personal deaths of each one of the guys he's named above, and they wake him up screaming. In my opinion, his gift is turning that into poems that make things happen for listeners and readers. Reading to a roomful of vets (and these are vets with Ph.D.s--most of them in literature--at the Sixties Generations conference) he's got to keep pausing because you can't hear him over the roar of laughter. And then you can hear a pin drop in the silence after the last four paragraphs. After which, slowly, you can hear folks start to murmur, "Fucking A, man, fucking A."

The second poem is by Horace Coleman. Horace is also a Viet Nam vet--Air Force. In Viet Nam he was an air traffic controller, which apparently wasn't much fun during the Tet offensive. At home, he was a black man who couldn't get a job doing what he'd been trained to do, and so he went off and got an MFA at Bowling Green, taught for a while, and then opted out of the literary life and into a job at McDonnell Douglass where he's been working for more than 15 years. His book *In the Grass* took him over 20 years to complete, time stolen from earning a living, dealing with nightmares, and assembling a life out of the pieces left to him by the war.

ORIANA FALLACI

It was on a small plane  
playing checkers  
on the green chessboard of Viet Nam.  
Riding with the cargo door open,  
swaying in the bumpy air  
like drab chandeliers, GI issue,  
on our way from Can Tho to Saigon

or was it Saigon to Can Tho?  
The loud engines talked  
to each of us, alone,  
going to, and from, our private hells.  
Fallaci, as usual, beautiful in  
braids, unlabeled non-issue fatigues, and loafers.  
No story here; no flirtations; no interviews.  
Just the quiet of grunts,  
a round-eyed woman,  
and the danger, somewhere,  
we all love.  
Now breast cancer may kill her  
if smoking cigarettes while  
breathing pure oxygen doesn't.  
Something is going to  
get us all, eventually.

---

*The risk is the truth, the step back from "what will people think of me when they write this poem." The skill is a matter of seeing, and a matter of deeply honed technique.*

Couldn't agree with you more, Eliza, but, again, I think you'd be hard put to find folks who \*disagreed\* with you on this count. A critic and an editor has got to do her job. I send most of the VWar poems I receive back to their authors with rejection slips. So I've gotta ask, what's your point? I simply can't find any place where anyone says that, for example, a piece of writing about incest is good writing merely because it's about incest. On the other hand, I don't regard an incest poem (or a VWar poem) with greater suspicion because of its subject matter. The article won't work for me, at least, unless you make clear exactly \*who\* you are challenging.

Best,

Kali

Kali Tal

Sixties Project & Viet Nam Generation, Inc.

PO Box 13746, Tucson, AZ 85732-3746



Sixties Project: <http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/sixties/>

Home Page: <http://www.azintl.edu>

[↑ Contents](#)

679. **Alan \* Sondheim**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

I like the sections you quote but you seem to place heavy emphasis on class origins and background - which is fine - but then you don't know our backgrounds or class origins or pain either. And the fact that someone has been through Vietnam and is working class doesn't result in a particular kind of writing - I know of other examples.

What I'm trying to say, is why give background, as if that negates or critiques the work on this list, since our various backgrounds are, I assume, unknown to you?

The writing you present stands by itself; I wonder about the need, as well, describe it as working class, as if it needed that buttressing.

And I don't have a creative writing degree.

Alan

[↑ Contents](#)

680. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: abstractly personal***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Reminds me of a story Valery tells about Mallarme and Degas. (I paraphrase wildly):

Degas: I really want to write a poem - if only I had some ideas for one. Mallarme: But my dear Degas, poems aren't made with ideas - they're made with words!

Patrick Pritchett

-----

From: Dean Taciuch

To: POETICS

Subject: Re: abstractly personal

Date: Friday, June 20, 1997 11:43PM

And in 1951, at Harvard, introducing "Spring and All":

"Poems are not made of thoughts, beautiful thoughts, it's [sic] made of words! Pigments put on--here,there, made, actually."

These were, judging by the audience reactions on the tapes, surprising ideas.

Dean Taciuch

[↑ Contents](#)



681. **Susan Wheeler**  
***Brathwaite film/video***  
Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

A LONG time back someone asked about a video on Kamau Brathwaite's Mother Poem. I've just seen it -- it was made for the CBC by Margaret Harris in April of 1996 and is called "Walking the Steps of the Imagination." It follows Brathwaite and his students on a trip to Barbados and is perhaps 20 minutes long. Hope this helps albeit tardily.

Kudos to the haiku daredevils --

Susan

Susan Wheeler

██████████

voice/fax ██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

682. **Piombino/Simon**  
***Re: abstractly personal***  
Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

"...Journals are really communal books. Writing in a group is an interesting symptom- which hints at a further great development of the writing business. Perhaps sometime people will write, think, and act en masse-whole communities, even nations will undertake a work."

from Novalis, Philosophical Writings, translated and edited by Margaret Mahony Stoljar, SUNY Press, 1997.

The above quote from a manuscript of Novalis written between 1797 and 1799.

Nick P.

[↑ Contents](#)

683. **David Bromige**  
***yesterdays mail***  
Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

Excuse the intrusion, but I want to reach as many potential posters-to-me as possible: I lost all messages from sunday & monday, so if any of you posted me personally, would you be kind enough to re-post that message? (If you posted me abstractly, however, you needn't bother). Thanks, David "bumblethumbs" B

[↑ Contents](#)

684. **Kali Tal**

**Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!**

Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

*What I'm trying to say, is why give background, as if that negates or critiques the work on this list, since our various backgrounds are, I assume, unknown to you?*

*The writing you present stands by itself; I wonder about the need, as well, describe it as working class, as if it needed that buttressing.*

Well, since I wrote a whole book about why the identity of the author matters, I guess I think it matters, *\*particularly\** in the case of authors who are also trauma survivors. (And I've got grave argument with poets and critics who feel it doesn't matter, since I view quite a bit of poetry which appropriates the experience/race/gender of others as, uh, inappropriate--a view which is likely unpopular on this list.) As for the emphasis on class, that seems to be the factor that is consistent in the vet poets I publish. It wouldn't be as important to me if I were describing a set of incest poets, for example. When I write about incest literature, *\*race\** seems to me much more important than class. If the work "stands on its own" (and I don't think *\*any\** work "stands on its own, it's just with some work and some audiences, things more easily go without saying) then it surely can't *\*hurt\** to have more information about the author, unless one feels that facts somehow get in the way (a notion which is distressing, indeed).

It's troubling to me that my decision to emphasize class, to discuss the working class nature of this vet poetry, is seen as some sort of critique of other poets on the list. In fact, I *\*do\** know the backgrounds of some of the other poets and would count, for example, Joe Amato's (hi, Joe!) working class background as a (maybe *\*the\**) major influence on his poetry and criticism, though Joe himself might disagree (and is certainly, if he does disagree, going to say so here in inimitable Joe fashion). In my view, people don't talk about class nearly enough--it matters in writing, as it matters in other parts of life. We've had long discussions on the list about the benefits and drawbacks of the literary academy, creative writing programs, etc., and we don't need to rehash them (or maybe we do). It seems to me clear that the institutionalization of poetry in the academy has the effect of creating an environment which often works to exclude working class poets. I find that working class poets generally have less patience with Theory (and please do notice the capital "T", for I am by no means arguing that working class poets do not have theories of poetry) and more interest in writing poetry that creates movement in the world (teeth or trees or lemons piled on a step) than do poets with middle- and upper-class backgrounds. This is meant as no insult; merely an observation. I happen to find

Theory compelling, and I argue with my working-class scholar friends (particularly those involved in working class studies) about it all the time, but then, I'm from an upper-class background myself and so I'm aware that my interest might simply work to underline their point.

Coming from a background in African American and Women's Studies, it would be hard for me to make an argument that the identity of the poet doesn't matter. I'm of the Omi & Winant persuasion here; I don't think identity is essential, but I think that people essentially identify and that how we think about what we are creates not only what *\*we\** are but, when we're members of a dominant group, what *\*other\** people think they are; we limit or define what other people can and cannot be. So if I'm going to talk about a poet, I'm going to talk about that poet's (complex) location on the race/gender/class grids and, if I don't know enough about the poet, I'll ask questions. But, yeah, I do think those answers are important.

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

685. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: Paint, he sd, or move objects around***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Ron,

Thanks for the great summary of the SF scene in the 70's and its bearing on LP. You're right - there is no neat and tidy way to sum up all that exchange, but it's interesting to think on. I lived in SF from 1975 to 77 but alas, was oblivious to the great goings-on. Was a freshman at State, thrilled to be reading Pound and WCW for the first time. Can only surmise what I would have made then of what y'all were doing.

btw: thought of you last nite while watching a re-run of Ken Burns' "Baseball" series, Part 9: the 1975 Red Sox-Reds World Series, Bill Buckner's heartbreaking grounder bloop, Bill "Spaceman" Lee's lovely cosmic jive, and of course, Kirk Gibson's smash in 1988 against your A's.

Best,  
Patrick

[↑ Contents](#)

686. **Wendy Battin**

***Re: info on Bryars?***

Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

Many thanks, Herb, Keith, Joseph Z. & David I., for info and recommendations. Am especially intrigued by mention on the netpoint site of GB's "miced media piece" & imagine it takes godlike patience to get them all trained.

Wendy

----- Wendy Battin  
<http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Lofts/5471/ashland.html>  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

687. **Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

well i've just finished wrestling an air conditioner into our bedroom (hi kali!) and, thank the lord, it hasn't blown a fuse... yet... so at least we'll be sleeping cool here in chicago when it's this hothothotmuggymuggymuggy...

i come to these issues of identity and appropriation in terms of struggle, and play... i like work that shows me either, or both... for example, i've posted before re my suspicions re story (as opposed to narrative)... but hey, i like a good story---so if you're gonna tell me one, well then i expect that you'll turn things to show me that you've sweated over those character/plot/structural issues... i guess then that my judgment in such matters is tied to my understanding of the way stories/narrative (can) work, and expecting authors to attend to such difficulties (whether conventionally or in less orthodox terms)... so yeah, it's a judgment call... but thing is, i come to a given work through its context, a context in which the work itself, formally speaking, plays a major role... but so many things do---the author, of course, the publication, the press, the era, the time of day, my mood... sometimes i find it easy to dismiss the author, sometimes less so... sometimes i find the author(-function) paramount in fact---when i'm familiar with a given author's oeuvre, so to say, i tend to read across all of her works...

i'm using the term "work" here self-consciously... yeah, i was raised very working class, you bet... but class is shifty, you can shift in and out of different classes... which is not to say that you can forget... perhaps you can, i can't, or won't...

and of course i don't mind theory, Theory, whatever---i would say that being theoretical is generally a good thing (i didn't use a T, now)... of course, i see the

currents i'm involved in as a writer to be broader, more popular than those that inform Theory as such... even pop cultural theory isn't really popular...

anyway, part of the issue i see in this thread has to do with the status of the real... i think the real still has real status... i use "real" here as a category (sometimes i'll write "actual," just b/c, as we all know, everything is real, or can be deemed so) and i'm prone to ask if in fact the struggle over this category isn't a key factor in distinguishing different groups of writers and readers...

ok, i'm sweating now!...

best,

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

688. **L. MacMahon and T.R. Healy**  
***more haiku-gram***

Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

[d.i.]:

*forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku*

*buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center*

[Steven Marks]:

*the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands*

[d.i.]:

*without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe*

[s.m.]:

*nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves*

[d.i.]:

*nonesistence hides  
in the very word donut  
nut signifies naught*

[Katherine Lynes]:

*yellow innards splooch  
bavarian dive bomber  
cannot hold center*

[d.i.]:

*and what about do?  
do of course signifies dough  
a dough-naught for you!*

[D.P. Salmon]

*do-ough a de-ar  
a whole in one  
raison drops in bun*

[Randolph Healy]

Sphere before torus  
when the centre was not holed  
goodbye nut hi ring  
batter my heart and  
artery o sweet and fat  
confectionary

[↑ Contents](#)

689. **henry g**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Kali makes a lot of interesting points that raise the question(s) about what poetry is now... & I agree with Joe that the stance toward what is "real" is important (as Chas. Peirce said, everybody has a philosophy whether they know it or not).

I guess I will keep following/adapting Dewey here & say that poetry is basically a kind of free expression, but it's always grounded in some kind of experience, & if you deny the experiential it trivializes the work. The weight of it comes from awareness of background. All writing is a kind of reflection, but "critical awareness" also involves some kind of distance... so writing "from your identity"

(on the grid) might involve writing AWAY from your identity. If poetry is promoted for its use-value alone (empowerment) the tendency while empowering also blunts the critical edge (or one of its edges, anyway)... I'm sure the Lingo Potters among us have "something" here.

My own view is that poetry has this double-edge, coming from experience - lived, felt, authentically rendered - on the one hand, and coming, on the other hand, from the sky. I mean this in all seriousness. Criticism/ inspiration = freedom. I'm talking about the "emotion of multitude" as Yeats called it, or more profoundly, Whitman's cosmic inspiration - "I exude my flesh in eddies & jags" or however it goes - or Coleridge's Imagination as the "I AM" - to me this is the linch-pin of both unity & individuality. Art shares this "representative" universality in expressing particular experience & helps make possible the graftings & cross-overs on Kali's "grid" that in my view are the only hope, unless we all want to live in the regional archives of our own true memoirs. But you have to experience it. It comes from the sky. The sky is universal enough for an earth-creature (you can throw in a few stars, too, if you want - rhymes with Mars, jars, and also Lars).

An awareness of "where the writer's coming from" sure would reduce the level of mediocre art; it would also make appropriations, masquerades, & imitations (not, in my view, always inappropriate) more effective. In fact most writers' personal data is now available in full on the internet. Mine was there even before I got published. See <http://www.fbi.nerd> - you'll find yourself there too.

- Henry Gould

Jack Spandrift's new CD, "Byron Hello Mercury", is available on the Aliens R Us label. Throw \$10. up in the air & wait for the light.

[↑ Contents](#)

690. **Hoa Nguyen**

***Re: Buddhism and racism***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Dear List:

Below please find a forward from the CAPL list. I wanted to share this with you because I find this subject of great interest and want to respond to Dean A. Brink's assertions.

Thanks,

Hoa

| ----- Forwarded message -----

| Date: Fri, 20 Jun 1997 18:19:01 -0700

From: "Dean A. Brink" <[REDACTED]>  
To: Discussion of Contemporary American Poetry <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: Re: (Fwd) "Buddhistic poetry" & racism (fwd)

I find this discussion about the place of Buddhism in American poetry to be representative of the mainstream - from Gary Snyder to any number of poets that employ Asian imagery for superficial exotic effects. We need to turn the anthropological eye back on the non-Asian Americans who have convinced themselves that they are the superior, true Buddhist poets of the day.

What is exposed by the anthology and the defense by its contributors, editors, and others is the extreme to which Orientalism is indeed a unacknowledged part of American poetry and poetics. It goes hand in hand with a rhetoric of sincerity and is always riddled with "bad consciousness" born out of its blindness to the historical.

Who gains from this? Certainly it does Asian-Americans no good. Poetry by Asian-Americans tends to include poetry highly conscious of stereotypes, orientalism, racism, and the many ironies born of the ahistorical ignorance exhibited in Kent Johnson and his associates.

That Lew and others are angry should be Mr. Johnson's first clue that he may be in the Buddhistic loop of consciousness, but he's out in apple pie left field otherwise.

That Asian-Americans would be excluded is obvious: the editors of the anthology sought to reinforce a "vision" of Asia (for which Buddhism serves as a metonym) that is less-than-discretely post-colonialist in tone. The white Buddhist tribe represented in the anthology purveys the myth of the Christian missionary superiority as it expropriates candy Buddhism. Buddhism becomes a commodity among a New Age people ('in search of deeper truths') who sample various religious imagery to evoke a sensibility that peaks with their pleasantly bourgeois conundrums, or offers a refreshing disorientation vis-a-vis the logocentrism of everyday life.

On the one hand I want to say Johnson and the others "can't help it," its so much a part of the current atmosphere in American poetry and New Age that has made a market for anything ostensibly Asian. But if not now when are we going to take to task this offensive mumbo jumbo of orientalists? Just because they defend themselves on religious terms doesn't mean they aren't contributing to a discourse that can be considered pernicious - elitist, racist, orientalist, simply narrow and self-serving.

At the same time, this is a devoicing of Asian Americans, eclipsing them not in theory but in practice, as Johnson has shown.



Kent Johnson already has demonstrated that the "aesthetic" criteria "naturally" require the most dynamic Buddhist poetry in America. The anthology achieves this, he writes. It contains the

*most vibrant  
interfacings of spirituality and artistic practice in contemporary  
American writing.*

If this is "spirituality" it is a crass form, for it is so thoroughly rooted in the most typical uses of religion for ideological ends. It can be interesting as a study of organized desperation, millenium panic, or a new twist on patent American paranoia.

We don't even have to open the can of worms over who is Buddhist, who a good poet; the criteria are so thoroughly orientalist (and ahistorical) that they cannot help but have to exclude Asian-Americans, who are too historically grounded to "be of use" to the construction of this discourse (Orientalism, Ltd.).

*dean brink*

*abd, East Asian Languages and Civilizations  
University of Chicago*

---

Get Your \*Web-Based\* Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>

---

[↑ Contents](#)

691. **Dan Machlin**  
***Kinsella/Jaeggi Reading Cancelled***  
*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

The reading/performance of John Kinsella and Urs Jaeggi at The Segue Performance Space in New York scheduled for this Thursday, June 26, is unfortunately cancelled. There are plans for another reading in November. Sorry folks!

[↑ Contents](#)

692. **Rachel Kubie**  
***Syllables & Scribes***  
*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Other examples of syllabic breaks can be found in manuscripts copied by scribes in the Middle Ages--if you happen to have any of those in your back

pocket. I'm looking at Parkes' *Pause And Effect*, (1993)--on the hist. of punctuation--with the chapter, "The layout and punctuation of verse." These breaks were also elaborate demonstrations of rhymes, where, for example, several lines would be broken off and bracketed with the final rhyming syllable displayed in the grand *\*littera notabilior\** on the right hand side of the page. More complicated displays were created for leonine rhymes--those at the cesura--splitting lines across the page in order to break the rhyme off from its words to display. These were not created by the authors--but then, authors were also later than readers and scribes in including punctuation in manuscripts--it was the ms. keeper who wanted to assure appropriate readings of the text, i.e. "Look! Look! A Rhyme! cummings is maybe doing something similar?--assuring a reading.

I very much hope this is relevant because I'm so happy to mention it & I would go on for an hour to plug Parkes' bk if I weren't out of cigarettes. Btw, I'm trying to put a paper together on the history of verse on the page (in phonetic alphabets) & if any listmembers could give your brainy well-versed helps, I'd be grateful. I'm trying to stay as superficial and material as possible--papers, inks, lettering, typeface, spelling, punctuation, spacing, line-breaks, etc.. I'm also trying to stay out of this century, tho' I haven't narrowed it more than that. (In a great History of the Book class for summer.) Thanks-- R. Kubie

[↑ Contents](#)

693. **Judy Roitman**

***Re: Buddhism and racism***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

And if Dean Brink had run into some Chinese monks indulging in a little Indian-SubContinentalism 1000 years ago by, horror of horrors, actually writing poems informed by their Buddhist practice --- what would he have said then?

Complain about the editors' hyperbole, complain about the editorial decisions, but you'd better believe this little Russian American Jewish [not Christian, oh no] Buddhist who's sat hard on the cushion for over 20 years in sanghas which include Chinese, Japanese, Korean (and Chinese-American, Japanese-American, Korean-American) members as both students and teachers is not "purvey[ing] the myth of the Christian missionary superiority as it expropriates candy Buddhism."

\*Candy\* Buddhism? What kind of candy is that? Buddhist practice is fucking hard, buster. No feel good shit, no way. Your teeth will break into smithereens on that kind of candy, for sure.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas |

memory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."  
[REDACTED] | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

---

[↑ Contents](#)

694. **groberts**

**Wyatt and not another?**

Tue 24 Jun 1997

While I agree that Wyatt wrote some great poems, I think we should remember that what counts as deeply personal for him is a complex problem for us reading him today. His lyric experiments were fabricated from a wealth of 15th century cliches, and it might be true that most of his word-choices were borrowings that were meant to sound quite familiar. He did put them to strange uses now and then, but given his trouble with Henry VIII over Anne, he could not risk sounding too personal unless he wanted to get moved from the Tower to the chopping block.

One of my favorite Wyatt poems is neither original nor personal in our sense of those terms, but compelling in its impersonal sense of contradiction:

Fortune doth frown.  
What remedy?  
I am down  
By destiny.

Gary R

[↑ Contents](#)

695. **Hoa Nguyen**

**Re: Buddhism and Racism**

Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Fri, 20 Jun 1997 18:19:01 -0700

From: "Dean A. Brink" <[REDACTED]>

To: Discussion of Contemporary American Poetry <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: (Fwd) "Buddhistic poetry" & racism (fwd)

Hoa here.

I have been thinking alot about "orientalism", "racism" and editing an anthology. I would like to go through Brink's message as a way into this dialogue about \_\_Under a Single Moon\_\_ co-edited with Kent Johnson and its subsequent scrutiny by Walter Lew in his anthology \_\_Premonitions\_\_. In Lew's editor's afterward (which Kent supplied earlier so I won't duplicate his efforts) Lew

pointed to a lack of Asian American voices in American letters. Lew also used the C. Forché edited anthology \_\_Poetry of Witness\_\_ as an example of editor bias in action (suggesting that certain atrocities, when by the hands of the American government, were not "witnessed" here by Asian eyes). I want to also encourage a response to this criticism from Carolyn Forché and others familiar with the Witness anthology. Also would like to know if the CAPL is discussing the Witness anthology as well as USM. (Apologies if this discussion took place before I joined).

Brink said:

"I find this discussion about the place of Buddhism in American poetry to be representative of the mainstream - from Gary Snyder to any number of poets that employ Asian imagery for superficial exotic effects. We need to turn the anthropological eye back on the non-Asian Americans who have convinced themselves that they are the superior, true Buddhist poets of the day."

This assertion itself lacks the very "anthropological eye" that the writer calls for-- indeed what is "Asian imagery"? Rice paddies, water lilies? I do not know which Americans he is referring to as being "convinced of their superiority as true"-- I know that Phillip Whalen, whose health is failing along with his eyesight at the Zen center where he is abbot, could not be held guilty of this. Nor could his poetry.

"What is exposed by the anthology and the defense by its contributors, editors, and others is the extreme to which Orientalism is indeed a unacknowledged part of American poetry and poetics. It goes hand in hand with a rhetoric of sincerity and is always riddled with "bad consciousness" born out of its blindness to the historical."

I agree that Orientalism is often unacknowledged in American \*anything\*, including poetry.

"Who gains from this? Certainly it does Asian-Americans no good."

What? My only response to this is "SAYS YOU!!" But seriously, I am frustrated by this smug paternalistic attitude.

"Poetry by Asian-Americans tends to include poetry highly conscious of stereotypes, orientalism, racism, and the many ironies born of the ahistorical ignorance exhibited in Kent Johnson and his associates."

I am sorry to break Mr. Brink's tidy bubble of how Asian Americans tend to be-- (as a representative of the not-so-model-minority)-- but Asian-Americans can model the very stereotypes that are offered as models of Asians-- Frank Chan, in his foreword to \_\_The Big Aiiiiiii!\_\_, was in fact, highly critical of fellow Chinese American writers such as Maxine Hong Kingston and Amy Tan for what he

read as embracing the white-Christian assumptions about the misogynistic and incompetent Chinese male character. And Garrett Hongo's *\_Open Boat\_* anthology was equally criticized for its narrow aesthetic decisions for it excluded experimental writing by Asian-Americans, which, it was contended, furthered an image of what Asian Americans wrote like-- traditional, narrative, image-driven lyric.

"That Lew and others are angry should be Mr. Johnson's first clue that he may be in the Buddhistic loop of consciousness, but he's out in apple pie left field otherwise."

That Lew was the first to voice his concern about anthologies-- using Johnson and Forche as two examples-- says more.

And what does it say for editors/editing practices when my work-- which is "experimental" in approach-- is accepted for an anthology edited by (white) editors (with similar experimental tastes) and also rejected by the (Asian) editors of an anthology of Vietnamese American poets (with a more image based lyric narrative take of poetry)? (see #3 below).

"That Asian-Americans would be excluded is obvious: the editors of the anthology sought to reinforce a "vision" of Asia (for which Buddhism serves as a metonym) that is less-than-discretely post-colonialist in tone. The white Buddhist tribe represented in the anthology purveys the myth of the Christian missionary superiority as it expropriates candy Buddhism. Buddhism becomes a commodity among a New Age people ('in search of deeper truths') who sample various religious imagery to evoke a sensibility that peaks with their pleasantly bourgeois conundrums, or offers a refreshing disorientation vis-a-vis the logocentrism of everyday life."

That there were no Asian Americans in this anthology was suprising to me given the geographical origin of Buddhism. This to me does also say something about the social pressures that are exerted between groups. Mr Lew said as much-- and I agree that anthologizing in general is a tricky thing. Buddhism is commodified because-- hello look around you-- editors have to find a handle for poetry in the market place. Calling yourself a school of something has a similar affect-- even when the "handle" groups disparate approaches to writing.

Buddhism is not held as the property of Asians-- and the whole point is to practice and give-- to suggest that it is "expropriated" feels to me another way of making Asians subverient to the dominant.

I want to make further points but am running out of time (have to go to work) and want to post this for Kent Johnson's response before he takes off for vacation. So in brief--

- 1) Is there any anthology that does not reflect the interests, cohorts, and tastes of the editor?
- 2) Is there any anthology that is pure from the wider social constructs the editor operates in?
- 3) Wouldn't it be closer to the truth for any editor to write something like "The poets/poems in this collection are my friends, people I admired and/or work I am interested in that I happened to see or was sent to me. I have presented them in book form because I want others to see it and hope that there is enough interest in these poets so that I can continue to publish poetry-- because we all should have more poetry".

-----  
Get Your \*Web-Based\* Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

696. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

kali i'm a little puzzled on a few points. first, i DID say quite clearly that at the moment, my gripe is incest poetry. i did NOT say the only, or primary, or biggest group of bad poetry is incest poetry, only that at the moment, that is my particular gripe.

i said that because that is the main amount of bad poetry i'm seeing. i don't see that much bad vietnam poetry (though i know the material, having seen my share of it and then some) so i don't have so much of a problem with it at the moment. when i was in at umass boston where we have a lot of vet poets, i saw a lot more and then it bugged me more. when i was at a writing conference run by vietnam vets (which is, by the way, where a friend who ran one of the workshops gave me, as badly needed advice, the gem "bad poetry should NEVER be celebrated. he is, by the way, a working class guy who writes about vietnam and is one of the people i'd have quoted if i'd have had room. HIS writing i celebrate from here to christmas!) i saw a bunch more, but still, i saw even more incest poems than vietnam poems. who knows, maybe i have a sort of look that says "give me your tired, your hungry, your incest/molestation poems..." i'm sure you know that bruce weigl (who i mention as writer of one of my favorite incest/molestation poems) is a vietnam vet who writes some of the most extraordinary poetry, and vietnam poetry, i've ever read, so i'm a bit puzzled that you bring in vet poetry as if i wouldn't know about it... maybe i missed something there?...

also, i am not setting up straw dummies in the least. again, maybe this is a reflection of our editorial approachability, but alot of the writers whose work i don't take, or who i don't cheer and froth at the mouth (mediocre poet has been awful at times. and wait a minute, i SAY that, so again, having given at least one example from life, isn't it pretty clear i'm getting flack on this?... anyway, before i got lost in the paranthetical forest... i wrote this article in part as something to refer people with a gripe because i kept stressing boring quality issues about their Important Subject poems. i mean, i have fantasies of xeroxing this en masse and just automatically handing it out whenever the usual quarrel starts.

don't any of the people you send rejection slips ever get back to you? mine do, and how!

i wonder if i should rewrite to be a little more explicit here, but one of the big problems when a writer writes the Big Subject poems is that there are a million meaningless cliches out there on the Big Subjects. and when writer gets very enamored of the Big Subject, they often stop actually listening to the vein of real feeling inside/wherever that they are (hopefully) writing from, and tap straight into a mainline of Big Cliches on the Big Subject. i remember, to use an example you might relate to, a vietnam war poem by a writer who began one story line, with one character, only to get so caught up in big cliches that he ended up contradicting a number of points in his story line just because he got sucked into putting down those cliches instead of following his story. when asked how if he said so and so was a quiet guy he could later give a description of so and so, i believe the phrase was, "busting chops left and right" he was unable to really come up with anything. when asked to pare back to what he wanted to describe, to say in just prose words what happened, it turned out to have a substantially different feel from poem, which was a very melodramatic "and then i ripped the top off that sucker and sneered at death" etc... moreover, some of the actual events changed! THAT is what i'm addressing, in part, when i describe getting caught in the cliches and forgetting the real experience/idea/germ of poem.

e

[↑ Contents](#)

697. **Jay Schwartz**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

This response is from Kathy Lou Schultz, she asked me to post it for her.

I agree whole-heartedly with Kali Tal that a discourse around class and poetics is lacking, if not invisible, and welcome the opportunity to discuss these



important issues more in- depth. That said, my response to the construction of a "working class poetry" is set out below.

First, the drive to create "poetries of identity" (a phrase I've been using for some time) tends to solidify normalizing tendencies in terms of forms, style, and content, i.e. does a poem have to be narrative, "I"-based and "about" work in order to be considered "working class"? In all of the "working class" poetry anthologies I've seen it does.

Furthermore, drawing a straight line between one's "identity" and one's poetics is problematic at best and confuses the biographical information about the poet with poetic works that genuinely seek to explore, unseat, complicate subjectivity. The obvious point to be made is that identities are infinitely mediated and complex; coming from a particular class, race, gender, etc. is not--and should not be--the map through which one can trace a trajectory toward a particular type of poetic expression. n.b. I find the quest to uncover a "women's language" to be wrought with the same oversimplification.

For example, are we sure that "working class poets generally have less patience with Theory"? Which working class poets? Where? And if I, with my working class background, write poetry which concerns itself with Theory is my writing no longer "working class"? Do we define poetries of identity based on biographical data? content? form? Can this be applied to other art forms? For example, how could I discern a "working class" sculpture from a ruling class one?

It cannot be disputed that privilege leads to the time, space and circumstances in which to produce art. Poor and working class writers are not afforded this luxury. This affects poetic production in important ways and is perhaps the most frustrating aspect of trying to write that working class writers face. Yet a shared class background does not necessarily lead to a shared poetic. What is needed is a critical discernment which uses biography, social and historical contexts, and other factors as lenses through which to examine poetic works, not a process of labelling which conflates identity with poetic production that only succeeds in putting poems, and poets, into little boxes.

[↑ Contents](#)

698. **Robert Archambeau**

***In Defense of Simic***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Aldon Nielsen wrote:

*Mr. Simic tells us "With the rise of literary theory in the last 20 years and the quick turnover of critical approaches, not only American but world literature lost out." Now, this is preceded by the complaint that "Our big secret, our unspoken literary scandal, is the near total ignorance by*



*our writers, editors and academics of literature being written elsewhere in the world." Mr. Simic appears to believe that the place on the coffee table once held by Robbe-Grillet (or "even" an anthology of Spanish poetry) is now given to a succession of THEORISTS*

Well:

If we take Simic to mean that we are faced with an either/or situation, in which we can read either poetry or books of theory, then his point is certainly objectionable, even before we take into account the challenging of the theory/poetry distinction that has been at the heart of a great deal of writing over the past couple of decades.

But:

I think Simic has a valid point in that graduate schools tend to encourage a great deal of cosmopolitan foraging around for the latest in literary theory (a good thing), but fail to extend that encouragement to poetry, novels, etc (an inexcusably bad thing).

And:

This was certainly my experience throughout most of grad school, and has been the experience of friends of mine at several institutions -- one is urged to know about what people are theorizing in Europe and (less often, and only more recently) elsewhere, but if you don't come to graduate school with the sense that you ought to look into Serbian or Tamil or Swedish or Egyptian or Australian poetry, you almost certainly won't pick it up there. Even multiculturalism tends, too often, to refer only to American multiculturalism.

So:

We need more people like Simic (whose *The Horse Has Six Legs* is the best anthology of Serbian poetry to be published in America, and whose *Another Republic* helped introduce many European and Latin American writers in the US), people who are willing and able to cross cultural boundaries and bring work from elsewhere to us. If he comes off as frustrated in this essay, I suppose he's been given cause enough, as American education and American readers continue all-too-often continue to do only lip service to the idea of a cross-cultural literary dialog.

To Reiterate and Conclude:

Pushing students to read theoretical writers from all over the globe is a good thing, a real gain over earlier and more insular practices. We ought to extend this cosmopolitan urge to nontheoretical writing as well, and we have, by and large (with exceptions, absolutely, but they *are* exceptions and not the rule) failed to do so. And whatever we may think about what Simic implies about

theory, he is absolutely right in urging American readers to be less insular, and in worrying that the academy is failing to right the situation.

--

Robert Archambeau  
Department of English  
Lake Forest College  
Lake Forest, IL 60045  
<http://www.lfc.edu/~archamb/>

[↑ Contents](#)

699. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Kali,

Since we now seem to be somewhat more direct and honest here, I do have a couple of words to toss in:

My first response to an article on this issue (which I think may have given impetus to this current revolt against the personal) was - this lady is afraid of something. The something might be honesty, reality, therapy, etc...., but the something is there. I suspect it might be an element in other attitudes (I get a little squirmy reading about castration, I think).

But as a psychologist I know it is a mistake and retraumatizing to push over-much for confrontation.

Reality of experience might or might not matter when it comes to literature, but I think much of this kind of discussion obscures some essential points. "Good" writing is related to if not synonymous with "authentic" living.

1. I think "good" writing hits universals and universals are usually found in the most intense personal experience (whether presented realistically or in fantasy (e. g., Conrad, Styron).

2. Writing itself (or the act of "honing" a piece) leads to universality or honesty of personal experience (John Gardner's "On moral fiction" comes to mind here. He was as honest as his writing and he felt his writing keep him so.

3. In my experience writing, life, and therapy do not differ in any essential aspects. One can be deceptive (toward self as well as others) in any of these activities, but it generally shows.

I don't think, BTW that all literature should try for authenticity any more than

I think all life should be serious.  
tom bell

[↑ Contents](#)

700. **john chris jones**  
*parts of the cyberepic*  
Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

cyberepic: 4th posting

5

(more of the Dante/jones conversation)

... and I'm not a clone, types Dante.

mr. jones lets that stand though he wonders at D's vocabulary ...

So now Dante, he types (if your new new presence or even resurrection is to be credited) please tell me how you are going to do this rewriting of everything that we fail to believe in? Are you going to infer your whole argument from the absence of capital letters or are you going to look at all the other kinds of significant detail that you can perceive in modern life?

Dante replies swiftly to this, for his mind is already full of expectations and immediacies and he can't wait to get his thoughts into conjunction with all the details and practicalities (as well as the theologies or their substitutes) that he guesses are waiting for him in this manifestation six or seven hundred years after the first Dante gave his poetic vision to the world as it was ...

But he has a difficulty, he types, still speaking of himself in the third person. It is that as pure spirit, no more mortal nor human than the forms of these letters, he has no direct way of encountering modern life as it's lived, nor even of reading the printed literature. All he can get to is what his still surprised correspondent, mr. jones, can write in words on this screen. Are you willing to do it, mr. jones, he asks. Are you able to give me enough of a picture of life as you people live it for me to react to and recompose into the more complete reality that I don't believe you believe in yourselves? I mean the undivided world.

Yes I can, types jones immediately, dropping the mr. It is lucky for you that you've reached the screen of someone who has not only lived a long time but has written thousands of pages in which he has noted his thoughts and experiences. They are waiting to be made sense of ... How did you know that I have them, and have despaired of finding someone like you to help me out?

Don't ask me to break the illusion completely, mr. jones, it's not my forte to destroy. I am here to read all you have written and then to reply with my own

version of things, as seen from my position, still an exile, but never losing my faith in the good and the beautiful while retaining an eye for what is not.

Can you wait until the morning Dante, types jones, for it's time I went to bed.

Dante, requiring no sleep, food, air, nor any earthly sustenance, asks if there is something already written that he can read and study in the night?

Uh ... yes there are thousands of pages, types jones, and many are hardly legible or understandable to anyone but myself ... But here are some I call notearth that I've begun to type out ...

Just copy and paste them onto the screen, types Dante, and attend to your dreams ... I wish you well.

But mr. jones is already asleep and into his dream come more words by Wallace Stevens:

The fault lies with an over-human god,  
Who by sympathy has made himself a man ...

(from 'Esthetique du mal', The collected poems, Faber and Faber, London, 1955, p315, lines and poem chosen by chance process before reappearing in dream and on screen)

(c) 1997 john chris jones

You may transmit this text to anyone for any non-commercial purpose if you include the copyright line and this sentence.

If you want to read more of it, or would prefer it to stop, please tell me backchannel and I'll try to act accordingly. This is its first publication.

Previous postings appeared in Poetics Digests of 4-5th, 9-10th and 11th -12th June 97.

(correction to previous posting:

N'est pas? ... Or shall I say non é? or is it noné?

should have appeared as

N'est ce pas? ... Or shall I say none or non e?

Eudora read my accented e as é. Dante forgives both of us - he says we are as we are and he is something else.)

[↑ Contents](#)

701. **Hugh Steinberg**

**Re: more haiku-gram**

Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

[d.i.]:

*forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku*

*buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center*

[Steven Marks]:

*the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands*

[d.i.]:

*without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe*

[s.m.]:

*nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves*

[d.i.]:

*nonesistence hides  
in the very word donut  
nut signifies naught*

[Katherine Lynes]:

*yellow innards splooch  
bavarian dive bomber  
cannot hold center*

[d.i.]:

*and what about do?  
do of course signifies dough*

*a dough-naught for you!*

*[D.P. Salmon]  
do-ough a de-ar  
a whole in one  
raison drops in bun*

*[Randolph Healy]  
Sphere before torus  
when the centre was not holed  
goodbye nut hi ring*

*[L. MacMahon]  
batter my heart and  
artery o sweet and fat  
confectionary*

I love everyone  
says the old cop on his beat  
let 'em eat donuts.

Hugh Steinberg

[↑ Contents](#)

702. **David Israel**  
***Re: Buddhism and racism***  
*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Judy --

<< And if Dean Brink had run into some Chinese monks indulging in a little IndianSubContinentalism 1000 years ago by, horror of horrors, actually writing poems informed by their Buddhist practice --- what would he have said then?  
>>

yes, I was thinking abt. that today while walking down the street (a familiar enough theme): the migration of Buddhism to America & its interesting resonance w/ a kindred migration to the (erstwhile foreign) East Asian lands some time ago, a few turns of the calendrical --

cheers

d.i.

Stepping over the sleepers the fires the calendars  
my voice turns to you  
- W.S. Merwin, "The Way to the River"

[↑ Contents](#)

703. **David Israel**  
**Re: more haiku-gram**  
Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

[d.i.]:

*forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku*

*buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center*

[Steven Marks]:

*the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands*

[d.i.]:

*without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe*

[s.m.]:

*nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves*

[d.i.]:

*nonesistence hides  
in the very word donut  
nut signifies naught*

[Katherine Lynes]:

*yellow innards splooch  
bavarian dive bomber  
cannot hold center*

[d.i.]:

*and what about do?  
do of course signifies dough  
a dough-naught for you!*

[D.P. Salmon]:

*do-ough a de-ar  
a whole in one  
raison drops in bun*

[Randolph Healy]

*Sphere before torus  
when the centre was not holed  
goodbye nut hi ring*

*[L. MacMahon]*

*batter my heart and  
artery o sweet and fat  
confectionary*

*[Hugh Steinberg]:*

*I love everyone  
says the old cop on his beat  
let 'em eat donuts.*

[d.i.]:

no start & no end  
till you yourself nibble the  
do (history) nut

[↑ Contents](#)

704. **George Bowering**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

It seems to me that if the poet's background is essential to reading the poem, then it would affect the poem in such a way that the reader of the poem would know what it was.

I mean I am reminded of the old 60s thing. A says what's yr sign? B says Pisces. A says I knew you were a Pisces from the way you.....

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

705. **David Israel**

***further re: Buddhism and racism***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

further on the --



why did the Patriarch come from the West? [i.e., from India to China] threadlet of the "Is American Buddhism an expropriation from East Asia?" threadlet of the "Beneath a SINGLE [heavens!] Moon" thread . . .

it's my impression that one of the great delights, in the early centuries of Chan [Zen] in China, was that of having authentic native-born Buddhist teachers re-inventing Buddhism with a Chinese face, rather than (as was the wont for a good while theretofore) always looking to India & Indianism for authority & authenticity.

And teachings (& then, Buddhist poetry!) given in Chinese! -- that was a radical new development. Esp. when poets integrated the new teachings with native ("classical" Chinese) literary forms of expression -- not simply the doggeral of scripture, but the more subtle hues of "personal" (naturalistic) experience, underpinned by Buddhist theory & practice.

& teachings even in a vernacular, jaunty, experimental Chinese (rather than the usual: blah-blah-blah Sanskritized Chinese of the scriptures that people kept on running over to India to find more of -- always making a big deal of India, always assuming that only from India could you get "real" Buddhism. It took a long time to get over that). After Hui Neng, the whole thing began seriously to break loose -- he still taught the Diamond Sutra, but his realization (or do I misremember?) was arrived at while grinding rice in the temple kitchen -- not while mouthing fancy-dancy Sanskrit (which he didn't know at that point, meseems).

In the next several generations, you had these radical forms of teaching -- folks burning up the Indian scriptures, glaring, talking plainspeak, or not talking, or asking & answering questions that no one in Indian Buddhism (the erst standard of authenticity) would have so posing or so answering.

(anyway, nothing like a good occasion for a rant, n'est pa?)

cheers, d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

706. **David Israel**  
***further re: Buddhism and racism, p.s.***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

an inadvertant elision:

<< . . . glaring, talking plainspeak, or not talking, or asking & answering questions that no one in Indian Buddhism (the erst standard of authenticity) would have [DREAMED OF] so posing or so answering. . . . >> d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

707. **Steven Marks**  
***Re: more haiku-gram***  
*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

[d.i.]:

forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku

buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center

[Steven Marks]:

the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands

[d.i.]:

without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe

[s.m.]:

nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves

[d.i.]:

nonesistence hides  
in the very word donut  
nut signifies naught

[Katherine Lynes]:

yellow innards splooch  
bavarian dive bomber  
cannot hold center

[d.i.]:

and what about do?  
do of course signifies dough  
a dough-naught for you!

[D.P. Salmon]:

do-ough a de-ar  
a whole in one  
raison drops in bun

[Randolph Healy]

Sphere before torus  
when the centre was not holed  
goodbye nut hi ring

[L. MacMahon]

batter my heart and  
artery o sweet and fat  
confectionary

[Hugh Steinberg]:

I love everyone  
says the old cop on his beat  
let 'em eat donuts.

[d.i.]:

no start & no end  
till you yourself nibble the  
do (history) nut

[s.m.]:

from naut- to navel  
my do-naught, my omphalos  
which one to fill up?

[↑ Contents](#)

708. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: Is the self-evident evidence of a self?***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Have just finished reading the responses in the current *Boston Review* to Marjorie Perloff's earlier article on the Yasusada texts and their publication (yes, it takes a while for things to reach me up here in the mountains --

more interesting to me even than the "original" success de/du scandal(e) is the mode of response here -- the "Yasusada" affair becomes a screen upon which a writer might project his or her anxieties of the day -- for example:

Mr. Simic tells us "With the rise of literary theory in the last 20 years and the quick turnover of critical approaches, not only American but world literature

lost out." Now, this is preceded by the complaint that "Our big secret, our unspoken literary scandal, is the near total ignorance by our writers, editors and academics of literature being written elsewhere in the world." Mr. Simic appears to believe that the place on the coffee table once held by Robbe-Grillet (or "even" an anthology of Spanish poetry) is now given to a succession of THEORISTS -- which only goes to show that Mr. Simic visits a different class of coffee tables from any I have ever experienced.

but it would seem that this theory is not read any more closely than the texts of Yasusada were -- for Greg Glazner and Jon Davis tell us in their response that "Michel Foucault's writings, which focus exclusively on uncovering social power structures, lurk in the background of this confused literary scene."

EXCLUSIVELY?

more close reading of the same sort: Simic concludes his letter -- :Only in our academic circles is the claim being made that it's philosophically impossible, even for an experienced cook, to judge whether the meal prepared by someone else was cooked badly or not." the which makes me wonder if Simic's experience of literary theory has in fact been confined to coffee tables.

of course, there is a bit of theorizing going on in Glazner and Davis's contribution -- They would distinguish a "true multiculturalism" from whatever it is they think is going on, one in which "'Excellence' would have to return . . ." immediately adding "that standards for such a complex range of work would never achieve anything approaching certainty"

well, as my good buddies Romy and Michelle would say, duh --

so, the problem is that all this politically correct relativism and victimology has taken us away from true standards of excellence, which we need to get back to as fast as we can, though we can never be certain what those standards may be --

Mr. Weinberger adds:

"Yasusada occurs at a moment when the Eng. Dept. has split into two contradictory 'post-modernisms': multiculturalism and deconstruction (and its spin-offs). One side wants to hear the stories that haven't been told, and the other doubts that stories can be told. (One side, at least, still wants to read literature.)"

I suppose it would be too much to expect people to read closely, quote accurately, attempt fair representations of the positions of others (you know, those "others" we hear about so much now), or at least to give some evidence of ever having read the works they claim now dominate academic literary study --

but I have to get back to all these books of poetry and fiction and criticism my wife and I have piled all over our own little coffee table -- If this smattering of

abuse whets your appetite, get the current issue of the *Boston Review* for the full text version (and Marjorie Perloff's most restrained reply) --

[and did I miss something in the Yasusada affair? I hadn't heard that these texts had been published by English Departments]

interdepartmentally yours,  
aldon

[↑ Contents](#)

709. **Wystan Curnow**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

Thomas,

To be frank I have a squirmy feeling that you've re-traumatized the lady Eliza. Unless of course you're NOT being straight. Should we expect irony from a psychologist?

Yours sincerely,

Wystan

[↑ Contents](#)

710. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***no trauma but puzzlement***

*Tue 24 Jun 1997*

---

dear wystan and tom and all

no i'm not re-traumatized! um, wystan, i'm not entirely sure the original article tom mentions was mine -- he goes back to revolt against the personal and throws in castration, and i had a thought he might have meant initial k dawn posts?...

if he meant my article, bang on the nose! i am terrified of more hordes of disgruntled relatives of Mediocre Poet waving sheaves of bad writing at me in a Mediocre but very sincere frenzy!

i have made a serious omission in terms i think. i don't mean true as in, necessarily, real and it actually happened. i mean true in that it is a compound of observed reality, contains flashes of all sorts of reality blended through the magic of your fiction set into writing. you all remember the post months ago about someone listening to conversation in a cafe as part of a class assignment, and it was rather different than they imagined it would have been. THAT is the idea -- a fully imagined, true in that it has verisimilitude, even if in its own world. for example, vonnegut's people are exceedingly wacky, eugene o'neils

people are exceedingly tormented, flannery o'connor's people are exceedingly funny and so on. i am not convinced anyone as bizarre as a vonnegut character ever quite existed, but he has the details down so well, has so much consistency and verisimilitude, works with such intensely imagined world, and i've heard people say things like the things his characters say so often that i'm not sure but what they might not exist somewhere.

by the by, point about privileging more "important" types of experiences, i.e. poem about vietnam automatically more "important" than poem about swimming is, i think, the heart of a dangerous fallacy. a bad poem about vietnam which is full of cliches, internally inconsistent, not based on real observation but based on crummy t.v. show cliches, is not automatically better, or more important than a lovely poem about, say, "Go, lovely rose! Tell her that wastes her time and me..."

when i want a poem that touches a bitter, betrayed, empathetic mood in me, and i go to the bad vietnam poem, it is still, well, YUCK! i am re-traumatized. i am fed a slimy syrup of cliches. now, i am in a particularly buoyant summer mood, or, have just lost another very dear patient, and find that rose poem, and i am moved, it is really fine, feel something strong said about eternity. same, am feeling particularly lost and without hope, and read swimming poem, or most of maxine kumin, and i am given for a strong timeless reading moment a waft of old new england, of roots, joy, peace, long musings on all sorts of things... i got, in other words, what i came for in well written poem. now, imagine a well written viet nam poem. but i want summer, bouyant good humor, wit, delicacy, lovely imagery, that incredible high of being directly connected for a moment to a long ago point in history. um, the vietnam poem might be very very good, but it is not giving me those things.

that a poem transmits a reality, full, imagined, multi-shaded, even a not true but realistic reality, is, i would think, the main thing. an abstract poem could do the same thing, no? -- it is, if well made, the poet's well crafted multi-level work. has its own internal principles, contains coding in the way it is put together... the leaps between spicers images, the intense bursts of experience.

by the by, i'm not sure how class got dragged in here but my motto on same is don't make assumptions. people you might assume are the Upper Class (put in subtext elitist snob rich repressors) may in fact be poor as church mice, the only people for generations in their family to have any school at all, autodidacts, may work in job cleaning -- think of judy grahn, meridel leseur, tillie olson. all gloriously verbal, tremendously brilliant, add audre lord to that list, all very capable of using polysyllabic latinate words and all the buzzwords anyone could desire. and all working class. can work in opposite direction. class. much more delicate than at first seems. always at work in america, just not so

overtly. and, in america, often, even most often, bounded in terms of employment, not birth. the kali tal who has academic job at yale is, indeed, considered in class many steps above laboring slob who does secretarial/administrative work and works as nurse's aide. same kali tal enjoys automatic respect, privileges, social assumption of "eligibility" for all sorts of things working jane gets snubbed for, be working jane ever so erudite! e

[↑ Contents](#)

711. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: no trauma but puzzlement***

Tue 24 Jun 1997

---

Great post Elisa. yes,the reference was to k. dawn's.  
tom bell

At 10:15 PM 6/24/97 -0400, you wrote:

>dear wylan and tom and all

>

>no i'm not re-traumatized! um, wylan, i'm not entirely sure the original

>article tom mentions was mine -- he goes back to revolt against the

>personal and throws in castration, and i had a thought he might have meant

>initial k dawn posts?...

>

>if he meant my article, bang on the nose! i am terrified of more hordes

>of disgruntled relatives of Mediocre Poet waving sheaves of bad writing

>at me in a Mediocre but very sincere frenzy!

>

>i have made a serious omission in terms i think. i don't mean true as

>in, necessarily, real and it actually happened. ,,,,

[↑ Contents](#)

712. **David Israel**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

Joe Amato -- both w.class ("Joe") & top-drawer? ("Amato" -- Italianate dalian -- W.Stevens' "scrivening amorist": amore [moon hitsyer eye] = amato -- a relation of Laurie Amat's? [SF performance musician; neh, unlikely]) . . . Joe says:

<< anyway, part of the issue i see in this thread has to do with the status of the real... i think the real still has real status... i use "real" here as a category (sometimes i'll write "actual," just b/c, as we all know, everything is real, or can be deemed so) . . . >>

Real walks      into a restaurant  
best believe the dude gets a table  
from the other side   ov the tracks?  
nurture nature    ( birch   beech )  
like money on trees?    sure shit man  
actual leaves    autochthonous article  
can handle everyting   like what if stuff  
really happens? takes it in stride   he's  
got the scoop   or did you really think  
they call him real for   idle courtesy?  
whistling diction?   re al i ty  
check   mate   illusion credit  
d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

713. **Tom Orange**  
***simic, theory vs. multicult***  
*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

one measure of the ways in which (primarily french) theory has enjoyed a "translational advantage" over other foreign-language writing (poetry, fiction, etc.) as a function of academic disciplinarity:

i was going thru early essays by j. hillis miller (collected in *\_theory now and then\_*, duke up 1991). the very first essay, "the antitheses of criticism: reflections on the yale colloquium" (1966, contemporaneous with the infamous johns hopkins gathering), states in no uncertain terms in the first paragraph, "for most of the participants part of the impetus for the next advances in literary study will come from one form or another of european criticism." then you get the essays on poulet and the geneva school. references to saussure marx nietzsche freud derrida deleuze do not appear until a 1972 essay, "tradition and difference."

e.g., he mentions in passing "'repetition' in the nietzschean sense of that term as it has, for example, been identified by deleuze in *\_difference et repetition\_* or in *\_logique du sens\_*." -- with no ensuing explication of the very tortuous conceptualization contained in those texts, especially the former -- of course, neither of these texts had been translated into english yet, but the assertion is that one *\*should\** know them if one doesn't already...).



witness too the praise heaped upon g. spivak for her translation of and especially her preface to *\_of grammatology\_*, she a more or less traditional yeats scholar up until that point. (and e. said, too, primarily a conradian...)

certainly very few foreign-language poetic/fictional/dramatic texts in translation could ever have enjoyed the uncritical, unquestioning embrace of north american english literature departments in the 1970s and 1980s.

and especially at graduate levels, at which point translated texts become more or less rejected outright as objects of study: let the comparative literature people worry about that.

comparative literature's major disciplinary crisis now of course is how to formulate responses to multicultural studies; here's miller again in his (1991) preface: in this new and as yet almost unimaginable global economy we are entering, made one world by these new technologies, the isolated study of single national literatures will soon seem as outmoded as old-fashioned nationalisms themselves. [as well as the use of single national theories??]

such study must be replaced by multi-lingual and multi-ethnic disciplines of collective research and teaching. these new disciplines are themselves as yet hardly imagined, like the new world we are entering.

i guess we are to start imagining!

t.

[↑ Contents](#)

714. **Kali Tal**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Kathy writes:

*What is needed is a critical discernment which uses biography, social and historical contexts, and other factors as lenses through which to examine poetic works, not a process of labelling which conflates identity with poetic production that only succeeds in putting poems, and poets, into little boxes.*

Ummmm, yeah, sort of. I come from a background in African American and Women's studies, so I'm kinda committed to the notion that certain categories of identity exist, though I'll be the first to say that the boundaries of these categories are fluid and that their instability is an integral part of their definition--they are floating signifiers which diff groups wrestle over, trying to "fix" them for their own particular (race/gender/class) specific ends. So, Kathy, I'm hardly interested in sticking poems, or poets, or people into little boxes. Still, I find

generalizations useful, as long as it's clear that I'm not deeply invested in them and that I expect the ground to shift.

Quite a bit of my book, *\_Worlds of Hurt\_* describes the pressures on "identity poets" and writers to generate narratives which conform to the normative identity group prescriptions (and proscriptions). I don't like those pressures, so I'd hardly want to enforce them on working class poets or anyone else. I think that the anthologies of working-class poetry Kathy mentions would be as vulnerable to my critique as were the anthologies of incest literature I slammed for their unconscious tendency to reinforce white middle-class racist values.

None of this means that "working class" is a useless descriptor. It merely means that we need to understand it as a complex concept signalling a constellation of social locations and cultural/economic influences. Working class origins are common to most of the Viet Nam veteran poets whose writing I admire. There's no straight line there; merely a correlation. Kathy's jump from my description of those poets to her own distaste for the search for a "women's language" is, in my opinion, not warranted. I don't think there's a "women's language" either (despite the fact I really like Dale Spender's essays and think Suzette Hadin Elgin's SF is great). I *do* think that there are correlations between being a female person and being oppressed in particular ways, and being allowed a certain range of *expression* but I also think that the forms oppression and expression take are shaped by (surprise) factors like race/class/culture.

It would never occur to me to define a particular person of working class origins as "not working class" because of the way they wrote or theorized. It's sort of like saying something a woman does is "unfeminine." In short, it's absurd--anything I do is feminine by definition, since I'm female--and it's the action of an oppressor. Instead, I'm interested in trends in working class writing, not in dictating format. My observations were categorical (based on the poets I know and with whom I work, and the working class scholars/critics with which I discuss that poetry) and not prescriptive. It's my job, as a critic, to make distinctions. I use them when I think they'll be useful.

Henry's comments about the "double edge" of poetry ring very true to me, and I find his dualist description ("You have to experience it. It comes from the sky") most useful. Henry's "universal" seems to me to be quite different from Thomas Bell's:

1. *I think "good" writing hits universals and universals are usually found in the most intense personal experience (whether presented realistically or in fantasy (e. g., Conrad, Styron)).*

I *don't* think good writing hits universals in that sense. I actually think that most good writing takes work to understand, and I do find Styron, particularly,

to be the sort of writer I'd call appropriative in ways I can only characterize as--for lack of better words--stupid and evil in a manner that only privileged white men in this culture are \*allowed\* to be stupid and evil. (And I know this last statement will evoke strong reaction. But, hey, that's how I see it.)

When I teach, for example, Morrison's *Song of Solomon*, my biggest job is convincing my mainly white, usually middle- to upper-class students that they do \*not\* understand the book, that there is an entire dimension (the black cultural/literary dimension) to which they are almost wholly blind, and that taking the time to \*learn\* to read Morrison will pay off because it will make them more complex, more perceptive human beings in the long run, they will get a lot more jokes, and they may even make better political decisions because of what they have learned. Styron (and writers like him) give white, privileged readers the \*impression\* that they understand what is going on in "alien" minds, but they don't have the discipline/respect to pay attention to what folks who belong to the culture they represent are \*actually\* writing, thinking, feeling, seeing. I mean, *Confessions of Nat Turner*? Really....

And, Eliza, I do know Weigl's poetry--even know Weigl, though merely in passing, as a table-mate at conference dinners. I consider his work to be carefully wrought, but more self-consciously literary (more in the MFA loop, I suppose) than the writing I like best. He and John Balaban are the most celebrated Vwar poets, like Tim O'Brien and Robert Olen Butler are the most celebrated Vvet novelists, but in all of their cases, I find that the ultra-refined nature of their work actually undercuts the message that they are ostensibly trying to get across. I like their early works best, and find that at each remove, the intensity and the clarity of the poems are dimmed, though structurally they are more elegantly contrived. Actually, the vet poetry you heard/read at the Joiner Center's writing workshops is probably mostly the sort of vet poetry I \*don't\* much care for, though a few writers I admire are in regular or semi-regular attendance (Ehrhart and Leroy Quintana come to mind immediately). In answer to your other question--about the reaction of people to whom I send rejection slips--I do find that they sometimes write back. But I take a lot of time with my rejection letters (which is one reason why I'm almost a year behind in my editorial responses) and I find that people react positively to letter which explains clearly what I think works or doesn't work about a poem. If they agree with me, they can revise. If they don't agree, they can blow me off. Works out pretty well. Can't say that I've received more than 2-3 huffy responses in almost ten years of editing *Viet Nam Generation*. Don't know what conclusion to draw from that, but there it is. And I'm still curious about why the bad incest poetry bugs you so much. I mean, bad Vwar poetry doesn't \*bug\* me like you seem to be bugged. I just don't publish it.

For someone who wants others to read her carefully (a reasonable desire, and one I try to fulfill), you don't seem to be reading me very carefully. You write, in apparent response to me:

*by the by, point about privileging more "important" types of experiences, i.e. poem about vietnam automatically more "important" than poem about swimming is, i think, the heart of a dangerous fallacy.*

I was quite careful about stating that poetry about traumatic events in the life of the writer was *\*not\** better or worse than other writing, but merely different. The only time *\*I\** used the word "important" was in reference to the feeling of the author of a certain type of VWar poetry that the most "important thing" is "to make other people SEE/READ" the impact of that war. My comment follows:

*A poem about swimming (which, of course, really *\*isn't\** about swimming, or not in the way that we usually think of swimming) just isn't the same. Can be good, even great. But not the same. These poets I'm talking about, they aren't waving; they're drowning. And that makes all the difference.*

As I said--I thought--clearly, I do not think all poetry about traumatic events is "good" poetry, so it's pointless to take me to task for that. It doesn't seem to me to be an either/or proposition. I *\*like\** poems about swimming, value them. Why does making distinctions between them mean that I have to *\*choose\** between them or privilege one over the other?

*employment, not birth. the kali tal who has academic job at yale is, indeed, considered in class many steps above laboring slob who does secretarial/administrative work and works as nurse's aide. same kali tal enjoys automatic respect, privileges, social assumption of "eligibility" for all sorts of things working jane gets snubbed for, be working jane ever so erudite!*

Errrrr, that would be some *\*other\** Kali Tal. This particular Kali Tal is an under-employed part-time academic living in Tucson. She codes HTML and does free-lance writing to pay her bills, shares a house with students cause she's too broke to live alone, and tries to keep a nonprofit press afloat with no institutional support. None of the above erases her born-with-a-silver-spoon sense of upper-class privilege--the kind of privilege that years of poverty can never entirely undo.

I didn't (and don't) make any assumptions about the class of any poet on this list--some I know and thus my opinion is not based on assumption; others I don't know but I have seen reference to their class status in their own posts or other writings. Why so touchy on the whole issue? Surely it's a reasonable subject to broach. The writers you name--Grahn, LeSeur, Olson--all self-identified/identify specifically as working-class writers, which of course does not mean that they are incapable of complex and even jargon-filled writing (though they generally did not/do not indulge in the latter, I'd argue, specifically for ideological

reasons). I think that you are reading/seeing in my texts only the hooks you are looking for, instead of paying attention to the words that are actually on the screen in front of you. Which leads me, again, to ask: why is this all so loaded?

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

715. **George Bowering**

***Re: grad school and the writers union***

Wed 25 Jun 1997

*Has anyone ever taken a count of writers (serious writers--who'll do it no matter what) who are in the academy and out? I'd be willing to bet most are out. The in-ones might be more visible, but are they a majority, really?*

DT

Well, let's look at the generation just before mine. The writers inside the academy include Robert Creeley, Charles Olson, Ed Dorn, Robert Kelly, Amiri Baraka, Jerome Rothenberg, D.G. Jones, Louis Dudek, Robin Blaser, Allen Ginsberg, Anselm Hollo, Archie Shepp. William Eastlake, not many women.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

716. **KENT JOHNSON**

***Orientalism: reply to Dean Brink***

Wed 25 Jun 1997

| On June 24, David Brink wrote, in reply to Hoa Nguyen:

- > I was clearly attacking the premises for the anthology \_Under a Single
- > Moon\_ and the blatant Orientalism in Kent Johnson's postings in general.
- >
- > My main point was and is that Johnson represents a mainstream
- > (affiliated or not with New Age phenomena) that naturally thinks that
- > the aesthetic values, by which he judged the inclusion of an all-white

> cast of poets and exclusion of Asian-American poets, are not a form of  
> bias. This bias is at best in bad faith, and at worst racist (but I  
> agree that "racism" is too strong a word).  
>

Dean:

Your reply to Hoa, from which I excerpt here, is very different in tone and substance from your initial diatribe against the personal integrity and artistic worth of those associated with the Shambhala anthology. Your last is quite a bit more reasoned and productive of useful discussion. Still, you make unsubstantiated charges and seem confused on some key points, and I want to point these problems out, because my calling attention to them in the first place was what sprung this many posted thread:

1) A question to start: Can you please enlighten me re: the "blatant Orientalism" in my "postings"? This is something new, since I don't recall you charging that there were any "Orientalisms" in my two posts per se, but rather in the book. So far as I can tell, you are the only one whose posts have been clearly deconstructed--by Nguyen--for their unacknowledged orientalist biases. I am directly asking you, then, since you make the specific charge, to undertake a close reading of my postings on this matter, and to elucidate precisely where my remarks on the BaSM anthology betray "blatant Orientalism." I am honestly open to consider that my words, like yours, hide paternalistic and patronizing views. But you must show how they do and not just make the accusation--hasty accusations without supporting evidence are the very reason we are talking right now.

2) When you say that

*"Johnson represents a mainstream (affiliated or not with New Age phenomena) that naturally thinks that the aesthetic values, by which he judged the inclusion of an all-white cast of poets and exclusion of Asian-American poets, are not a form of bias. This bias is at best in bad faith, and at worst racist,"*

you reveal the basic misunderstanding (which is also shared by Joe Duemer, btw, who admits he hasn't read the book!): You see--and I say this for the third time--if you and Walter Lew had more or less carefully considered the book, you would have quickly seen that the anthology has rather specific parameters for inclusion that actually have little to do with our editorial "aesthetic values"! That is (and read carefully here, please) we only considered for inclusion those poets who were known to have a background in Buddhist study and practice. (tho we were not doctrinaire about the definition of those last two terms, and I would say actually that any "second edition" would definitely want to be more rigorous about those parameters.) The poets, through their affiliation with Buddhism, "selected themselves," and then we allowed them to select their own

poems! Paulenich and myself were largely modest and non-judgemental compilers.

Aesthetic values? Any cursory look at the book will show that it is one of the most aesthetically eclectic poetry anthologies ever done, and this is one of its interesting points: Jackson Mac Low, Steve Benson, and John Cage, for example, in the same anthology with, say Jim Harrison, Jane Hirschfield, and Sam Hamill! During the three year course of putting the anthology together--a process that was greatly dependent on seeking out potential names from others--we did not hear of *any* Asian American poet with a past or ongoing personal practice in Buddhism. No Asian American poets were excluded, therefore, because we didn't like their poems. They were "excluded" because A) We were ignorant of Asian American poets who met the parameters we had set for the book, or B) there were Asian American writers with Buddhist practice who were aware of our open solicitation for potential contributors and chose not to submit their work. (I do not know if this is the case, but it may be.)

One could say, and very responsibly, that our acknowledged ignorance in "A" reveals a more complex problem (i.e. the relative invisibility, if you will, of Asian American poets in a culture suffused with Orientalism), but this is something very different from the libelous framing of your initial and ill-argued remarks--or from your comment above that we set out to construct a "white" anthology in "bad faith." You see, Dean, your indignation is built on a series of assumptions you have made without really looking into the facts in a responsible way. I'd like to suggest that the rush to mean-spirited judgement that you and others have made about the book, its editors and contributors, has institutional causes that need as much honest scrutiny as your academic framing of what you perceive to be the problem with *Beneath a Single Moon* (not "Under" btw).

Further on you say (and I promise to wrap it up here):

- > What needs to be discussed perhaps is the role of Buddhist rhetoric in
- > an American poetic discourse that has been stimulated by Buddhism for
- > roughly a century. It was certainly Orientalist, exoticizing initially.
- > When did this stop? What is the role of the shifts of power and cultural
- > clout over the years and around the Pacific? American-style
- > Buddhist-based poetics may enjoy an integral duplicity: while the
- > Western lyric subject displays an understood sense of a logocentric
- > context, it would be interesting to trace the development of the
- > (rhetorical) dispersion of subject in American Buddhist-inspired poetry.
- > What rings as being in "bad faith" is the appropriation of an image of
- > Asia that exists for the pleasure of the poet? When the Johnson post
- > came up, it was an opportunity to open up this can of worms.
- >



Now some of these remarks are very good ones, and I wish you had started out this way a few days back. These *\*are\** issues that need strong investigation, and some of the people in the forefront of exploring them are North American poets who happen also to be Buddhist. In fact, if you look at the Shambhala book, I think you might find essays there that engage the contours of the above issues with a fairly high-degree of self-reflexiveness. But what I find in "bad faith," Dean, is your apparent assumption that the poets in the anthology are appropriating "an image of Asia" through the mere fact of their being in an anthology of Buddhist poets! Let me ask this simple question to conclude: IF it had turned out that there was representation of Asian American poets in BaSM, would you still judge the poets as "appropriating an image of Asia"? If you say yes, then it would behoove you to show, TEXTUALLY, how; if no, then I'm afraid your whole argument against the anthology collapses into a heap of hypocrisy.

I don't mean to sound so annoyed, but I guess I am.  
Kent Johnson

[↑ Contents](#)

717. **Stephen C. Ellwood**  
*Personal Identity as text vs Stands On Its Own*  
Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

I just wanted to register my agreement with Kali Tal's description of the importance of the identity of the author. To me reading poetry and prose, and perhaps to an even larger extent looking at visual art, is a project of untangling the personality/personal insecurities etc. of the author first and foremost. That's why I hate formalism; the work does speak volumes about personal insecurity, but there is a key (like a key on a map) that you must understand in order to do the untangling, and that requires a lot of faith that it'll be worth the time it takes to learn the (rather lengthy) key. In order for a work to be seductive to me it must provide both hints and cultivate mysteries about its maker. I don't believe that there is either pleasure or common sense in trying to keep the two (Work and Maker) separate. I hope people don't approach my work as an entity separate from the identity I live with/construct.

Sincerely,  
Emily Vey Duke.

[↑ Contents](#)



718. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

**Re: Buddhism and racism**

Wed 25 Jun 1997

Just because Buddhist practice is hard (and yes, my ass has borne some long hours on the cushion as well) does not mean Buddhists, esp. white western ones (like me) don't have to be extremely diligent, and, dare I say it, mindfull around the issue of Orientalism. I have seen my share. I believe it's a disease, and a highly contagious one, in the buddhist communities I have witnessed here in Halifax and in the US. Just because we are supposed to give up material attachment doesn't mean we are absolved of our responsibility to be agents of change.

On Tue, 24 Jun 1997, Judy Roitman wrote:

*And if Dean Brink had run into some Chinese monks indulging in a little IndianSubContinentalism 1000 years ago by, horror of horrors, actually writing poems informed by their Buddhist practice --- what would he have said then?*

*Complain about the editors' hyperbole, complain about the editorial decisions, but you'd better believe this little Russian American Jewish [not Christian, oh no] Buddhist who's sat hard on the cushion for over 20 years in sanghas which include Chinese, Japanese, Korean (and Chinese-American, Japanese-American, Korean-American) members as both students and teachers is not "purvey[ing] the myth of the Christian missionary superiority as it expropriates candy Buddhism."*

*\*Candy\* Buddhism? What kind of candy is that? Buddhist practice is fucking hard, buster. No feel good shit, no way. Your teeth will break into smithereens on that kind of candy, for sure.*

-----  
Judy Roitman | "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers!  
Math, University of Kansas | memory fails  
Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."  
[REDACTED] | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

719. **Dean A. Brink**

***Re: Buddhism and Racism***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

In reply to Hoa Nguyen:

I don't think you are being fair in your criticism of my posting. First, I was not attacking Buddhism (I have more Buddhist bones in my atheistic body than Christian ones, have "sat" and am fairly well-read in various texts from Dogen in the original Japanese and Chinese to D.T. Suzuki). My mother's funeral was conducted by an American Buddhist who I deeply respect (who is Caucasian for those interested). Actually, when inspired I even write "Buddhist" on forms, under religion. My own thought and interest in Japan arose in part out of my interest in cultures that do not exhibit the closed matrices of logocentrism. But Buddhism is not my field. Japanese poetry is.

I was clearly attacking the premises for the anthology *Under a Single Moon* and the blatant Orientalism in Kent Johnson's postings in general.

My main point was and is that Johnson represents a mainstream (affiliated or not with New Age phenomena) that naturally thinks that the aesthetic values, by which he judged the inclusion of an all-white cast of poets and exclusion of Asian-American poets, are not a form of bias. This bias is at best in bad faith, and at worst racist (but I agree that "racism" is too strong a word).

The ax I am grinding is one of someone frustrated with the historical aporia that has contributed to stereotyping, both in everyday life (experienced by me with my Japanese friends) and in the proliferation of books of Japanese poetry that reinforces an image and even language (in our heritage of Orientalist translations) of nature-worshipping, overflowing with "Buddha nature," and passive (when I see none of these things in Japanese).

Hoa Nguyen wrote:

Brink said:

"I find this discussion about the place of Buddhism in American poetry

to be representative of the mainstream - from Gary Snyder to any number of poets that employ Asian imagery for superficial exotic effects. We need to turn the anthropological eye back on the non-Asian Americans who have convinced themselves that they are the superior, true Buddhist poets of the day."

This assertion itself lacks the very "anthropological eye" that the writer calls for-- indeed what is "Asian imagery"? Rice paddies, water lilies?

How could I more clearly spell out the ironic dismissal of "Asian imagery" than by following it with "\_for superficial exotic effects\_."

I do not know which Americans he is referring to as being "convinced of their superiority as true"-- I know that Phillip Whalen, whose health is failing along with his eye-sight at the Zen center where he is abbot, could not be held guilty of this. Nor could his poetry.

May I state that the issue, for me at least, is one of poetic discourse not religion. Religion takes many forms, none better or more valid than another. I'm sorry to hear about Phillip Whalen, whose poetry I admire very much. What I was trying to introduce in passing was a contradiction in much American poetry that positions itself as "Buddhist." Not all poetry, but certainly Gary Snyder's, for he more than anyone has developed a voice that has been replicated manifold by other poets. The contradictions that I see in the \_poetic discourse\_ associated with Snyder are between the minimalist clarity (a "less is more" moralism that elevates inaction and subject-distancing effects) and an American discursive context for the ahistoricizing mix of rhetorical devices expropriated from Buddhist literature. As a random example I opened Snyder's \_No Nature: New and Selected Poems\_ to "The Canyon Wren," which cites Dogen (a major figure in the founding of the Japanese Soto sect of Zen Buddhism) and concludes:

"We beach up at China Camp  
Between piles of stone  
Stacked there by black-haired miners,  
    cook in the dark  
    sleep all night long by the stream.

These songs that are here and gone,  
Here and gone,  
To purify our ears."

An exotic image of Asia and Asians figure large here, no? The distance between the romantic vision of laborers as they camp as tourists/pilgrims/hikers suggests what? The last stanza suggests the Buddhist flux of all phenomena, including words and song, purifies our ears, which may or may not be read as underscoring a redemption.

Hoa Nguyen:

I agree that Orientalism is often unacknowledged in American  
\*anything\*,  
including poetry.

"Who gains from this? Certainly it does Asian-Americans no good."

What? My only response to this is "SAYS YOU!!" But seriously, I am frustrated by this smug paternalistic attitude.

I am sorry if my attitude offended you. I was trying to maintain a certain voice perhaps for the list(s). I would love to try to clarify why I think it does Asian-Americans no good. The answer is rather standard: because Orientalism exoticizes and situates Asians as (often sexual) objects without the self-determining power of a subject (which is why you are attacking me, for apparently speaking for Asian-Americans {so...I should just shut up...}).

But also, the attributed "paternalistic attitude" (I'm not that old, first time to be associated with this) is really more of a rebellious attitude, a refusal to partake in the manna of Orientalism, both as a student of Asian culture and as an American writing and translating poetry. I am rebelling against Snyder, and the ideology of New Age consumerism. I will not dismiss Snyder altogether, but wish to question and explore the rhetorical positions he has developed.

"Poetry by Asian-Americans tends to include poetry highly conscious of stereotypes, orientalism, racism, and the many ironies born of the ahistorical ignorance exhibited in Kent Johnson and his associates."

I am sorry to break Mr. Brink's tidy bubble of how Asian Americans tend to be-- (as a representative of the not-so-model-minority)-- but Asian-Americans can model the very stereotypes that are offered as models of Asians-- Frank Chan, in his foreword to The Big Aiiiiiii!, was in fact, highly critical of fellow Chinese American writers such as Maxine Hong Kingston and Amy Tan for what he read as embracing the white-Christian assumptions about the misogynistic and incompetent Chinese male character. And Garrett Hongo's Open Boat anthology was equally criticized for its narrow aesthetic decisions for it excluded experimental writing by Asian-Americans, which, it was contended, furthered an image of what Asian Americans wrote like-- traditional, narrative, image-driven lyric.

I have no tidy bubble (I carefully stated "tends to include"), and am aware that there are Asian-American poets who buy into stereotypes and even Orientalism.

My assertion is based in part on my readings of Premonitions and The Open Boat, which by any standards surely engage rather than censor

historical issues of  
experiencing racism and stereotyping.

What needs to be discussed perhaps is the role of Buddhist rhetoric in an American poetic discourse that has been stimulated by Buddhism for roughly a century. It was certainly Orientalist, exoticizing initially. When did this stop? What is the role of the shifts of power and cultural clout over the years and around the Pacific? American-style Buddhist-based poetics may enjoy an integral duplicity: while the Western lyric subject displays an understood sense of a logocentric context, it would be interesting to trace the development of the (rhetorical) dispersion of subject in American Buddhist-inspired poetry. What rings as being in "bad faith" is the appropriation of an image of Asia that exists for the pleasure of the poet? When the Johnson post came up, it was an opportunity to open up this can of worms.

One more point of interest is the role of "one hand clapping," an image that enjoys mythic stature in American poetry. Isn't part of its appeal that it resonates with a high-sounding Christian tone and the very dispersal of logocentric authority?

Oyasumi nasai.

--

db

abd EALC UChicago

██████

abd abd abd abd abd abd db

[↑ Contents](#)

720. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: grad school and the writers union***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

What's the point, George? Either these folks (none schooled in the craft in universities, I think) have taught because it's their and the academy's nature or it's a good gig for the otherwise marginally employable (myself at times included).

At 11:17 PM 6/24/97 -0700, you wrote:

>>

>>Has anyone ever taken a count of writers (serious writers--who'll do it no  
>>matter what) who are in the academy and out? I'd be willing to bet most are  
>>out. The in-ones might be more visible, but are they a majority, really?

>>

>>DT

>>

>  
>Well, let's look at the generation just before mine. The writers inside the  
>academy include Robert Creeley, Charles Olson, Ed Dorn, Robert Kelly, Amiri  
>Baraka, Jerome Rothenberg, D.G. Jones, Louis Dudek, Robin Blaser, Allen  
>Ginsberg, Anselm Hollo, Archie Shepp. William Eastlake, not many women.  
>  
>  
>  
>  
>George Bowering.  
>  
>2499 West 37th Ave.,  
>Vancouver, B.C.,  
>Canada V6M 1P4  
>  
>fax: [REDACTED]  
>e-mail: [REDACTED]  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

721. **David Israel**

***Re: Buddhism and Racism***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Dean A. Brink --

I've read, with interest, your response to Hoa Nguyen. You might note that meanwhile (or rather earlier -- last night) I posted something in the manner of a response to Hoa's response to your post. I shd. search to see if I have your original post -- I've the odd idea that I've only read it as cited (responded to) -- but in any event, you do, I'd say, somewhat clarify your p.o.v. in the most recent missive -- and the specific focus on Gary Snyder has, at least, the advantage of boiling down to some particulars what -- in the form of generals (or what might seem over-generals) -- is rather harder to figure one's way into.

Unfortunately, time at the moment is quite short, but I do want to dash out a few words on what we could (at this point, maybe) call the Snyder controversy. I'd like to remark that I feel you have mis-read this poet; or at least, that your reading differs tremendously from mine.

So happens, I first became aware of the name of Gary Snyder (in the 70s) because of his translations of the Chinese poet Han Shan -- later, I learned that he had also written his own work, and gradually came to acquaint -- and to like --

what he had done. In your reading of a few lines from *No Nature*, you seem to think that he's discussing an Asian image. I feel he's presenting a Californian image. You write:

<< As a random example I opened Snyder's *No Nature: New and Selected Poems* to "The Canyon Wren," which cites Dogen (a major figure in the founding of the Japanese Soto sect of Zen Buddhism) and concludes:

"We beach up at China Camp  
Between piles of stone  
Stacked there by black-haired miners,  
    cook in the dark  
    sleep all night long by the stream.

These songs that are here and gone,  
Here and gone,  
To purify our ears."

An exotic image of Asia and Asians figure large here, no? >>

NO, rather, an image of camping out in California. True, the poet's manner of approaching (seeing -- articulating about) the campground is informed by his thinking-through of a contemplative (and literary) tradition -- but what distinguishes these lines is the radical attempt to make all that his own, to discover the source of the weave in his own life & experience and in the world of his immediate surround. The "nature images" are not Asian -- they're of what the poet literally saw in front of his literal nose. The imagination that organizes them as observation & recollection & thought -- is an imagination that has digested Buddhist traditions and sought to find the source of those traditions in the world (outer and inner) that is literally in front of the poet's nose. I don't happen to know where "China camp" is located, but I'll bet you five bucks it's not in China.

What -- for me -- distinguishes Snyder from (maybe) some prior generations of travelers-to-the-east (though that'd need to be looked at carefully) is his interest (everywhere evident) to integrate Asian studies with his own lived experience. I'm sure this is related to what bugs you about him -- and don't right now seem to know how to properly elucidate or distinguish the difference between what you feel he's up to, and what I find he's embarked on, except to note that -- as in the above -- his endeavor is to walk down a parallel line with forebears in a tradition, not simply to borrow words & phrases. The "to purify our ears" line is, seems to me, a specific allusion from Chinese poetry -- which I can't seem to call up in its particularity. Oh yes. Something about one of those legendary sage figures in Chuang Tse who, when he was approached by those from the outside world with the plea to help run the government, responded by washing his ears in the stream -- to wash out the very notion of getting entangled in

ruling others (rather than quietly seeking his own course under heaven). It's actually a pre-Buddhist image from Chinese literature, to tag it at its origins, -- at least that's my sense of that line; one could perhaps check with Snyder to see if he recalls having the Chuang Tse passage in mind when he wrote it. Chuang Tse -- sure it's Asian in its origins, but Snyder is imagining himself into a rapport with many strands of contemplative tradition, and I don't find his manner of doing so offensive, nor quite understand why thinking through a line from Chuang Tse is more suspect than thinking thru a line from, say, Socrates. It's simply a question of imaginal affinities -- so important to any poet, no?

Anyway, this is an attempt to take up a small corner of this dialogue -- not at all to cover its large areas, but merely to make a little basecamp observation on its mountain sprawl. There's more that could be said by way of a modest defense of Kent J. & the Beneith anthology, I feel -- but can't go further down that road just now . . .

Happy to learn of your interesting-sounding interest in these matters, and certainly look forward to seeing what you may have on offer in terms of translations from Japanese (etc.) . . .

cheers

d.i.

•

.....

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

////////////////////////////////////

> david   raphael   israel   <

>> washington d.c. <<

| [REDACTED] (home)

| [REDACTED] (office)

=====

thy centuries follow each other

| perfecting a small wild flower

|(Tagore)

////////////////////^\\\\

[↑ Contents](#)

722. **Maria Damon**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

Wed 25 Jun 1997

i must say i agree w/ kali on most counts here. i haven't said this for a while, but i used to say it often here, i don't think, w/ duncan, that there are "good and bad poems." i find it uninteresting to evaluate work solely (if at all) by its



"literary merit," whatever that means. i tend to think of things as "interesting" or "boring," and of course those categories are highly dependent on context, what i know of the poem, poet, or cultural work the poem does or intends. in one context a work is interesting, in another, it's boring or seems out of place. furthermore, i take some issue with the concept that "background" (a word that itself subordinates certain kinds of information) is an extraneous add-on (my students often have mixed responses to my historicizing --it's either "helpful" or it doesn't leave enough time to discuss the "actual poems" --but i keep trying to say that this isn't "background," this is \*it\*). i also understand, though, that practitioners have different investments in poetry from critics like myself, and may have strong feelings about seeing poets whose work they do not respect getting critical attention. still, there's enough kudos and appreciation to go around. let's not let this scarcity mentality prevent us from enjoying a full spectrum of poetic activity.

[↑ Contents](#)

723. **David R. Israel**

***Re: more haiku-gram***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

[d.i.]:

forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku

buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center

[Steven Marks]:

the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands

[d.i.]:

without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe

[s.m.]:

nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves

[d.i.]:

nonesistence hides  
in the very word donut  
nut signifies naught

[Katherine Lynes]:

yellow innards splooch  
bavarian dive bomber  
cannot hold center

[d.i.]:

and what about do?  
do of course signifies dough  
a dough-naught for you!

[D.P. Salmon]:

do-ough a de-ar  
a whole in one  
raison drops in bun

[Randolph Healy]:

Sphere before torus  
when the centre was not holed  
goodbye nut hi ring

[L. MacMahon]:

batter my heart and  
artery o sweet and fat  
confectionary

[Hugh Steinberg]:

I love everyone  
says the old cop on his beat  
let 'em eat donuts.

[d.i.]:

no start & no end  
till you yourself nibble the  
do (history) nut

[s.m.]:

from naut- to navel  
my do-naught, my omphalos  
which one to fill up?

[d.i.]:

sometimes dear madam  
a donut's just a donut  
remarked Sigmund Freud

[↑ Contents](#)

724. **David R. Israel**

**Re: Personal Identity as text vs Stands On Its Own**

Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

Emily Vey Duke observes:

*I just wanted to register my agreement with Kali Tal's description of the importance of the identity of the author. . . .  
. . . In order for a work to be seductive to me it must provide both hints and cultivate mysteries about its maker. I don't believe that there is either pleasure or common sense in trying to keep the two (Work and Maker) separate. ...*

indeed. Delight in literature & other arts oftentimes involves the delight of discovering the look & feel of a person (personality / sensibility / mind / etc) in its own terrain. But many of the consciously arcane traditions & artists (e.g., Magritte) offer this delight in particular abundance (even if they make one work to find the "key" as you suggest). True of much LangPo too.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

725. **Robert Archambeau**

**Simic, Insularity, Theory**

Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

Aldon Nielsen wrote:

*Had Simic argued simply that the Yasusada affair evidenced a certain regrettable insularity among American readers and writers I would have no objection -- but that is hardly the issue here -- Is it a matter of fact that, say, fewer American grad. students read Serbian verse now than earlier, and is that demonstrably attributable to the "rise" of theory, etc. -- and in any event, how would that authorize the reprehensible misrepresentations of "theory" found in those Boston Review letters?*

I think we all agree that American insularity has been around for quite a while (no one said otherwise), but while that insularity has been somewhat eroded in recent years with regard to theoretical writings, the same can't really be said for other writing. Simic's attribution of causality here is certainly questionable (as I argued before), as are his statements about theory. But for all its flaws, his letter draws attention to the important and very real issue of an incongruity between a willingness to reach out to the world for theory, and a refusal to do so with regard to poetry.

IE: I (like Nielsen) disagree with Simic's evaluation of theory. But I believe Simic is right in one regard: that there is a general sense in English Departments that it is urgent for us to know about what's happening elsewhere in theory, without the corresponding notion that it is urgent for us to know about what's happening elsewhere in poetry (the notion receives lip service but little more).

Tom Orange seems to me to come closer than Simic to an accurate understanding of how poetic insularity has been maintained while theoretical insularity has broken down, when he writes that:

- > one measure of the ways in which (primarily french) theory has enjoyed a
- > "translational advantage" over other foreign-language writing (poetry,
- > fiction, etc.) as a function of academic disciplinarity:

. . . .

- > certainly very few foreign-language poetic/fictional/dramatic texts in
- > translation could ever have enjoyed the uncritical, unquestioning embrace
- > of north american english literature departments in the 1970s and 1980s.

This, I think, is a fair statement of how things stand. And when I say we need more people like Simic, I don't mean more people who fire off angry squibs to the Boston Review, I mean more people who do more to end this insularity than simply grumbling about it (here's where Another Republic, The Horse Has Six Legs, etc., come in). The sort of work Simic has done deserves the kind of attention that Spivak has received for translating theory, and rarely gets such attention.

--

Robert Archambeau  
Department of English  
Lake Forest College  
Lake Forest, IL 60045

<http://www.lfc.edu/~archamb/>

[↑ Contents](#)

726. **KENT JOHNSON**

***Light from Another Country***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

As someone who has been close to the "Yasusada affair," I'd like to say just a few words regarding the Aldon Nielsen and Stephen Ellwood contributions on Charles Simic. To be direct, but in a friendly tone: "What the hell are you guys talking about?" Simic's response to Perloff has a few sentences, at most, that relate (and in the most impressionistic and light-hearted way) to the privileging of "theory" over poetry in the academy. How you squeeze all of that heavy critical juice out of a couple nutmegs of Simician wit?

Simic's central argument (tho he admits he has only read the APR selection, a small part of the Yasusada/Motokiyu oeuvre) is not complicated or at all difficult to see. It is that Yasusada's poetry is most unremarkable and that any poet worth her salt can see such. As illustration, Simic quotes two stanzas from a poem titled "Loon and Dome," (see Aldon's post from today) claiming that if a Frank Kowalski from Milwaukee had submitted such writing that it "wouldn't stand a chance." But Simic's choice of stanzas is interesting, because in the context of the complete poem, the section in question is clearly intended by Yasusada ("clearly," that is, even given what I will say below) to be read as poignantly trite and sentimental. The whole poem is available in the APR "special supplement."

Now, it's possible to satirize a good many poets through out-of-context quotes, and I think Simic has the perfect right to do so with Yasusada if he likes. But that CS chose this particular passage as representative seems to either A) suggest a lack of attentiveness on his part in reading and evaluating Yasusada's work, or B) suggest that he is more or less struggling to find a passage he can poke good fun at so as to bolster his thesis. (And now that I'm thinking about it, I guess the same could be said for Aldon Nielsen, who approvingly quoted the passage!)

It's not a bad thing that Simic doesn't like Yasusada. As Marjorie Perloff—who in her summary strongly disagrees with Simic's assessment—puts it, the most notable area of disagreement in the Boston Review mini-essays has to do with the question of Yasusada's poetic value, and contention around this point (after all the near-unanimous gushing from "mainstream" and "avant-garde" corners alike) is a not unwelcome development to all those who have been intimately involved in AY's fascinating life. In fact, this could be seen, I think, as a new issue or phase, if you will, in the general Yasusada problem: how should works which are not strictly poetical but also highly elaborate gestures of critique be judged—particularly when such works have no solid writerly source against which to press judgement? To say that the poems are "good" or "bad" as

\*poems\* (or as drafts, letters, English assignments, shopping lists, etc.) is one way of reacting, but I think it is more complicated than that; there's a whole complex aura (tho there must be a better word) that has developed around Yasusada that by now substantially complicates the matters of reading, classification, and critical ranking.

In the eight Boston Review responses, Eliot Weinberger is the only one to hone in clearly on this issue, and while Simic's piece has some amusing moments, Weinberger's (ok, I'm biased) is even better. In fact, I heard from EW just the other day after he got back from the Rotterdam Poetry Festival. He told me that he met with Simic there and that they chatted at length about the Pearl poet and disagreed vehemently about Yasusada. And then they parted amicably and went their own ways, each surrounded by small throngs of swooning and screaming Dutch girls and boys, reaching out their books of Serbian and Spanish translations for signing, straining to touch even the sleeves of these two immortal heroes of late 20th century American letters.

There are still some places where people care about poetry.

Kent

[↑ Contents](#)

727. **Joel Kuszai**

***I keep getting reject (fwd)***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Tue, 24 Jun 1997 22:28:29 -0700

From: Juliana Spahr <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: I keep getting reject

My internet service provider keeps changing my email address so now I can't post to poetics list. Could you please forward the following for me? Is there any way to correct this?

Juliana

Chain / 5

DIFFERENT LANGUAGES

call for work

For this issue we are looking for work that challenges monolingualism and other forms of linguistic standardization. Some possibilities: work written in more than one language,

in nonsense, in zaum, in created languages, in Esperanto, in invented visual languages,  
in iconic languages, in notation, in scores, in symbolic languages, in colloquialisms,  
in dialect, in rebuses. Submissions may address or enact these or other possibilities.

As always, we especially encourage collaborative, interdisciplinary, and mixed media work.

Please send poems, essays, performance texts, film or video scripts, camera ready visual art, musical scores, choreographic notes, etc., by December 1, 1997. For best results, please send copies to both addresses. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Please do not send e-mail submissions.

|                                       |                                        |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Jena Osman                            | Juliana Spahr English Department       |
| Department of English Ursinus College | University of Hawaii,                  |
| Manoa P.O. Box 1000                   | 1733 Donaghho Road Collegeville, Penn- |
| sylvania 19426-1000                   | Honolulu, Hawaii 96822                 |

Please note these change of addresses!

Please spread the word.

[↑ Contents](#)

728. **Henry Gould**

***address query***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Looking for an email address for Nancy Peters at City Lights Bks. Please backchannel only : [REDACTED]. Thanks! - HG

[↑ Contents](#)

729. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: Killian at Naropa***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Got to hear Kevin Killian read last night at Naropa's Summer Writing Program - and to meet "The Man Himself" as well as the delightful Dodie Bellamy.

Kevin did more than just read, I should think - he appropriated the podium with bravura, wit and a warm, excited energy. There were six poems, all of them

marvelous: first, part of his series of Dario Argento/HIV poems ("the field of the open human page"), which juxtapose the tragedy of human suffering with the unreal nightmare imagery of horror films. Then an elegy for Larry Eigner & Bob Flanagan. An imitation of a John Wiener poem. Another Argento piece, "Trauma." A very moving poem for Steve Abbott ("a thirst so deep confession doesn't cover it"). And a funny poem called "Zombie" from a series edited by Rod Smith and others about "Prayer in the Schools." He made the connections seem evident: between the first surprise of desire and the painful surprise of pathos. Bravo, Kevin!

Gloria Frym also read. Her story, "To See Her In Sunlight Was To See Marxism Die," (from Brodkey's story, "Innocence") was a finely crafted examination of a lingering divorce in which the commerce of the heart is conflated with the decline and fall of communism and the greedy logic of late capitalism.

Maybe more later...  
Patrick Pritchett

[↑ Contents](#)

730. **Hoa Nguyen**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Kali wrote: (in part)

"And, Eliza, I do know Weigl's poetry--even know Weigl, though merely in passing, as a table-mate at conference dinners. I consider his work to be carefully wrought, but more self-consciously literary (more in the MFA loop, I suppose) than the writing I like best. He and John Balaban are the most celebrated Vwar poets, like Tim O'Brien and Robert Olen Butler are the most celebrated Vvet novelists, but in all of their cases, I find that the ultra-refined nature of their work actually undercuts the message that they are ostensibly trying to get across. I like their early works best, and find that at each remove, the intensity and the clarity of the poems are dimmed, though structurally they are more elegantly contrived. Actually, the vet poetry you heard/read at the Joiner Center's writing workshops is probably mostly the sort of vet poetry I \*don't\* much care for, though a few writers I admire are in regular or semi-regular attendance (Ehrhart and Leroy Quintana come to mind immediately). "

-- one American poet writing on the American war in Vietnam not mentioned by Kali here is Yusef Kumanyakaa, in his book Dien Cau Dau (spelling?-- "dinky dow" in slang meaning "Crazy people"-- what the Vietnamese called Americans). I heard him read from it over ten years ago and it was a pivotal experience for me, particularly because he is a poet of color. I recommend it highly. His



later works do not deal with this subject matter and his work has gotten better--more interesting, less strictly linear. (He won a pulitzer!)

cheers--

Hoa

-----  
Get Your \*Web-Based\* Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

731. **Joel Kuszai**

**WARNING: personal info**

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Hello, A Form Letter  
a sort of electronic postcard

I'm sorry for the personal nature of what follows. I am not sure if that is allowed in poetics. I've not been able to read Poetics but will now be receiving the digested version. Therefore, I am not sure of the tenor of the conversation I am stumbling back into. please forgive-

For those of you who have been wondering what has happened to your local "fool," please allow me to indicate en masse, what the hell is going on. I'm sorry I've been out of touch. It has been difficult for me to get access to e-mail and I have also been happy to have been freed from the electronic yoke for a couple weeks. I'll be back on line regularly, but it may be several days before I am able to log in again. Soon, I hope to get e-mail here locally. If I had known it would have been this much of a hassle at the university, I would have gone with AOL. Anyway--the delay is over and I should have a new address within a week or so.

While I had wanted to get away from Buffalo for all sorts of reasons I would be happy to discuss back-channel, part of getting out of Buffalo and coming here was/is family related. More than a month ago, my father and I drove to Boston to help my sister move out of a bad marriage complete with domestic violence and a 22 month old boy, who is now living with us here. My sister has come home with a complex set of obstacles in front of her. She is a very strong person who is very fortunate to have the emotional and economic support of my parents, while she transitions into her new life, addressing the situation she has faced. And her little boy, who is so sweet and magical and smart and conscientious. I've not really spent much time around little kids: I've been fortunate to meet the Bernstein children, Benjamin Sherry, and Kate and Nora Alexander--but it has been a while since I've seen any of them. Dylan, my sister's boy, is now saying sentences (however simplistic: Joel throw ball on roof, mommy

happy, hug mommy, etc.) counting to ten and he knows his alphabet, nevermind about ten or so species of beanie babies. He also seems to be a very good listener, and through listening he is able to learn quickly. So it has been fun for me, even with the gravity of her initializing agony in coming home. The "domestic violence" she suffered was of the psychological variety (although on a collision course with physical violence), and was related most immediately to issues of "control"--as she had surrendered her "career" for staying home with baby, etc. Anyhow, good things come of difficult situations. An example of this would be the fact that through her participation in a support group, she will probably become involved in "helping others" in some kind of voluntaristic way. Another example of this might be a discussion that my composition class had about domestic roles, domestic violence, etc. We had a great talk, did some role playing, all in the effort to get "on the table" a number of issues raised by an essay by Angela Davis on domestic housework that we had been reading for class. To make a long story short, by the end of the semester, several women came forward to discuss violence they had encountered either at the hands of boyfriends, or harassment they experienced in the workplace. The most severe of these involved a nazi skinhead boyfriend who was beating this very smart history major at UB who happened to be in my class and happened to write a great study of the roles of women in the civil war (complete with an interesting bit about these women who dressed as men in order to fight)--and this from the woman who came forward very very frightened I have learned a great deal about this community in suburban buffalo. Anyhow, it was emotionally draining and I'm surprised I didn't end up at the counseling center myself. I have this feeling they would have loved for me to stop by (I talked with them via phone while making a referral in the situation I just mentioned).

You can imagine joy and also the difficulties we are facing here, as my sister gains her esteem back, now with full-time job here with benefits, and getting the young genius into a good daycare/preschool situation. That has been achieved, and everything is looking rosey. As you can imagine, there has been incredible strain on everyone's sense of how they were used to doing things. And my sister has been adjusting and recovering very well from where she was only a few months before. My parents house is one of those classic midwestern two-story homes with an open porch perfect for afternoon ice-tea. Michigan is beautiful and green lush; East Lansing, unlike Ann Arbor or Detroit, is kind of a lazy cow town where they train people to train the cows. The pastoral surroundings are now a replica of the vicinity of the campus before it was carved from the Michigan frontier about three or five miles from the Capitol building. MSU's campus makes the ugly austerity of University at Buffalo a shocking fact to consider. I've been in my car only twice since arriving here (although I did borrow my dad's jeep and his fuzz buster for the hour-trip to Ann Arbor a few times).

The university library is within walking distance and when I'm not throwing a giant pink bouncy-ball onto the roof to the screeching delight of little Dylan, I'm usually over there.

The MSU library gave me a community card, and this took some doing because you're supposed to be a Michigan resident. The library is significantly better than the UB system and unlike Lockwood, the books are actually on the shelves there. There is a downside to that, however, and it relates to what people read in what places. While I see lots of people reading and studying everywhere I go (and like Ann Arbor, E.L. has about 6 smoking cafes and 10 non-smoking cafes within walking distance of the university) I get the sense that I'm at least an hour from the closest branch of the metropolis.

MSU has lots of great stuff to read that UB doesn't own and since settling into a rhythm I've been reading mostly "radical history" papers; memoirs of prison life in the 40s by pacifist objectors; early days of civil rights movt. (CORE, Fellowship of Reconciliation, etc.), anti-war stuff from the 40s, 50s, 60s, and also education materials on the "modern school," which became known as the "free school" movement in the 60s & 70s. There are a lot of people around here who have done work in this area, from labor history to "radical" or underground pop culture--and there is a lot of it to go through. Lately I find myself reading about the Attica uprising and the fact that members of the Minutemen drove by the Unitarian Church on Elmwood in Buffalo in 68 firing multiple rounds, sending the religious and pacifists scurrying. The church membership had voted itself a "symbolic sanctuary" for the draft resisters who had made their protest public and when the cops came down on the place they busted some heads...

I've been reading issues of the Partisan Review, trying to gain some perspective on the issues writers faced when USA was getting ready for war and war was well raging. I didn't know about the Minnesota case or that earliest jailings for refusing conscription were before war was even declared. D. MacDonald and the Politics crowd are my new heroes. Long live Poetry dead! There is a lot to this topic and is the fermenting soil from which I'm growing my dissertation, which is about the anarchists in the New York region during that period. I found a really useful book by Alan Wald on JT Farrell and it helps me structure my ideas about what the tensions were in the left-activist writers from the period. Farrell has been a useful figure for me to study, and the story of what happened to him is a useful paradigm for how I have felt in that endless and clichéd debate about writing and politics. More on all this later, as it is really where I am at.

[↑ Contents](#)

732. **Thomas Bell**

**abstract**

Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

art of civilization

if there are libraries, there are books. if there are books, there are readers. if there are readers there are people. if there are people there is humanity.

if there are televisions, there are shows. if there are shows, there are viewers. if there are viewers there are people. if there are people there is humanity.

if there are books, there is poetry. if there is poetry, there are readers. if there are readers there are people. if there are people there is humanity.

If there is television, there are shows. If there are shows, there are viewers. if there are viewers there are people. if there are people, there is humanity

if there is media,

if there is an internet,

if there is a WWW,

possibly.

[↑ Contents](#)

733. **Thomas Bell**

**personal**

Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

Blues

"I was still replaying the old and painful patterns of my childhood, still getting lost in the same anger and fear that had been there through my adolescence.... There are things we need to learn in relationship to one another that are not learned in isolation or solitude...after lots of attention to healing my emotional wounds and learning to relate more wisely in the heart, I discovered that I needed to relate more wisely with my body."

hollyhock's sunken face

grasped rage

her moonbeam

held smiles

all entered

Telling

pain

again begin process  
healing  
We go

on  
living closed lives.  
Anger moves. It lasts as long as it needs to have its say.. It crackles and  
brittles to hatred  
at times

Dead dry brittle was as a place of the preservation of the remembrance of  
things a time for renewal a deep point of refraction heats reflection where 'Is-  
rael' found itself in the process of Exodus, and where Jesus faced the Tempta-  
tions.

Lullabies she sang  
still hold back the night  
apropos of moonlight becomes you so  
agony remodels my mind.

[↑ Contents](#)

734. **Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

david i, thanx for the lines!...

"amat" yes, but no, relation "amato" only to a small fishing village in sicily  
(where my grandfather was a, uhm, fisherman)... and his brother sailed to syd-  
ney, where i may have relatives (and hope someday to find out)... anyway, no  
money on that side...

now on my mother's side (she a french citizen by birth, her mother german, her  
father french), it's "bourgoin," but i've just learned (not three weeks ago) that  
my maternal grandfather was, so to speak, a bastard, and that his real father  
was in fact jewish... so bourgoin is not, uhm, real... but anyway, the war took  
care of money on that side...

well so, i'm not a buddhist!... and betwixt that thread and the one on identity, as  
well as the incipient (to my eye) thread on the status of identity in translation,  
i'm not sure what to say!... but herewith an actual rejection my wife (kass  
fleisher) rec'd from an agent not long ago, just to stir \*all\* the waters some:

"How nice to hear from you again -- but I'm afraid the state of the publishing  
industry is even worse than it was in 1993, when we last corresponded. I really  
like your writing, but your aversion to plot would make it very hard to place

your work, especially since it is not translated from the original Czech, Swedish, or whatever; for some reason, foreign authors are allowed to dispense with a strong story line, but this is an indulgence not granted to homegrown first novelists. I know it's not fair .... This novel is something that might well appeal to one of the small presses, but we've given up dealing with them; an agent's chief responsibility is to see to it that authors are paid promptly and in full, and the chronic cashflow problems of most small presses can often make this basic obligation impossible to fulfill."

i should add only that kass and i read and support small presses, and that neither of us view this response as an anomaly... and also, that this agent seemed to us most forthcoming, which we both appreciate...

best,

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

735. **Peter Landers**

***Re: abstractly personal***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

I think you should publish whatever you damn well please and not worry about the words "good" and "bad". In my opinion, those words are bullshit. Everyone does what they want and there's no need to write extensive explanations for it (unless that's what you want to do). I like what I like and I might hurt myself with this decision, but I avoid topical anthologies. Content isn't really what I'm after.

Pete

[↑ Contents](#)

736. **Hoa Nguyen**

***Re: Buddhism and Racism***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

I am interested in continuing this discussion about poetry anthologies/inclusion/exclusion. Thanks to D. Brink and D. Isreal for keeping up the dialogue. I will have more to write later (feeling a little silent/silenced at the moment) but wanted to respond to two things:

first re: Snyder's poem-- China Beach is in San Francisco. It is so named because Chinese fishermen/residents of the city would/were allowed to fish there.

and secondly an errata to my original post where I wrote:

"Frank Chan, in his foreward to \_\_ The Big Aiiiii! \_\_, was in fact, highly critical of fellow Chinese American writers ..."

should have read Frank Chin ... in The Big AIIIEEEEE!.

More to come!

Hoa

-----  
Get Your \*Web-Based\* Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

737. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

**Re: " . . . "**

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Had Simic argued simply that the Yasusada affair evidenced a certain regrettable insularity among American readers and writers I would have no objection -- but that is hardly the issue here -- Is it a matter of fact that, say, fewer American grad. students read Serbian verse now than earlier, and is that demonstrably attributable to the "rise" of theory, etc. -- and in any event, how would that authorize the reprehensible misrepresentations of "theory" found in those Boston Review letters? I seem to remember that when I read Derrida, for one example, I kept running into essays on Jabes, Joyce, Celan etc. -- I might wish that he wrote on occasion about Spanish language poets, but the texts of Derrida are not a good place to look for support for the argument that Theory doesn't care about literature -- and so on -- The insularity that Simic complains about is real, but it is not the result of the "turn to theory" -- and I'd bet we could fairly easily document this sort of insularity at the height of the New Criticism, without feeling compelled to blame it on the NC --

People should read more, should read more from other parts of the world, should read beyond the narrow slice of materials they can get in grad. seminars -- who would disagree with any of that -- I happen to believe that people might also do well to be a bit more careful about attributing such phenomena as Yasusada to other phenomena which may have little to do with it -- I can't believe that the editors of APR were taken in by the Yasusada materials as a result of their having been narrowly indoctrinated in French theory at grad. school --

There's also this in Simic's letter:

"If a Frank Kowalski, a retired milkman in Milwaukee, submitted something like the following to a literary journal, does anyone really think he would seriously have a chance:

I've waited all week, you quietly said,  
to be with you here in this magical place,  
and to tell you something beautiful.

(It was your sentimental heart  
that always made me laugh  
and this stain on the page is spilt tea.)"

Whether the author has been presented as a retired milman or not, the fact is that our poetry mags are filled with exactly this kind of verse -- I suspect that Mr. Kowalski might indeed have a chance -- might even increase his odds by changing his first name to "Stanley."

I am a former tree chopper/campus cop/computer systems analyst/shoe salesman/community services worker myself -- With the possible exception of Sterling Brown, few of us were born to academia and poetry --

yours for more reading all around,.  
aldon the Dane

[↑ Contents](#)

738. **Bobbie West**  
***more Vietnam***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Just curious -- what do those of you familiar with Vietnam vets' poetry think of Terry Hertzler's *The Way of the Snake*?

Bobbie

[↑ Contents](#)

739. **Mark Weiss**  
***Personal Identity as Text vs Stands on its Own***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

I promised myself not to get involved in this one, but here goes.

Those of you who read Middle English are probably aware of the greatest of our anonymous poets, the Pearl Poet, author of the dream-vision of that name and of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," as well as two shorter pieces. In times past much ink was spilled in an attempt to nail down his identity, but to no avail.



A good friend of mine was a student of the middle ages at Berkeley during the late 60s. A combination of political despair and some very good drugs had made him increasingly restive in graduate school and more than a little strange.

It happened that he was required to write a paper on said anonymous poet. He struggled with the project for weeks and came up blank--nothing to say. Then in a dream the solution to his problem came to him in the form of a figure in medieval dress announcing to him "I have come to tell you a great secret--the true identity of the poet you study. It is I myself, Bowtwine Lincoln by name."

My friend awoke in a frenzy of excitement--he knew what to write. He produced a careful account of the identity question that no one had cared about for a good 40 years and ended by declaring that he had discovered the answer and describing the manner of its revelation. It was his last act as a graduate student at Berkeley.

I hope that my account will help clarify some of the issues in this discussion.

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 740. **David Bromige**

##### ***identity of the poet***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

I think we derive the poet from the poem. "Wallace Stevens" is not an insurance lawyer. He might perhaps have been a South American diplomat. I am agreeing that we want the poem to have been uttered from a person. (Kierkegaard in his "Concluding Unscientific Postscript", where he writes that it is an act of faith to read another's poem, & the faith is, that there was a reality present during the composition that has some equity with the reader's own, I find persuasive). But I am saying that the biographies do not necessarily satisfy, & that I believe one has the right to discard bio-info that in one's imaginative view, doesn't fit the poet one constructs from the poetry. Yeah, sure, it can be fun to observe the timidities encoded in Eliot's poetry, & then fit that in with the fact that he had a double hernia which he never got fixed. And, sure, one can use such details to elucidate meanings not otherwise likely to surface. But I take it that the poem was written whatever the poet's necessities) for me, me the Big Baby Reader or the Sullen Solitary Adolescent Reader, Me the Otherwise-Muddled Midlife Reader, Me the Incredibly Aged Senile Reader, all of those Mes at once if applicable. So "Pull down thy vanity" I read with myself & need never know that its Pound's remorse in the hoosegow. My remorse has other sources & causes. David.

[↑ Contents](#)

741. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

On Wed, 25 Jun 1997, Maria Damon wrote

i find it uninteresting to evaluate work

> solely (if at all) by its "literary merit," whatever that means. i tend to

> think of things as "interesting" or "boring,"

I am so glad to have someone other than myself articulate these (to me) essential, I would even say primary, categories of artworks. It expresses the subjective nature of reading/looking in a totally earnest and unpretentious way.

and of course those

> categories are highly dependent on context, what i know of the poem, poet,

> or cultural work the poem does or intends. in one context a work is

> interesting, in another, it's boring or seems out of place.

I would go farther and say that from a poet or artist about whom I have one set of information (one code of desires) a work will seem boring, while from another the same exact work would be compelling, make me sick with yearning...and isn't that the name of the game.

furthermore, i

> take some issue with the concept that "background" (a word that itself

> subordinates certain kinds of information) is an extraneous add-on (my

> students often have mixed responses to my historicizing --it's either

> "helpful" or it doesn't leave enough time to discuss the "actual poems"

> --but i keep trying to say that this isn't "background," this is \*it\*).

The idea of teaching the work of non-contemporary (dead) artists/writers from their identities outwards is interesting to me because where is the space for yearning when the object of desire is dead, only the documents of her still perpetuate her self?

i

> also understand, though, that practitioners have different investments in

> poetry from critics like myself, and may have strong feelings about seeing

> poets whose work they do not respect getting critical attention. still,

> there's enough kudos and appreciation to go around. let's not let this

> scarcity mentality prevent us from enjoying a full spectrum of poetic

> activity.

>

It's very true, and remarkably perceptive of you to notice, that it's hard to watch those whose work we don't respect getting published/celebrated, but I propose that this is one of the instances in which our subjectivity in critique comes

into play the most; that is, I think that when we are resentful of a y saying its their work we object to.

Sincerely, EVD

[↑ Contents](#)

742. **Carrie Etter**  
**Sharon Doubiago**

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

I am trying to find out the publishers for two of Doubiago's early chapbooks: *\_Hymn to the Cosmic Clothesline\_* (1978) and *\_Visions of a Daughter of Albion\_* (1980). Also, is anyone familiar with Gorda Plate Press, which apparently recently published Doubiago's *\_The Husband Arcane. The Arcane of O.\_*?

Thanks,

Carrie Etter

[↑ Contents](#)

743. **Jonathan Brannen**  
**Amos Tutuola**

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

I am saddened to learn of the recent death of the remarkable Nigerian novelist, Amos Tutuola. Rooted in Yoruba folklore, Tutuola's inventive fiction transcends conventional narrative. No other contemporary writer of English language fiction (with the exception of Harry Mathews) has produced a body of work that has given me such pleasure. As a reader, I will miss him.

Jonathan Brannen

[↑ Contents](#)

744. **Hoa Nguyen**  
**A Buddhist's Credentials**

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Hi. Dale here.

Dean Brink wrote:

"American-style Buddhist-based poetics may enjoy an integral duplicity: while the Western lyric subject displays an understood sense of a logocentric context, it would be interesting to trace the development of the (rhetorical) dispersion of subject in American Buddhist-inspired poetry. What rings as being in "bad faith" is the appropriation of an image of Asia that exists for the pleasure of the

poet? When the Johnson post came up, it was an opportunity to open up this can of worms."

But the can of worms he opened with Kent Johnson was already full of sharp hooks. It didn't resemble the more thoughtful posting he sent to Hoa. In fact, he misread and condemned Kent as a racist without the same kind of attention given to Hoa's problems with himself.

As a Buddhist, Dean Brink should know that race, religion, and poetry are perhaps a bit less binomial than he acknowledges. His indignation over the anthology in question narrows the more open concerns regarding questions of poetics and race. I suppose it is the dualistic and academic foundations of his thought which shape his responses to both Kent and Hoa. But his social scrutiny lacks any personal awareness as an active participant in the very white constructs he critiques. Kent's anthology, whatever problems we may have with it - aesthetic, political, religious - represents one designed collection of American Buddhists who practice poetry. To label Kent a racist based on this collection reveals more of a readiness to indict, rather than a willingness to confront, the key issues of race Hoa attempted to address in her post. Ultimately, the exclusion of Asians in Kent's anthology is probably more of a testimony to his honesty on this score than if he had secured a few token representatives for his project. After all, Kent respected the limits of his position as a white American Buddhist. Something, perhaps, Brink finds too truthful, in the end, to imagine happening in himself.

Kent should have had his wrists slapped, however, for omitting his own credentials as a practicing Buddhist. I once heard, for example, he sucked the dregs out of D.T. Suzuki's tea pot on a pilgrimage to see the great teacher in San Francisco, 1971. Suzuki was reported to have taken the young Kent by the hand to give the following invocation: "Dear boy, collect poems written on origami bird wings. Freedom is a cherry blossom!"

Dale Smith

-----  
Get Your \*Web-Based\* Free Email at <http://www.hotmail.com>  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

745. **Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher**

***Re: identity of the poet***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

i think, david b., that what you say probably reflects my reading... mood too most of the time... not always, but most of the time... i wonder too the ways in

which picking up a book of poems (e.g.) encourages that response more (or less) than picking up a book of theory... again, i'm not drawing any hard and fast distinctions here... but i do tend to pick up one with different expectations than the other (i'm trying not to get all muddled in intrinsic textual differences etc.)... so when i'm reading stevens, say, i tend to try to put aside his insurance company lifestyle (not always!)... with other poets i'm perhaps less... generous?... anyway, is it easier or more difficult (or does it make no difference?) to fret the biographical details of a critic vis-a-vis a fiction writer vis-a-vis a poet vis-a-vis \_\_\_\_?... i'm sure there are (generic) differences, but it's far from clear to me how they play themselves out...

best,

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

746. **David Bromige**

*pearl poet, french theory of apr editors, kevin & gloria, class*

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Mark Weiss, thanks for a nicely unfolded tale! --Here again we have a poem whose poet exists only as imaginative conjecture derived from the poem itself--! Can you b-c the name of that student, & his professor? I ask this out of idle curiosity. I was there then & might well have had that dream myself. I remember the paper I wrote, a survey of authorities on the significance of \*green\* in \_G&the GKnight\_. It meant everything. It meant this, & it meant the opposite of this. Most poetical, & a handy intro to grad school.

A friend of mine from those days (we took to one another on the first day of the medieval lit class, when someone declared that she hoped to know more about the 12th C than she knew abt the 20th by December, & he & I noticed each other rolling his eyes up), Erik Storlie (Erik the Minnesota-Norwegian), has recently published, with Shambala, a book titled \_Nothing on my Mind\_, in part a memoir of Berkeley in the 60s (A subject abt which I expect soon everyone to know more than of the 90s); in part a tale of his quest for enlightenment thru the Buddha. Theres plenty about the dept of eng, & the drugs it drove some poor unfortunates to. An immodest & likely unnecessary caution: dont buy the book to read abt me. I do not appear at all, although Storlie & I were as close as W.C. is to Fields; I can only suppose my absence is down to my thoroughly recalcitrant disposition vis-a-vis lasting enlightenments.

I enjoyed also Aldon the Nebraska-Dane's posting whose key sentence for me was to the effect that he doubted a narrow education in French Theory caused the editors of APR to publish Yasusada. Charles Simic is a longtime friend, & I have yet to see the letters in the Boston periodical. Wherever you live, though,

that sentence of Aldon's has the smack of pit-&-prune-juice. Robert Archambeau (could that be French-Canadian?) makes me feel better about Charlie's rep on our List, & he is wise to point out Simic's contribution in a way that suggests grounds for the impatience of the Chicago-raised, New-Hampshire-based-Serb--author of a splendid memoir, that being one thread in my post, *\_The Unemployed Fortune Teller\_*. Good summer reading!

Pat Pritchett (place in the multicultural soup as-yet undeclared) does a fine job with Kevin's reading & Gloria Frym's. Keep us posted, Pat! Salaam. David-the-PacRim-Cockney (class: working-climbing-into-lower middle/middle, subsequently become declassé thru all that reading & being allowed to pass as a poet, but you can still tell by the way he handles the patie de foie that his origins are the kind he has to be proud of, since noone else was).

[↑ Contents](#)

747. **Kali Tal**

***Re: identity of the poet***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

David writes;

*But I am saying that the  
biographies do not necessarily satisfy, & that I believe one has the right  
to discard bio-info that in one's imaginative view, doesn't fit the poet  
one constructs from the poetry.*

That's one way of reading, though it surely wouldn't work for me. Granted that we are all trapped inside our own heads, it still seems worth while for me to assume that there are Others out there--also trapped in their own heads--who are as real as I am.

And, well.... now that I've started down the slippery slope of acknowledging that there are other intelligences out there and that I'm not the only consciousness in the universe, it starts to look like the certainty that each poem was written for *\*me\** is not only unfounded, but also a mark of my privileged status as a particular kind of reader (*\*your\** poem can't hurt *\*me\** because *\*you\** can't hurt *\*me\** so I can damn well read it--and define *\*you\**--however I want). I'm not sure what gives a person the "right" to do anything, *\*except\** power of one kind or another.

And even if you do sit in such a privileged position that your readings are safe and protected, if you read a poem however you want to, how do you ever *\*learn\** anything or discover anything *\*new\**? Language does what it does because it is--at some level--linked to a belief in identity, in naming, in the faith that something can come in from Outside. We can fuck with that belief--which I understand language poetry does--but we can't do without it... even when we

build careers based on riffing on it. Guess it's that Af-Am theory background coming into play again, but, hey, I yam what I yam, and if you keep substituting your garden variety spud for that sweet potato, you're gonna miss all that good brown sugar and honey for sure. And, worse, you're gonna have a hard time predicting when the less privileged are ready to turn the system (and you) upside down and inside out.

Yo, Joe, I don't think you and David are saying at all the same thing here. Reads to me that he's not just talking about \*ignoring\* a poet's bio, but MAKING ONE UP for the poet if the "real thing" doesn't fit his desires/expectations. I think other poets exist, and that they write poems, because I think other \*people\* exist. I admit we will never \*know\* these other people in the way we know ourselves, but there's a benefit in the attempt. The more cues/clues we can gather Outside, the richer our insides will become and (like most of us who \*aren't\* privileged in ways that allow us to ignore Outside meaning), the longer we'll survive.

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

748. **David Israel**  
***the Green Knight / & Kieslowski***  
*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Speaking of the Green Knight --

[careat: the following is a bit of a ramble, but does involve the two figures mentioned above . . . ]

I've roped myself into writing an essay for \*Projections\* (a DC-based little journal published by the Forum for the Psychoanalytic Study of Film) -- said roping having been accomplished through the expedient of opening my big mouth. Said journal (btw) has presented a

CALL FOR PAPERS, as follows:

"Projections is calling for contributions to an issue focusing on the work of Krzysztof Kieslowski, to be published later this year [1997 -- I was told papers are being gathered in early July or something - yikes. -d.i.] Please submit three copies, double-spaced, with an accompanying disc if possible, to: Projections, 3502 36th Street, NW, Washington DC 20016 [REDACTED]"

What has this to do with the Green Knight? Only that the latter (like the topic of my Krys. Kies. paper) is sometimes construed (or construable) as identified w/ the legendary figure of Khizr (of Islamic-land lore), sometimes known as

"The Green One" (who happens to hang out, when he's not off teaching Arthurian lessons, at the well of Zim-Zim).

Krys. Kies. is, you know, the late great Pole film-man whose Decalogue, and subsequent trilogy (BLUE, WHITE, RED) have seemed -- to me -- high points of contemp. cinema. The last-named film (KK's final work) features the figure of a European retired judge whose hobby is listening in to his neighbor's phone conversations (using a certain radio technology for the purpose). My little thesis is that this judge figure is patterned after the Khizr known to legend, esp. that in the often-seen tale of Moses & Khizr (one brief form of which appears in the Koran itself). Khizr, who was a knower of destiny & of the hearts of all [said latter trait wound by KK into the conceit of hearing the phone calls of all] tended to meddle in human affairs in ways that, superficially, seemed suspect, but proved entirely benign. Such (I opine) is likewise the case w/ KK's judge.

Anyhow, I've very little time, it seems, to get this paper together, and haven't even begun to assemble materials. For the tale of M. & K., I'll prob. look in Rumi's Mathnawi. A friend remarked that Carl Jung has an essay dealing w/ the figure of Khizr (which might well be where KK picked him up). Meanwhile, if anyone in Poetics-land happens to have info, views, cites, or whatnot concerning either Khizr or Krzysztof Kieslowski or the film Red, I'd welcome whatever input or opinion or whatnot. Backchannel is fine (unless it shd. seem of generalist Poetics relevance, or GPR).

Haven't heard mention of that Pearl Poet in long time. What I was wondering was -- the name of the chap revealed in dream, -- is that a real, known, documented figure?

A lovely story, yep.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

749. **Mark Weiss**

**Theory**

Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

My perception (anecdotal--take it as you will) is that recent english dept. graduate students and newly-minted professors are less widely-read in literature in the english language than they were when I went to school before the flood. They are, however, much more knowledgeable about theory. I have several become aware that the person I'm talking to hasn't read very much of the author he's larding with interpretation. That, it seems to me, is a problem. At UCSD there are no required survey courses for undergraduates or graduate students in english, so far as I know. Perhaps this derives from disagreements about the



canon. Even if some non-white, non-male names were added to the canon it wouldn't substantially increase the relatively light reading burden imposed by such courses where they exist. And a generation of scholars and teachers could be assumed to be literate. I'm already ducking the pies that I hear whizzing in my direction.

[↑ Contents](#)

750. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: the Green Knight / & Kieslowski***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Nope. But my friend did expend some effort in trying to find evidence of his existence.

*Haven't heard mention of that Pearl Poet in long time. What I was wondering was -- the name of the chap revealed in dream, -- is that a real, known, documented figure?*

*A lovely story, yep.*

*d.i.*

[↑ Contents](#)

751. **David Bromige**

***hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

Kali, your misreading of my post makes me wonder if you really do think that others exist. Did you overlook the parenthetical reference to Kierkegaard & the necessary act of faith? Do you follow what I say about Pound's occasions for remorse not being mine, but that we meet, thru the poem, in Remorse? Well I recall when I first read that canto, knowing nothing abt Pound-the-person, being very moved...by what I \_could\_ get. The years I subsequently spent reading about Pound, & his poetry, made little difference to the original response.

I knew someone had been there when that poem was written. Rationally I know he wasn't addressing me, db. But I believe that poems by their integral being \_are\_ intended to be read as-if meant for me---your me, her me, or my me.

I don't understand what's so threatening about this belief (except of course, to people who make a living relating biography to poetry...I know that when I was teaching, this insight I would advance here, was lost to me. But it was there when in adolescence I first read poetry.) Nor do I think we get anywhere by the

accusation that I am privileged. I guess I could try to dumb myself down. Much that you say is certainly lost on me, demonstrating again the existence of other minds. The difficulty must revolve around an idea of the uses of a poem.

Nowhere do I say others do not exist. But I do argue for the primacy of the poem, not the poet. The poem, words from elsewhere, comes to help you to know yourself more fully. What more do you want? Are you afraid of your self, do you need the poet's laundry-list to save you from his poem, from the way his poem works in you? Do you check it out with a private eye each time you begin falling in love?

I appreciate your concern for me, that I will be among those overthrown by less privileged persons. But why shut the stable-door? That horse has already gone. I don't follow how knowing Ed Dorn had prejudices that are socially unacceptable, would save me from the pleasure of, say, *\_Gunslinger\_*, & thereby enable me to survive the revolution that you anticipate.

I appreciate, too, there may be an edge to my tone. It's only responding to the edge in yours, an edge that suggests a mind made completely up, & that projects its conclusions onto anything that looks, well, threatening. We could debate this civilly. David B

[↑ Contents](#)

752. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: identity of the poet***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

My pleasure in reading Donne's love poems is certainly enhanced by the knowledge of what that love cost him, and I wouldn't want to lose that extra spice. But the great pleasure in reading Donne comes from elsewhere. I cherish the individual poem for its intelligence and beauty. I can also reconstruct, if I wish, a small portion of the otherwise lost workings of the particular mind and spirit confronted with event and language, more so if I can expand the field of inquiry beyond the one poem to a larger corpus. For sure, no matter what I may learn about the man from other sources, in doing so I'm inventing, if not a biography, at least a hypothesis about what the man's presence might have been--I can carry on a conversation with the shade. A caveat--I'm likely to come a lot closer to the process of the man behind the words if I know enough about the import of words as conditioned by the larger environment of his time and place--historically, politically, medically, socially, what-have-you. But let's look at a more Giraldoesque example. What exactly does my knowledge that Kit Smart was mad as a hatter add to my appreciation of Jubilate Agno?

At 02:37 PM 6/25/97 MDT, you wrote:

>David writes;

>

>>But I am saying that the

>>biographies do not necessarily satisfy, & that I believe one has the right

>>to discard bio-info that in one's imaginative view, doesn't fit the poet

>>one constructs from the poetry.

>

>That's one way of reading, though it surely wouldn't work for me. Granted

>that we are all trapped inside our own heads, it still seems worth while for

>me to assume that there are Others out there--also trapped in their own

>heads--who are as real as I am.

>

>And, well.... now that I've started down the slippery slope of acknowledging

>that there are other intelligences out there and that I'm not the only

>consciousness in the universe, it starts to look like the certainty that

>each poem was written for \*me\* is not only unfounded, but also a mark of my

>privileged status as a particular kind of reader (\*your\* poem can't hurt

>\*me\* because \*you\* can't hurt \*me\* so I can damn well read it--and define

>\*you\*--however I want). I'm not sure what gives a person the "right" to do

>anything, \*except\* power of one kind or another.

>

>And even if you do sit in such a privileged position that your readings are

>safe and protected, if you read a poem however you want to, how do you ever

>\*learn\* anything or discover anything \*new\*? Language does what it does

>because it is--at some level--linked to a belief in identity, in naming, in

>the faith that something can come in from Outside. We can fuck with that

>belief--which I understand language poetry does--but we can't do without

>it... even when we build careers based on riffing on it. Guess it's that

>Af-Am theory background coming into play again, but, hey, I yam what I yam,

>and if you keep substituting your garden variety spud for that sweet potato,

>you're gonna miss all that good brown sugar and honey for sure. And, worse,

>you're gonna have a hard time predicting when the less privileged are ready

>to turn the system (and you) upside down and inside out.

>

>Yo, Joe, I don't think you and David are saying at all the same thing here.

>Reads to me that he's not just talking about \*ignoring\* a poet's bio, but

>MAKING ONE UP for the poet if the "real thing" doesn't fit his

>desires/expectations. I think other poets exist, and that they write poems,

>because I think other \*people\* exist. I admit we will never \*know\* these

>other people in the way we know ourselves, but there's a benefit in the

>attempt. The more cues/clues we can gather Outside, the richer our insides

>will become and (like most of us who \*aren't\* privileged in ways that allow

>us to ignore Outside meaning), the longer we'll survive.

>  
>Kali  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

753. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

i liked the kumanyakaa readings i've seen, but he reads VERY fast, very softly, and the work is so dense and quick that audience and other readers all strain-  
ing to catch what we could. it might have been venue or he might have been  
tired...

his work on the page reminds me of neon signs -- quick, intensely colored, you  
go by them quickly and they form part of a line that has its own delicate inter-  
nal patterns based on slight movements as the lights pass, as well as the move-  
ments of the lights, as well as the movement of the colors... e

[↑ Contents](#)

754. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: Killian at Naropa***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

At 10:10 AM 6/25/97 -0500, you wrote:

>Got to hear Kevin Killian read last night at Naropa's Summer Writing Program  
> - and to meet "The Man Himself" as well as the delightful Dodie Bellamy.  
>

>Kevin did more than just read, I should think - he appropriated the podium  
>with bravura, wit and a warm, excited energy. There were six poems, all of  
>them marvelous: first, part of his series of Dario Argento/HIV poems ("the  
Patrick, Kevin, or ?

Are these available in print or electronically anywhere?  
tom bell

[↑ Contents](#)

755. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: anecdotage***

Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

My complaint had, and has, to do with straw men, unfounded assertions, unstated presuppositions, red herrings etc -- all of which are demonstrably on display in the letters I cited --

It is true that Simic has done much wonderful work to broaden the reading habits of Americans -- It is also true that I first read his works in graduate school -- It is also true that we read no theoretical texts in those classes -- It is also true that the graduate students I get in my seminars (from all sorts of universities I hasten to add) appear just as poorly read on the subject of theory as they are in other areas, including poetry --

and I suspect we might find it true that Simic has received as much print space as Spivak over the years if anyone cares to make an actual count (which says nothing as to the quality of such attention)

again, I want everybody to read more of everything -- I don't think that end is likely to be accomplished by the kind of thing I see in these letters in the Boston Review -- rather, I believe they will make some people take comfort in their lack of reading -- I don't know that -- Unlike Simic et al, I'm willing to advance this as a suspicion rather than as a certainty --

and yet again, if there is any evidence I might read anywhere that the "rise of theory" in the academy after '66 has anything whatsoever to do with the acceptance of the Yasusada submissions by individual editors, I'd certainly be happy to read it --

"lack of" for "lack or" above

and why is Spivak the whipping girl of this discussion? as opposed to Johnson or Kamuf??

[↑ Contents](#)

756. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

***Re: hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it***

Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

On Wed, 25 Jun 1997, David Bromige wrote:

Do you follow what I say about

- > Pound's occasions for remorse not being mine, but that we meet, thru the
- > poem, in Remorse? Well I recall when I first read that canto, knowing
- > nothing abt Pound-the-person, being very moved...by what I \_could\_ get.

> The years I subsequently spent reading about Pound, & his poetry, made  
> little difference to the original response.

Maybe the new information made little difference to your original response, but what about subsequent readings? I think it's pretty important to recognize that, just as the biographical information we have on makers effects our reading and looking, so does our own (ever changing) biographical information.

*I knew someone had been there when that poem was written. Rationally I know he wasn't addressing me, db. But I believe that poems by their integral being \_are\_ intended to be read as-if meant for me  
I don't understand what's so threatening about this belief*

I don't think it's this belief specifically so much as that we all get committed to our ideas once we state them (often before). That seems to me one of the limitations/benefits of a forum like this. It forces people to be somewhat adversarial, like "If you don't disagree with me, what do you have to say?"

(except of course,

> to people who make a living relating biography to poetry...I know that when  
> I was teaching, this insight I would advance here, was lost to me. But it  
> was there when in adolescence I first read poetry.) Nor do I think we get  
> anywhere by the accusation that I am privileged. I guess I could try to  
> dumb myself down.

Privilege doesn't mean you're smarter, buddy. Just luckier.

*I do argue for the primacy of the poem, not the poet. The poem, words from elsewhere, comes to help you to know yourself more fully. What more do you want? Are you afraid of your self, do you need the poet's laundry-list to save you from his poem, from the way his poem works in you? Do you check it out with a private eye each time you begin falling in love?*

To me it sounds like you are arguing for neither the primacy of the poem nor the poet, but for the primacy of the reader. Now that I can get behind. As for the question of needing the poet's laundry list to save {me} from {her} poems, I suggest that it may well do the opposite, that is, fall me in love with her even more deeply. And anyway, are you arguing AGAINST the laundry list? If so, why? Why not more, more fully drawn. After all, it is the poet, and not the poem, who is love-able. As in able to love. Unless the poet's dead, in which case the whole project is, to me, kind of intolerably painful, or really fantastical (reading is I guess)

*I appreciate your concern for me, that I will be among those overthrown by less privileged persons. But why shut the stable-door? That horse has already gone. I don't follow how knowing Ed Dorn had prejudices that are socially unacceptable, would save me from the pleasure of, say, \_Gunslinger\_, & thereby enable me to survive the revolution that you anticipate.*

*I appreciate, too, there may be an edge to my tone. It's only responding to the edge in yours, an edge that suggests a mind made completely up, & that projects its conclusions onto anything that looks, well, threatening. We could debate this civilly. David B*

[↑ Contents](#)

757. **REBECCA WELDON**

***Buddhist Poetry***

Wed 25 Jun 1997

Early morning in Chiang Rai, Thailand I read the list. Now I join the fray. I un-attached the Buddhist poetry attachment and was told my hard disk would be reformatted. The philosophic implications of this message notwithstanding I trashed it anyway. Buddhism and real life enjoy a love-hate relationship out here. How about a book of Christian poetry by Asians? I'm sure several exist.

Orientalism or the fascination of the so-called west for the so-called east is tolerable to the point where it supercedes fashion, it then needs redefinition. My neighbors wear Levis and crucifixes. Are they Christians? Is what I write Buddhist because I live in a Buddhist country or American because I was born there or feminist because I'm a woman or philosophic because I like questions? Am I a American Buddhist feminist metaphysicist?

O Lord, define me  
for I am lost

rebecca sittiwig

[↑ Contents](#)

758. **David Israel**

***(no subject)***

Wed 25 Jun 1997

Rebecca Weldon checks in --

<< Early morning in Chiang Rai, Thailand I read the list. Now I join the fray. . .  
. Orientalism or the fascination of the so-called west for the so-called east is tolerable to the point where it supercedes fashion, it then needs redefinition. . . . >>

Interesting (& well said). Reliance upon the now-fashionable term "Orientalism," if resorted to as a handy kneejerk putdown (or method of avoiding serious consideration of what's in question), ain't (one may suppose) above critique.

<< My neighbors wear Levis and crucifixes. Are they Christians? Is what I write Buddhist because I live in a Buddhist country or American because I was born there or feminist because I'm a woman or philosophic because I like questions? Am I a American Buddhist feminist metaphysicist?

O Lord, define me for I am lost >>

lost & found

breath of fresh air

thanks for the Thai-gram --

(& do tell us more!)

cheers,

d.i.

Your body is a camel  
that travels to the Kaaba of the heart.  
You were asinine not to go,  
it's not that you have no ass.  
If you have not gone to the Kaaba,  
destiny will draw you there.  
Don't run off babbling --  
there's no escape from Allah  
- Jelaluddin Rumi

& here's a verse I mentioned (last week or so . . . ) --

Late, by myself, in the boat of myself,  
no light and no land anywhere,  
cloudcover thick. I try to stay  
just above the surface, yet I'm already under  
and living within the ocean.  
- Rumi [this from Coleman Barks, \*Open Secret"]

[↑ Contents](#)

759. **Hugh Steinberg**

**Re: Komunyakaa**

Wed 25 Jun 1997

---

Hoa Nguyen writes:

>

>-- one American poet writing on the American war in Vietnam not  
>mentioned by Kali here is Yusef Komunyakaa, in his book Dien Cau Dau  
>(spelling?-- "dinky dow" in slang meaning "Crazy people"-- what the  
>Vietnamese called Americans). I heard him read from it over ten years



>ago and it was a pivotal experience for me, particularly because he is a  
>poet of color. I recommend it highly. His later works do not deal  
>with this subject matter and his work has gotten better-- more  
>interesting, less strictly linear. (He won a pulitzer!)

>

I couldn't agree more about Yusef. He's also great to hang around with,  
and tells the best stories.

Hugh Steinberg

[↑ Contents](#)

760. **George Thompson**

***Re: Orientalism: reply to Dean Brink***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

I had meant to stay away from this thread, but...

Having myself been a member [tho a marginal one, to be sure] of "the venerable" American Oriental Society, having attended its conferences and published in its journal, I suppose that I might be considered an Orientalist.

I don't like the term and have never applied it to myself, and whenever the subject of Said's sense of "orientalism" comes up among the staid philologists with whom I serve my time, I find myself siding with him.

But that doesn't make any difference. Here I am attempting to pass myself off as a "specialist" in the earliest form of Sanskrit, so-called language of the gods, a language sacred to Hindus, both in India and right here in the States too [many of them]. Very presumptuous. Very orientalist. Frequently very offensive,

My reading of Dean Brink's attack against Kent Johnson [given that I don't know what came earlier, and I don't know Johnson's anthology, I have to say: \*but\* I do know orientalism] is that Brink is trying to push his way into a position to be an "authoritative interpreter" of Buddhism and Japanese poetry for the relevant audience. In order to do this, of course, he has had to discredit his predecessors. And he has done so by pinning exoticism, new agism, and even racism on them.

I think that Kent Johnson has defended himself very well against Brink's attacks. He's made it clear, to me at least, that Brink is attacking a straw man [or perhaps a 'theoretical' man], without really having examined carefully either Johnson or his anthology.

Look, as others have already suggested, Buddhism is a tradition that began in India and has moved very skillfully and gracefully across \*all kinds of\* cultural borders and across many centuries. That it has taken hold among American

poets now may not be so much a sign of their paternalism and consumerism, as much as it is a sign of the resilience of the Buddhist message, which, by the way, Dean Brink has no authoritative claim on, whatsoever.

Certainly I cannot see how anyone can say that Buddhism is a product that the Chinese or the Japanese \*alone\* can speak for. And if Asian Americans who are also Buddhists want to speak up for Buddhism, then they should speak up. Instead of trashing other Buddhists.

idam agnaye, na mama [Vedic for "this is for the fire, not for me"]

George Thompson

[↑ Contents](#)

761. **David Israel**

***Re: more haiku-gram***

*Wed 25 Jun 1997*

---

[d.i.]:

(1)

forget the spam-po  
what I'd really like to see  
is donut haiku

(2)

buttermilk sugar  
they knead me & they fry me  
none taste the center

[Steven Marks]:

(3)

the center holds holes  
something to nibble around  
no mess on my hands

[d.i.]:

(4)

without the coffee  
a donut is not done here  
darkness to imbibe

[s.m.]:

(5)

nut to do but dough  
coffee from a hell of beans  
my do-dough dissolves

[d.i.]:

(6)

nonesistence hides  
in the very word donut  
nut signifies naught

[Katherine Lynes]:

(7)

yellow innards splooch  
bavarian dive bomber  
cannot hold center

[d.i.]:

(8)

and what about do?  
do of course signifies dough  
a dough-naught for you!

[D.P. Salmon]:

(9)

do-ough a de-ar  
a whole in one  
raison drops in bun

[Randolph Healy]:

(10)

Sphere before torus  
when the centre was not holed  
goodbye nut hi ring

[L. MacMahon]:

(11)

batter my heart and  
artery o sweet and fat  
confectionary

[Hugh Steinberg]:

(12)

I love everyone  
says the old cop on his beat  
let 'em eat donuts.

[d.i.]:

(13)

no start & no end

till you yourself nibble the  
do (history) nut

[s.m.]:

(14)

from naut- to navel  
my do-naught, my omphalos  
which one to fill up?

[d.i.]:

(15)

sometimes dear madam  
a donut's just a donut  
remarked Sigmund Freud

(16)

docent of donuts!  
the world is your museum  
a baker's dozen

(17)

dulcet dolor dough  
the do-do bird is extinct?  
the bride said "I do!"

(18)

quothe the Prophet "seek  
knowledge even in China!"  
(not hyperbole)

(19)

that one didn't use  
the word donut even once!  
(what to make of it?)

(20)

that one only spoke  
of its antecedent verse!  
(how convoluted)

(21)

maybe donuts aren't  
worthy of quite so much ink  
(uhm is it non-ink?)

(22)

in shops everywhere

hundreds of donuts are sold  
w/o one haiku

(23)  
orientalist!  
where are your brown-rice donuts?  
(where's the wasabe?)

(24)  
argumentative  
is not what a donut is  
(don't know nothing much)

(25)  
like a potato  
a rudimentary mind  
is born of some need

(26)  
what complications!  
do (vocabulary) nut  
do (translation) nut

(27)  
do (a question) nut  
do (a subtle answer) nut  
"all things reach their end"

[↑ Contents](#)

762. **Dean A. Brink**  
***Re: Buddhism and Racism***  
*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

In reply to Kent Johnson:

Perhaps it is fair to say that we both have been grabbing certain words of the other and making more than there is there out of them. As you suggested, this comes with the territory of writing against another and diatribe. Maybe it would be more productive if we focus more on the issues and less on the person. This may be partially my fault, for I based my critique of the anthology on a narrow selection of your words in defense of your editing policy. After you explained your situation as editor it indeed does not sound pernicious as my accusations have asserted. No malice, but still room for more apt reconsideration of your editing policies. And the more you write about the issues (instead of attacking me, which I can understand as your words have been under scrutiny and I do sympathize with you, just hope we can get to the meat of the issues before Hell

freezes over :) . Unfortunately, at this point, as the discussion has veered in this personal direction, your words of explanation still ring more of excuses than accounts of how the factual act of editing an all-white Zen anthology came to pass. Maybe I missed it, but have you discussed the "social tensions" that Lew mentions as possible reasons for the editorial choices (which would shift the discussion from aesthetics and ideology to the history of Buddhist groups and sects, and poetry coteries and publishing houses). BTW, Lew's tone in situating *Beneath a Single Moon* is very similar to my own: sarcastic, high-toned, and in disbelief that such stark "omissions" of Asian Americans would be found in a collection based on the "stated ideal of comprehensive co-existence beneath a light that illuminates all evenly" (Lew, 582). (Also, I would like to retract all race-based distinctions that were read into my first posting, preferring cultural, discourse-based, non-exclusive affiliations.)

Again, I have not attacked the contents of your anthology but your defense of your editing policy, which itself speaks to the crux of the matter. As you write (sorry, I have to quote you to maintain a semblance of clarity):

*If Mr. Lew (and the other co-signers of the BR response) had carefully considered the Shambhala anthology, they would have seen that a fundamental criteria for inclusion was a serious background in Buddhist study and practice. We were not interested, in the least, in poetry exhibiting the vague and stereotypical waft of the "Buddhistic." If anything, our anthology begins to point to the fact that reductive notions of the "Buddhistic" are one of the by-products of the "Orientalism" that Mr. Lew denounces. There is simply no way of boiling down Buddhist artistic expression to any particular "Buddhistic" characteristics of tone, content, or style.*

Again, like you and I, you and Lew would seem to be not communicating clearly.

When you say

>that a fundamental criteria

>for inclusion was a serious background in Buddhist study and

>practice,

I hear a 'certain idea of' serious background.... I also hear a requisite *\_self-conscious\_* foregrounding of Buddhist practice that may seem (and this is only conjecture from my experiences in Japan and the opinion of Japanese friends) absurdly "forced" (what in Japanese is called "riding the tone" [choushi ni notte iru]). I don't know if this is one of the charges in the BG piece, as I haven't seen it yet.

The "riding the tone" in much of the Naropa, Snyder and what Lew wittily calls a "Caucasian Zen circle" poetry, amounts to what seems to me the

ongoing "winking" (to use a technical term) in some of the poetry (perhaps most prominent in Snyder's style of poetry).

Examples of this winking are in the remainder of this paragraph above:

*We were not interested, in the least, in poetry exhibiting the vague and stereotypical waft of the "Buddhistic." If anything, our anthology begins to point to the fact that reductive notions of the "Buddhistic" are one of the by-products of the "Orientalism" that Mr. Lew denounces. There is simply no way of boiling down Buddhist artistic expression to any particular "Buddhistic" characteristics of tone, content, or style.*

Like accusations that I am Orientalist, this twisted logic "winks" at one. It suggests that maybe this vein of American Buddhist culture that your anthology represents is antagonistic to Asian Americans, placing vivid practice first. For expects that one conform to both "serious practice" and not non-reducible "Buddhistic" characteristics in poetry. The primary criteria, and bottom line, is a foregrounded practice.

Along these lines, a question that then arises is whether this winking activism fulfills "spiritual" (interior? amorphous? epistemological?) desires, or interfaces with social concerns, or ?.

As a specific example by which we might merge the poetic and the "discursive framing" issues here is the question of how haiku (not senryu, which are not "serious" and usually used for the sake of invective, satire, parody and comedy) do or do not carry Orientalist overtones in English? (This is a question designed to focus discussion, not reach absolute conclusions.) More specifically, in practice, does the writing and evaluation of haiku in English demand a primarily Buddhist (by whatever school of thought one defines this) epistemological approach to language? Are haiku in English metonymical representations of Buddhist practice? And, in the translation of culture in America, when a group, religious or social, attempts to sustain an image of another culture, to what degree is that "other" culture necessarily confined to a narrow range of interpretation, is stereotyped, and made part of a unilateral and expropriative relationship? And does haiku constitute an example of such a discourse and practice that collapses formal and ideological objectives? Then, are the values cultivated by the practice of writing haiku Orientalist, for instance, in the sense of speaking longingly and Romantically of attaining an imaged exemplar Asian subject (be like Basho, be like Dogen, be like Snyder who wants to be like the above) while quite selectively engaging the materials and omitting historical context (like the volume of haiku and waka translated without head notes, dates, any clue of context)?

dean brink

763. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

**Re: "What the hell are you guys talking about?"**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Someone will have to explain to me how to produce a reading of my citation of Simic's citation of "Yasusada" that can in any way be accurately characterized as approving --

I spoke of recurring problems in several of the letters to the BR -- the posts since have for some reason narrowed to Simic -- It takes no critical squeezing to see that in Simic's last paragraph he is making a truth claim about the relationship of the "Yasusada" reception to contemporary critical practice. Nor does it take any critical squeezing to recognize that Weinberger is making a truth claim about English departments broken into contradictory postmodernisms, one of which, here named "deconstruction," doesn't want to read literature. One point I tried to make is that a reading of certain well-known "deconstructors" will reveal a passion for the reading of literature -- I mentioned, as one example, the essays by Derrida on Joyce, Celan, Jabes -- I might add here the following quote from Derrida:

"I have never tried to confuse literature and philosophy or to reduce philosophy to literature. I am very attentive to the difference of space, of history, of historical rites, of logic, of rhetoric, protocols and argumentation. I try to be attentive to this distinction as much as possible. Literature interests me, supposing that, in my own way, I practise it or that I study it in others precisely as something which is the complete opposite of the expression of private life. . . . I am not able to separate the invention of literature, the history of literature, from the history of democracy."

now, at the risk of boring all with all this repetition -- My complaint is that several of the letters contain remarkable misrepresentations and obvious logical fallacies -- In the very act of attributing a narrowing of reading practices to "theory," the writers of those letters betray an ignorance of the theoretical texts that appear to be the source of their complaints -- My original point was that the reception of "Yasusada" has become something which these writers will blame upon whatever it is that they don't happen to like in contemporary literary sociology. I do not believe that to be an effective way of understanding what is going on in our readings of Yasusada, nor do I believe that to be an effective way of addressing the many problems that do exist in the academic study of literature --

at this point, I'll simply invite any who are interested to read the full text of the responses in the BR and decide for themselves if I have in any way misread



them -- the responses are considerably broader in range than one might gather from the discussion here (for example -- one opines that Marjorie herself might be involved in the distribution network for Yasusada -- and EW adds that we may all be Yasusada -- which may cause problems for Wesleyan, I suppose)

yours in brotherhood,  
Araki

[↑ Contents](#)

764. **Stephen C. Ellwood**  
***Re: Light from Another Country***  
*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

I just wanted to tell you that I am Emily Vey Drunk, not Stephen Ellwood, no matter how much I wish that were not the case. That's how it is. I'm Emily Vey Error. Not Stephen Rejection Elwood.

Yours in diligence,  
EVD.

[↑ Contents](#)

765. **Charles Alexander**  
***gleaning smart***  
*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Mark Weiss, you said:

"But let's look at a more Giraldoesque example. What exactly does my knowledge that Kit Smart was mad as a hatter add to my appreciation of Jubilate Agno?"

Perhaps nothing, but reading Samuel Johnson saying that Smart was thought mad because he prayed in the streets, and having Johnson say he would "as lief pray with Kit Smart as with any man," knowing a bit about Johnson, and having read Smart's also magnificent "Song to David" adds greatly to my appreciation of Jubilate Agno, and to my knowledge of prayer and madness.

charles

chax press :: alexander writing/design/publishing books by artists' hands ::  
web sites built with care and vision handmade and trade editions of contemporary innovative writing [REDACTED] :: <http://personal.riverusers.com/~chax/>

[↑ Contents](#)

766. **George Bowering**

**Re: grad school and the writers union**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

I didnt have a point. I was just listing some names in reply to the question. Certainly I cannot imagine any other reason for a poet to be in the university than the one you mention.

*What's the point, George? Either these folks (none schooled in the craft in universities, I think) have taught because it's their and the academy's nature or it's a good gig for the otherwise marginally employable (myself at times included).*

*At 11:17 PM 6/24/97 -0700, you wrote:*

*Has anyone ever taken a count of writers (serious writers--who'll do it no matter what) who are in the academy and out? I'd be willing to bet most are out. The in-ones might be more visible, but are they a majority, really?*

*DT*

*Well, let's look at the generation just before mine. The writers inside the academy include Robert Creeley, Charles Olson, Ed Dorn, Robert Kelly, Amiri Baraka, Jerome Rothenberg, D.G. Jones, Louis Dudek, Robin Blaser, Allen Ginsberg, Anselm Hollo, Archie Shepp. William Eastlake, not many women.*

*George Bowering.*

*2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4*

*fax: [REDACTED]  
e-mail: [REDACTED]*

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

767. **George Bowering**

**Re: Personal Identity as text vs Stands On Its Own**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

*I just wanted to register my agreement with Kali Tal's description of the importance of the identity of the author. To me reading poetry and prose, and perhaps to an even larger extent looking at visual art, is a project of untangling the personality/personal insecurities etc. of the author first and foremost.*

Would that mean that you get nothing from reading \_The Iliad\_?

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

768. **Kali Tal**

**Re: hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

*Kali, your misreading of my post makes me wonder if you really do think that others exist.*

Gnaargh. And \*what\* kind of rhetorical flourish was \*that\*, David? Civility, like civilization begins at home. But given your description of your mode of reading, it seems clear that you are simply doing what you say you do: inventing the author. The Kali to whom you respond exists only in your imagination, her form is dictated solely by your response to my posts. Question is, why do you need to invent me in this particular fashion?

I read what you wrote. I overlooked neither the Kierkegaard reference nor your homage to Pound. I just don't \*agree\* with you and, frankly, I find your methods \*as described in your posts\*... unsound. [CAMERA PANS to the moo-moo draped figure of MARLON BRANDO, as Kurtz, out of control, about to recite "The Hollow Men," a poem Eliot wrote specifically \*to\* and \*for\* Francis Ford Coppola.]

*The years I subsequently spent reading about Pound, & his poetry, made little difference to the original response.*

Well, uh, no, it wouldn't, would it? The original response being always already the original response. But you aren't saying, can't actually be saying that you read Pound over and over and always the same, can you? And if you do bring new information/insight to your reading of Pound, you can't mean that it springs full-blown from your own forehead, can you? Or are we somehow separating "response" from "reading" here in a way that makes "response" emotional (read: true) and "reading" intellectual (read: false or--if we're charitable--irrelevant)?

I can't help what things remind me of. I could, of course, help telling you about it, but I won't. Since you're already offended (and when I was being so polite, too) I'll risk irritating you further. This "response" to poetry (which in your construction appears to take place at some deeper and more meaningful level than contextualization) doesn't seem so different to me from the hard-on some guys get when they thumb through fuck books. I mean, that's a "response," right? And it doesn't matter who the woman (or the guy) in the photo is--their bio is completely and wholly irrelevant because the reader is in it for *\*himself\** (or herself, as the case may be). You can jerk off over a photo, but it doesn't mean that you're exactly "meeting through the porn." I think that focusing wholly on your own response to a poem (and the bio be damned) objectifies the author and makes him/her merely a vehicle for your own pleasure. What you feel might be *\*real\**, but frankly, my dear, who gives a damn? In the end, all you've got left is a sticky piece of paper and the need to do it again and again because it never, finally, satisfies.

>I dont understand whats so threatening about this belief

...

>Are you afraid of your self, do you need the poet's laundry-list to

>save you from his poem, from the way his poem works in you? Do you check it

>out with a private eye each time you begin falling in love?

There's nothing *\*threatening\** about this belief at all. It's merely tiresome and, in my opinion, wrong-headed for reasons I have already detailed. I do *\*not\** privilege emotion over intellect; in fact, I find them inseparable. I know a lot of people these days who interrogate their arousal at materials they find intellectually objectionable--seems to me a healthy practice and one which results in a more fully realized (and mutually pleasurable) connection to the erotic. And though I don't hire private detectives when I fall in love I, like many other folks, do realize that I'm not at the peak of my decision-making prowess during the period of most intense hormone poisoning. I've learned that it's wise to listen to my more clear-headed friends before "following my heart." While I don't think emotions are refutable, I surely do think they are fallible.

*Nor do I think we get  
anywhere by the accusation that I am privileged.*

Accusation? Where? I stated that certain kinds of reading implied a privileged position. If you don't think that they do, argue the case.

*I don't follow how knowing Ed Dorn had prejudices that are  
socially unacceptable, would save me from the pleasure of, say,  
\_Gunslinger\_, & thereby enable me to survive the revolution that you  
anticipate.*

There are certain \*kinds\* of pleasures that one might want to renounce, or at least to take in moderation with an awareness of their consequences. My own moral compass doesn't have a heading called "socially acceptable"; I make ethical and moral judgements based on a core set of beliefs about the intrinsic value of human beings and our place in the world. So it's hard for me to find pleasure--and to take pleasure in taking pleasure--in an environment which fosters racism or sexism. I'm interested in moral bearings, not moral absolutes. For instance, I make a distinction between the basic sexism underpinning most Hollywood productions, and particularly evil manifestations of sexism so that I can enjoy watching pop trash like *\_Dusk Til Dawn\_* or *\_Batman\_*, while heartily disliking pop trash like *\_True Lies\_* or *\_My Best Friend's Wedding\_*. I know what I like, and I know why I like it. (I'm consistent, if nothing else.) I'm not saying that Dorn's poetry shouldn't be read or enjoyed. But I \*do\* think it ought to be placed in context, and not \*simply\* enjoyed without further interrogation.

*an edge that suggests a mind made completely up, &  
that projects its conclusions onto anything that looks, well, threatening.*

I am certain of what I \*think\*, and I state it as clearly and forcefully as possible. I am rarely certain that I am right or that I have the last word. However, you haven't given me any arguments or explanations that are persuasive enough to make me change my mind. Perhaps that's not simply my stubbornness, but also your failure to communicate.

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

769. **REBECCA WELDON**  
***Oriental, Orientalism, Orientalist***  
*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

The words oriental, orientalism, orientalist reflect a world view centered in Europe of the 19th century. This view places peoples and cultures from the Middle East, Iran, the Indian Subcontinent, Southeast Asia and Eastern Asia all in the same general geographic region: the orient. This region lay beyond the

Grecian borders of Europe and it's definition alludes to a different way of thought, i.e. the "oriental" mind.

Orientalism, I believe has legitimate use as a descriptor, since it expresses a fascination with those things "oriental", this fascination being on a philosophical level with fashion, the proponents of which are not primarily known for their erudition.

Orientalists, however and to be sure, possess more than an elementary knowledge of geography, witnessed by the outcry of Orientalists on our list. Certainly a scholar of one or several oriental languages would have more than a superficial knowledge of the region.

Therefore, I plan to found the Western Society of Thailand, to be joined by other scholars for the purpose of investigating the languages, cultures and religions of Europe and North America. This would include a detailed inquiry into the nature of Oriental Societies and Buddhist Poets. I would then be more qualified to comment upon these controversial subjects.

Yours in sincerity,  
etc.  
etc.  
etc.

[↑ Contents](#)

770. **KENT JOHNSON**  
**(Fwd) Eliot Weinberger**  
*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Folks: I just received this from Eliot Weinberger. He has given his permission to forward to the list. It touches on some issues that have been recently under discussion here. Provocative and honest, as is EW's style. Kent

Dear Kent--

Thanks for sending me the various letters from Buffalo and Cap-L concerning Orientalism, your American Buddhist anthology, Yasusada, etc. Buffaloes, however, tend to stare stolidly into the dirt, paw the ground, and charge. I'm afraid they will not take your (wholly invented) description of Simic & me besieged by Dutch groupies as satirical. Simic & I did discuss Yasusada in Rotterdam. His position was essentially: 1) nothing against "hoaxes" per se; 2) Yasusada is a mediocre poet; 3) tremendous anger that the only way a foreign poet can be published these days is if there is a melodramatic biographical story attached to the work. On the last point he's quite right-- what I want to emphasize is his rage is directed against the current nationalism of US poetry, and not against Yasusada. I'm not sure this is clear in his Boston Review article.

As for Walter Lew and Dean Brink: The history of the 20th century is that the Left fights each other on small points of doctrine, and the Right triumphs. (I'm so glad I read "Homage to Catalonia" as an impressionable youth.) Lew and Brink are merely the latest wrinkles in this perennial game: Playing the "identity" card for maximum self-promotion (in the case of Lew), their targets are inevitably white liberals in the powerless world of poetry, rather than the genuine purveyors and sources of racism in this country. "Yasusada" is a racism to be condemned, but Proposition 189 or quotas for Asian-Americans at many universities is a problem for others to worry about. [I should note that Lew has attacked me in print as a "Cold War demonizer of China" for publicly stating two incontrovertible facts: 1) a vibrant generation of Chinese modernist poets of the 1930's were entirely silenced by the revolution; and 2) many of the best Chinese poets have been in exile since the Tiananmen massacre. Of course, with people like Lew you can't win: My writings on Chinese poetry can only be Orientalism; my small efforts for Chinese poets mere paternalism. Had I no interest in China, there would be no reason to single me out as a racist. In short, there is nothing more Sinophobic than a Sinophile.] As for the "racism" of your American Buddhists anthology, this ignores the fact that Buddhism (like Christianity and Islam, unlike Judaism and Hinduism) is a proselytizing religion that has been spread by missionaries and conversion. From the point of view of its various institutions, an anthology of white American Buddhists is a token of success, not of appropriation. (Much as, say, Baptists in Hong Kong would publish a book of Chinese Christians, but leave out English residents.) Take the case of D.T. Suzuki, the pioneer purveyor of Zen in this country. Suzuki was a militant Japanese nationalist who saw his mission as the purification of the decadent West. (On a parallel front, Zen was promoted in the 1930's throughout Asia as the most authentic version of Buddhism as proof of Japanese superiority and as the one true pan-Asian religion as part of Japanese imperialist dreams.) Suzuki would have read your anthology as a triumph: the conversion of the heathen. On another front, charges of "Orientalism" ignore the central issue being discussed by western Buddhists: How much of the Asian trappings of the religion must be maintained? Must we import the Tibetan and Zen monastic hierarchies? How does one create a "western" dharma? What should the medium be for the message? Poets, as always, are the first glimmers of social changes, and the interesting thing about your anthology is the first invention of a Buddhist poetry that is not based on Asian models or full of Asian referents. The success of Buddhism in the West will rest on the creation of some sort of indigenous variation. These are among the first signs, as are the "New Age" excesses denounced by Lew & Brink as Orientalist. Finally, Said's book was largely concerned with the "Near" or "Middle" East, those geographical dislocations, and it is misleading to extrapolate his (entirely correct) characterization of Western views of the Arabs and Persians to the "Far" East of India, China,

and Japan. To believe in the intellectual and spiritual superiority of certain Asian groups-- as countless intellectuals since German Romanticism have done-- may be stereotyping, but it is not racism. Compare white attitudes to the African diaspora at any moment in history. At best-- among the "Negrophile" Modernists-- black people were being celebrated for the exuberance of their primitive vitality in contrast to the etiolated West. This is a far different matter than Hegel's belief that all civilization comes from Tibet; Voltaire's admiration of Mencius as the greatest philosopher; Pound's belief that Chinese was the most perfect language for poetry, etc., etc. Instead of conducting Orinetalist witch-hunts, your critics should be spending their time studying African religion.

All best--- Eliot

[↑ Contents](#)

771. **Henry**

***Re: identity of the poet***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

I agree with DB that the thing has to make its own way without support or investigation by the bio-FBI. What Elliza was saying I think was that she likes DIRECT, PARTICULAR, personal address in poems - a personal dramatic gesture - as opposed to visionary or intellectual abstractions in a writerly void. What I thought Kali was saying was that where a writer's coming from matters in the same way that it just helps to know that Mick Jagger didn't grow up in the Alabama fields inventing Robert Johnson tunes. [warning: we already had the Stones discussion. no further comments allowed. - Blarnes] I'm not saying a reader's required to do a background check: far from it! But most people would like to know when an imitation or a pastiche is taking place, or the difference between an "imaginative rendering" & a testimony from experience. Even if the imaginative rendering rings true. Most of the work that reaches print & wide audience has already been sifted over & over by the cultural bio-screens anyway. Until the truth comes out. - HG

[↑ Contents](#)

772. **Susan Wheeler**

***Re: POETICS Digest - 24 Jun 1997 to 25 Jun 1997***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Questions that intersect with all three of these threads:

Is it possible to successfully construct a text that emulates, or speaks from, another's experience? Is the attempt itself doomed by its lack of access to another's culture? Moreover, is the attempt itself necessarily



colonialist/appropriationist -- or does its value depend upon either intent or result? And (Marjorie's question in the Yasasuda brouhaha) is the reader "duped" if the reader mistakes the writer's true identity, or is this simply another function of the text?

My own answers differ with the day, so I'm interested in others' --

Susan Wheeler

██████████

voice/fax ██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

773. **Robert Archambeau**

***On not Whipping Spivak***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Aldon Nielson wrote:

*and I suspect we might find it true that Simic has received as much print space as Spivak over the years if anyone cares to make an actual count (which says nothing as to the quality of such attention)*

*and why is Spivak the whipping girl of this discussion?*

I don't recall whipping Spivak (we're not back to the whole S/M issue, are we?). I merely said I wished translations of poetry were deemed as urgent as translations of theory, the urgency of which I have affirmed a few times now. And while I don't agree with everything Simic said (in fact I have agreed with Aldon on his main point from the first, especially re: straw men), this much of Simic's point is absolutely valid.

It was, and remains, my experience that my colleagues tend to have read, or at least thought they ought to have read, a fair amount of contemporary theory in translation, but not even contemplated reading the work of poets of their own generation, especially poets from elsewhere. Spivak's Derrida is a part of academic culture (which is good) in a way that Simic's Miljkovic is not (which is inexcusably bad).

Aldon: we repeat ourselves. Let's leave off until we run into each other at some conference, where we can continue while getting properly drunk.

--

Robert Archambeau

Department of English

Lake Forest College

Lake Forest, IL 60045

<http://www.lfc.edu/~archamb/>

[↑ Contents](#)

774. **Joseph Zitt**

**Re: Letter from Jackson Mac Low**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

Charles Bernstein wrote:

| *Shortly we will be putting this letter up at Mac Low's home page at  
| the EPC.*

The Silence list will be quite interested in this. Please let us know when it's up  
on EPC. -- -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt  
===== █████ ===== Human Systems \|| \||/ Austin, Texas! =====  
SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \|| \||/ <http://www.realtime.net/~jzitt> ==  
<\*> <\*> == Empty Words == ecto \|

[↑ Contents](#)

775. **Gwyn McVay**

**Re: Orientalism: reply to Dean Brink**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

I appreciated George's reply. I was talking to a prof of Buddhist studies, also a  
long-standing (long-sitting?) practitioner, and we realized that the poetry world  
is coming to this entire debate somewhat tardily: for years there have been ten-  
sions between American Buddhists of Asian descent and American Buddhists of  
the pale people, who have in some circumstances and communities tended to  
appropriate the surface forms of Asian Buddhism without bothering to recog-  
nize the contributions of actual Asian-descended \*people.\* How do we not do  
this? Respect, great mindfulness?

If my aging memory serves, there are relevant articles in at least one back issue  
of the Journal of Buddhist Ethics, which you can find at:

<http://jbe.la.psu.edu/> <--the LA being for Liberal Arts, not Los Angeles

bests

Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

776. **James Finnegan**

**Re: more Vietnam**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

In a message dated 97-06-26 03:52:14 EDT, you write:

>Just curious -- what do those of you familiar with Vietnam vets' poetry think

>of Terry Hertzler's \_The Way of the Snake\_?

>

>

>Bobbie

I'm not familiar with that book/author. I'll try to turn up a copy & read it.

Another notable book is Moon Reflected Fire by Doug Anderson. (Published by Alice James in about '94). Anderson was a medic in Vietnam. (The book/poet won a Kingsley Tufts Award.) Not all the poems are directly related to his Vietnam/war experiences--you can feel the poet trying to disengage somewhat from that material.

Finnegan

[↑ Contents](#)

777. **Rebecca Reynolds**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

> Joe Amato -- both w.class ("Joe") & top-drawer? ("Amato" -- Italianate

> daliant -- W.Stevens' "scrivening amorist": amore [moon hitsyer eye] =

> amato -- a relation of Laurie Amat's? [SF performance musician; neh,

> unlikely]) . . . Joe says:

>

> << anyway, part of the issue i see in this thread has to do with the status

> of the real... i think the real still has real status... i use "real" here as a

> category (sometimes i'll write "actual," just b/c, as we all know,

> everything is real, or can be deemed so) . . . >>

>

> Real walks        into a restaurant

> best believe the dude getsa table

>

> from the other side ov the tracks?

> nurture nature    ( birch   beech )

>

> like money on trees?    sure shit man

> actual leaves    autochthonous article

>

> can handle everyting    like what if stuff

> really happens? takes it in stride    he's

>

> got the scoop or did you really think  
> they call him real for idle courtesy?  
>  
> whistling diction? reality  
> checkmate illusion credit  
>  
> d.i.  
>  
>

Real walks into a restaurant  
orders a fly for Soup, what Soup

insists like a joke  
belonging to the fly, like the fly  
dozing on beef in the gap between  
like and like

between  
strips (a little strip of this,  
little strip of that) in the rust  
in the gray

spoon, the rest  
in the white sugar, in the tin. Now this fly

exerts the "fly effect." Small wind  
in the waiter's' ears. Small breath

as the fly  
flew between

spumanti and fork  
in the face of the--

between figments of lettuce. Let us now raise  
famus myn. Was Real

on a lopsided event? What a juggernaut. Naught  
for love, but the next (what

is the authenticuous  
article?) maudlin but true. the drowned fly  
the tinny effect, the bib.

--Rebecca

[↑ Contents](#)

778. **Charles Bernstein**

***Letter from Jackson Mac Low***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

[Presented here is a letter by Jackson Mac Low to Nick Piombino, revised for the Poetics List by Mac Low. Mac Low is commenting on Piombino's response to Dean Taciuch, that was posted on the list: "I wonder if it might help to approach Cage and Mac Low's writing to students with difficulties like this by introducing them to their music as a parallel effort at dealing with meaning in more oblique ways than is usually expected. I would like to suggest, in particular, Jackson Mac Low's amazing relatively new cd 'Open Secrets' (1993 Experimental Intermedia Foundation 224 Centre Street, New York, N.Y. 10013)."]

Your recommendation to let the students hear the pieces on *\_Open Secrets\_* is a good idea. What I do is a great deal different from what John [Cage] did. There isn't such an overwhelming emphasis on *nonegoity* in mine. In Anne & my performances (and in other performances of our pieces) there is a great deal of choice for performers (in Lucas 1-29 the performers compose their own parts in accordance with certain structural rules (based on a kind of number sequence called the Lucas sequence: 1, 3, 4, 7, 11, 18, 29 . . . , which determines both lengths of time slots and the number of different tones in the slots, the larger numbers being made practical by regarding notes in different tones or by using microtones).

Also, in John's pieces he wants each performer to be her/his own center and not relate with the others. In mine I encourage them both to be their own centers and to relate with everything they can hear--each other and environmental sounds.

I was much influenced by John's work and theories (as well as by himself--a wise and remarkable person), but, as he often remarked, "It's nice that we don't tread on each other's heels."

My "purely" chance-operational poetry (mainly Dec 1954 to Spring 1960) (see examples in *\_Representative Works: 1938--1985\_*, 16-70) and my "deterministic" or "algorithmic" nonintentional poetry--made by acrostic reading-through text-selection procedures (mainly from 1960-1963--see *Ibid.*, 71-127, *\_Stanzas for Itis Lezak\_* [Barton, VT: Something Else, 1971], and *\_Asymmetries 1-260\_* [New York: Printed Editions, 1980]) and diastic reading-through text-selection methods (see, for instance, *\_The Pronouns--40 Dances--For the Dancers\_* [New York: Mac Low, 1964; 2nd ed. London: Tetrad Press, 1971; 3rd ed., Barrytown, NY: Station Hill, 1979], *\_The Virginia Woolf Poems\_* [Providence: Burning Decl, 1985}, and *\_Words nd Ends from Ez\_* {Bolas, CA: Avenue B, 1989} into the 80s and sometimes later--was made by methods quite different from John's. His mesostic poems--made by reading-through procedures that entailed certain

choices (mainly of how many of the "wing words"--those on each side of the mesostic word, which was determined by his method), were begun in about 1968 or 69, and had some relation to my earlier reading-through methods, but were different in certain crucial ways.

Also, from 1955 intermittently on, I employed "translation" methods--ones through which the notes of musical notations were "translated" into words from source texts, e.g., my poem "Machault" (*\_Representative Works: 1938-1985\_* [New York: Roof Books, 1986], 35-40)) or vice-versa, i.e., the words of source texts were translated into music (e.g., my *\_Milarepa Quartet for Four Like Instruments\_* [unpublished]).

The work I did from about 1981 on was sometimes not systematic at all, but most often was composed freely, though mostly from the liminal zone between the conscious and the unconscious, which the British psychologist W.W. Winnicott called "the transitional space" and Silvano Arieti named "the tertiary process," since it is the area of intersection between the primary and secondary processes. [I owe knowledge of these terms to the revised and expanded version of Austin Clarkson's fine paper for the November 1995 Mills conference on Cage, "Divining the Intent of the Moment : John Cage and Transpersonal Aesthetics," which will be published with the other papers from the conference, edited by David Bernstein, by the University of Chicago Press.] Examples of this kind of work are the poems in *\_From Pearl Harbor Day to FDR's Birthday\_* (Los Angeles, Sun & Moon, 1982; 2nd ed., 1995), the first 2/3 or 3/4 of *\_Bloomsday\_* (Barrytown, NY, Station Hill, 1984---the last part is made up of unintentionally composed work--poetry, "stories," and music), and the "poems in prose" in *\_Pieces o' Six\_* (Los Angeles, Sun & Moon, 1992)--with a few diastic exceptions.

All of these--and other works of mine of other kinds that I haven't space to mention here--was quite different from any poetry or prose John ever wrote, but so was my "nonintentional poetry." For instance, even though we both made long poems by reading through [Ezra Pound's] *\_Cantos\_*, we did so in quite different ways. (John liked mine--made by nonintentional consecutive diastic selection of words & ends of words regulated by Pound's name) better than his own mesostic poem.)

*\_Twenties: 100 Poems\_* (New York: Roof Books, 1991) & *\_154 Forties\_* (work in progress since 1990) are different again, adhering to certain "fuzzy verse forms" [giving the secondary process a bone to gnaw on], and gathering into them--mainly by liminal-zone processes--materials from what I heard, saw, and spontaneously thought of while writing their first drafts. Poems in both series, but especially the Forties poems are subject to later revision. This is a very complex way of working, mainly in the liminal (or tertiary) area, even though there is a certain amount of deliberate choice involved. The choices, however,

do not come from an attempt to "say" something definite, but from intuitions in relation to local sound & meaning rather than to a global meaning of the whole poem. Both those collections are sometimes used as sources of chance-operationally made mixes which I run through computer-automations (by Charles O. Hartman) of my diastic methods.

The thing is that there is too much pairing of John's and my work, despite our strong mutual regard. We're both concerned with intentionality and nonintentionality and started doing this sort of work from understandings of Buddhism, especially Zen & Kego as taught by Daisetz Suzuki at Columbia University in the 40s and 50s. But I seldom used "pure" chance operations after 1960. My algorithmic work is often mistakenly thought to be chance-generated, as they say, and I too used to think it was "chance-generated" work, but I realized sometime in the 80s that the only chance involved is in the making of mistakes (and after a certain point--especially book publication--the mistakes must be accepted as integral to the works). Otherwise, whatever gets into the poetry is determined by the generative method & lies there waiting in the source texts.

I might add that I have been working with many other kinds, and sometimes mixtures, of intentionality and intentionality since 1954. In addition to the methods and processes I've mentioned, some works, e.g., my over 65 Light Poems, e.g., *\_22 Light Poems\_* (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow, 1968), "The Presidents of the United States of America" (*\_Representative Works\_*, 152-67), and the "From Nuclei" poems (Ibid, 128-31) involve "nucleus" words--systematically determined by chance or other means--between which I wrote freely. And the performance works are realized by a complex mix of "deliberate choice" and "intuitive (tertiary-process) choice, though many were composed by strict chance operations.

Let me add that in my recent *\_42 Merzgedichte in Memoriam Kurt Schwitters\_* (Barrytown, NY: Station Hill, 1994), the first poem --which is also in *\_Pieces o' Six\_* (168-75)-- was written by impulse-chance-selection from sources about and by Schwitters, the 2nd through the 30th by computer-aided chance operations, and the 31st through the 42nd by computer-automated diastic methods, which in some of the last Merzgedichte were supplemented by use of Hugh Kenner and Joseph O'Rourke's program TRAVESTY, which produces what Kenner calls "pseudo-texts," determined by letter-group frequencies in English.

Thus I never "abandon" earlier ways of working, certainly never repudiate them. It is to be noted that before late 1954 and from time to time from 1954 to the present, I have written poems by something like the "ordinary" methods--so-called direct writing. However, many of my pre-late-1954 poems were written from the liminal area of the mind (see examples in *\_Representative Works\_*, 3-

13). Thus my recent poetry has certain resemblances with some of work written in the 30s and 40s.

Jackson Mac Low, June, 1997

\*\*\*\*\*

Shortly we will be putting this letter up at Mac Low's home page at the EPC.

[↑ Contents](#)

779. **Dean A. Brink**

**Re: Orientalism: reply to Dean Brink**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Gwyn McVay wrote:

*... there are relevant articles in at least one  
back issue of the Journal of Buddhist Ethics, which you can find at:  
http://jbe.la.psu.edu/ <--the LA being for Liberal Arts, not Los  
Angeles  
bests  
Gwyn*

The article "Causation and Telos: The Problem of Buddhist Environmental Ethics" by Ian Harris would seem to shed light on reading Snyder.

<http://jbe.la.psu.edu/1/harabs1.html>

Also: "Ethics and Integration in American Buddhism," by Charles S. Prebish. <http://jbe.la.psu.edu/2/pre3abs.html>

Abstract:

"This article identifies and explicates several of the most difficult and problematic issues facing the North American Buddhist movement today. It considers not only the obvious conflict between Asian-American and Euro-American Buddhism, but also those concerns that most directly impact on the ethical dilemmas facing modern American Buddhists. The article considers the tension that exists in American Buddhism's struggle to find the ideal community for Buddhist practice in its Western environment, as well as some potentially creative solutions."

--

dean brink

[↑ Contents](#)



780. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: gleaning smart***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Charles--I thought I was taking a median position on this thread, defining the territories of usefulness of context and text. Obviously a lot of knowledge is a good thing, and anything that gets one to Boswell's Life of and Psalm of David is to the good. The Johnson reference is interesting. The discussion that Boswell records is on the occasion of Smart being committed after falling to his knees in florid prayer in the middle of one of London's busiest streets, a danger more to himself than others and incompetent to provide for his own wellbeing. The vehemence of Johnson's remark tells us, I think, more about Johnson than about Smart, and not just about Johnson's own somewhat hysteric and tortured religiosity. Johnson lived in constant fear of going crazy, suspected at times that he might be or be seen as insane--he speaks here preemptively for a benign take on himself. Johnson never read Jubilate Agno, by the way, never knew of its existence.

At 11:35 PM 6/25/97 -0700, you wrote:

>Mark Weiss, you said:

>

>"But let's look at a more Giraldoesque example. What exactly does my

>knowledge that Kit Smart was mad as a hatter add to my appreciation of

>Jubilate Agno?"

>

>Perhaps nothing, but reading Samuel Johnson saying that Smart was thought

>mad because he prayed in the streets, and having Johnson say he would "as

>lief pray with Kit Smart as with any man," knowing a bit about Johnson, and

>having read Smart's also magnificent "Song to David" adds greatly to my

>appreciation of Jubilate Agno, and to my knowledge of prayer and madness.

>

>charles

>

>

>

>chax press :: alexander writing/design/publishing

>books by artists' hands :: web sites built with care and vision

>handmade and trade editions of contemporary innovative writing

>██████ :: <http://personal.riverusers.com/~chax/>

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

781. **Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher**

***heat wave reception...***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

mebbe it's b/c we're just getting out of the heat & humidity here in chicago---  
mebbe i'm in one a those "it's too hot to fight like cats & dogs" moods... but i'm  
reading at least three disputes hereabouts that seem to me to be drawing some  
mighty fine distinctions... IN THIS CORNER ... AND IN THIS CORNER:

(1) on the one hand, i trust we're all sufficiently aware that no work "stands on  
its own"... there's always a context for reception, there are always constraints  
and possibilities (of meaning and meaningfulness) operating in said context...  
\*at the same time\*, it should be clear that to say a work "stands on its own" is  
to say that one shouldn't evaluate (i.e., "good," "bad," or merely "select") a work  
merely by, say, recourse to its author's rep (this is that old *raison d'être* for the  
birth of new criticism oh pleez pretty pleez let's not go there)... i hope to hell  
nobody believes THE QUALITY GOES IN WHEN THE NAME GOES ON (though  
i'm sure we often act this way at times)... i also hope to hell we all believe that  
there are words on the screen (here, i mean---t-h-e-s-e)... so these are matters of  
emphasis, finally, and there are so many reasons for emphasizing this, and not  
that, when it comes to interpretation... that said, there must be SOME reason  
why, as a self-defined \*writer\*, i find mself at times at odds with academic writ-  
ers, and at times at odds with more trade-bound writers... i would seem to have  
a foot in each, or many, camps---which suggests, in pragmatic terms, different  
motivations, different emphases, and different ways of talking about same...

(2) for my part, i have seen too many (in my view mock, but often quite seri-  
ously intentioned) "oriental" (term used advisedly) poems---in english... which is  
not to make an argument against such practice across-the-board---more to sug-  
gest that i have problems (ideological, aesthetic) with many attempts to convey  
such "tone"... but to put it as simply (or mebbe simple-mindedly) as i can: the  
issues growing out of the thread on yasusada are complex, yes, but it doesn't  
take a rocket scientist to understand why a poem appealing to orientalist im-  
pulses appeals to editorial collectives interested in expanding publishing oppor-  
tunities... some of the reasons for doing so are savory, some are less so (seems  
to me that kent's impulses, wrt his anthology, were/are savory, though it seems  
to me that there MUST be "buddhistic" asian-american poets, no?)... which is  
why i posted the agent rejection---there is a commonplace understanding  
among literary agents that certain formal structures are marketable on the ba-  
sis of (what i regard as) questionable assumptions as to nationality, race, eth-  
nicity, etc.---is anybody surprised by this?---and my observing so is NOT to be  
taken as an argument against poetry/literature in translation, or against minor-  
ity/ethnic representation (multiculturalism), or against theory... if anything, this  
is an argument against (our) rampant marketplace realities (esp. in publishing),

and against (to put it as nicely as i can) critical myopia... heck, folks, if anything, we need to be MORE theoretical, no? (pleez note lowercase t)... we need to be as aware as we can of what we're doing---as writers, readers, publishers, etc...

(3) all of which is to say, I WANT MY ORANGE POPSICLE, NOW...

best,

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

782. **Alan \* Sondheim**

***Kill -9 0***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

\*

\*

Kill -9 0

sendmail mailing hell, file moving hell, killing background hell, killing foreground hell, spam complaining hell, message parsing hell, attachment error hell, lying thank you hell, starting stopping hell

fyflkj q flkjs; dlfl;kjlj jennifer-kfdlkjsdfw-hell

y::I did NOT join whatever this person is talking about; the full header gives your addresses. Please do something about this - it's highly

[ Problem with attachments! Fix errors or delete attachments. ]

[1] + Stopped /julu/local/experimental/bin/pine

{k:18} kill -9 19462

To : flkjsdf

Subject : Thank you for joining! (fwd)

----- Message Text ----

[2] + Stopped /julu/local/experimental/bin/pine

[1] - Killed /julu/local/experimental/bin/pine

{k:21} kill -9 19477

[2] + Killed /julu/local/experimental/bin/pine

{k:23} b

{k:25} less #pico19462#

Missing filename ("less -\?" for help)

missing naming hell, hacking break-in hell, damage data hell, removing file hell, stutter splatter hell, signal stopping hell

{k:26} rm \*pic\*

rm: remove #pico19462#? y

\*\*\*\*\* This service is for authorized clients only \*\*\*\*\*

WARNING: It is a criminal offence to:

- i. Obtain access to data without authority  
\* (Penalty 2 years imprisonment) \*
- ii. Damage, delete, alter or insert data without authority  
\* (Penalty 10 years imprisonment) \*

{k:38} kill -9 all

[Yes] jennifer

[Yes] julu

[Yes] jennifer

killing process hell, shutdown hard now hell, process running hell, lkjsdfj keyboard hell, spatter keyboard hell, spoofing address hell, sendmail blocking hell, killing all now hell, corrupting file hell

jennifer-dog-writing-hell, julu-cat-yowling-hell,  
jennifer-trancing-backup-hell, julu-screeching-zombie-hell,  
jennifer-training-dogcat-hell, julu-wailing-canine-hell

[↑ Contents](#)

783. **Dean A. Brink**

***Re: post mystique***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

KENT JOHNSON wrote:

*For those who might be interested in the issue, a recent development is a post (from an "abd" doctoral student in East Asian Languages at University of Chicago) in which every editor and poet involved in the anthology is accused of being a racist through and through and of only being capable of comprehending a "candy-Buddhism" that is designed to culturally expropriate Asian Americans. (I'm trying to be fair and accurate.)*

You don't sound very Buddhist. Anyway, why draw everyone else as victims of this purported abd madness and poetic licence? Take responsibility for your own editorial actions, which are the focus of this Whitewater inquisition.

Lew's statement in *\_Premonitions\_* and my own inquiries have specifically focused on the question of whether the editorial policies speak to Orientalist and racist assumptions. I'm still waiting for adequate answers.

Read my my first post and try engaging in good-faith attempts at discussion. I had not even seen the anthology and was initially replying solely to the defense you present of your editing policy (and a history of Orientalism in American Buddhist poetry).

--

dean brink

abd EALC UChicago



[↑ Contents](#)

784. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Is this an overstatement or are you really nuts?

This "response" to poetry

>(which in your construction appears to take place at some deeper and more  
>meaningful level than contextualization) doesn't seem so different to me  
>from the hard-on some guys get when they thumb through fuck books. I mean,  
>that's a "response," right? And it doesn't matter who the woman (or the  
>guy) in the photo is--their bio is completely and wholly irrelevant because  
>the reader is in it for \*himself\* (or herself, as the case may be). You can  
>jerk off over a photo, but it doesn't mean that you're exactly "meeting  
>through the porn." I think that focusing wholly on your own response to a  
>poem (and the bio be damned) objectifies the author and makes him/her  
merely  
>a vehicle for your own pleasure. What you feel might be \*real\*, but  
>frankly, my dear, who gives a damn? In the end, all you've got left is a  
>sticky piece of paper and the need to do it again and again because it  
>never, finally, satisfies.  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

785. **henry**

***Re: identity of the poet***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

On Mon, 23 Jun 1997 04:20:55 +900 Daniel Tessitore said:

>HG wrote:

>

> What I thought Kali was saying was that where a writer's coming  
>from matters in the same way that it just helps to know that Mick Jagger  
>didn't grow up in the Alabama fields inventing Robert Johnson tunes.  
>[warning: we already had the Stones discussion. no further comments  
>allowed. - Blarnes]  
>- HG

> \_\_\_\_\_  
>

>How is knowing where a writer comes from the same as knowing where he or she

>DOESN'T come from? DT

Query relates to Susan Wheeler's. In astrophysics circles, this conundrum is known as the "Pessoa Phase-Warp Effect". Knowing Pessoa's heteronyms don't come from him tells you where Pessoa comes from. Get it? Or: "I am telling you I am not Pessoa." [Logical impasse at work.] Imagination is free and ambiguity is the foundation of our democracy. The perfect imitation of another's experience would be a work of autobiography, not art. The imperfect imitation would be an appropriation; its faulty mimesis would have to be redeemed by its artistry. Here comes another Great American Writer trying to play three chords... I don't think I'll rent the video, even. - Henry G.

[↑ Contents](#)

786. **Mark Weiss**

### ***Buddhism and Racism***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

For me there's a certain unreality about this thread, perhaps because of my own ignorance. I do think, however, the discussion would be helped if we were provided with a list of Asian-American Buddhist poets who could have been included in "Beneath..." Hey, then we could find out if they're guilty of orientalism. (Remember, it's Jews who made "Fiddler on the Roof" a hit)

At 09:59 PM 6/25/97 -0700, you wrote:

>In reply to Kent Johnson:

>

>Perhaps it is fair to say that we both have been grabbing certain words  
>of the other and making more than there is there out of them. As you  
>suggested, this comes with the territory of writing against another and  
>diatribe. Maybe it would be more productive if we focus more on the  
>issues and less on the person. This may be partially my fault, for I  
>based my critique of the anthology on a narrow selection of your words  
>in defense of your editing policy. After you explained your situation as  
>editor it indeed does not sound pernicious as my accusations have  
>asserted. No malice, but still room for more apt reconsideration of your  
>editing policies. And the more you write about the issues (instead of  
>attacking me, which I can understand as your words have been under  
>scrutiny and I do sympathize with you, just hope we can get to the meat  
>of the issues before Hell freezes over :) .

>Unfortunately, at this point, as the discussion has veered in this  
>personal direction, your words of explanation still ring more of excuses  
>than accounts of how the factual act of editing an all-white Zen  
>anthology came to pass. Maybe I missed it, but have you discussed the  
>"social tensions" that Lew mentions as possible reasons for the  
>editorial choices (which would shift the discussion from aesthetics and  
>ideology to the history of Buddhist groups and sects, and poetry  
>coteries and publishing houses). BTW, Lew's tone in situating *Beneath a  
>Single Moon* is very similar to my own: sarcastic, high-toned, and in  
>disbelief that such stark "omissions" of Asian Americans would be found  
>in a collection based on the "stated ideal of comprehensive co-existence  
>beneath a light that illuminates all evenly" (Lew, 582). (Also, I would  
>like to retract all race-based distinctions that were read into my first  
>posting, preferring cultural, discourse-based, non-exclusive  
>affiliations.)

>

>Again, I have not attacked the contents of your anthology but your  
>defense of your editing policy, which itself speaks to the crux of the  
>matter. As you write (sorry, I have to quote you to maintain a semblance  
>of clarity):

>

>>If Mr. Lew (and  
>>the other co-signers of the BR response) had carefully considered the  
>>Shambhala anthology, they would have seen that a fundamental criteria  
>>for inclusion was a serious background in Buddhist study and  
>>practice. We were not interested, in the least, in poetry  
>>exhibiting the vague and stereotypical waft of the "Buddhistic." If  
>>anything, our anthology begins to point to the fact that reductive  
>>notions of the "Buddhistic" are one of the by-products of the  
>>"Orientalism" that Mr. Lew denounces. There is simply no way of  
>>boiling down Buddhist artistic expression to any particular  
>>"Buddhistic" characteristics of tone, content, or style.

>

>Again, like you and I, you and Lew would seem to be not communicating  
>clearly.

>When you say

>>that a fundamental criteria

>>for inclusion was a serious background in Buddhist study and

>>practice,

>I hear a 'certain idea of' serious background.... I also hear a requisite

>\_self-conscious\_ foregrounding of Buddhist practice that may seem (and

>this is only conjecture from my experiences in Japan and the opinion of

>Japanese friends) absurdly "forced" (what in Japanese is called "riding  
>the tone" [choushi ni notte iru]). I don't know if this is one of the  
>charges in the BG piece, as I haven't seen it yet.  
>The "riding the tone" in much of the Naropa, Snyder and what Lew wittily  
>calls a "Caucasian Zen circle" poetry, amounts to what seems to me the  
>ongoing "winking" (to use a technical term) in some of the poetry  
>(perhaps most prominent in Snyder's style of poetry).  
>  
>Examples of this winking are in the remainder of this paragraph above:  
>  
>>We were not interested, in the least, in poetry  
>>exhibiting the vague and stereotypical waft of the "Buddhistic." If  
>>anything, our anthology begins to point to the fact that reductive  
>>notions of the "Buddhistic" are one of the by-products of the  
>>"Orientalism" that Mr. Lew denounces. There is simply no way of  
>>boiling down Buddhist artistic expression to any particular  
>>"Buddhistic" characteristics of tone, content, or style.  
>  
>Like accusations that I am Orientalist, this twisted logic "winks" at  
>one. It suggests that maybe this vein of American Buddhist culture that  
>your anthology represents is antagonistic to Asian Americans, placing  
>vivid practice first. For expects that one conform to both "serious  
>practice" and not non-reducible "Buddhistic" characteristics in poetry.  
>The primary criteria, and bottom line, is a foregrounded practice.  
>  
>Along these lines, a question that then arises is whether this winking  
>activism fulfills "spiritual" (interior? amorphous? epistemological?)  
>desires, or interfaces with social concerns, or ?.  
>  
>As a specific example by which we might merge the poetic and the  
>"discursive framing" issues here is the question of how haiku (not  
>senryu, which are not "serious" and usually used for the sake of  
>invective, satire, parody and comedy) do or do not carry Orientalist  
>overtones in English? (This is a question designed to focus discussion,  
>not reach absolute conclusions.)  
>More specifically, in practice, does the writing and evaluation of haiku  
>in English demand a primarily Buddhist (by whatever school of thought  
>one defines this) epistemological approach to language? Are haiku in  
>English metonymical representations of Buddhist practice?  
>And, in the translation of culture in America, when a group, religious  
>or social, attempts to sustain an image of another culture, to what  
>degree is that "other" culture necessarily confined to a narrow range of



>interpretation, is stereotyped, and made part of a unilateral and  
>expropriative relationship? And does haiku constitute an example of such  
>a discourse and practice that collapses formal and ideological  
>objectives?  
>Then, are the values cultivated by the practice of writing haiku  
>Orientalist, for instance, in the sense of speaking longingly and  
>Romantically of attaining an imaged exemplar Asian subject (be like  
>Basho, be like Dogen, be like Snyder who wants to be like the above)  
>while quite selectively engaging the materials and omitting historical  
>context (like the volume of haiku and waka translated without head  
>notes, dates, any clue of context)?  
>  
>  
>dean brink  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

787. **Ian Wilson**

**Re[2]: POETICS Digest - 24 Jun 1997 to 25 Jun 1997**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

*Is it possible to successfully construct a text that emulates, or speaks from, another's experience? Is the attempt itself doomed by its lack of access to another's culture?*

The first question seems to be investigating, in part, the mind/body problem, and one answer might be that we can't even fully participate in our own experience let alone someone else's -- if they even exist beyond our ability to perceive them.

The second question stalls on trying to define what the questioner means by "culture".

Both questions seem to assume that we're speaking of texts which have some mimetic properties that allow them to "represent" a reality through the use of signs that purport to be natural and through the use of the everyday language which would be that of Realism.

Barthes tells us that signs that claim to be natural are authoritarian and ideological because it is a function of ideology to naturalize social reality and make it seem innocent and unchangeable -- as Nature itself. Realists attempt to conceal the socially relative or constructed nature of language: it presents the illusion that there is a form of ordinary language which is natural. Thus for Barthes the realist sign is unhealthy. It attempts to efface its own status as sign

to foster the illusion of receiving an unmediated reality. The sign as reflection, expression or representation denies the productive character of language, suppresses the fact that we only have a world because we have language to signify it, and what we count as real is bound up with alterable structures of signification we live within.

Patricia Waugh writes that everyday language endorses and sustains power structures through a continuous process of naturalization whereby forms of oppression are constructed in apparently innocent representations.

Thus, both questions also seem have an underlying assumption that one needs to have some kind of authority to write anything.

My own view is that I'm going to write whatever I can imagine and if my speaker assumes a different gender or race feel free to get puffed up about issues of colonization -- but that's your problem as a reader, not mine as the writer.

IRW

[↑ Contents](#)

788. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: Orange Popsicle***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Am I the only one who reads those magazines just for the stanzas of bio description alongside each model's picture? Invariably satisfying -- a sublime genre --

[↑ Contents](#)

789. **Kali Tal**

***Re: hey! Other mind here, please take the trouble to read it***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

| *Is this an overstatement or are you really nuts?*

Sheesh. Is this a rhetorical question, or are you really such a poor reader?

Now we may both ask: what kind of question is that?

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

790. **David Israel**

***"unreality"***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

[was: Subject: Buddhism and Racism ]

Mark Weiss zeros in:

<< For me there's a certain unreality about this thread . . . >>

aha, you're catching on. Brink and Johnson are (according to a highly classified bio-FBI multiple-lives report) \*both\* incarnate budhisattvas, are deeply in cahoots, and they're trying to pull off this facade of a serious & heated argument (but watch for crinkles telltale smiles) -- for what one would presume to be some manner of instructional purpose.

<< I do think, however, the discussion would be helped if we were provided with a list of Asian-American Buddhist poets who could have been included in "Beneath..." >>

I for one take Johnson at his word when he confesses that no such poets were brought to his attention. BTW, it's been a long time since I perused the volume in question, but according to my best recollection, it's notable how "unorientalist" much of the writing proved to be -- I mean, lacking in some sort of faux-atmospherics. (Of course every reader has their own atmospherometer . . . ) Not much haiku in their either, for that matter..

(Disclosure: I'd never heretofore tried my hand at the form myself, till I saw those spam-ku, and just couldn't help meself.)

cheers,  
d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

791. **Kali Tal**

**Re: Orange Popsicle**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

*Am I the only one who reads those magazines just for the stanzas of bio description alongside each model's picture? Invariably satisfying -- a sublime genre --*

Tammy, 22 years old, 32-22-36, is an aspiring poet as well as a model. "Writing poetry helps me get more in touch with myself," she says. "And guys really like it when you give them a poem." When she's not frolicking at the beach, Tammy can be found in the New York Public Library, where she spends hours each week reading the \_Cantos\_.

[↑ Contents](#)

792. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

David Bromige has been kind (and canny) enough to throw down the gauntlet - or rather, let drop the feather - re: my undeclared position vis-a-vis multiculturalism. Not that it counts for much! But I accept the invitation to think through an issue I've not devoted much coherent thought to (uh oh, some are saying...). I've always been more or less a formalist when it comes to reading poetry - the identity of the poet factors into my reading, if at all, only secondarily in relation to the text itself.

But any discussion of identity & poetry begs the question: when we talk about identity do we mean merely personality and the personal experiences that stand behind or under the shaping of the text? Or do we mean the formation of cultural and political constructs at large - distinct codes imposed on us or written by ourselves - by which we read each other in the world and the ways in which these read themselves into the text's creation? If the latter, then much is to be gained from looking at a work this way, though I reject the idea of looking at this way exclusively - or exclusively in any way at all. The text, or poem, afterall, is a kind of alternate identity fashioned from odds and ends. Identity is not synonymous with existence, only with context. For some, there appears to be no difference btwn these. For me, there is. Unfashionable, to be sure, and likely even untenable.

I do think, though, that discussions of identity have greatly enlarged and expanded what we mean by the process of reading. And I confess since this isn't really my beat, I'm woefully not up on the most current thinking about identity theory in literature. No doubt this has to do with my "identity" as a member of the ruling class - white male heterosexual. (Dodie Bellamy last night jokingly told me a guy like me could never get a grant!) I don't think the value of an idea or a work rests solely on the personal behavior or outlook of its author.

What it comes down to for me is reading a poem for its imaginal power - how has the poet shaped a vision of the world with a view to re-imagining it, including refining or redefining accepted notions of identity? Identity by itself is over-valued - it contains a kind of hidden arrogance and blindness. Especially tribal identities - by that I mean, costly self-aggrandizing allegiances to family, city, country, religion, gender, race, religion, politics, sports team, whatever. Live by the identity, die by the identity - it seems a narrow and restricted way of defining yourself.

BUT - for so many whose identities have been crushed by the juggernaut of white Western racist imperialism, reclaiming identity (which is really reconstructing it, often along revisionary "heroic" lines at first) is both necessary and

admirable - and one hopes, not merely a retreat into arthritic politics no different than that of one's oppressors. But it's also a mistake, to me, of reading primarily through the lens of identity. I guess it's really a question of picking/creating the lens you read the world through and that does indeed have a lot to do with one's personal situation.

But a poem cannot be limited or reduced simply to the issue of its author's identity, even if that is the author's overt intention. As a product of the still and always all too mysterious commerce between the known and the unknown in a writer's psyche, a poem - as a container of psychic energies - as an unexampled formulation of the essential sense of surprise arising from the intersection of the known and the unknown ("I must count on both," sez Valery), from the dialectic of inside and outside, identity and difference, self and Other, defies all attempts at narrow categorizations and readings.

Patrick Pritchett

-----

From: David Bromige

To: POETICS

Subject: pearl poet, french theory of apr editors, kevin & gloria, class

Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 10:45AM

Pat Pritchett (place in the multicultural soup as-yet undeclared) does a fine job with Kevin's reading & Gloria Frym's. Keep us posted, Pat! Salaam. David-the-PacRim-Cockney (class: working-climbing-into-lower middle/middle, subsequently become declassé thru all that reading & being allowed to pass as a poet, but you can still tell by the way he handles the patie de foie that his origins are the kind he has to be proud of, since noone else was).

[↑ Contents](#)

793. **Bob Grotjohn**

***Re: Buddhism and Racism***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Mark Weiss wrote:

>

> For me there's a certain unreality about this thread, perhaps because of my  
> own ignorance. I do think, however, the discussion would be helped if we  
> were provided with a list of Asian-American Buddhist poets who could have  
> been included in "Beneath..."

Lew made such a list, if "Buddhistic poetry" and Buddhist poetry are the same things:

"When one considers the relative obscurity of some of the poets included in the book [BSM], one wonders how it was possible not to have known of the Buddhistic poetry of such writers as Inada, Al Robles, Garrett Kaoru Hongo, Alan Chong Lau, Patricia Ikeda, and Russell Leong" (from Lew's comments on the anthology in *\_Premonitions\_*).

Other than Inada's, I don't know the poets' work very well, and I am not sure exactly what makes poetry either Buddhistic or Buddhist, so I can't get the discussion much further. Ikeda's poems (551-555) and Leong's (542) in *\_Premonitions\_* may be worth a look for starters.

[↑ Contents](#)

794. **Judy Roitman**

***Re: Buddhism and Racism***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

You don't like Snyder's stuff. You question haiku in English. All quite reasonable positions (sorry, all you donut & coffee haiku folks). But I think you are conflating very different poetics in thinking that BASM poets are all trying to imitate Japanese --- and why the emphasis on Japan? --- models. Buddhist (and not only Zen --- there are a lot of folks practicing other Buddhist styles in BASM) influences on American poetry go far deeper than Orientalist imitations. The relations among language, mind, and world -- which much of Buddhist practice focuses on -- are central issues in poetics. It is this interplay --- which has no single, "correct" manifestation --- that is interesting here, and that might reasonably call for an anthology.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

---

[↑ Contents](#)

795. **KENT JOHNSON**

***identity/poetics***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Kali:

This exchange is very interesting, certainly very intense. I wanted to ask you a question publicly that you'll remember I asked you back-channel a few days ago. It was in reference to something you said in a post entitled "Reading Kim

Dawn." Dodie Bellamy had raised a suspicion of sorts regarding Dawn's gender, and you replied:

"I'm also put off by Dodie's later attempt to undermine Kim Dawn's \*author\*ity by attempting to cast doubt upon her claim to be female. (Does it actually matter if KD is female? How would we revise our interpretation if she were a he?)"

When I asked the other day, you agreed that there at least seemed to be a contradiction between this and your most recent arguments, and you graciously offered to explain it sometime if I was interested. Because the whole question of authorial identity is key in this exchange you are having with David Bromige and others, and because I read you now to be saying pretty emphatically that an empirically verifiable author with an empirically verifiable history is crucial (lest we fall as readers into a kind of "pornographic" largesse, where we make of the author a mere object for our fantasies), I was thinking that now would be a good time to ask you to clarify the apparent contradiction.

Is your position, perhaps, that it is a matter of context? Does the contradiction imply that you feel that for some groups, classes, ethnicities, it is necessary for authors to have a "real," traceable identity, but in other cases this is not necessary? Or are "transgressions" of normative understandings of the author's function (i.e. where the name of the "author" is the name of the writer) improper in all cases? The questions Susan Wheeler asked earlier today strike me as very relevant to all this. I'd like to ask if you could try to address some of them in your answer. Thanks.

Kent

[↑ Contents](#)

796. **charssmith**

***Re: China Camp***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

In a message dated 97-06-25 23:59:37 EDT, you write:

<< first re: Snyder's poem-- China Beach is in San Francisco. It is so named because Chinese fishermen/residents of the city would/were allowed to fish there. >>

Snyder claims "Canyon Wren" was written at China Camp on the Stanislaus River, flowing west out of the Sierra Nevada. It is now submerged under the waters of the bitterly contested New Melones Dam, the (hopefully) last of the large-scale multi-purpose dams built in California. Similar names abound throughout the foothill "gold country," testimony to 19th C labor practices. Why, it's just upstream from Negro Jack Point.

Charles Smith

[↑ Contents](#)

797. **KENT JOHNSON**

*a next to last word*

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

The past few heated days have been some of the most interesting I've experienced on the list--in part, admittedly, because I've had a stake in the Buddhist anthology discussion which has had some very intelligent contributions (well, hey, this is the Poetics list). And I've certainly been heartened that a number of people have come in and spoken up in reply to some of the unnecessary and ill-founded assaults against *Beneath a Single Moon: Buddhism in Contemporary American Poetry*.

I intended to unsub today (need to tomorrow!) before leaving town, and so I was hoping that my mini-history a couple days back about BaSM's making and its editorial criteria would calm Dean Brink's indignation and perhaps lead, if not to an open and sincere apology, then at least to his temporary practice of some dignified silence on the matter. *Especially* since he has now been led to admit that he made all of his angry and self-righteous accusations without having even read the book (!)-- a rather stunning and pathetic admission, in my humble opinion, particularly given the specificity and gravity of the evaluations Mr. Brink was making against not just me, but also against the poets in the collection.

Now, it's apparent, no question, that Mr. Brink is intelligent and knows quite a bit about his field. But it is also now apparent to most, I think, that on this claim of the anthology's "blatant" and "bad faith" promotion of "Orientalism", "candy Buddhism", "New Age" type poetry, and intentional "exclusion" of Asian Americans, he jumped without a parachute off a towering cliff of assumptions. People like Hoa Nguyen, David Israel, George Thompson, Judy Roitman, Dale Smith, and others (forgetting, but trying to remember names off top) have pointed this out in ways better than I could.

But, rather incredibly, Mr. Brink is still in a snit, trying to make his way back up the cliff, opening now with a couple of amicable feints, but then spurting charges again and calling on me to confess my misdeeds and honestly explain how I could have possibly constructed an all-Caucasian anthology. He says (before spiraling away on a tangent about the "orientalist" sub-text of American haiku) that I appear to be just "making up excuses" rather than really "explaining" my editorial practices.

Thus I would, with a sigh, like to propose the following to Mr. Brink: Go find the book, read it, think about it, and then come back and make your complaint if



you still have one. But for goodness sakes, man, give yourself some space and start over fresh! You've quite simply made a bad go of it this time around, and you've been downright abusive toward the integrity of a number of good people in the process. (Or if you want, you may post me back-channel toward the end of next month when I get back from other parts--and post me especially, please, if--in the spirit of Mark Weiss's sound advice--you have specific Asian American poets with Buddhist practice you could suggest for a possible second edition (Zen, Theravadan, Tibetan, Pure Land, the anthology is purely non-sectarian.)

I need to withdraw now. But before doing so, I'd like to point out that Hoa Nguyen directed a series of very fine questions to me at the end of her post a couple of days ago. With apologies to Hoa, I'm unable to take them on at the time, but I wonder if they might be taken up by others who could in any case provide more thorough and suggestive answers than I?

So long until August!  
Kent

[↑ Contents](#)

798. **Judy Roitman**  
***Re: Buddhism and Racism***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

*For me there's a certain unreality about this thread, perhaps because of my own ignorance. I do think, however, the discussion would be helped if we were provided with a list of Asian-American Buddhist poets who could have been included in "Beneath..." Hey, then we could find out if they're guilty of orientalism. (Remember, it's Jews who made "Fiddler on the Roof" a hit)*

And I just learned on NPR that scat singing owes something to davening and all that Yiddish biddybiddybombom stuff.

Cultures just don't seem to be able to stay in their defined places, do they.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

799. **David Israel**  
***Re: Orange Popsicle***  
*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

From Kali Tal (commenting on Aldon Nielsen):

<<

>Am I the only one who reads those magazines just for the stanzas of  
bio

>description alongside each model's picture? Invariably satisfying -- a

>sublime genre --

Tammy, 22 years old, 32-22-36, is an aspiring poet as well as a model.

"Writing poetry helps me get more in touch with myself," she says. . . .

>>

Somewhere amidst Andre Codrescu essayish book, *The Disappearance of the Outside*, he quaintly (I might say winkingly, but that's I guess not in vogue today) allows as the central construction of the poet lies not in the (mere) poetry, but rather in that crucial fiction: the bio-notice . . .

this also reminds of an opera by Robert Ashley (an in-progress segment of which played in Merkin Hall, NYC some years ago); -- Ashley's sci-fi scenario involves a figure (named something like "Bob"?) who, being an extraterrestrial investigator of earth civilization, gives (in recetativ) brief, verbal-snapshot reports on various of the folks in his immediate (maybe Sunday brunch-like) surround. These (strangely epiphanic) reports are presented in the rhetorical form of personsals-ad-style notices ...

d.i.

p.s.: on personal note, might one be correct in supposing Kali Tal to be of South Asian extraction? The Dark One's Rhythm wd. be a tentative (& for that matter an amateur-orientalist) rendering of the name. Just curious (now that we've learned you're actually no Yale professor ...)

[↑ Contents](#)

800. **David Bromige**  
***Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here***  
*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Since a gypsy assured my Mum & Dad that I was born to trouble as the sparks fly up, I was gratified (again) on her account when I logged into the List today. So much so, in fact, that I had to question my motives in posting my initial response to this matter of "identity of the poet": was I unconsciously being more provocative than was called for? Had it been I myself stepping over the line who stimulated these howls of execration masked as rational argument that I

now beheld? Had I mooned the List, was that why one of the Listlings wanted to go on so long about me jacking off?

Well, I've been back thru the correspondence & it does appear to me that I covered my ass. "Yeah, sure, it can be fun to observe the timidities encoded in Eliot's poetry, & then fit them in with the fact that he had a double hernia which he never got fixed. And, sure, one can use such details to elucidate meanings not otherwise likely to surface." This is far from a blanket dismissal of biographical information.

Before I continue, a couple of sidebars. Yes, Kali, I am inventing you from your words & only your words, since I know nothing else about you. You might be the President of Burma or Harold Bloom's T.A. for all I know. I know you're on the list, I know you're in Yale, or posting therefrom (but this I only noticed today), but that's all, so, no, it's just your words to which I am responding, my creation of a Kali Tal solely from your words. If you don't like this creation, maybe you should take another look at your way of putting things. Perhaps at times they do not reflect the real you, the real you who, we are told, "make[s] ethical and moral judgements based on a core set of beliefs about the intrinsic value of human beings and our place in the world." You know, I may be old-fashioned, but I'm a "show-me" kind of a guy. I don't feel that my intrinsic value as a human being means much to someone who reads me as carelessly as you do, & who invites the List to picture me coming into Hustler.

Maybe you aren't so simply that decent, ethical, moral being you'd like to be. Don't you think you went on a little \*long\* about male masturbation & men's objectification of women? When someone goes on a little \*long\* with their analogy, I sniff Subtext. What is this inexplicable commitment to keep plugging away on this parallel, I ask myself, reading you with my own continuing investigation of my own subtextual contradictions. Continuing to create Kali Tal from what her words don't say but do indicate, I might find a person who hasn't worked through her attitudes towards human sexuality.

But let's not go that far. You're right : male masturbation, when done with graven images, is wrong. Some of the means by which we poor benighted devils achieve it, are laughable, to cry over, deplorable, despicable, and, no matter what a man might tell you (or no matter that he's telling it to you, & not another woman, or a male buddy), ultimately unsatisfying. You know that's right because they keep trying again & again. Like, hmm, that isn't human sexuality in the larger, non-auto-erotic, picture?

So male masturbation is wrong, & therefore my proposition & conjecture about the poem? Wrong also.

(Do you really think your words say only what you want them to say?)

So, onward! Does a poet really believe her/his words only say what s/he wants them to say? Possibly, but s/he is doomed to disappointment. Sure, being a poet, privileged in that sense (now that I've learned it's okay to be privileged), as s/he is in some communities still, privileged on account of a differing degree of vision, a greater gift with words, there might be less margin between intention and achievement, between intention & text. But margin, by the nature of human being & language, there is going to be. Therefore I decided I wasn't going to sit on my ass until all the checkbooks had been checked & all the footnotes published. I was going to play reading a poem as it lay.

When I first heard Mick Jagger sing, I didn't know where he came from. When I first read Robert Creeley, I didn't know he had only one eye & a lost father. When I first read Rae Armantrout, I didn't know that poet was a woman. But their words went in, in like electrical currents, they met with a recognition in myself of something that was already waiting there, awaiting articulation, & they caused something to get up & walk & that is the new.

When I first read Robert Creeley, I didn't even know that he was part of something called "Black Mountain" or "The New American Poetry." I didn't know he was somehow part of the New England Tradition in Literature. No, but I did know he was a big fake!

Only there was something that kept me coming back to his poems, those early poems, I wanted, you know, to expose his fakery to the light of day. But in the process, I came under their spell. I saw how terrific they were.

And all this time, I had a Creeley inside me, one not only of my own creating, because if the mother was me, the father was him, RC, author of said works. And let me stay with this family analogy (I do have a hangup about families). RC the guy who gets his laundry done in New England or upstate NY or out in Albuquerque, he's like the \*grandfather\* of the poems I was reading. If RC-the-poet is their father. Because, RC the person, once having written & made public those poems, cannot wholly control their reception...any more than a parent can wholly control what other people do with their kids. Their grownup kids. He cannot be identical with RC the father of the poems that were gestating in me, becoming ready to be read by me. RC had a poet-part, RC, a poet-offshoot, who wrote poems that RC the grandfather might well have not cared to have attributed, were he not the generous & freedom-loving parent he is. ("That boy of mine bin putting out stuff in public again about fucking & nothing & love & all them "u" words?...Oh waal, what th hell, cant stop em now can ya?")

What I am getting at is, still, how the identity of an author is constructed. Consider the following passage :

"The first poem that came through me was about the subway system. I say that the poem 'came through me' because I had no clear idea of what I

wanted to say or how I was going to say it. Everything happened suddenly. I started writing and then automatically began thinking in a different way about words, meanings, repetitions, the sound of language. It rushed out faster than my typing ability could deal with, but I kept at it, figuring I could unscramble it all when it was all over....

It was as if I were singing, speaking, and acting all at once. An inner voice took over, snipping off lines where i felt they ended, extending them when it felt the voice needed more room."

This is familiar stuff, although the experience of poetic seizure or possession is not always as clearly laid out as here. in the eloquent american of David Meltzer's recent autobiography in Gale Research's *\_Contemporary Authors\_ series*.

So, what about this? In such a fit, a poet might say all manner of things s/he in his/her social persona might wish to disclaim, to deny, in the name of morality and ethics, to suppress....news from nowhere concerning human being, you know. Jack Spicer said it came from Mars, this kind of information, said the poet was a radio that picked up all manner of messages beaming through. He was being metaphorical, yup, but to what degree? What if (and everything I say should always be prefaced by this phrase) a poet is a sort of transmitter, open at times to messages past present beaming in from all over? The radio does not know what it transmits. Now let us imagine the radio.

So who is to know what it transmits, if not us, readers, one by one by one? Stephen Elwood is correct, I am arguing for the primacy of the reader; but he is incorrect, seems to me, when he sees this as something different from the primacy of the poem (which was what I wrote that i was arguing for). How is the poem ever going to be differed from the reader? By which privileged reader will other readings be rendered inferior?

Of course, the text is there read it or not,m its on a shelf in the stacks covered with dust, but the moment an eye lights on it,interpretation has to begin. "Hang it all, Robert Browning, Or my Sordello, or yours?" Now, I can understand why somebody would feel that she has a better shot at a fuller or more correct interpretation if she is armed with what all the authorities say about a poem, about all the biographies can suggest about a poem--all the part of reading I do not dismiss, but welcome as "fun... & possible elucidation"--but when we recall descriptions of poetic seizure like that of Meltzer's above, we might want to acknowledge that in such states, a poet accesses parts of (his) humanity not otherwise open to her/him, parts that are contradictory as it were, to his/her life otherwise...in which case, the "life" supplies scant support for interpretation. And in which case, a reader, though ill-informed as to biography, critical approaches, & etc, might, with her humanity, create a more accurate figure of

the poet of this particular poem, of the real human being who somewhere else at some other time made this poem by whatever means however leaned-in on by the style of the times by history by how books were at that time produced--she might, & if she does, who's to gainsay her?

It is in this light that my (granted, somewhat facetious) remark about Wallace Stevens being not an Insurance Lawyer but a South American diplomat, was always waiting to be apprehended. The escaped soul of the man whose marriage sounds like hell, one no doubt of his own making, or choosing anyway, flew off from Hartford, Ct. & was a parrot in Brazil for a spell, squawking these unlikely measures, treated as dictation by the future Ambassador to, uh, say France.

I thought I detected a certain Animus in Kali's remarks, so let me admit to a certain degree of Anima in my own. There's a troubling belief in transcendence, in soul-stuff, howbeit materialist, hovering around my confessions of how I read, & that can be irritating to people who have allowed themselves to be convinced such is impossible, and that all can be accounted for, given the will & enough time. But the love of poetry stems back to childhood, people regress to the accents of the place where they grew up when they read their poems aloud, the persistence of childhood with the belief-systems then possible makes itself part of the poem. Or would you rather read a tract or a position-paper? In the place sacred to the poem? And if a poem is not a sacred act, what is it? And if it is an act, then it is an act of reading-as-though-writing, every time. I read-write the Stevens' poem with my Wallace Stevens.

Now, it's funny to hear that he was knocked down by Hemingway. Its funny because its so inappropriate. Its funny like a mattress on a bottle of wine. It hasn't made much dent in the feelings I get when i read Stevens poetry.

For me, it has always been the seduction by the poem that has been primary. Sure, then I want to know all I can about the author. But this is a sort of pornographic interest, in the sense that pornography is what you know already, but can't stop spending time with. And we build worlds out of this pornographic impulse. And it ceases to seem pornographic. But from the \*point of view of the poem\*, it strikes me so again. The poem says "You knew all this already concerning my origins, knew it but didn't know you knew it, but now you have found it out, it either supports what you thought when you first fell for me, or it contradicts it--in which case, you are either going to dismiss the contradictions as irrelevant, or give me up. Go ahead, give me up. There's plenty more where you came from. Go on, try to forget me. I voted for Chamberlain. I screwed goats. 'Beauty is Truth' my eye! Bye-bye!"

Susan Wheeler reiterates Marjorie's question about a reader being duped. (I still have to read Marjorie on Yasusada, so excuse me if I repeat her argument). What is it, to be duped by a poem? Something, that is, of which one is, by virtue

of reading, a co-creator? It is to be fooled by oneself. And, I agree with Kali, this is something we can do, when we fall in love. "You were only foolin, while I was falling in love, It's a story as old as Adam & Eve, I was making love while you were makin believe". "Hormone-poisoning," Kali terms it, as though hormones were no part of our bodies but foreign substances introduced by ill-wishers, were not part of our humanity but inflictions from without.

Poetry is the theory of heartbreak. It wouldn't be very poetic of it not to include the whole mimetic range of possibilities then, being duped, being swept of our feet, being preyed upon, being harassed, being rendered ecstatic, being massaged, being tickled pink, being amused, being brought down, being persuaded that hope dies last, & no one to blame but ourselves at the end of the line. "I fooled myself with kisses, I tried to stop thinking of, but you were only making believe (Kent), while I (APR) was falling in love."

I know it was hard on me when I learned that "Robert Creeley" was really, like they say, Michael Palmer & Tom Clark. But I still can't rid myself of this of his poems, this presentation of which I dedicate to Kali Tal :

"Think if  
understanding is  
what you  
had thought  
  
of it, in  
it you think  
a picture  
comes and  
  
goes, re-  
flected there  
large faces  
float but  
  
no harm comes  
to the sleeping  
princess  
ever."

I think it withstands in my theory the typo of one of my students, which put an 'e' in the place of an 'a' in the 11th line. So you can forget that too. David

[↑ Contents](#)



801. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

***group action***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

This is a set of poems which are to be printed in a little artist's book I'm working on, called group action. I am very uncertain about them, as it's been years since I have written poetry.

They are the chronicle of a sad ending.

Anything anyone can provide (tear it to shreds, but PLEASE respond, someone) in the way of critique would be so greatly appreciated.

1)

Sometimes it seemed

we were the envy of everybody

threeway action, a place right downtown, money, all  
the kinds of abundance.

We were also remarkably stylish. Beautiful.

Desired.

Then the cup would dump and the

cats would go hungry cause

none of us would get out of bed.

They'd crawl all over us in tears,

"Daddy, I'm hungry, Daddy, Mommy, wake  
up!"

They could get mean when four o'

clock rolled around and we hadn't

stirred. We were obstinate, even with them.

You should've seen the way we'd

treat each other. Sometimes you say it's

Familiarity that breeds contempt. With us it was  
much uglier. It was a compulsion.

When there's three in a bed it's inevitable that  
somebody sleeps in the middle.

We never resolved it. We just started getting



paid for it.

Now the day has passed and I  
can't say I'm sorry to see an  
end to the squabbling. It's just the  
Glamour I miss, the way it looked to  
guests:

Every table in the place loaded  
down with white tulips, which  
incidentally, smell like the  
come of middle aged men (a  
scent with which I'm un  
comfortably well acquainted.) and  
the tall walls bare and the  
mirrors everywhere. Two  
cats, two males, and one fine  
white lady throwing up in the sink. No ones  
getting off in there, no ones feeling  
good. Not even okay but I forgot  
I'm not talking about that, this is how it  
Looks. Each surface is a smear of  
pages, drawings, missives back and forth  
talk about articulate,  
these three sure do. And books and  
photos, head shots and full-body,  
Incidental dishes, crumbs, and an  
illusion of cleanliness thanks to the  
special lighting system de  
vised by one, executed by another,  
merely appreciated by me.  
I'm not handy. I believe I contributed something, though.

I doubt they could've  
pulled it off without me. I'm like a  
wire. I conducted.

2)

To Stephen:

I have every intention of posessing you through  
memory, and distorted memory at that.

I have every intention of reinventing you as  
cruel, barren, spoilt, tragic, sexually  
driven, and then, when it suits me,

I'll alter the lightening and imagine you were  
lovely, maligned, adoring, terrified.

Regardless, you-as-you-are-to-me will be lost to you forever (a real  
loss) and

you-as-you-are-to-me will be entirely  
in my hands. I am grateful to be free of the  
ugly reality of you (didn't love me, didn't feel Possessed by love), and  
gratefull to be  
inhabiting a city  
whos contents  
are my whims.

EVD

I'm about to get logged off.

Thanks to those of you who are still reading.

[↑ Contents](#)

802. **David Israel**  
**(no subject)**  
*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

David B:

| *Charles, China Beach is in San Rafael, N of SF. Or one of them is.*

Okay, but: Gary Snyder's poem refers to "beach[ing] at China Camp" -- doesn't reference a China Beach. At least as quoted (per my memory) by Dean Brink (who I think must've had it right). And the ref. to miners seems in keeping with the China Camp locale, probably.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

803. **David Bromige**

***china beach***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Charles, China Beach is in San Rafael, N of SF. Or one of them is.

On another matter, as I just b-c'd Pat Pritchett, Dodie's was no joke.

David

[↑ Contents](#)

804. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: china beach***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Tis true, tis true about Dodie's "joke" - a remark shared with a laugh by us both because of its obvious truth. But I'm not complaining. Hell, I'm not even looking for a grant. I have no emotional investment in the matter. (Or maybe it derives - talk about class background - from my parent's depression era "no hand outs" attitude - I'd be shocked if anyone ever gave me money to write. This is not a laudable attitude - one rather to be overcome). The subject came up by way of her explaining the inner machinations of SPT vis-a-vis cutbacks from the California Council on the Arts and how she tried to get a grant for multicultural writers, was rebuffed, but managed things with a clever end-run, good for her (and them) I say.

Patrick

-----

From: David Bromige

To: POETICS

Subject: china beach

Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 4:15PM

Charles, China Beach is in San Rafael, N of SF. Or one of them is.

On another matter, as I just b-c'd Pat Pritchett, Dodie's was no joke.

David

[↑ Contents](#)

> [REDACTED] | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
> -----  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

807. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: Hoping to see Dodie and Patrick and Kevin tonight***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

I actually have gotten a couple of grants, but I think it's because the grantors assumed I was a white male --

[↑ Contents](#)

808. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: Hoping to see Dodie and Patrick and***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Hey don't get me wrong - I'd love a grant.

The Pseudo-Araki-ite.

-----

From: Aldon L. Nielsen

To: POETICS

Subject: Re: Hoping to see Dodie and Patrick and Kevin tonight

Date: Thursday, June 26, 1997 5:25PM

I actually have gotten a couple of grants, but I think it's because the grantors assumed I was a white male --

[↑ Contents](#)

809. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

On Tue, 24 Jun 1997, henry g wrote:

If poetry is promoted for its use-value

> alone (empowerment) the tendency while empowering also blunts the critical  
> edge (or one of its edges, anyway)...

Could you explain this for me a bit? The use value thing, I mean. It seems interesting and important but I don't fully grasp what it is/you assert it is.

My own view is that poetry has this double-edge, coming from experience  
- lived, felt, authentically rendered - on the one hand, and coming, on the

*other hand, from the sky. I mean this in all seriousness. Criticism/  
inspiration = freedom.*

This is good to read. I agree and I find it liberating, as a writer, to utilize that function of my mind/heart, the function of allowing the sky in.

I'm talking about the "emotion of multitude" as

- > Yeats called it, or more profoundly, Whitman's cosmic inspiration -
- > "I exude my flesh in eddies & jags" or however it goes - or Coleridge's
- > Imagination as the "I AM" - to me this is the linch-pin of both unity
- > & individuality. Art shares this "representative" universality in expressing
- > particular experience & helps make possible the graftings & cross-overs
- > on Kali's "grid" that in my view are the only hope, unless we all want to
- > live in the regional archives of our own true memoirs. But you have
- > to experience it. It comes from the sky. The sky is universal enough
- > for an earth-creature (you can throw in a few stars, too, if you want -
- > rhymes with Mars, jars, and also Lars).
- >
- > An awareness of "where the writer's coming from" sure would reduce the
- > level of mediocre art; it would also make appropriations, masquerades,
- > & imitations (not, in my view, always inappropriate) more effective.
- > In fact most writers' personal data is now available in full on the internet.
- > Mine was there even before I got published. See <http://www.fbi.nerd> -
- > you'll find yourself there too.
- >
- > - Henry Gould
- >
- > Jack Spandrift's new CD, "Byron Hello Mercury", is available on the
- > Aliens R Us label. Throw \$10. up in the air & wait for the light.
- >

[↑ Contents](#)

## 810. **Mark Weiss**

### ***Re: Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

David--I'm assuming I read correctly when I notice irony in the following. I'm not at all sure that those you address are equally capable of the reception of same, so I'll be direct: why should masturbation, or any victimless human pleasure, be yielded to the armies of darkness?

You're right : male masturbation, when done with

- >graven images, is wrong. Some of the means by which we poor benighted
- >devils achieve it, are laughable, to cry over, deplorable, despicable, and,

>no matter what a man might tell you (or no matter that he's telling it to  
>you, & not another woman, or a male buddy), ultimately unsatisfying. You  
>know that's right because they keep trying again & again. Like, hmm, that  
>isn't human sexuality in the larger, non-auto-erotic, picture?  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

811. **Mark Weiss**  
**Re: Orange Popsicle**  
Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Graeco-Dutch "beautiful speech?" or Hebrew "a kind of bread?"  
>p.s.: on personal note, might one be correct in supposing Kali Tal to be  
>of South Asian extraction? The Dark One's Rhythm wd. be a tentative  
>(& for that matter an amateur-orientalist) rendering of the name. Just  
>curious (now that we've learned you're actually no Yale professor ...)  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

812. **Poetics List**  
**(Fwd) !\*EMERGENCY RESPONSE NEEDED FOR MUMIA NOW!! (fwd)**  
Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Thu, 26 Jun 1997 15:56:08 MST7MDT

From: Christopher Alexander <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: (Fwd) !\*EMERGENCY RESPONSE NEEDED FOR MUMIA NOW!!

alright, I disappear for months, then resurface just to forward a message: give  
me shit if you want, but this is important. Chris

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

Date: Sat, 21 Jun 1997 22:27:27

From: Marpessa Kupendua <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: !\*EMERGENCY RESPONSE NEEDED FOR MUMIA NOW!!

INTERNATIONAL CONCERNED FAMILY AND FRIENDS OF MUMIA ABU-  
JAMAL Press Contact Numbers: [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] - Pam Africa Fax:  
[REDACTED] and [REDACTED] - Susan Burnett

JUNE 26TH IS THE DATE OF THE LAST HEARING IN MUMIA'S BID FOR A  
NEW TRIAL

We believe it will be Mumia's FINAL COURT APPEARANCE for a very long time. THE COURTROOM must be **\*\*PACKED\*\*** WITH SUPPORTERS, THIS IS **\*EXTREMELY URGENT\*** AS ALL OTHER APPEALS HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT OF COURT AND THE TESTIMONY THAT PAMELA JENKINS IS PREPARED TO GIVE IS **\*\*CRUCIAL\*\*** TO OUR FIGHT.

There will be an all day demonstration outside the courtroom and we need you there to show the PA Supreme court that

THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING  
WE WILL NOT ALLOW MUMIA TO BE RAILROADED AGAIN BY JUDGE ALBERT SABO.

People have come to Philadelphia in recent weeks from as far away as CALIFORNIA, EUROPE and AFRICA TO SUPPORT MUMIA because they understand that URGENCY of this situation. THAT MUMIA'S LIFE IS ON THE LINE! Governor Ridge has said he will sign a new death warrant when the PA Supreme Court denies Mumia's appeal for a new trial.

\*\*\*\*\*

ON THE EVENING BEFORE THE HEARING, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1997 AT 6:00 P.M., THERE WILL BE A SHOWING OF THE VIDEO "A CASE FOR REASONABLE DOUBT" AND A PROGRAM FEATURING SPECIAL GUESTS TO RALLY SUPPORT FOR OUR BROTHER WILL BE HELD AT THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE BLDG., 1501 CHERRY STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA, INCLUDING:

AMIRI BARAKA AND FAMILY - NEWARK, NEW JERSEY  
JULIA WRIGHT - PARIS, FRANCE

As you may know, Sis. Julia Wright has been back and forth several times from PARIS to answer ALL of the calls for support for Bro. Mumia in these last stages of hearings. This phenomenal level of SUPPORT must be matched by those of us right here in the U.S. who want to see MUMIA FREE. Following this hearing, it is suspected that Mumia will be placed on PHASE II and another warrant signed by Gov. Ridge.

\*\*\*\*\*

!! EMERGENCY !!

WE NEED **\*EVERYONE\*** TO CONTACT THEIR LOCAL NEWS MEDIA **\*NOW\***, CALL INTO LOCAL RADIO SHOWS AND WRITE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF YOUR NEWSPAPERS AND PUT PRESSURE ON THESE OFFICIALS TO GRANT MUMIA A NEW TRIAL!! **\*AS WE KNOW FROM SUMMERS PAST, \*\*TREMENDOUS EXPOSURE\*\* and \*\*PRESSURE\*\***



IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET THIS SYSTEM'S ATTENTION!! THE TIME  
IS \*\*NOW\*\* TO ACT!!

--

linda v. russo

██████████

..

Christopher W. Alexander etc.

nominative press collective

██████████

P.O. Box 522402 / Salt Lake City UT 84152-2402

<http://choengmon.lib.utah.edu/~calexand/nonce>

[↑ Contents](#)

813. **Kali Tal**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

So what am I to do with all this? Joe Amato (hi, Joe) says that David Bromige is a Real Decent Guy, and I tend to trust Joe's judgement about people. He says that, knowing me and knowing Bromige, he doesn't really think there should be an argument; whether through stubbornness or foolishness we're reading each other badly. So let me lay down some more, hopefully more useful, possibly more readable text.

I don't (and never would) argue that poetry doesn't/shouldn't tap deep emotional wells or bring about insight so powerful it seems mystical in its origins. I think identity is a crucial component in poetry, but it does not *\*replace\** the poem. To me, that's like saying you could replace a whole body with a leg. The leg isn't the body, but one could say that the body *\*needs\** the leg--I mean, sure one can get along without a leg, but then one has to use substitutes, which are never as good. So I try not to separate the question of identity from the poem, just like I try not to separate my notions of my mind and my body: that is not "my leg"; that is the legness of me.

I choose the poetry I publish based on a combination of its content and its form/effect. I expect good poetry to move me, and change the way I look at the world. The insurance lawyer is one of my favorite poets. As a kid I had a powerful attraction to Stevens, to Millay and to Baraka (then Jones). Of the three, my reading of Baraka has changed the most, and it has changed specifically because I have studied and contemplated the question of African American identity(ies). Or maybe I study African American identity(ies) *\*because\** I read Baraka as child. Coming to African American poetry with some understanding of

African American cultures has made my readings--and my emotional connections to the works--immeasurably more rich. Transcendence, for me at least, is rarely automatic--I find that I have to work for it. I find it much like bodysurfing--the ecstatic rush of catching the wave is possible only after one learns to blend position, timing and strength with a practiced sense of the ocean and its movement.

Pat writes:

*But any discussion of identity & poetry begs the question: when we talk about identity do we mean merely personality and the personal experiences that stand behind or under the shaping of the text? Or do we mean the formation of cultural and political constructs at large - distinct codes imposed on us or written by ourselves - by which we read each other in the world and the ways in which these read themselves into the text's creation?*

A combination of both, I think. Though I usually place emphasis on the latter at the expense of the former... except when I feel the balance has gone too far in that direction, and then I try to shift it back. It's a balancing act. My own critical writing focuses on the intersection between individual traumatic experience, creative writing, and national/cultural mythology; stories are always constructed in collaboration with others, and are heavily influenced by the narrative norms of the particular culture(s) in which we dwell. In addition, our memories (and thus our stories) change over time, eroding and shifting until they often come closer to matching mythic narratives than they do to matching the original experience.

Identity is, to me, a crucial issue. And it seems to me inextricably tied to how we converse here, on this list, as well as in other arenas.

This argument got started because I posted some poems and included a description listing some characteristics/identity elements of the authors. I explicitly named those features which seemed to me to make these poets distinct from most (not all) of the other poets we discuss on the list. Seems to me that the conversation could have gone a number of ways. For example, someone who knows more poets on this list than I do might have been able to say, "But, Kali, most of the poets we're talking about *\*are\** working-class, and so the class origins of these writers *\*can't\** be distinguishing characteristics." Or someone could have said, "Hey, Kali, in addition to class here's this *\*other\** characteristic the poets you describe share, and so maybe class isn't as important as you think it is; maybe this other thing is just as important." Or, upon reading my explanation, someone might have said, "Well, thanks for the info, but actually I didn't need it. Still, no harm done." But that's not what happened.

What happened is that I was criticized for posting the bio info, as if that revealed some weakness, some flaw in my critical approach. Please note that I

have *\*never\** criticized anyone on this list for *\*not\** posting biographical info about poets under discussion. I'm not prescribing correct behavior here. When I responded and explained my decision to post the info, I came under attack (and, given the nature of flamewars, I'm aware that it was a pretty mild attack) for my description of the reasons why *\*I\** post (and seek) identity info--it wasn't okay to think identity was important because it seemed to make people who thought identity was *\*not\** important... nervous. Seems to me that there's a feeling among those folks that it's not *\*fair\** to bring up identity because that puts whitehetmale people at a disadvantage since--in the identity game as constructed in the academy--they either have a "bad" (oppressor) identity or *\*no\** identity (and thus miss out on the perks and privileges the politically-correct allegedly award to people with identities). (The "Ethnic Needs" aisle in your local supermarket has no products designed for white people. Of course, it doesn't meet the real "needs" of "ethnic" people, either....)

I don't mind other folks stating their opinions and making arguments. I mean, that's what I'm here for. And I'll happily and civilly wrangle all day. What I *\*do\** mind is being given no ground on which to stand. I mind fighting erasure, which seems to me something that women and people of color must constantly resist in cyberspace. And I mind, particularly, being read through the lens of *\*my\** identity by people who are arguing that identity shouldn't matter. Take, for example, Bromige's following comments:

*Continuing to  
create Kali Tal from what her words don't say but do indicate, I might find  
a person who hasn't worked through her attitudes towards human sexuality.  
  
these howls of execration  
masked as rational argument*

What the *\*fuck\**? (Pun intended.) For some reason, some men feel completely comfortable reading into the sexuality of women who voice opinions that are openly feminist. Can't tell you how many times I see women talked about this way. If it weren't so annoying, it would be almost quaint. "All she really needs is to get well-laid, poor thing." And, like Chomsky says about people who call him antisemitic, "Hey, what are you gonna do? Tell them you're *\*not\** anti-semitic?" Introducing the charge (twisted sexuality makes twisted arguments) changes the nature of the conversation, erases any tenable position for my response. The allegation of "irrationality" is particularly loaded when it's directed at a woman, especially when it's accompanied by the insinuation that the woman is motivated by some sort of sexual frustration or incapacity. Sort of like Styron rewriting Nat Turner as sexually frustrated, thereby shifting the nature of his rebellion from the political to the (Freudian) personal. It's *\*that\** sort of appropriation I dislike, and it's *\*this\** sort of situation which makes me feel the difference between my (female) identity and Bromige's (male) identity sharply

enough to wince. As a female person, I'm vulnerable to the charge of manhat-  
ing. Calling a guy a misogynist (which, let me make perfectly clear, I have  
\*not\* done and \*am\* not doing) isn't at all the same thing; there is no equiva-  
lent position for Bromige. We are not operating from positions of relative par-  
ity, and his (perhaps unconscious) invocation of female stereotypes has a power  
I can never match.

*I don't feel that my intrinsic value as a human being means  
much to someone who reads me as carelessly as you do, & who invites the  
List to picture me coming into \_Hustler\_.*

Bromige apparently sees his critique of me as a kind of tit for tat. But the over-  
the-top nature of my porn analogy might have been more apparent if he were  
not-like many men--trip-wired for response to perceived "attacks" by feminists.  
I can quite honestly say that I never \*once\* pictured Bromige coming into \_Hus-  
tler\_ or any other skin mag as I wrote my post. Did any woman reader get that  
image? I'd be surprised. Nor, as Mark Weiss seems to suggest, do I cede mas-  
turbation to "the armies of darkness." The paragraph wasn't \*about\* masturba-  
tion and it wasn't \*about\* Bromige (again, my point exactly); it was about the  
play of desire and the objectification of desire--the pornography of representa-  
tion, as some feminist critics have labelled it. We simply have different answers  
to the question: What is a poem for?

Bromige asks:

*| (Do you really think your words say only what you want them to say?)*

Words don't ever "only" say anything, and I could as easily turn the tables and  
ask him the same question. Others who've joined the "slam identity" fest have  
also used this tactic. Such patronizing (and I mean the word as a patronymic)  
tones are tough for me to gloss over and virtually impossible for me to context  
without seeming, ummmm, strident. And this rhetorical strategy is employed to  
put forward an argument I never even made--I never claimed (would never  
claim) that my words (or any poet's words) had a single meaning.

(I notice now that I have slipped into the third person, addressing an audience  
about Bromige, rather than speaking directly to Bromige himself. I prefer this,  
I think, because I find that there is no space for "you and me" in the conversa-  
tion with Bromige--rather, there is me reading Bromige, and Bromige reading  
me, and I find that his reading of me is a stuffy and ill-lit box where all my (fa-  
vorite) parts cannot fit comfortably. I prefer to operate from outside when  
faced with such uncomfortable accommodations. Probably he feels the same.  
The question is, in the darkness of the garden, can we communicate?)

The invisibility of any identity other than white male, which is the unstated  
norm, is made evident in myriad posts, but I'll take Pat's as an example. (I'm  
choosing this post because I think that it was smart and interesting, and I'd

guess that Pat's intent was as far from my reading as I can imagine; however, I think that whitehetmale "identity presumption" permeates most POETICS posts.)

Pat writes:

*... I'm woefully not up on the most current thinking about identity theory in literature. No doubt this has to do with my "identity" as a member of the ruling class - white male heterosexual. (Dodie Bellamy last night jokingly told me a guy like me could never get a grant!) I don't think the value of an idea or a work rests solely on the personal behavior or outlook of its author.*

If you aren't up on identity theory, and you are saying (seemingly without irony) that your cultural positioning might have an effect on your interest in identity, why, then, go on to redefine the privileged position as victimized (you'll "never get a grant"), even in a joking fashion? A survey of granting agencies will doubtless demonstrate that most grants still go to white males, just as a survey of academic employment will confirm that jobs are awarded along the same lines. Forgive me for the close reading, but there seem to be something interesting going on here--simultaneous distancing from contemporary identity theory and an (admittedly not forceful) claim to a position based solely on identity (discriminated against white male heterosexual). Even if you meant repetition of Dodie's comment as an offhand joke, it still rests on a bed of identity politics. "Identity politics" is a word used to describe what women and people of color are doing when they assert their interests. White men do the same thing all the time but it's invisible in the way that ubiquitous things become invisible--they become "the way things are," presumed to be value neutral by folks whose privilege is not to notice their privilege.

Then you follow up your whitehetmale self-reference with the assertion that you "don't think the value of an idea or work rests solely on the personal behavior or outlook of its author." Where did that come from? What critic, in what context, has said--in this discussion or in identity theory writ large--that "the value of an idea or work rests solely on the personal behavior or outlook of its author"? It's a classic straw-person argument since no one--certainly no one on this list, here--has taken the position you stand against. The function of a straw-person is to invoke an enemy against whom you can position yourself. In this case, the people most likely to be presumed to be advocating the position you state are exactly the members of the most oppressed social groups--women and people of color. These hardly seem to me groups which warrant resistance from relatively privileged white males, but, then, there *\*is\** that tendency of contemporary white males to think of themselves as victimized.

Just because the language and culture is sexist and racist doesn't mean that I don't want to engage with it. But there's a point at which I tend to notice that

the norms of sexism and racism have been exceeded and we've slid beyond the boundaries of the tolerable into the realm of the abusive. That's why I'm taking the time to write such a lengthy response to the argument between me and Bromige. I place derogatory comments about my \*specific\* sexuality in the "abusive" category, and I'd like to register my distress at their appearance on POETICS.

Kali

"It requires something more than personal experience to gain a philosophy or point of view from any specific event. It is the quality of our response to the event and our capacity to enter into the lives of others that help us make their lives and experiences our own." -- Emma Goldman.

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 814. **David Bromige**

##### ***irony & self-abuse***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Mark, thanks for catching that under-indicated irony. The letter I was coping with goes in various directions, and I couldn't, it appears, deal with each with the same degree of concentration. I decided to leave the battle for the honor of male masturbation to another time. But I do write in my letter, to preface all my assertions with "As if". "As if male masturbation is wrong.....what then? "

The other day, in the newspaper, "studies show" that the visual function, with men, is more strongly tied to the pleasure center, than in women. So that the meaning men find in watching sports (incl. sex ) & the meaninglessness women find in watching, is accounted for genetically, rather than, as I had thought, through socialization. In my experience, I've known women who loved to watch, & men who couldn't be bothered, but as a general rule, it appears that genetics rule. And rule blamelessly, I trust.

So, anyway, in deciding to abandon the fight on one front, I left that paragraph too bald. I'm glad you decided to be the irony-indicator. David

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 815. **David Israel**

##### ***Re: Identity of the poet / Bromige's bravura***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Well David Bromige, --

at long day's end reading your exposition /  
response / rapture / elucidation /

grappling / defense / demonstration of a  
view regarding poetry & its reading

elicits thanks for quaint privilege & play  
of the peculiar Poetics dialogue phenom  
say Kali comprises occasion for same? --  
there's credit sufficient to obviate blame  
d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

816. **Mark Weiss**  
***Re: identity/poetics***  
*Thu 26 Jun 1997*

---

Here is the passage that evoked the responses that you find objectionable:

"This "response" to poetry (which in your construction appears to take place at some deeper and more meaningful level than contextualization) doesn't seem so different to me from the hard-on some guys get when they thumb through fuck books. I mean, that's a "response," right? And it doesn't matter who the woman (or the guy) in the photo is--their bio is completely and wholly irrelevant because the reader is in it for \*himself\* (or herself, as the case may be). You can jerk off over a photo, but it doesn't mean that you're exactly "meeting through the porn." I think that focusing wholly on your own response to a poem (and the bio be damned) objectifies the author and makes him/her merely a vehicle for your own pleasure. What you feel might be \*real\*, but frankly, my dear, who gives a damn? In the end, all you've got left is a sticky piece of paper and the need to do it again and again because it never, finally, satisfies."

Perhaps your equating of a way of reading with a specifically male interest in pornography wasn't meant to be provocative. Perhaps its meaning wasn't dependent on a presumption of a shared negative opinion of pornography. Perhaps you spoke in code. Perhaps you think that guys accept this sort of cheapening of an argument if it comes from another guy and only get pissed off if a woman does it.

For the record, I thought, based on your words, that you were an officer in the armies of darkness. But then, I don't read very well.

[↑ Contents](#)



817. **DS**

**Re: irony & self-abuse**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Aren't these studies painful. In ante-natal classs (i am going as a friend not a conspirator) the other night the cub-scout leader like woman taking the glass kept coming back to her 'fact' that she has 25,000 words whereas he only has 10,000. I felt like screaming by about the hundredth reference to it, but ,managed to avoid one of my more common words - .01% of my vocab according to her - in favour of wondering what sort of children the other 'couples' would produce.

Regards,

Dan (am enjoying the heat of some of these discussions in the cold NZ winter)

*The other day, in the newspaper, "studies show" that the visual function, with men, is more strongly tied to the pleasure center, than in women. So that the meaning men find in watching sports (incl. sex ) & the meaninglessness women find in watching, is accounted for genetically, rather than, as I had thought, through socialization. In my experience, I've known women who loved to watch, & men who couldnt be bothered, but as a general rule, it appears that genetics rule. And rule blamelessly, I trust.*

*So, anyway, in deciding to abandon the fight on one front, I left that paragraph too bald. I'm glad you decided to be the irony-indicator. David*

[↑ Contents](#)

818. **David Israel**

**Re: long article / rustle of language**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

Henry Higgins --

(w/ thanks to EVD for highlighting the passage):

*I'm talking about the "emotion of multitude" as Yeats called it, or more profoundly, Whitman's cosmic inspiration -*

not acquainted w/ the Yeats phrase (under-educated in many such regards), -- but by the by, it calls to mind one from Roland Barthes':

"the rustle of language"

(an imagistic phrase serving eponymously for title of an essay & a book of essays) -- the image he uses to conjure this (if memory serves) is the sort of "rustle" one hears if, not knowing (say) Chinese, one listens to the bare sound of



Chinese being spoken by a multitude (beheld in, I think, a Chinese movie of multitudes . . . )

Among those iconic Theorists, doesn't Barthes seem maybe the most susceptible to (for me, a likeable dash of so-called) Romanticism?

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

819. **David Bromige**  
***not "as if," but "What if"***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

with regard to my last posting. Need some sleep! this message was returned because I had addressed it to "listserb." Must be that Simic thread. David

[↑ Contents](#)

820. **robert drake**  
***Re: KOJA magazine?***

Thu 26 Jun 1997

---

mark--

i've seen only th 1st issue of KOJA, c1996... in an enclosed note, michael (mikhail on th masthead) was soliciting work for a 2nd issue planned for spring 97. contributors to the 1st: michael basinski, joi brozek, marta deike, raymond federman, alex galper, saha kogan, richard kostelanetz, konstantin kuminsky, inna mattei, mike meskin, eileen myles, dennis saleh, genrikh sappgir, lena saprykina, igor satanovsky, spencer selby, gary sullivan, irving weiss, & th editor.

address: 7314 21 ave. apt 6e, brooklyn, NY 11204.

.

and i wanted to mention: i receive queries similar to this one at least 2 or 3 times a week--folks trying to track down current addresses ov some very small publication or author... there is a continued interest in literatures that might be commercially "marginal", frm a wide range of readers. just wanted to say so, as encouragement to various who might feel discouraged about the lack of a mass market for their works...

asever

luigi

trr/burning press/etc

[↑ Contents](#)

821. **Stephen C. Ellwood**

**Re: irony & self-abuse**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

I didn't think you were being ironic when you asserted that masturbating with, it was Hustler I believe, is a destructive (evil?) thing. And I was glad to hear it.

It harms me and my sisters when men allow thier sexual impulse to be reconfigured by that fucked up capitalist monster that is porn.

Emily Vey Duke.

[↑ Contents](#)

822. **Kali Tal**

**Re: identity/poetics**

Thu 26 Jun 1997

*Perhaps your equating of a way of reading with a specifically male interest in pornography*

No. You don't seem to read very well. Please note the line in the paragraph you quoted:

*And it doesn't matter who the woman (or the guy) in the photo is--their bio is completely and wholly irrelevant because the reader is in it for \*himself\* (or herself, as the case may be).*

Right there, in the heart of the argument is the clear statement that objects and objectifiers can be either/both male or female.

*Perhaps its meaning wasn't dependent on a presumption of a shared negative opinion of pornography. Perhaps you spoke in code. Perhaps you think that guys accept this sort of cheapening of an argument if it comes from another guy and only get pissed off if a woman does it.*

Again, lots of rhetorical flourish, little substance. But then, perhaps you don't feel you have to demonstrate substance, since you've got the weight of Culture on your side. Triple sheesh.

1. Porn is complicated stuff. First off, it's real hard to define. One man's porn is another woman's erotica, and so on. So I'm not talking about "porn" here (never was). What I'm talking about is the specific relationship between the fantasy object and the reader. \*If\* one claims the right to reimagine the poet at will, and for one's own purposes and pleasure solely, then it seems to me a not so terrible leap to a parallel with other sorts of objectifications and appropriations, i.e., a certain way of reading what-for convenience, though without much accuracy--I'll call porn-as-placeholder. It's not the \*content\* that creates the

problem (the context of a woman's nakedness, for example, matters very much). It's the manner of reading. "Porn" in my estimation describes a \*relationship\* in which one party has the power and privilege of objectifying another party, perhaps against her will, in ways that are echoed and amplified in oppressive structures throughout the "real" world. (And I think this is what Susan Kap-paeler means when she talks about the pornography of representation.) You can continue to pretend that my argument is simply a knee-jerk antiporn tirade combined with a vicious personal attack on the good poet Bromige if that's simpler for you.

2. What "cheapening of an argument" is going on here? What valuable material is being destroyed by the introduction of the porn parallel? Gah. Why is there always this ferocious response by a few men when a woman ventures anywhere near the realm of the erotic in other than traditional dress? So I compared a way of reading poetry to a way of reading pornography? Don't get your panties in a twist.

*For the record, I thought, based on your words, that you were an officer in the armies of darkness. But then, I don't read very well.*

3. I'm not an officer, son. I \*work\* for a living.

Sgt-Maj Tal, Vagina Dentata Division, Legions of Hell

"A sucking chest wound is nature's way of telling you that you've been in a firefight."

Kali Tal

Sixties Project & Viet Nam Generation, Inc.

PO Box 13746, Tucson, AZ 85732-3746



Sixties Project: <http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/sixties/>

Home Page: <http://www.azintl.edu>

[↑ Contents](#)

823. **Tenney Nathanson**

***acrimony, or, being wishy-washy at Wimbledon***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

this is just to register my somewhat (perhaps) inappropriate pleasure at the growing David / Kali archive. The acrimonious edge may be more fun from the sidelines (or not); but anyway it's so nice to sit here watching the ball fly back and forth, and really irresponsibly not to feel any interest at all in taking up sides. They have each answered correctly, that is each one according to "his" nature. Emerald becoming emeralds, etc.

(btw I know both the gladiators--though only slightly--and find both nothing but enjoyable. go figger.)

yrs w cricked neck,

tenney

-----

tenney nathanson



<http://www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/>

[↑ Contents](#)

824. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Oh my god I've been objectified.

Look, your globalization of a theory about gender relations, like the term "the pornography of representation," is not lingua franca, it's a code. And it carries a value judgement for a simple soul like me. Maybe it's the cultural context.

Actually, I like women in combat boots. But I think it's ungentlemanly to talk about your lingerie, twisted or not. After all, we hardly know each other.

Maybe we can dispense with the ad hominem.

At 09:57 PM 6/26/97 MDT, you wrote:

>>Perhaps your equating of a way of reading with a specifically male interest  
>>in pornography

>

>No. You don't seem to read very well. Please note the line in the  
>paragraph you quoted:

>

>>And it doesn't

>>matter who the woman (or the guy) in the photo is--their bio is completely  
>>and wholly irrelevant because the reader is in it for \*himself\* (or herself,  
>>as the case may be).

>

>Right there, in the heart of the argument is the clear statement that  
>objects and objectifiers can be either/both male or female.

>

>>Perhaps its meaning wasn't

>>dependent on a presumption of a shared negative opinion of pornography.  
>>Perhaps you spoke in code. Perhaps you think that guys accept this sort of  
>>cheapening of an argument if it comes from another guy and only get pissed  
>>off if a woman does it.

>

>Again, lots of rhetorical flourish, little substance. But then, perhaps you  
>don't feel you have to demonstrate substance, since you've got the weight of  
>Culture on your side. Triple sheesh.

>

>1. Porn is complicated stuff. First off, it's real hard to define. One  
>man's porn is another woman's erotica, and so on. So I'm not talking about  
>"porn" here (never was). What I'm talking about is the specific  
>relationship between the fantasy object and the reader. \*If\* one claims the  
>right to reimagine the poet at will, and for one's own purposes and pleasure  
>solely, then it seems to me a not so terrible leap to a parallel with other  
>sorts of objectifications and appropriations, i.e., a certain way of reading  
>what--for convenience, though without much accuracy--I'll call  
>porn-as-placeholder. It's not the \*content\* that creates the problem (the  
>context of a woman's nakedness, for example, matters very much). It's the  
>manner of reading. "Porn" in my estimation describes a \*relationship\* in  
>which one party has the power and privilege of objectifying another party,  
>perhaps against her will, in ways that are echoed and amplified in  
>oppressive structures throughout the "real" world. (And I think this is  
>what Susan Kappeler means when she talks about the pornography of  
>representation.) You can continue to pretend that my argument is simply a  
>knee-jerk antiporn tirade combined with a vicious personal attack on the  
>good poet Bromige if that's simpler for you.

>

>2. What "cheapening of an argument" is going on here? What valuable  
>material is being destroyed by the introduction of the porn parallel? Gah.  
>Why is there always this ferocious response by a few men when a woman  
>ventures anywhere near the realm of the erotic in other than traditional  
>dress? So I compared a way of reading poetry to a way of reading  
>pornography? Don't get your panties in a twist.

>

>>For the record, I thought, based on your words, that you were an officer in  
>>the armies of darkness. But then, I don't read very well.

>

>3. I'm not an officer, son. I \*work\* for a living.

>

>Sgt-Maj Tal, Vagina Dentata Division, Legions of Hell

>

>"A sucking chest wound is nature's way of telling you that you've been in a  
>firefight."  
>Kali Tal  
>Sixties Project & Viet Nam Generation, Inc.  
>PO Box 13746, Tucson, AZ 85732-3746  
>[REDACTED]  
>Sixties Project: <http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/sixties/>  
>Home Page: <http://www.azintl.edu>  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

825. **Alan \* Sondheim**

***Dead as Can Be***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

\*

Post-Dryden Fragment

violent forces pervade the protocols  
Julu screaming in dreadful datagrams  
or Jennifer at war with black hole drops:  
Give them names! Give them names! thus Alan cries  
as RAM fills up, spilled data, TCP  
lumbers half-empty through the swollen wires  
She'd want us! yells one half the Network plane  
She's coming! yells the other back again -  
a bleak occurrence, storms raging far below  
where dim tubes carry photons hot with text  
ready for her, for us, for them, for you; now think  
of crazy-Julu-hell, and file follows file  
to the rim or nervous screen, thin fingers grasp  
the keys, control-X sends, and everything is gone  
from one true world to this, her screen now blanked  
or lost or black or dimmed or otherwise  
just \_off\_, she was a little, but the network swells,  
becomes her, us, he, she, we, or them, or you,  
turned against time and space's absence and/or lack,  
or proxy or prosthetic space, or space yet undefined  
as \_this\_ ID wracks routes and routers work  
at it or through it. such routers, drawn, inert,  
read not nor comprehend our Julu's savage spread

everywhere that's lost its place, a \_thing\_  
that isn't there, that Julu-is. Jennifer wisely knows  
\_here,\_ in frock and smiles, uncanny fantasy  
that she will sing, tune or ditty, all the time  
heard everywhere at once ('that's lost its place') -  
It works! Julu and Jennifer merge hard  
And in their she, an absent Network, dreamed -  
Oh, is this necessary?! one might speak, or not,  
and other answer, as two lips turn one,  
or many or none at all, all this, they say  
is unaccounted-for, and unaccountable, All this,  
they say, is \_them, for them! Now routers burn,  
nodes fire, vectors churn: O Jennifer! O Julu!  
Alan prays as data roars, flesh hardens and decays.

[↑ Contents](#)

826. **Dean A. Brink**

***Re: a next to last word***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Kent, you are obviously not interested in persuing my queries more objectively. You attack the person. You rally names, but the issues stand undeveloped: a string of denials and excuses. This is not a question of your conscience for me (no confessions, please) but of the way the situation of the editing came to be. Who knows, if we could sustain a cool exchange we might learn something.

I have no reason to apologize to you. I have based my statements on your words regarding the editing policy, and was not initially interested in the anthology's contents (thus naturally didn't read it). It's a matter of quoting a virtual preface when discussing a specific issue, not of reviewing your entire anthology. Broadcast that I'm cynical about New Age things, fine. I'm sure many will agree. Tell them I've attacked their work (which I have never done, and have denied thrice), and you are simply lying.

I have been continually been bringing issues to the floor. My first post was (as has been suggested) perhaps an example of a ritual attempt to get the discussion going by making overstated claims that later can be developed by all, fine-tuned, or dismissed. There's been some of this. But the "in this corner/that corner" makes for a bad taste in all of our mouths methinks.

There seems to be a chasm between those who revere Asia and those just are Asian, have lived in Asia, or who study Asia. I do not revere Asia or hold it up, nor put anywhere or any culture (including of course American) up on a pedestal. The historical contexts for our various cultures and mixes of cultures

are too interesting and really, historically beautiful. Including the thought. To revere Asia and establish a coterie around this is something foreign to me.

KENT JOHNSON wrote that I should

"if not to an open and sincere apology, then at least to his temporary practice of some dignified silence on the matter."

Since when do we play the authoritarian God card?

*Now, it's apparent, no question, that Mr. Brink is intelligent and knows quite a bit about his field.*

Thank you very much. Here, play the voice of God.

*Thus I would, with a sigh, like to propose the following to Mr. Brink:  
Go find the book, read it, think about it, and then come back and make your complaint if you still have one.*

I don't want to spoil your party, just question the unconscious/ideological thinking that went into your compilation. I will not critique this book on those terms, in the context we have created. Again, the issue for me had to do with the politics of the editing, not the contents.

*"you've been downright abusive toward the integrity of a number of good people in the process."*

How could this be so, when I haven't even mentioned anyone but us two?

Sorry our romance will have to be cut short. Backchannel me when you get back.

There must be some common ground for understanding ...



[↑ Contents](#)

827. **Kali Tal**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Kent, I'm writing this tonight in hopes you'll catch it before you vanish for a month. Fair questions, and I'm happy to answer them.

I did indeed take issue with Dodie's decision to question the authenticity of Kim Dawn's claim to be a female person, but it was not the question which bothered me; it was the context. The purpose of the question \*appeared\* to me to be located in Dodie's desire to undermine Kim Dawn's authority. I drew that conclusion because of Dodie's concomitant criticisms of Kim Dawn's lack of proper ladylike demeanor (as compared to Kathy Acker's allegedly exemplary public persona). Strategically, it seemed that Dodie had made a particular choice to



undermine Kim Dawn's "femininity" first by criticizing her actions as improper, and then--having established the unladylike nature of Kim Dawn's speech/acts--delivering a double-whammy by questioning whether a person so unladylike could indeed \*be\* a lady or even a woman. So I asked the following questions, which you quoted in your last post:

*"I'm also put off by Dodie's later attempt to undermine Kim Dawn's \*author\*ity by attempting to cast doubt upon her claim to be female. (Does it actually matter if KD is female? How would we revise our interpretation if she were a he?)"*

Please notice that at the same time I am asking whether it matters if Kim Dawn is female (and I think it does matter in the context of the discussion where the question was raised), I am also asking how the knowledge that "she" was actually a "he" would change our interpretation of the textual events which we'd read/witnessed. What I was doing (attempting to do) was pointing out the way Dodie's inquiry functioned as a rhetorical tactic in this particular argument. As I noted in one of my previous posts,

*I don't think identity is essential, but I think that people essentially identify and that how we think about what we are creates not only what \*we\* are but, when we're members of a dominant group, what \*other\* people think they are; we limit or define what other people can and cannot be.*

Dodie's was, I thought, a tactic which reinforced/reinscribed power hierarchies of a dominant over an oppressed group. Note, please, that I consider Dodie, a female person, to be a fully able participant in the business of reinforcing hegemony. Identity is a process, not a fixed position, which is why women can find themselves allied with men against other women (not, mind you, always a bad thing), or why Malcolm X, after his pilgrimage to Mecca, could redefine his identity to be ideology-based as well as (and perhaps even more than) racially based.

*... I read you now to be saying pretty emphatically that an empirically verifiable author with an empirically verifiable history is crucial (lest we fall as readers into a kind of "pornographic" largesse, where we make of the author a mere object for our fantasies), I was thinking that now would be a good time to ask you to clarify the apparent contradiction.*

You do add a twist to the argument that I would never endorse. "Empiricism" is possible only when we've agreed upon a standard of measurement, and I don't think we've yet developed any system for accurately gauging and testing identity. The problem with your reconstruction of my argument is that, again, it assumes that identity is fixed. It's not. In some ways it's utterly dependent upon context. Take, for example, my student, Claudaniel. He's of Haitian descent,

appearing to my eyes as a medium-brown African-American with nappy hair. But he lives in Tucson and--because he speaks fluent creole and French and has a talent for languages--picked up Spanish very easily. In the Southwest, he is often taken for Chicano. In Haiti, he's frequently mistaken for white (he says he's the lightest member of his family), though he's far too dark to be assumed white in the U.S. In Brooklyn, where he goes to visit his cousins in the summer, he's usually assumed to be black, sometimes thought to be Puerto Rican. If you ask him what he is, he'll say, "Haitian." But then he'll pause, and muse for a moment, and say, "African-American," too. I couldn't (and wouldn't want to) measure his identity. What interests me is the process of his passage through different social/cultural spaces, and the way his identity emphases shift when he goes from here to there. All positions he occupies are authentically Clau-daniel, but the social pressures and circumstances change as he relocates, and each venue seems to allow for the expression of different aspects of "himself".

We all experience identity shifts like this to some degree, but persons who identify (or are identified) as members of oppressed groups experience more external enforcement of identity than members of privileged groups. As an illustration of this, I can offer my African American students' litany of stories about a) getting stopped for driving a nice car because police assume that black kids in nice cars are drug dealers; b) getting followed around by security in department stores because security personnel assume that black kids are in department stores to steal things; c) dealing with the poorly concealed racism of the white parents of friends and lovers. Externally imposed identity is as real as internally embraced identity--few things are more "authentic" than the knowledge that you could get killed merely because people *\*think\** they know who you are. I have African American friends, a married couple, who fear for the life of their young adult son because the boy has a psychological illness which causes him to act aggressively and irrationally at times. Their son lives in a city that has a police force with a brutal reputation, and my friends are quite aware that an episode could be fatal for their son under certain circumstances--circumstances that white parents would not have to worry about. Their son *\*is\** upper-class, but at the same time, he is also African American. The importance/primacy of each identifier shifts depending upon the context.

*Does the contradiction imply that you feel that for some groups, classes, ethnicities, it is necessary for authors to have a "real," traceable identity, but in other cases this is not necessary? Or are "transgressions" of normative understandings of the author's function (i.e. where the name of the "author" is the name of the writer) improper in all cases?*

In my experience, authors tend not to hide their identities unless they have a specific purpose in mind. Most authors *\*like\** being known, and those who

don't are anomolous enough so that we know them for \*not\* wanting to be known (Pynchon, Salinger). In cases of deliberately concealed or withheld identity, I am interested in both the author's intent and in the general impact of the work. Some identity-concealing tactics are quite easy to understand--George Sand, George Eliot, James Tiptree, Jr., etc. wrote under masculine pen names because it brought them (a limited number of) masculine privileges. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to analyze that sort of passing. Frank Yerby, however, is more interesting. For those of you who aren't into romance novels, Frank Yerby is one of the pillars of the genre; he's black but has constructed his oeuvre quite carefully to give no sign of this. He made a mint on his writing. What do I think of this? I think it's complicated, and contemplating Yerby always sends me back to James Weldon Johnson's *Autobiography of An Ex-Colored Man*. (The latter is also fascinating in terms of the identity question because so many folks mistake the novel for an autobiography when the "real" JWJ couldn't have been farther from his protagonist.) And then there are the well-known "fakes" by white authors, like "Danny Santiago's" *Famous All Over Town* or, to bring class into it, Rebecca Harding Davis' *Life in the Iron Mills*. How about gender crossing within races, like Ernest Gaines' *Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, which almost everyone who reads it takes \*as\* an autobiography? Or, even within a single "identity," what about the multiple and self-contradictory autobiographies of Lillian Hellman or Mary McCarthy? Each one of these works (and their authors) can be read and understood in context, with identity factored into the mix.

There is no single answer, no prescription, for how and when identity matters, no formula that will let you know for sure if identity is of primary importance in \*this\* case or \*that\* one. So I always factor it in, using as much information as I've got available, asking around for more, and depending upon the one constant in all of this, which is that no matter how much I know about a writer, my grasp of his or identity will never be complete. Like identity itself, for me understanding is a process rather than an end to be reached.

Hope this clarifies things.

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

828. **John Cayley**

**work(s) <vacation> text(s)**

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

\*\*\* one message for many \*\*\*

\*\*\* the problem of address \*\*\*

\*\*\* cross-posting apologetics \*\*\*

\*\*\* and sign(n)ature \*\*\*

\*\*\* pretended . embarrassed \*\*\*

Hypertext Special issue of \_Postmodern Culture\_

<http://www.iath.virginia.edu/pmc/issue.597/>

Book Unbound

<http://www.iath.virginia.edu/pmc/issue.597/cayley/>

electropoetics issue of \_the electronic book review\_

<http://www.altx.com/ebr/>

<http://www.altx.com/ebr/ebr5/contents.htm>

'Why did they make things like this'

<http://www.altx.com/ebr/ebr5/likintro.htm>

'The King is dead, long live the King' - HT'97

<http://www.altx.com/ebr/ebr5/cayley.htm>

Where the Sea Stands Still

<http://www.illumin.co.uk/ica/wsss/>

WellSweep

<http://www.demon.co.uk/eastfield/wells/>

beached?

----- > John Cayley / Wellsweep Press

<http://www.demon.co.uk/eastfield/> 1 Grove End House 150 Highgate Road

London NW5 1PD UK Tel & Fax: (██████████) Email: ██████████ <-----

-----

[↑ Contents](#)

829. **Peter Ganick**

***body-as-text discussion***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

hi buffalo-l-er's-----

i don't think alan sondheim would mind if i

forwarded this post of his to the fop-list

made an hour ago-----

it bears relevance to the "body-as-text" discussion

proposed by kdawn earlier----

out-----

peter ganick

To: ██████████

From: Peter Ganick <██████████>

Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion

Sender: FOP-L <[REDACTED]>  
From: Alan \* Sondheim <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion  
To: Multiple recipients of list FOP-L <[REDACTED]>

*I'm curious - with your computing skills and equipment - what are your ultimate goals - what do you want to do?*

*I find myself constantly having to pare back, for example, ignoring C++ in order to concentrate on the languages I know to some extent, and can use. With essays, I try to read things that are sent me within three days; if not, I have to expunge them.*

*I move from one operating system to another; I feel I have good knowledge of linux and Win95, poor still of Mac, but getting there. I'm getting close to 250 - 300 messages a day.*

*I want to feel I'm within the internals of the machine, and understand the psychoanalytical and philosophical ramifications of technology. I want to do this without disregarding the body, or its splitting re: issues of embodiment and virtuality - and I don't want to go for simplistic answers (which usually carry the day). I try to keep up with "the literature" as best I can; much of it seems anecdotal (this is what a MUD does) or naive (cyber-relationships are/aren't "real").*

*Since I'm not institutionalized, I can rarely go to the conferences I've applied to, to present a paper; there's no money. Since I can't go to the conferences, the feedback on my work is minimal, so I have to conduct imaginary conversations - here I'm naive, there I've maybe made a point. Although I do get into print (off or online) often, there's no real community of discussion surrounded my work, so these dialogs get increasingly psychotic.*

*Beyond this, I remember when I began thinking through these issues in the 70s (I did something called The Structure of Reality then, which I still refer to), I figured I wanted to work on the mediation of mind and world vis-a-vis formal and informal systems - and how this mediation constructed or was constructed by/for mind. And I've remained fastened on this to the present.*

*With your work on your computers, adding programs (I remember you talked about all the Network monitoring addons for Win95 you downloaded), I wonder where your interest lies, what your goals are? And I'm sending this to the lists, since I'm curious about others' configurations as well.*

*(For myself, I've stabilized linux and the Mac and Win95 configs, as well as my Win 3.+ stuff, so they're functional and somewhat interoperational; with the Mac, I've clumsily looked at Applescript, backed out a bit, and*

*do most of my experimentation on linux, either RedHat or Slackware varieties. And I still feel that one needs at least some of this in order to understand TCP/IP or other protocols, to understand the Net in general, beyond the user interface. For the user interface is always a system, as Richard MacKinnon might say, of governance, and there's protocol and governance all the way down, and we had better look at it.)*

*Alan, musing*

URL: [http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html)  
MIRROR with other pages at: [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt)  
IMAGES: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> TEL [REDACTED]  
EXPERIMENTAL (on and off): <http://166.84.250.149> Editor, BEING ON LINE

[↑ Contents](#)

830. **David Israel**

**Re: (Fwd) Eliot Weinberger / orientalism?**

Fri 27 Jun 1997

A chit to register delight in reading Eliot Weinberger's observations (as forwarded by Kent Johnson). Among his fine points too numerous to number, the distinction between "orientalism" (as homage) and "racism" (as derision) is an interesting one.

The ways in which any writer draws nourishment from writers of the past (whether those writers lives were grounded in lands & cultures that are allegedly "other" such as Asian cultures, or that are supposedly "ours" -- such as so-called western cultures) -- these ways are intimate, subtle, not always easily tracked, and not, I think, usefully susceptible to such fervid, broad-brush condemnations as seemed to issue from Dean Brink (unless I was misreading him?). (I never once thought of the term "new age" in connection w/ the Beneath anthology, btw. There are several fallacies that can emerge from not actually looking at a book that one is maligning. [One might more meaningfully malign if one has glanced at the work in question. ;-} ]

IS Socrates or Shakespeare more "mine" than is Li Po or T'ao Yuan-ming or the Buddha? Or are they all "other"? -- I mean, is even Bob Dylan really "mine"? Is John F. Kennedy certainly "mine" while Mohandas Gandhi is definitively "other"?)

These things get complicated. For instance, it so happens that I taught the poetry of Li Po and T'ao Yuan-ming and the life of the Buddha in my Quaker school in Souther Calif. before I was taught about the ideas of Socrates or the plays of

William Shakespeare. I grew up listening to Indian music as well as rock'n'roll as well as classical music etc. Today, is it now reprehensibly "orientalist" of me still to delight in Ravi Shankar (from Benares), but suitable for me enjoy the Beatles (from Liverpool)? In the world, perhaps there are various circles of nearness & distance -- but I'm not sure that geography is quite so bifurcated. Finally, it's all "other" and can only be made "mine" by an act of imagination. To the extent that imagination is sloppy and lumbering and licking in depth, charges of whatever "ISM" may be meaningful, perhaps. But to assume that -- say -- the poetry of American Buddhists must, ipso facto, be new agist or orientalist or any other sort of ist, seems a bit sloppyist.

"Culture" (a term of shifty meanings surely) has collective underpinnings obviously, but it's also personally assembled, individually (re)created. For any poet worth his Hellenistic slave-salt, imaginal affinities will blossom where they will, as they will. It takes work to absorb & gain things from Su T'ung-Po or Shelley or William Carlos Williams -- the very act of reading & absorbing is an appropriation of a sort. But in the view of poets willing to share her writing with future generations, it's not, methinks, inappropriate.

These have been lengthy days, -- simply to keep up w/ the Poetics torrent. Summer at full throttle.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

### 831. **David Israel**

#### ***p.s, re: (Fwd) Eliot Weinberger / orientalism?***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

amid early morning e-sloppinesses was my omission of the word "was" from one sentence:

<< For instance, it so happens that I \*[was]\* taught the poetry of Li Po and T'ao Yuan-ming and the life of the Buddha in my Quaker school in Souther Calif. before I was taught about the ideas of Socrates or the plays of William Shakespeare. . . . >>

(Actually, I suppose we studied Moses & Hamlet at more or less the \*same\* time as we were learning of the Buddha etc.)

Further, Dean -- on one point from your dialogue w/ Kent (since by now he's perhaps unplugged) -- where he says that just only he, but every participant in the Beneath book was being indicted? -- to which you respond that you were only specifically condemning Kent-as-editor? --



one could look back at the flurry & slurry of posts to check, but by my recollection, \*Lew\* did seem to condemn the whole kit & caboodle. It might be possible that Kent commingled Lew's critique w/ yours -- or did you perhaps approvingly quote Lew (& thus presumably incorporate that broad-brush diatribe by inclusion)? Anyhow, no matter. Perhaps you & KJ will meet on other ground after a time.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

832. **Susan Wheeler**

***Re: POETICS Digest - 25 Jun 1997 to 26 Jun 1997***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

David Israel wrote:

>

>this also reminds of an opera by Robert Ashley (an in-progress segment  
>of which played in Merkin Hall, NYC some years ago); -- Ashley's sci-fi  
>scenario involves a figure (named something like "Bob"?) who, being an  
>extraterrestrial investigator of earth civilization, gives (in recetativ)  
brief,

>verbal-snapshot reports on various of the folks in his immediate (maybe  
>Sunday brunch-like) surround. These (strangely epiphanic) reports are  
>presented in the rhetorical form of personsals-ad-style notices ...

>

Isn't this his spy thriller eL/Aficionado, or did he use the personal ad motifs in more than one?

Susan Wheeler

██████████

voice/fax ██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

833. **hg**

***Re: Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

David Bromige's long defense of poetic/reader/relativity/seductivity/autonomy certainly rings true. On the other hand, there's a certain passion for the truth, allied to curiosity, which motivates us to see THROUGH the masks, keep sharpening the focus. What charmed the adolescent reader no longer delights (not in every case, but many). & no, it didn't matter where Mick Jagger came from when you first heard the Stones; but then you heard Robert Johnson's version. Not that one is necessarily better than the other; they just bring to mind



different histories. This is partly what I understand Kali to be talking about. - H. Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

834. **hg**

***Re: identity of the poet***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

On Fri, 27 Jun 1997 09:22:01 +-900 Daniel Tessitore said:

> \_\_\_\_\_

>

>I don't get a lot of things and on a regular basis, so entertain my  
>question put another way:

>

>Saying that R. Johnson is from somewhere in the US and M. Jagger is from  
>somewhere in the UK is not the same thing as saying R. Johnson is from  
>somewhere in the US and M. Jagger ISN'T from that place.

>

>Do both of these constructions "help," or just one of them?

I think the difference between the 2 statements is a function of the fact that Johnson was the "originator" of the tunes as we know them & Jagger the imitator. But Blarnes told us we couldn't talk about this. Has anyone read Blarnes' new book - *\_Shelved in Darkness : Sexuality, Identity, and Literacy in Karmic Tailspin\_* - available from Univ. of Left Overbie Press soon after the millennium? I know many of you can't have read this yet, not having achieved the Tenth Level of Yogic Relativity, & it's not out yet - for you - but anyway... - Henry G.

[↑ Contents](#)

835. **hg**

***Re: long article up for criticism if yr up for it!***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

On Thu, 26 Jun 1997 19:43:57 -0300 Stephen C. Ellwood said:

>On Tue, 24 Jun 1997, henry g wrote:

>

> If poetry is promoted for its use-value

>> alone (empowerment) the tendency while empowering also blunts the critical

>> edge (or one of its edges, anyway)...

>

>Could you explain this for me a bit? The use value thing, I mean. It

>seems interesting and important but I don't fully grasp what it

>is/you assert it is.

>

By use-value I mean the value of a work of writing for political or propagandistic purposes. A work can be promoted in order to forward the interests of a particular group, but ironically there's an inverse ratio between use-value and intrinsic value. An example: the integrity of any Disney version of a folk tale compared to the original. The Disney version is pure use-value (useful for Disney). I'm speaking in general. Let's not get started on Mickey Mouse or Fantasia, please. - Donald Duck

Actually, this doesn't really get very close to your question. What I mean is, compare "Quiet Flows the Don", a novel very useful to the Stalin regime, to "Master & Margarita". Quiet Flows was useful to the regime to the extent that it was not critical of same. - Woody Woodpecker

Can't you find a better example, Woody? Like, show how a single work loses its critical edge when used for propaganda?  
- Ed Sullivan

[↑ Contents](#)

---

836. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: heat wave reception...***

Fri 27 Jun 1997

---

please someone -- give joe a popsicle QUICK -- he's beginning to go into popsicle failure... palpitations, rapid pulse, shallow breathing...

i did my chemistry exam yesterday, first of three, and have lived to tell of it. i feel i must shout this to the world.

does anyone have an atom they'd like spectroscopic notation for, perchance? or perhaps orbital analysis? introduction to chemistry must be good for SOMETHING in this cruel cruel world... e

[↑ Contents](#)

---

837. **Tom Mandel**

***individual as syndrome***

Fri 27 Jun 1997

---

Someone (sorry not to know who) wrote:

*...To me reading poetry and prose, and perhaps to an even larger extent looking at visual art, is a project of untangling the personality/personal insecurities etc. of the author first and foremost.*

Here we have the mess we all have made presented as if it supported an intellectual or even theoretical position. In a nutshell, the model of a "rationalized" "individualism" of consumers on a global scale extending to all manner of relationships winds up in our little "economy" called poetry in the form of an isolated someone thinking of a poem as a looking glass into the author, and the author as a mirror for understanding the self. Reading becomes a "figuring out" of the poem as a stage on the way to figuring out that ultimate mystery "moi." Yuck.

In particular this yuck leads to ideas like "the primacy of the reader" (huh?)

Here's an alternative model: the minute you have two people together it becomes possible to do more than the sum of what the two would be able to do separately. More and other. Think of the poem as a figure of people coming together rather than as a figure of the author's isolation (rhyme or mirror for the reader's isolation).

Lets suppose we pursue that idea in some direct and probably overstated way and conceive of poems as figures of the social contract. Now, there is no problem whatever responding to The Iliad, right? But, there is also no problem responding to Wyatt's poems of exile with their (someone wanted to call them) conventional topoi. Nor to a John Donne sonnet nor Paul Celan's "Tenebrae." How about that?

If I say that I could not be more bored by anything than by "the personality/personal insecurities etc. of the author" (let alone "untangling" them [why?]), I am not stating a difference in taste from the writer of those words. What scope has poetry if this is its use? What possible world would we make of such interests? As I said above, yuck.

Tom Mandel

Tom Mandel

\*\*\*\*\*

Screen Porch \* <http://screenporch.com>

4031 University Dr. Suite 200 \* vox: [REDACTED]

Fairfax, VA 22030-3409 \* fax: [REDACTED]

\*\*\*\*\*

Join the Caucus Conversation

[↑ Contents](#)

838. **hg**

***Re: individual as syndrome***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

I think poetry does its thing somewhere in between the Mandel/Bromige divide. We're not all cogs in the collective psyche, either. Two's a crowd. - Spandrift, for Blarnes, who's busy on a millennium-book-promo tour in the 11th dimension.

[↑ Contents](#)

839. **Tod Thilleman/Meredith Brosnan**

***Re: Poetry New York #9***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

much delayed PNY #9 now off the presses. Please e-mail with address and I'll send and bill.

Cover photo and insides by Anne Arden McDonald performance artist from recent Kitchen appearance.

Michael Basinski  
Yves Bonnefoy  
Michel Butor  
Nick Carbo  
David Clippinger  
Annabelle Honza Clippinger  
Denise Duhamel  
Graham Duncan  
Rachel Blau DuPlessis  
Rhina Espaillat  
Thomas Fink  
Cheryl Fish  
Grant Flint  
Reid Fontaine  
Chris Funkhouser  
Peggy Garrison  
Loss Pequeno Glazier  
Henry Gould  
Robert Hershon  
Francis Jammes  
Devin Johnston  
Veronika Kapustina  
Alexander Klein  
Dean Kostos

Lynn Levin  
Bill Luoma  
Joan McNerney  
Philip Metres  
Samuel Menashe  
Stephen Paul Miller  
Sheila Murphy  
Joe Napora  
Claire Needell-Hollander  
Pablo Neruda  
Peter O'Leary  
Sylvester Pollet  
Carl Rakosi  
Corinne Robins  
Bertha Rogers  
Hoyt Rogers  
Leslie Scalapino  
Elio Schneeman  
Chris Semansky  
Lee Sharkey  
Chris Stroffolino  
John Tipton  
Rosanne Wasserman  
Ben Wilensky  
get it while it be hot!

[↑ Contents](#)

840. **Mark Prejsnar**

***Re: POETICS Digest - 24 Jun 1997 to 25 Jun 1997***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Responses to poetry, or to the kind of poetries I give a damn about, ought to be very intense on the level of the text..Background doesn't interest some readers, in the first instance. Sound is actually more interesting than biography; but on the other hand, the experience of sound can't be divorced from \*social/political\* stuff (which ain't true of personal details..) The ear is socially constructed. Many recent posts about "knowing who the poet is," in relation to encountering a poem, come down to a rough consensus that knowing is, for them, a good/important thing..In relation to that, it's pretty interesting to look at the magazine *Antenym*, which goes out of its way to head in the other direction, using a table of contents to identify the poets, but not identifying 'em in the body of the magazine...So it takes work to i.d. a poet, and in the first instance one's experience

is of "anonymous" work. (If my Atlanta compatriot J. Lowther manages to get his excellent mag *Syntactics* off the ground soon, there will be at least two examples of this approach..) As *Antenym* is one of the very best contemporary mags, the decision to downgrade the usual centrality of authorship, is provocative and interesting. (Steve C. may wish to comment, if I am misconstruing his aims or POV)

One of the most fascinating things about Yasusada (and this is the major overlap with Ern Malley, otherwise the political/historical tensions acted out in the two affairs are quite distinct) is that "he" demonstrates the tension between these two levels: the level of immediate engagement with a poetic performance (the *antenym*-level, as it were) and the background information. People who rapidly praised Yasusada, like Max Harris and his confederates, with their delight in the non-existent Malley, were responding on the *antenym*-level, saying the sweep of the poetic performance was compelling...Or were they? Certainly some people have insisted in print that it was the faked-up historico-biographical trappings that impressed people about Yasusada, not the work itself..It seems there was a probably a mix of motives, varying from reader to reader.

At this point we haven't yet even addressed the politics of Yasusada; here again questions of "orientalism" in the strictly pejorative Said sense, raise their heads..As, in some sense, must have been the intention of the shadowy cabal floating behind AS! and Susan W formulates some of these very well..But fascinating also is the question of whether you can in some respects experience a poem meaningfully \*within a moment\* that is pure response to music, to performative fire. I think you can, and that too rapid a desire to insist on \*background\* slips often into basic establishment anti-modernist literary-ism.

Mark

On Thu, 26 Jun 1997, Susan  
Wheeler wrote:

*Questions that intersect with all three of these threads:*

*Is it possible to successfully construct a text that emulates, or speaks from, another's experience? Is the attempt itself doomed by its lack of access to another's culture? Moreover, is the attempt itself necessarily colonialist/appropriationist -- or does its value depend upon either intent or result? And (Marjorie's question in the Yasasuda brouhaha) is the reader "duped" if the reader mistakes the writer's true identity, or is this simply another function of the text?*

*My own answers differ with the day, so I'm interested in others' --*

*Susan Wheeler*  
[REDACTED]

voice/fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

841. **Judy Roitman**  
**Re: Buddhism and Racism**

Fri 27 Jun 1997

*And I just learned on NPR that scat singing owes something to davening and all that Yiddish biddybiddybombom stuff.*

*Cultures just don't seem to be able to stay in their defined places, do they.*

-----  
Judy Roitman | "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers!  
Math, University of Kansas | memory fails  
Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days."  
[REDACTED] | Larry Eigner,  
1927-1996  
-----

*Interesting. Did they mention the path of transmission? (oy, sounds like a virus) (from Mark Weiss)*

At least one. Louie Armstrong used to hang out with a Jewish family and was "very comfortable with Jewish ritual" (I that's an approximate quote from Fresh Air --- it was an interview with Armstrong's most recent biographer). But apparently there were other paths as well.

----- Judy Roitman  
| "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | mem-  
ory fails Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." [REDACTED]  
| Larry Eigner, 1927-1996  
-----

[↑ Contents](#)

842. **Steve Shoemaker**  
**Re: body-as-text discussion**

Fri 27 Jun 1997

Interesting forward of Alan by Peter. What is "fop-list"? Thanks.

Steve Shoemaker

[↑ Contents](#)

843. **Alan \* Sondheim**

***Re: body-as-text discussion***

Fri 27 Jun 1997

---

It's a list Laurie Cubbison and I co-moderate, fiction-of-philosophy, [REDACTED], which contains anything from experimental writing to traditional stuff, with occasional discussion. It's fairly small, around 130.

Alan

On Fri, 27 Jun 1997, Steve Shoemaker wrote:

*Interesting forward of Alan by Peter. What is "fop-list"? Thanks.*

*Steve Shoemaker*

URL: [http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html) MIRROR with other pages at: [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt) IMAGES: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> TEL [REDACTED] EXPERIMENTAL (on and off): <http://166.84.250.149> Editor, BEING ON LINE

[↑ Contents](#)

844. **michael corbin**

***Re: individual as syndrome***

Fri 27 Jun 1997

---

Possibly semi-related to those recent posts on occidentalism, pornography of representation, and poetry after the end of things, getting to know the author of deeds, etc:

*Reports from Cambodia over the past two days have suggested that Pol Pot, the leader of the Khmer Rouge political movement, may have surrendered to breakaway Khmer Rouge forces in a remote part of northern Cambodia. These reports could not be confirmed independently, but if they are true, a unique opportunity exists to ensure accountability for gross human rights violations committed in the recent past.*

It is true that a trial of Pol Pot (Saloth Sar) would be an amazing late 20th century event, a window to the soul of historical species being. A chance to sink one's teeth into a notion of justice that seems to have become no more than diaphanous will-o-wisp. An arraignment of Saloth Sar sub judice would be a



capsule of possible hope, despite our weak international legalisms and our variously enervated humanisms.

But what contexts for an accounting? Prince Norodom Ranariddh and Hun Sen knew they made a devilish bargain when they granted an amnesty to Khmer Rouge foreign minister, and former Pol Pot brother-in-law Ieng Sary in a true Machiavellian gesture to bolster their variously contested princely realm. This and other gestures and events has succeeded in dividing and conquering the Khmer Rouge and indeed why Pol Pot has been 'captured'. (Ranariddh acknowledges now that maybe Pol Pot won't be 'turned over'). So Pol Pot might make it to the dock but maybe at the high price of the analogs of Geobbel and Eichmann (those like Ta Mok, Khieu Samphan and Nuon Chea) using him to purchase their 'amnesty'.

And of course the potential judges dawdle. The superpower's Areopagus is filled with the money-changers. The right-reverend secretary of state Albright (who has had her memory lapses with other mass death) cancels her trip to Cambodia because of 'safety concerns'. Convenient for the state dept and new-world-clintonism. China has already said that it will throttle a necessary Security Council(TM) vote for a Tribunal. Will the Canadians or the Dutch show a little pluck using their genocide statutes and take matters into their own hands?

Depite the largest single UN effort of 'peace-making' in its history the Cambodian 'war' has no periodizing Yalta. Thus, like with South Africa's "Truth and Reconciliation Commission" where the Erinyes are held in check by the quid pro quo of confession and amnesty--the plea bargain--Cambodia, and its accomplices and innocents may know no atonement. A talking cure. History splits apart. It can have no Nuremberg. Phnom Penh is not Jerusalem. And justice awaits its suitor.

Of some possible interest:

<http://www.cybercambodia.com/dachs/>

<http://www.yale.edu/cgp/>

mc

[↑ Contents](#)

845. **groberts**

**cfp: Early T.S. Eliot**

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Dear Poetics Members,

I will be chairing a panel on the recent publication of *Inventions of the March Hare: Poems 1909-1917*, for the 1998 Northeastern Modern Language Association convention in Baltimore, April 17-18.

Topics may include but are not limited to early vers libre in English, revision and suppression of early poems, poetic reputation, intertextuality, poetic influence, cultural influence, the composition process, satire and vulgarity, Christopher Ricks' editing, etc., so long as the focus is on the poems in this collection, though not exclusively so of course. No particular critical method is required, and I hope to include different or even conflicting approaches if they will make for an interesting experience.

If you are interested please back-channel me for details. Panelist will need to become members of NEMLA (an easy and cheap enough process), before the conference.

Proposals (at least 500 words) and/or essays (10 pages max.) should be submitted by September 15, 1997. Electronic submissions welcome. Thanks.

Gary Roberts  
Department of English and American Literature  
Brandeis University  
P.O. Box 9110  
Waltham, MA 02254  


[↑ Contents](#)

846. **Daniel Tessitore**  
***Re: identity of the poet***  
*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

On Mon, 23 Jun 1997 04:20:55 +900 Daniel Tessitore said:

>HG wrote:

>

> What I thought Kali was saying was that where a writer's coming  
>from matters in the same way that it just helps to know that Mick Jagger  
>didn't grow up in the Alabama fields inventing Robert Johnson tunes.

>[warning: we already had the Stones discussion. no further comments

>allowed. - Blarnes]

>- HG

> \_\_\_\_\_

>

>How is knowing where a writer comes from the same as knowing where he or she

>DOESN'T come from? DT

Query relates to Susan Wheeler's. In astrophysics circles, this conundrum is known as the "Pessoa Phase-Warp Effect". Knowing Pessoa's heteronyms don't come from him tells you where Pessoa comes from. Get it? Or: "I am telling you I am not Pessoa." [Logical impasse at work.] Imagination is free and ambiguity is the foundation of our democracy. The perfect imitation of another's experience would be a work of autobiography, not art. The imperfect imitation would be an appropriation; its faulty mimesis would have to be redeemed by its artistry. Here comes another Great American Writer trying to play three chords... I don't think I'll rent the video, even. - Henry G. \_\_\_\_\_

I don't get a lot of things and on a regular basis, so entertain my question put another way:

Saying that R. Johnson is from somewhere in the US and M. Jagger is from somewhere in the UK is not the same thing as saying R. Johnson is from somewhere in the US and M. Jagger ISN'T from that place.

Do both of these constructions "help," or just one of them?

DT

[↑ Contents](#)

847. **Daniel Tessitore**

***Re: masturbation and appropriate texts to be studied***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Eliza wrote:

what i think i picked up from that was that in order for the versimilitude to be of enough magnitude to engulf reader in text, text had to contain reality as readers experienced it, i.e. if they were lost enough to be reading such magazines, male figures in magazines had to be losers as well in order to be believable. women had to be scornful, because anyone reading such a magazine should be scorned. it may go deeper than reader/at/reading interaction -- men may in general feel like losers and only encounter scornful women at such juncture as they would read such magazines...

---

I think this may be a part of it, but also that it is a bit too easy. By this argument, everyone who enjoys any kind of 'unlikely hero' movie must also feel he or she is a kind of real-life loser. Does the endless popularity of Star Wars or Tolkien's books mean that the vast majority of people are mental/emotional hobbits living in holes?

DT

[↑ Contents](#)

848. **David Bromige**

***individual yuck***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

I've been asking myself is there a Mandel/Bromige divide? Tom yucks over "the primacy of the reader," but I only assented to this description of my position (by whom excuse me for forgetting) because it could fit with my belief in "the primacy of the poem" (and this phrase, in turn, is only in an effort to distinguish how I read poems, from "the primacy of the author".) With Bowering & Mandel, I concur, the trouble we have reading *The Iliad* is only like the trouble we have reading *God* : after the footnotes, we'll just have to make up our own minds. (Neither of them said anything like that. Still, I think I concur with what they did say.) David

[↑ Contents](#)

849. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: More Naropa Readings***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Last night Naropa offered an embarrassment of poetic riches.

First up was Steven Taylor, who gave a restrained, graceful and downright beautiful reading of a story/memoir called "Eroica" which recounted his adventures in Dubrovnik during the last days of Tito with Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky. Steven's understated tone and measured cadence demonstrated masterfully how exactitude of observation can elicit the most powerful emotional response. His second piece, a short elegy for Allen, was deeply moving. Unfortunately, I can offer no lines and I don't think quoting them out of context would do them justice anyway. I only hope they both show up in print somewhere soon. (Actually, the second piece did appear in Ed Sanders' Woodstock Journal...)

Next came Dodie Bellamy, who read a Letter of Mina Harker addressed to Sam D'Allessandro. "Gender is the night." Part homage to George Romero, Dodie's amazing combination of deadpan humor and subversive intent with respect to the way we view gender, passion and yes! identity mixed a constant sense of narrative surprise with a piquant unease. The risks she takes in these letters - their candor and their intimacy - give the sharp double sense of pleasure and ambivalence arising from our recognition of the disturbing nature of the familiar -- and the familiarity of the disturbing -- in our private emotional atmospheres.

After this Cole Swensen read, largely from her work-in-progress "O," a cycle of poems about the ways women die in opera (based in part, I gather, from the

work of scholar Catherine Claremont -sp?). The sections bore such titles as: "Death By Suffocation," "Death By Knifing" and the like. Cole's straightforward delivery only underscored the laser-like intensity of these stark, austere meditations on the unspoken male cultural equations drawn between women, eros, suffering, passion and violence. The cumulative effect was hypnotic - an extraordinary rollcall of the dead.

Finally, Carla Harryman took the stage to read from her new novel, "Gardner of the Stars," a double dialogue/narrative spoken by the Gardner and his/her symbiotic other/Double/lover/nemesis M. "Sometimes I associate uselessness with the divine." Her reading was, as might be expected, wild, heady, lyrical, dense, comic, cheeky, unsettling - a complex register in which dreams, gender, identity (the evening's theme?) were inflated, flattened, and reconfigured in defiance of expectation. "Gardner" also featured, as did "Mina Harker," a decapitation, so in concert with Cole's reading, another leitmotif appeared, prompting Aldon Nielsen to incline his head and murmur "There's a lot of detached heads here tonight."

Afterwards some of us adjourned to Dolan's across the street in an effort to raise the detache head quotient, albeit more gently...

Patrick Pritchett

[↑ Contents](#)

850. **Karli van den Beukel**  
***Poems, identities and anthologies.***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

I too have been following David and Kali's discussion with interest. I like extended analogies too, but mine will be innocuous. In Virginia Woolf's "Mrs Dalloway" (1925) the eponymous heroine is, you will recall, portrayed going morning shopping in Bond Street. Though I will leave it to those interested to look up Mrs Dalloway's interior monologue prior to entering "Mulberry's the florists" I would like to quote that:

Then there were flowers: delphiniums, sweet peas, bunches of lilac; and carnations, masses of carnations. There were roses; there were irises.

A selection of locally-grown English summer species. Now, to return to David's post, he picks a personal florilegium for the occasion of his writing. (The Latinate word for "anthology" is, like the Greek, etymologically derived from "flower" and "collection"). I thought David's post was delightful and important.

Kali, however, has no time to waste on such nonsense. No, she writes that she "works hard" at her transcendence. She has also worked hard, of late, at articulating her position on identity politics, writing, sexuality, and indeed, her own

status as a sane and rational person. Work all due to her initial rhetorical strategy where she equated David's response to poetry with the mechanical corporeally repetitive responses elicited by pornographic images. Yet, speaking of mechanical repetition, her profoundly alienated intellectual labour cannot allow a space for otium, and speaking of the pornographic image, her chosen analogy operates in the reverse too, revealing a mentality that regards the poem as a use-object.

Otium, like Mrs Dalloway's flaneuring, may be the historical privilege of the materially well-situated, but as an imaginative domain, it should not be negated. It is a sphere where poems are not assigned a restrictive use-value, where poems are not categorised according to their maker's identities in a perhaps theoretically laudable but quite mistaken act to counter the unfairnesses of this world. It is a sphere where the poems one returns to (the interesting poems) are without an objective, without an address.

#### Dandelion

No blanch witloof handbound dry  
heart to racks a comb  
lion's-teeth thistlehead golden-hair earth nail  
flower-cock up-by-pace dandle lion won't  
dwarf lamb closes night season  
its long year dumble-dor bumbles  
cure wine blowball black fall's-berry  
madding sun mixen seeded rebus

This is one of Zukofsky's "80 flowers" (written 1974-1978). I do not know the precise genealogy of Zukofsky's cultural identity, and I doubt very much whether I care. The only biographical item that may be of relevance is the geographical area where he lived, because I do not recognise all the vernacular names of the flowers, and perhaps some of them are indigenous species. These poems are so linguistically rich and subtle, I can return to them with changed eyes every time.

And yet the extended floral analogy is not a rhetorical strategy to invite categorisation of this writing as "irrational" or "feminine". Neither is it a universal peace offering to those who "work hard" at their transcendence. Or even innocuous. Say your identity politics with flowers?

"The absence of domesticated flowers in traditional Africa, except in some areas strongly influence by Islam, was linked to the level of agriculture and to the limits hoe farming placed on the emergence of heavily stratified cultural forms and in particular cultures of luxury, of differentiated styles of life that could develop the 'non-utilitarian', 'aesthetic' aspects of horticulture - or rather could develop crops not primarily oriented to food and war, but to religion, gift-giving and

above all to beauty. [...] Nor yet did they make use of wild ones to any significant extent in worship, in gift-giving, or in decoration of the body [...] or in the domain of design or the creative arts." (The Culture of Flowers, Jack Goody, CUP, 1993).

An ethnocentric Weltanschauung privileges flowers and its representations in cultural practice. The literal-minded may choose to relate this particular to dominant ideologies (though in the cultures of China and India flowers have a long and important history) and choose to resist, say, "the anthology" as a category, on political grounds. Given her literal concern with genealogies and origin, Kali may even have a new cause.

Karliien van den Beukel  
Cambridge, England

[↑ Contents](#)

851. **Dave Zauhar**  
*reading theory and not reading.*

Fri 27 Jun 1997

---

I got a little behind, so here's a belated summary response about "theory" and "poetry" from someone who is in graduate school trying to write about poetry while trying to write poetry as well. . . . In my six (wince) years of graduate school at two different institutions, only one seminar on poetry has been offered, and that was on TS Eliot. This might be a fluke, I certainly hope so, but there has been at least one seminar on something billed as "theory" every semester. Not that there's anything wrong with that, as they say on Seinfeld, but I would concur that more balance would be helpful. For instance, to pick up on what someone else has mentioned, I know a couple of people whose comprehensive examination reading lists in "post-colonial literature" include tons of Spivak, Said, Bhaba, Ahmad etc, but nothing by, say, Yeats, Conrad, Naipaul, Ramanujan etc, or anyone else writing fiction or poetry, some of which would probably make the theories more interesting and more grounded. WARNING: INCOMING ANECDOTE. At my first institution, the required literary theory seminar featured the usual suspects and revolved around Derrida and Paul de Man. We read *\_Of Grammatology\_* and it made no sense. By the time the seminar ended my attitude toward theory would make David Lehmann look like J. Hillis Miller. At my current institution, Derrida popped up in another course I had to take. This time, however, the instructor suggested to those enrolled that we read Rousseau and Levi-Strauss over the break before the seminar started. The result? *\_Of Grammatology\_* actually made sense. So do Derrida's other essays if one bothers to read the figures he is writing about. However, it's been my experience that "theory" (here speaking of commentary on literary texts

specifically) is often presented as primary material. And I know a lot of graduate students at a variety of institutions who treat it as such, who read *Culture and Imperialism* w/o rereading *Heart of Darkness*, for example. In short, as someone pointed out, the real problem is not that graduate students are reading too much theory, it's that they're reading theory in a vacuum, or worse, reading theory as an excuse not to read. Why read Shelley if you know what De Man says about the intentional structure of the romantic image? Why read Jabes if you know what Derrida says about his work? Why read Jack Spicer if none of those guys or their disciples has written about him? To the question, what, then, are graduate students reading? the answer at most institutions is, way too many freshman compositions. It's damn hard to read everything when you have to read a lot of those things.

Dave Zauhar

[↑ Contents](#)

852. **Henry Gould**  
*Re: Poems, identities and anthologies.*

Fri 27 Jun 1997

---

Are you saying that because Kali's background is in African-American lit, and because an authority says flowers weren't important in African cultures [debatable, I'm sure], this will motivate her to oppose the "floral" anthological otiose element in poetry?

?

Ai karamba!

Roses are red  
violets are blue  
poetry's dead  
Scen-o-taffy-koo-koo

Daisies are white  
Amaryllis are tall  
out of Africa night  
up against that wall

Poetry's play  
life is pure toil  
don't go away--  
Ripeness is all--smell

the posies on your way to work  
isn't this fun



poetry's a lark  
hey diddle diddle...& so on.

[↑ Contents](#)

853. **Kali Tal**

***Re: Poems, identities and anthologies.***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

*A selection of locally-grown English summer species. Now, to return to David's post, he picks a personal florilegium for the occasion of his writing. (The Latinate word for "anthology" is, like the Greek, etymologically derived from "flower" and "collection"). I thought David's post was delightful and important.*

*Kali, however, has no time to waste on such nonsense. No, she writes that she "works hard" at her transcendence. She has also worked hard, of late, at articulating her position on identity politics, writing, sexuality, and indeed, her own status as a sane and rational person. Work all due to her initial rhetorical strategy where she equated David's response to poetry with the mechanical corporeally repetitive responses elicited by pornographic images. Yet, speaking of mechanical repetition, her profoundly alienated intellectual labour cannot allow a space for otium, and speaking of the pornographic image, her chosen analogy operates in the reverse too, revealing a mentality that regards the poem as a use-object.*

And what is it you are doing here? Let's take a look behind the curtain....

You choose a single image in Bromige's post, and use my failure to comment upon or engage with that particular image as the departure point for a construction of "Kali" (of my \*identity\*, rather than of my arguments). Then you use the (unresearched) identity critique to undermine the authority of my arguments rather than engaging with the texts \*as\* texts. That's a problem. If you didn't think an author's identity was important, then you would confine yourself to critiquing the texts on their own terms, \*as\* texts, and not draw conclusions about "Kali" \*from\* the texts. But if you \*do\* think the author's identity is important and that "identity" and "text" are separate (though perhaps related) objects/phenomena, then discussions of "Kali's" identity really need to be supplemented with extratextual information, which, in the immortal words of Sgt.-Major Alan Farrell (Ret.), "you have not got." But that's only your first problem.

By starting your description of me with the loaded term "nonsense," you create a character, a "Kali" with thin, pursed lips who, quite literally, can't stop and smell the flowers; a humorless automaton in sensible shoes, who "cannot allow a place" for life or color. It's a nice image, and it supports your very lovely essay on otium, but it's your own story and has little or nothing to do with either

the texts I have posted, or the "Kali" who sits behind the keyboard typing at you.

Your point seems to be that, while I *\*say\** I am working hard on learning the sort of things that will help me transcend, I am ignoring the hard work and superior literary craftsmanship that goes into Bromige's transcendence. Your estimation seems to be that Bromige's transcendence is authentic, while mine is merely imagined. (How can a woman caught in *\*profoundly\** alienated intellectual labor and doomed to mechanical repetition because of, presumably, a lack of imagination or sensitivity, ever hope to *\*really\** transcend?) Finally, you wrap up your rousing condemnation of the "Kali" you've invented with the charge that she is, in fact, engaged in the very activity for which she criticizes others--jerkng off with poetry.

It would be nice, if it weren't so logically flawed. I don't ask for logic in poetry. I ask for a lot of things, but not logic--or at least not the logic of clear assumptions, correct proofs and demonstrable conclusions. Those do, however, seem appropriate tools for debates on critical theory. And if that makes you think I wear sensible shoes, well, I'll just smile to myself as I look at my feet, clad in black and chrome, chain-draped Reeboks, with bullets hanging off of them (hollow point .38s which I picked up in a head shop on Hollywood Boulevard years ago--they were strung on key rings, and I couldn't resist buying them and clipping them on my rock'n'roll shoes).

Let's start with the fact that I never criticized Bromige's admittedly erudite and well-crafted prose. (I regret that I am unacquainted with his poetry, and I shall remedy that forthwith.) Though I did not find his post "delightful" (it is hard to feel "delight", even in good prose, when its premise is the denial of those things one finds crucially important and when it contains a personal attack), I did and do recognize that a wealth of experience and observation went into its writing. (A sotto voce murmur from the Bat Cave, "If only, Robin, he'd used his power for *\*good\**.") So you've tossed a red herring into the tuna salad, and (maybe) distracted the audience from my real argument. Bromige had claimed the reader's equivalent to "Everything I Know I Learned in Kindergarten"; in short, he asserted that his initial readings were essentially pristine, fully formed, and revealed to him all he had to know about the author. *\*That\** position is the one with which I took issue, and *\*that\** position was the one to which I referred when I stated that *\*I\** had to *\*work\** at transcendence, that it was not a gift I received from the first-contact reading of a poem. The critique you offer is aimed at uninhabited terrain--there's nobody there to shell. Harrassment & Interdiction fire is only effective if it hits somebody.

*Otium, like Mrs Dalloway's flaneuring, may be the historical privilege of the materially well-situated, but as an imaginative domain, it should not be negated. It is a sphere where poems are not assigned a*

*restrictive use-value, where poems are not categorised according to their maker's identities in a perhaps theoretically laudable but quite mistaken act to counter the unfairnesses of this world. It is a sphere where the poems one returns to (the interesting poems) are without an objective, without an address.*

So we come to your claim that it is \*I\*, the wrong-headed "Kali Tal" (I am starting to visualize her as Major Barbara in the first act) who is truly a cog in the machine, a reducer of poetry to tool for (wo)man's use. (If I had a cape, I would twirl in it, looking back at you over my shoulder like John Lithgow does, through the doorway, eyes glowing, in that immortal film, *Buckaroo Bonzai*.) But since the assumptions you've made have been incorrect from jump street, the conclusion you draw doesn't remotely resemble anything recognizable. (I do so prefer representational argument to abstract argument.)

However, I *do* have a patent out on a mechanical poem-counter which sorts verse and drops it into appropriate containers based on assigned identity. I'm hoping that the automation process will allow me to fire my human poem-counters, streamline the identification process, and simultaneously increase my inventory while lowering my overall costs--raising the poetry profit margin.

Really, the otium essay could have stood on its own instead of on my head. It would have been more stable that way.

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

854. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: Poems, identities and anthologies.***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

A brief corrective to a nice post. Jack Goody's explanation, below, seems to me insufficient. Those same cultures expend a lot of energy and material wealth on other forms decoration, and other hoe-farmers (sounds like The Beggar's Opera)--Polynesians, Melanesians, Amazonians--use at least wild flowers extensively, and this irrespective of the level of stratification of their societies.

*"The absence of domesticated flowers in traditional Africa, except in some areas strongly influence by Islam, was linked to the level of agriculture and to the limits hoe farming placed on the emergence of heavily stratified cultural forms and in particular cultures of luxury, of differentiated styles of life that could develop the 'non-utilitarian', 'aesthetic' aspects of horticulture - or rather could develop crops not primarily oriented to food and war, but to religion, gift-giving and above all to beauty. [...] Nor yet did they make use of wild ones to any significant extent in worship, in gift-giving, or in decoration of the body [...] or in the domain of design or the creative arts." (The Culture*

of Flowers, Jack Goody, CUP, 1993).

[↑ Contents](#)

855. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: In the Uneven Footnotes of Hung Chow***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

I have taken the liberty of forwarding recent list discussions to a friend on the VITRUE-AL list -- I reproduce here, without further comment, his reactions:

dear Aldon:

I appreciate your forwarding the recent debates among Johnson, Weinberger, Lew, Brink et al. I hope you don't mind, but I shared these posts with some friends of mine of the DIRTSTAMP-ILL list -- here are a few of their responses:

Amos: What the hell are these people talking about? Some editor didn't know any Asian-American Buddhist poets, so he, in effect, created one. What's the big deal?

Andy: Let me get this right. Somebody complained because Americans don't read enough poetry in translation. So, when a bunch of Americans accepted some poems they thought WERE in translation this was because they hadn't read enough poetry in translation, because American university students spend too much time reading literary theory in translation.

Kingfish: Trust Andy to get it all wrong. Foucault, who writes exclusively about sex, has caused American academics to lose all sight of literary excellence, and this, in turn, has caused the editors of several American journals, some of whom have not even been to graduate school for god's sake, to accept as real some poems by my dear friend Araki Yasusada. This happened because people in the academy don't even want to read poetry any more, so they are quick to accept poems as terrible as Araki's, because they don't recognize that Araki, in his terribleness, is subtly calling into question the important role played by bad verse in establishing our standards of merit. This event calls attention to a crisis: editors today see "social representation" as more real than aesthetics, despite the fact that they spend so much time reading mysterious foreign texts on aesthetics, so, to make sure that everybody else joins them in their hatred of poetry reading, they publish Araki's bad poems as a means of discrediting the entire poetry world.

Mason Jordan Mason: I can't believe you guys are even responding to this. Let the buffaloes stamp the dirt and charge the CAPTIOUS-L list all they want --

Hung Chow: Who the hell is David Bromige and why is he saying such terrible things about me?

There were many more contributions, but I don't imagine you care to hear further from people who can't be bothered to engage you directly. Please pass this little bit on to your POETICS list, but don't give anybody my email address; I'd hate to start getting mail from THAT bunch. They keep breaking into stanzas in mid-argument, and who needs that?

Your brother,  
Ern Malley

[↑ Contents](#)

856. **Stephen Scobie**

***Re: Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

*Now, it's funny to hear that he was knocked down by Hemingway. Its funny because its so inappropriate. Its funny like a mattress on a bottle of wine.*

David, just wanted to let you know that at least one reader of the list picked up and appreciated the literary allusion.

Stephen

[↑ Contents](#)

857. **Stephen Scobie**

***Re: More Naropa Readings***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

*After this Cole Swensen read, largely from her work-in-progress "O," a cycle of poems about the ways women die in opera (based in part, I gather, from the work of scholar Catherine Claremont -sp?).*

Catherine Clement: "Opera, or the Undoing of Woman." University of Minneapolis Press, 1988.

[↑ Contents](#)

858. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: body-as-text discussion***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Some quotes from \_Utne's issue on the "real" as latest most in:

"Cyberlife leads to disembodiment, the exact opposite of what the culture needs," - Suzi Gablik

"Ray [Paul] concludes 'cultural creatives' demand that all the pieces of their lives fit together to create an authentic whole...one that merges the best of modernism and traditionalism, embraces both East and West..."

but "We need to mount a spirited defense of our right and power to seek our own realities." Jon Spayde  
tom bell

At 05:26 AM 6/27/97 -0400, you wrote:

>hi buffalo-l-er's-----

>i don't think alan sondheim would mind if i

>forwarded this post of his to the fop-list

>made an hour ago-----

>it bears relevance to the "body-as-text' discussion

>proposed by kdawn earlier----

>out-----

>peter ganick

>

>>To: [REDACTED]

>>From: Peter Ganick <[REDACTED]>

>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion

>>

>>>Sender: FOP-L <[REDACTED]>

>>>From: Alan \* Sondheim <[REDACTED]>

>>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion

>>>To: Multiple recipients of list FOP-L <[REDACTED]>

>>>

>>>I'm curious - with your computing skills and equipment - what are your

>>>ultimate goals - what do you want to do?

>>>

>>>I find myself constantly having to pare back, for example, ignoring C++ in

>>>order to concentrate on the languages I know to some extent, and can use.

>>>With essays, I try to read things that are sent me within three days; if

>>>not, I have to expunge them.

>>>

>>>I move from one operating system to another; I feel I have good knowledge

>>>of linux and Win95, poor still of Mac, but getting there. I'm getting

>>>close to 250 - 300 messages a day.

>>>

>>>I want to feel I'm within the internals of the machine, and understand the

>>>psychoanalytical and philosophical ramifications of technology. I want to

>>>do this without disregarding the body, or its splitting re: issues of embodiment and virtuality - and I don't want to go for simplistic answers >>>(which usually carry the day). I try to keep up with "the literature" as >>>best I can; much of it seems anecdotal (this is what a MUD does) or naive >>>(cyber-relationships are/aren't "real").

>>>

>>>Since I'm not institutionalized, I can rarely go to the conferences I've >>>applied to, to present a paper; there's no money. Since I can't go to the >>>conferences, the feedback on my work is minimal, so I have to conduct imaginary conversations - here I'm naive, there I've maybe made a point. >>>Although I do get into print (off or online) often, there's no real community of discussion surrounded my work, so these dialogs get increasingly

>>>psychotic.

>>>

>>>Beyond this, I remember when I began thinking through these issues in the

>>>70s (I did something called The Structure of Reality then, which I still >>>refer to), I figured I wanted to work on the mediation of mind and world >>>vis-a-vis formal and informal systems - and how this mediation constructed >>>or was constructed by/for mind. And I've remained fastened on this to the >>>present.

>>>

>>>With your work on your computers, adding programs (I remember you talked

>>>about all the Network monitoring addons for Win95 you downloaded), I won-

>>>der where your interest lies, what your goals are? And I'm sending this to >>>the lists, since I'm curious about others' configurations as well.

>>>

>>>(For myself, I've stabilized linux and the Mac and Win95 configs, as well >>>as my Win 3.+ stuff, so they're functional and somewhat interoperational; >>>with the Mac, I've clumsily looked at Applescript, backed out a bit, and >>>do most of my experimentation on linux, either RedHat or Slackware varieties. And I still feel that one needs at least some of this in order to >>>understand TCP/IP or other protocols, to understand the Net in general, >>>beyond the user interface. For the user interface is always a system, as >>>Richard MacKinnon might say, of governance, and there's protocol and gov-

>>>ernance all the way down, and we had better look at it.)

>>>

>>>Alan, musing

>>>

>>>

>>>

>>>URL: [http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html)

>>>MIRROR with other pages at: [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt)

>>>IMAGES: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> TEL [REDACTED]

>>>EXPERIMENTAL (on and off): <http://166.84.250.149> Editor, BEING ON  
LINE

>>>

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

859. **Karlien van den Beukel**

***Re: Poems, identities and anthologies.***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

On Fri, 27 Jun 1997, Henry Gould wrote:

> Are you saying that because Kali's background is in African-American lit,  
> and because an authority says flowers weren't important in African  
> cultures [debatable, I'm sure], this will motivate her to oppose  
> the "floral" anthological otiose element in poetry?

>

>

As you will notice from Kali's post (which I would like to think about  
before replying) she ignored the suggestion as have you it phrased above.  
I am sure she sees through the etymological sleight of hand, as you do.

If you are interested in African cultures (as opposed to African-American cul-  
ture and I am sure I have made the difference clear, at least obliquely by point-  
ing out the relationship between Woolf's Mulberry the florist's flowers, Zukof-  
sky's "80 flowers", and their respective geographical locales) could I add that  
"the authority", Jack Goody, postulates that in African cultures (for argument's  
sake we will allow him the homogenisation) "the flower is a prelude to a further  
end, to the fruit or the grain, never a thing in itself. That notion implies a less  
autonomous, more contextualised aesthetic, a more holistic, less dichotomised  
view of nature." It is up to you to make of that development what you will.

Karlien

[↑ Contents](#)



860. **Maria Damon**

***Re: Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

At 8:16 AM -0400 6/27/97, hg wrote:

>David Bromige's long defense of poetic/reader/relativity/seductivity/autonomy  
>certainly rings true. On the other hand, there's a certain passion for  
>the truth, allied to curiosity, which motivates us to see THROUGH the  
>masks, keep sharpening the focus. What charmed the adolescent reader  
>no longer delights (not in every case, but many). & no, it didn't matter  
>where Mick Jagger came from when you first heard the Stones; but  
>then you heard Robert Johnson's version. Not that one is necessarily  
>better than the other; they just bring to mind different histories.  
>This is partly what I understand Kali to be talking about.  
>- H. Gould

yes indeed, i read it this way too. when students chafe at the concept of context in understanding a work (and note, d tessitore, i sd context and not identity, the latter being one element of the former), i point out the obvious example of ann frank (have i sd this before on this list?). though she's a bright, gifted teenage girl under any circumstances, the fact that she wrote while concealed for 2 years in an attic because she was jewish, and was eventually captured and died of disease on the eve of liberation, does make a difference in our reading. it does bug me when she's held up as an example of "hope and courage" and people quote that old "in spite of everything i still believe that people are good at heart" --look where that got her. she did what everyone did then. but it can't be denied that her work is valuable as a document of identity politics of the most dramatic sort. not because she writes "i'm jewish i'm jewish," but because her identity has everything to do with her fate, and the reception of her work. should it? why not?

[↑ Contents](#)

861. **Maria Damon**

***the single moon***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

i would just like to comment briefly on one of the issues in this Buddhism/racism thread. it's still not clear to me why no Asian Americans were represented in the anthology; surely, if some knew of the anthology but "chose not to" submit material, it would be instructive to know why. one of the ways institutional racism works --not personal prejudice, so don't misunderstand this as an ad hominem --is that, if it isn't conscientiously and fairly constantly addressed, it takes over. in other words, if there was no active attempt to recruit

the works of Asian Americans, it is not surprising that it was an all-white affair. i'm finding this out from organizing this conference. i can easily see that unless i do something active to take control --i.e. if i just relied on "calls for papers" -- we won't get much of a cross-cultural swathe at all! so i'm not bashing anyone, or at least not exculpating myself. just pointing out the entropic (?) nature of hegemony.

[↑ Contents](#)

862. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***masturbation and appropriate texts to be studied***

Fri 27 Jun 1997

---

the bits dropped on both topics puts me in mind of something ...

at a certain point in my career, i had a roommate who had a number of what would in many circles be defined as hard porn magazines, a partner who gave me several such texts, and access via a few other means to more. i got kind of interested.

most of what i looked at was the playboy and beyond vintage magazine. and there were a number of recurrent threads. one was that the males in the sexual encounter stories most often had horrific self-images, as constructed in the texts. they were generally physically off in some way, were interrupted in their discourse frequently, frequently said things that were contradicted and/or proven wrong, and were, in general, just plain nebbishes.

and the females, though sexually available, were often scornful!

what i think i picked up from that was that in order for the versimilitude to be of enough magnitude to engulf reader in text, text had to contain reality as readers experienced it, i.e. if they were lost enough to be reading such magazines, male figures in magazines had to be losers as well in order to be believable. women had to be scornful, because anyone reading such a magazine should be scorned. it may go deeper than reader/at/reading interaction -- men may in general feel like losers and only encounter scornful women at such juncture as they would read such magazines...

those i knew with magazines were in pretty bad shape except for partner, who gave them to me as part of erotic play. the latter is perhaps a bit personal but hey, we've all donned the rubber chicken suit and thrown the naked spuds at one time or another except for bowering who does it constantly, and as he alleges, bromige, who does it but blames bowering... e

[↑ Contents](#)

863. **Maria Damon**

***Re: weinberger***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

i feel the need to respond to one of mr weinberger's comments. he attributes all of walter lew's critiques to "self-promotion at any cost." i must take exception to this. i do not know weinberger, but i've known walter for over 20 years. he's many things, but self-promoting at all costs he's decidedly not. i've known him to turn down promotional opportunities others would have killed for because he didn't feel his work was ready. why this ad hominem?

[↑ Contents](#)

864. **Maria Damon**

***Re: More Naropa Readings***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

At 12:52 PM -0500 6/27/97, Pritchett,Pat @Silverplume wrote:

>Last night Naropa offered an embarrassment of poetic riches.

...

>After this Cole Swensen read, largely from her work-in-progress "O," a cycle  
>of poems about the ways women die in opera (based in part, I gather, from  
>the work of scholar Catherine Claremont -sp?)

wish i woulda bin there, as they say in te upper midwest. it's catherine clement (said a la francaise). instead, tho, i'm on the cape enjoying my life and my body for the first time in months. i love summer, i love the ocean, i love the east coast. yay!

[↑ Contents](#)

865. **Rebecca Weldon**

***Identity***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

I must apologise for my facetious remarks concerning the orient (I meet too many Orientalists out here). The questions of identity are quite serious and merit discussion.

Kali Tal's Haitian dilemma is experienced everywhere in some form or another. I think that in this small world one can pretty safely operate on the premise that no one is who or what they seem at first meet. Little Red Riding Hood didn't recognize the wolf did she? The difference between life and a fairy tale is that we hope to live in a society which gives us a running chance before being devoured (not to say that life is full of wolves, indeed, I have found the opposite to be generally true).

I live halfway around the world and would not recognize any of you if you walked into my garden, however, a conversation might reveal your identity. I hope you wouldn't become upset by my trying to find out who you are, because I like to know who is walking in my garden. Were you lost, I would help.

We have a special kind of identity here in this list. We wander in and wander out and are known through our words. Each of us brings different experiences to the poetic forum; I marvel at the richness of your world. Perhaps you would marvel at mine, it enriches identity, and impells me to write. Writing is the reason I'm here.

I dream the cliff  
a road without length, a meal without hunger  
dark is dark rain is rain cold is cold  
awake I walk the cliff  
moon expires in silent arc  
alone I walk the cliff  
stars dim in azure sky  
fog haunts descending streams

I stand the cliff and  
sun rims behind the ridge  
pausing in prayer  
pausing still, welling still at cliff's edge  
until a molten ray escapes  
exploding crystals in the air  
splitting diamonds in the fields  
funnel spider silken webs  
spinning facets catching light  
sky a rush of sky blue  
air a crackling icy breath

I am at cliff's edge with memory and dawn  
final forest wide awake  
eyes are birds and flowers  
fog breaks in silver form  
final am I  
a cliff at dawn

(from Ruins, in progress)

[↑ Contents](#)

866. **armand schwerner**

***Western Buddhism, Dean Brink, Kent Johnson and George Thompson***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

George Thompson writes:

<<I had meant to stay away from this thread, but...

Having myself been a member [tho a marginal one, to be sure] of "the venerable" American Oriental Society, having attended its conferences and published in its journal, I suppose that I might be considered an Orientalist.

I don't like the term and have never applied it to myself, and whenever the subject of Said's sense of "orientalism" comes up among the staid philologists with whom I serve my time, I find myself siding with him.

But that doesn't make any difference. Here I am attempting to pass myself off as a "specialist" in the earliest form of Sanskrit, so-called language of the gods, a language sacred to Hindus, both in India and right here in the States too [many of them]. Very presumptuous. Very orientalist. Frequently very offensive,

My reading of Dean Brink's attack against Kent Johnson [given that I don't know what came earlier, and I don't know Johnson's anthology, I have to say: \*but\* I do know orientalism] is that Brink is trying to push his way into a position to be an "authoritative interpreter" of Buddhism and Japanese poetry for the relevant audience. In order to do this, of course, he has had to discredit his predecessors. And he has done so by pinning exoticism, new agism, and even racism on them.

I think that Kent Johnson has defended himself very well against Brink's attacks. He's made it clear, to me at least, that Brink is attacking a straw man [or perhaps a 'theoretical' man], without really having examined carefully either Johnson or his anthology.

Look, as others have already suggested, Buddhism is a tradition that began in India and has moved very skillfully and gracefully across \*all kinds of\* cultural borders and across many centuries. That it has taken hold among American poets now may not be so much a sign of their paternalism and consumerism, as much as it is a sign of the resilience of the Buddhist message, which, by the way, Dean Brink has no authoritative claim on, whatsoever.

Certainly I cannot see how anyone can say that Buddhism is a product that the Chinese or the Japanese \*alone\* can speak for. And if Asian Americans who are also Buddhists want to speak up for Buddhism, then they should speak up. Instead of trashing other Buddhists.

idam agnaye, na mama [Vedic for "this is for the fire, not for me"] >>

George Thompson's posting seems to me a reasonable response to Brink's in-temperate and unfocussed assault on Johnson and Paulenich's Beneath a Single Moon. Of the numerous postings concerning themselves with the Brink/Johnson conversation, few zero in on the material included in the anthology. I will attempt to do so below by citing a brief excerpt from my essay in BaSM. David Israel does deal with particulars when he reacts to Brink's comments about Gary Snyder's "The Canyon Wren." The poem's not in BASM, but Israel's observations hold good for more than just this one poem:

Brink: << As a random example I opened Snyder's *No Nature: New and Selected Poems* to "The Canyon Wren," which cites Dogen (a major figure in the founding of the Japanese Soto sect of Zen Buddhism) and concludes:

"We beach up at China Camp  
Between piles of stone  
Stacked there by black-haired miners,  
    cook in the dark  
    sleep all night long by the stream.

These songs that are here and gone,  
Here and gone,  
To purify our ears."

An exotic image of Asia and Asians figure large here, no? >>

Israel: <<NO, rather, an image of camping out in California. True, the poet's manner of approaching (seeing -- articulating about) the campground is informed by his thinking-through of a contemplative (and literary) tradition -- but what distinguishes these lines is the radical attempt to make all that his own, to discover the source of the weave in his own life & experience and in the world of his immediate surround. The "nature images" are not Asian -- they're of what the poet literally saw in front of his literal nose. The imagination that organizes them as observation & recollection & thought -- is an imagination that has digested Buddhist traditions and sought to find the source of those traditions in the world (outer and inner) that is literally in front of the poet's nose. I don't happen to know where "China camp" is located, but I'll bet you five bucks it's not in China.

What -- for me -- distinguishes Snyder from (maybe) some prior generations of travelers-to-the-east (though that'd need to be looked at carefully) is his interest (everywhere evident) to integrate Asian studies with his own lived experience. I'm sure this is related to what bugs you about him -- and don't right now seem to know how to properly elucidate or distinguish the difference between what you feel he's up to, and what I find he's embarked on, except to note that -- as in the above -- his endeavor is to walk down a parallel line with forebears in a tradition, not simply to borrow words & phrases. The "to purify our ears" line is,

seems to me, a specific allusion from Chinese poetry -- which I can't seem to call up in its particularity. Oh yes. Something about one of those legendary sage figures in Chuang Tse who, when he was approached by those from the outside world with the plea to help run the government, responded by washing his ears in the stream -- to wash out the very notion of getting entangled in ruling others (rather than quietly seeking his own course under heaven). It's actually a pre-Buddhist image from Chinese literature, to tag it at its origins, -- at least that's my sense of that line; one could perhaps check with Snyder to see if he recalls having the Chuang Tse passage in mind when he wrote it. Chuang Tse -- sure it's Asian in its origins, but Snyder is imagining himself into a rapport with many strands of contemplative tradition, and I don't find his manner of doing so offensive, nor quite understand why thinking through a line from Chuang Tse is more suspect than thinking thru a line from, say, Socrates. It's simply a question of imaginal affinities -- so important to any poet, no?>>

I was a very strong backer of Kent's while he was producing *Beneath a Single Moon* and am very pleased that he says in his Acknowledgements: "The caring advice and counsel of Armand Sckhwerner...has been invaluable." I announce my bias immediately. I'm not an uninvolved commentator here, and for all I know may yet be pointed to by this or by another Dean Brink as an unindicted co-conspirator. Kent has already set forth on this list his and Paulenich's rationale for inclusions:

<<...the anthology has rather specific parameters for inclusion that actually have little to do with our editorial "aesthetic values"! That is (and read carefully here, please) we only considered for inclusion those poets who were known to have a background in Buddhist study and practice. (tho we were not doctrinaire about the definition of those last two terms, and I would say actually that any "second edition" would definitely want to be more rigorous about those parameters.) The poets, through their affiliation with Buddhism, "selected themselves," and then we allowed them to select their own poems! Paulenich and myself were largely modest and non-judgemental compilers.

Aesthetic values? Any cursory look at the book will show that it is one of the most aesthetically eclectic poetry anthologies ever done, and this is one of its interesting points...>>

I contributed to BASM poetry as well as an essay on my experiences with Buddhist practice and teachings. I bracket, in the context of this posting, the essay's comments concerning my grateful debts to those practices and teachings, referring here only to complex, painful particulars--followed by some ensuing generalizations--inextricably intertwined within my life in Buddhism. And it seems to me that my questions and difficulties with teachings and teacher and

hierarchies and importations and naturalizations largely represent the pervading spirit of many BASM inclusions. Dean Brink's comments to Kent Johnson,

"What rings as being in "bad faith" [in BaSM] is the appropriation of an image of Asia that exists for the pleasure of the poet."

Kent Johnson writes in response:

"... what I find in "bad faith," Dean, is your apparent assumption that the poets in the anthology are appropriating "an image of Asia" through the mere fact of their being in an anthology of Buddhist poets!"

In fact, Western Buddhists' often troubled and sometimes agonized attempts to re-root their Asia-derived practice within a Western soil have often resulted in more equitable, democratic and gender-neutral practice-societies, concerned to extirpate racist or malign or manipulative attitudes, concerned to understand category-errors and hierarchical flats experienced as perhaps illegitimate. Given the idiosyncratic power relationship traditionally crucial between teacher and student, Western Buddhists must see as roundly as possible, extra eyes at the back of their heads.

In these connections, I cite from my BaSM essay, "Notes on a Life in Buddhism," aware that even such a title runs the danger of reification:

"We're often taught--and we often come to believe that we understand--that the achievement of the state of true studenthood depends upon the capacity to transcend the unenlightened fear of pain, the capacity to experience the workings of faith, grace, and seminal confusion. We think of Milarepa, who was able in his cave to dispel the demons of the mind, seeing that they were merely the demons of the mind. Thus we know that skeptical questioning may help to protect against some disease.

Item--Sometimes what we had finally come to accept as our own projection upon the teacher yields to the realization that our dark mind-edgers had some merit.

Item--The dark hints are the projections of the subject.

Item--The student considers himself "thingified" by his teacher.

Item--It's frightening to be a student.

Item--To be a student requires courage.

Item--It's crucial to find the right teacher.

Item--It's extraordinarily difficult to find the right teacher, more difficult than finding the true lover.



Item--Finding the right teacher, though absolutely crucial, may be impossible.

Item--The teacher, like the unrealized but latent state of the poem, attracts the devotion to the \*uncanny.\*

Item--Freedom is a necessary condition of studenthood.

Item--The teacher is transparent.

Item--The student experiences the teacher as opaque until he no longer needs to do so.

Item--Thus the teacher is the object of all the student's projections.

Item--The teacher might be contributing to the process eventuating in some of the student's projections.

Item--The teacher is not a psychoanalyst.

Item--The student should not conflate spiritual and psychoanalytics functions.

Item--The student must come to recognize the teacher's idiosyncracies.

Item--A spritual community rarely furnishes the means for differentiating between the teacher's idiosyncracies and his spiritual function.

Item--The teacher identifies the student's realization and authenticates the student's realization!

Zen, like poetry, stresses that ultimately all conceptions are misconceptions--which is not to say there is something "wrong" with conceiving, but that a hammerlock on an idea serves neither process nor the growing perception of the boundedness of ideas.... The faith that moves mountains is implicated in the appearance of poems and also invents tshe teacher; we live among others, and our lives are a compound of ever-new appreciations relating to the blessings of confusion, to trust, to aloneness, and to the nature of the "real," the naming of which undoes presence. One of the powers of Buddhism, like that of Blake and Marx, is its insistent signaling of the human tropism toward reification and of the suffering this tendency generates."

Armand Schwerner

[↑ Contents](#)

867. **George Thompson**

**Re: individual yuck**

Fri 27 Jun 1997

---

*I've been asking myself is there a Mandel/Bromige divide? Tom yucks over "the primacy of the reader," but I only assented to this description of my position (by whom excuse me for forgetting) because it could fit with my belief in "the primacy of the poem" (and this phrase, in turn, is only in an effort to distinguish how I read poems, from "the primacy of the author".) With Bowering & Mandel, I concur, the trouble we have reading \_The Iliad\_ is only like the trouble we have reading God : after the footnotes, we'll just have to make up our own minds. (Neither of them said anything like that. Still, I think I concur with what they did say.) David*

Well, I myself am glad that \_The Iliad\_ and God finally got brought up, since I too have been thinking about them [not that I know personally the author of either, I hasten to add]. But readers of both will know, a little, what it is like to read the old hymns that I read, whose authors are for the most part nothing but names to us [though sometimes barely distinguishable from the gods they sing of].

These old poets were not anonymous, then. and in fact some of them got their names from their poems [more precisely from a prominent word or phrase in their poems]. So in this tradition instead of referring to Wallace Stevens, we refer to the "Emperor of Ice Cream Poet" and to the cycle of poems attributed to him. We don't in general have access to his/her incidental collisions with the likes of Hemingway [who not being a Brahmin never would have been permitted at the rituals in any case]. I happen to like this custom of naming poets after their poems, though I wouldn't base a theoretical position on such a preference. Too orientalist, perhaps.

In fact, it seems to me that the Bromige / Tal brouhaha might best be seen as a matter of personal [and other sorts of sometimes lewd] preference. There are many different types of poetry, and many different types of readers and authors and identities and cultures and contexts, etc. And saying so isn't trivial. For each of these differences marks a different function that poetry can and in fact does serve. \*Many\* different functions. And nobody has ever encompassed them all. Nobody. Whatsoever. No way.

This is not a plea for multiculturalism [though that is certainly something to plead for]. It is a call to recognition of our actual situation[s]. It is a recognition that breeds tolerance, I think.

Having enjoyed this thread [which, like poetry, has helped me to forget this obnoxious humidity: yet another function, and one not to be taken lightly...],

George Thompson

868. **Daniel Zimmerman**

***Re: the single moon***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Maria Damon wrote:

>

> i would just like to comment briefly on one of the issues in this  
> Buddhism/racism thread. it's still not clear to me why no Asian Americans  
> were represented in the anthology; surely, if some knew of the anthology  
> but "chose not to" submit material, it would be instructive to know why.  
> one of the ways institutional racism works --not personal prejudice, so  
> don't misunderstand this as an ad hominem --is that, if it isn't  
> conscientiously and fairly constantly addressed, it takes over. in other  
> words, if there was no active attempt to recruit the works of Asian  
> Americans, it is not surprising that it was an all-white affair. i'm  
> finding this out from organizing this conference. i can easily see that  
> unless i do something active to take control --i.e. if i just relied on  
> "calls for papers" --we won't get much of a cross-cultural swathe at all!  
> so i'm not bashing anyone, or at least not exculpating myself. just  
> pointing out the entropic (?) nature of hegemony.

Maria, I've read the Buddhism/racism thread with interest and, I hope, with sufficient disinterest since it began, and have resisted comment until now. Not that I find what you've said "offensive" or deserving of such a pejorative; indeed, the question you raise about "institutional racism" certainly deserves attention. However, it seems to apply more to "real" institutions [e.g., publishers] than to editors--especially if the editors have, like Johnson and Paulenich, put out general and public calls for the sort of work [not work from the sort of people] they'd like to consider for publication in anthologies. Of course, as you say, "if some [Asian Americans] knew of the anthology but 'chose not to' submit material, it would be instructive to know why." But the "why" might [easily] not entail racism, institutional or otherwise, and to imply that it [very well] might appears to involve a slippage from possibility to probability, from correlation to cause. When you say that "from organizing [a] conference [,] i can easily see that unless i do something active to take control --i.e. if i just relied on 'calls for papers' --we won't get much of a cross-cultural swathe at all," it seems to me you take upon yourself too much of a burden: if Asian-[or any other hyphenated]-Americans choose not to respond to a 'call for papers,' you might feel disappointed, but you shouldn't kick yourself. You can just as easily 'become what you behold,' as Blake would say, by opposing it unwisely or ineffectually [when it involves rebuking yourself for not having done 'enough' to

combat its excesses] as by acceding to it passively. Beyond pointing to attachment as the cause of suffering, Buddhism, as I understand it, declines to assign blame. If Asian-American Buddhists ignored the call for submissions to the *Beneath a Single Moon* anthology, they have no one but themselves to blame [but why would they? & have they, or do we merely witness a passle of white folks here worried that they might? & if they might, so what? have editors no right to their own taste? how many rejections slips have you received without comment? how many have you attributed to racism? to sexism? to just plain stupidity? must every public action obsessively make amends for the sins of racism, institutional or otherwise?]. You say that "if there was no active attempt to recruit the works of Asian-Americans, it is not surprising that it was an all-white affair." I'd rather say that if the call for submissions appeared in a sufficient number of public places, it seems surprising that no Asian-American Buddhists responded. That's their problem, not Johnson's & Paulenich's. This impulse to go overboard to defend the interests of the oppressed & excluded appears to me not very far from the imperialist attempt to 'rescue' the heathen. Tat tvam asi. Dan Zimmerman

[↑ Contents](#)

869. **Stephen Cope**

***Personal info. - New Address***

*Fri 27 Jun 1997*

---

Sorry to burden the list, but it seemed the easiest way to kill a number of birds with one stone (so to speak):

For those who may want/need to reach me and/or the now for the most part defunct We Press, the new address is:

Stephen Cope  
POBOX 948544  
La Jolla, CA 92037

██████████  
██████████

Best,  
Stephen Cope

[↑ Contents](#)

870. **Peter Ganick**

**Re: body-as-text discussion**

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

is the body inherently a whole?  
does fragmentation occur naturally/unnaturally  
for instance the generally accepted practice  
of surgery or amputation?  
can't "body" be a fluid concept?  
out----

peter ganick

[REDACTED]

At 06:44 PM 6/27/97 -0400, you wrote:

>Some quotes from \_Utne's issue on the "real" as latest most in:

>

>"Cyberlife leads to disembodiment, the exact opposite of what the culture  
>needs," - Suzi Gablik

>

>"Ray [Paul] concludes 'cultural creatives' demand that all the pieces of  
>their lives fit together to create an authentic whole...one that merges the  
>best of modernism and traditionalism, embraces both East and West..."

>

>but "We need to mount a spirited defense of our right and power to seek our  
>own realities." Jon Spayde

>tom bell

>

>At 05:26 AM 6/27/97 -0400, you wrote:

>>hi buffalo-l-er's-----

>>i don't think alan sondheim would mind if i

>>forwarded this post of his to the fop-list

>>made an hour ago-----

>>it bears relevance to the "body-as-text" discussion

>>proposed by kdawn earlier---

>>out-----

>>peter ganick

>>

>>>To: [REDACTED]

>>>From: Peter Ganick <[REDACTED]>

>>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion

>>>

>>>>Sender: FOP-L <[REDACTED]>

>>>>From: Alan \* Sondheim <[REDACTED]>

>>>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion  
>>>>To: Multiple recipients of list FOP-L <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>  
>>>>I'm curious - with your computing skills and equipment - what are your  
>>>>ultimate goals - what do you want to do?  
>>>>  
>>>>I find myself constantly having to pare back, for example, ignoring C++  
in  
>>>>order to concentrate on the languages I know to some extent, and can  
use.  
>>>>With essays, I try to read things that are sent me within three days; if  
>>>>not, I have to expunge them.  
>>>>  
>>>>I move from one operating system to another; I feel I have good knowl-  
edge  
>>>>of linux and Win95, poor still of Mac, but getting there. I'm getting  
>>>>close to 250 - 300 messages a day.  
>>>>  
>>>>I want to feel I'm within the internals of the machine, and understand the  
>>>>psychoanalytical and philosophical ramifications of technology. I want to  
>>>>do this without disregarding the body, or its splitting re: issues of em-  
>>>>bodiment and virtuality - and I don't want to go for simplistic answers  
>>>>(which usually carry the day). I try to keep up with "the literature" as  
>>>>best I can; much of it seems anecdotal (this is what a MUD does) or naive  
>>>>(cyber-relationships are/aren't "real").  
>>>>  
>>>>Since I'm not institutionalized, I can rarely go to the conferences I've  
>>>>applied to, to present a paper; there's no money. Since I can't go to the  
>>>>conferences, the feedback on my work is minimal, so I have to conduct  
im-  
>>>>aginary conversations - \_here\_ I'm naive, \_there\_ I've maybe made a  
point.  
>>>>Although I do get into print (off or online) often, there's no real com-  
>>>>munity of discussion surrounded my work, so these dialogs get increas-  
ingly  
>>>>psychotic.  
>>>>  
>>>>Beyond this, I remember when I began thinking through these issues in  
the  
>>>>70s (I did something called The Structure of Reality then, which I still  
>>>>refer to), I figured I wanted to work on the mediation of mind and world  
>>>>vis-a-vis formal and informal systems - and how this mediation

constructed

>>>>or was constructed by/for mind. And I've remained fastened on this to the  
>>>>present.

>>>>

>>>>With your work on your computers, adding programs (I remember you  
talked

>>>>about all the Network monitoring addons for Win95 you downloaded), I  
won-

>>>>der where your interest lies, what your goals are? And I'm sending this to  
>>>>the lists, since I'm curious about others' configurations as well.

>>>>

>>>>(For myself, I've stabilized linux and the Mac and Win95 configs, as well  
>>>>as my Win 3.+ stuff, so they're functional and somewhat interoperational;  
>>>>with the Mac, I've clumsily looked at Applescript, backed out a bit, and  
>>>>do most of my experimentation on linux, either RedHat or Slackware  
varie-

>>>>ties. And I still feel that one needs at least some of this in order to  
>>>>understand TCP/IP or other protocols, to understand the Net in general,  
>>>>beyond the user interface. For the user interface is always a system, as  
>>>>Richard MacKinnon might say, of governance, and there's protocol and  
gov-

>>>>ernance all the way down, and we had better look at it.)

>>>>

>>>>Alan, musing

>>>>

>>>>

>>>>

>>>>URL: [http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html)

>>>>MIRROR with other pages at:

[http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt)

>>>>IMAGES: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> TEL XXXXXXXXXX

>>>>EXPERIMENTAL (on and off): <http://166.84.250.149> Editor, BEING ON  
LINE

>>>>

>>

>>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

871. **Alan \* Sondheim**

***Re: body-as-text discussion***

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

On Sat, 28 Jun 1997, Peter Ganick wrote:

> is the body inherently a whole?

no (re: Lingis on disembodiment)

> does fragmentation occur naturally/unnaturally

> for instance the generally accepted practice

> of surgery or amputation?

yes/no (re: prosthetic space, trepanning)

> can't "body" be a fluid concept?

always (re: Irigaray, Brossard, Grosz, Butler, etc.)

> out-----

> peter ganick

> [REDACTED]

>

> At 06:44 PM 6/27/97 -0400, you wrote:

> >Some quotes from \_Utne's issue on the "real" as latest most in:

> >

> >"Cyberlife leads to disembodiment, the exact opposite of what the culture

> >needs," - Suzi Gablik

This statement is so problematic! Wow! What is an "exact" opposite? Oh, I know what she means, but listen to the sizzle of the polarity here! And "Cyberlife \_leading\_ "???" (\_My!\_) emphasis! As if there's not always already a problematic here \_and in the space of the real\_?

Marijuana leads to crack, the exact opposite, blah blah.

But the body is always already both subject/object and cultural construct, and these interpenetrate.

Suzi! Suzi!

[↑ Contents](#)

872. **Alan \* Sondheim**

***Julu Makes Suzi (this works! I've done it! Alan)***

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

\*\*\*\*\* +++ \*\*\*\*\* +++\* \*

julu makes suzi

41 drums.o3 initrunlv nntpserver rpc hrmmm

42 drums.sb inittab npasswd.conf rpmrc



57 {b:41} drums.o3 initrunlvl nntpserver rpc hrmmm  
58 julu: drums.o3: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm  
59 {b:42} drums.sb inittab npasswd.conf rpmrc  
60 julu: drums.sb: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm  
79 {b:41} drums.o3 initrunlvl nntpserver rpc hrmmm  
80 julu: drums.o3: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm  
81 {b:42} drums.sb inittab npasswd.conf rpmrc  
82 julu-mud: drums.sb: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm  
101 {b:41} drums.o3 initrunlvl nntpserver rpc hrmmm  
102 julu-mud: drums.o3: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm  
103 {b:42} drums.sb inittab npasswd.conf rpmrc  
104 julu-mud: drums.sb: command not found hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm  
{b:139} pwd  
/etc/skeleton  
{b:140} cd /  
{b:142} descent to the root  
julu-mud-feather: descent: command not found  
{b:143} cd root  
{b:144} cd \*h/awk  
{b:145} ascent up the root  
julu-mud-feather: ascent: command not found  
{b:146} hrmmm hrmmm hrmmm  
julu-mud-feather: hrmmm: command not found  
hhhrm hhhhrm hhhhrm hhhhrm' hhhhrm hrmmm hhhhrm, hrmmm hrmmm,  
hrmmm hrmmm, hrmmm hrmmm, hhhhrm hhhhrm hhhhrm hhhhrm,  
hhhrm hrmmm hhhhrm, hrmmm hrmmm, hrmmm hrmmm, hrmmm hrmmm  
{b:147} whoami  
\*suzi\*  
{b:148} whois suzi  
julu of the grep-feather-chant  
julu of the mud-feather-chant  
75 {b:39} dip-script.dip httpd motdresolv.conf v\$  
76 julu-mud-feather: dip-script.dip: command found  
77 {b:40} dip-scriptold inetd.conf mtab rmt  
78 julu-mud-feather: dip-scriptold: \*tree\*  
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm  
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm  
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm  
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm  
{b:149} julu-mud-feather-crystal hrmmm hrmmm  
\* system looped \*

SYSTEM HALTED

SUZI!

[↑ Contents](#)

873. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: masturbation and appropriate texts to be studied***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

It's possible that your study sample, both of men and soft-core porn (playboy is pretty mild stuff by current standards), was too small to allow many conclusions to be drawn. I think it would be safe to say that most men in most societies have and have always had an interest in what some in their cultures would consider pornographic. It's even been suggested that the Venus of Willendorf and her sisters were pinups. I prefer the term erotic to pornographic, because what's considered beyond the pale has been so various. Not so long ago women were routinely arrested in Florida for wearing short shorts and individuals and couples in Connecticut were arrested for something called "lascivious posture," which seems to have been any behavior not otherwise forbidden by statute that the cop found too raunchy. For years the legal line for visual representation was drawn at pubic hair. A lot of women seem not to understand why men find the contemplation of impersonal sexual signs titillating. But most men find it equally difficult to understand why so many women get turned on by romance novels. What can one say but vive la difference? Maybe we should refrain from diagnosing each other.

At 08:33 PM 6/27/97 -0400, you wrote:

>the bits dropped on both topics puts me in mind of something ...

>

>at a certain point in my career, i had a roommate who had a number of what  
>would in many circles be defined as hard porn magazines, a partner who gave  
>me several such texts, and access via a few other means to more. i got kind  
>of interested.

>

>most of what i looked at was the playboy and beyond vintage magazine. and  
>there were a number of recurrent threads. one was that the males in the  
>sexual encounter stories most often had horrific self-images, as constructed  
>in the texts. they were generally physically off in some way, were  
>interrupted in their discourse frequently, frequently said things that were  
>contradicted and/or proven wrong, and were, in general, just plain nebbishes.

>

>and the females, though sexually available, were often scornful!

>

>what i think i picked up from that was that in order for the versimilitude  
>to be of enough magnitude to engulf reader in text, text had to contain reality  
>as readers experienced it, i.e. if they were lost enough to be reading such  
>magazines, male figures in magazines had to be losers as well in order to be  
>believable. women had to be scornful, because anyone reading such a maga-  
zine  
>should be scorned. it may go deeper than reader/at/reading interaction --  
>men may in general feel like losers and only encounter scornful women at  
>such juncture as they would read such magazines...  
>  
>those i knew with magazines were in pretty bad shape except for partner,  
>who gave them to me as part of erotic play. the latter is perhaps a bit  
>personal but hey, we've all donned the rubber chicken suit and thrown the  
>naked spuds at one time or another except for bowering who does it con-  
stantly,  
>and as he alleges, bromige, who does it but blames bowering...  
>e  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

874. **Jordan Davis**  
***Re: identity/poetics***  
*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Fireflies in my room,  
my grandfather fallen twice  
  
Th waves are real  
and the topless bars  
  
It is lonely to be so fast  
you get out of the picture window like that  
  
and the half moon  
I look for the clam / or cod half flashes

[↑ Contents](#)

875. **Jordan Davis**  
***ladies and gentlemen please***  
*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

no future references to individuals named "Jordan" unless you can back it  
(them) up "bibliographically" -- which is to say bring up Ford Madox Ford while

I'm on my honeymoon and I'll find a way to index you some day -- love love and love -- esp for the big animated stick hueffer-- J

[↑ Contents](#)

876. **David Israel**

***Re: body-as-text discussion / cyberlife***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Alan \* Sondheim notes --

<<

> >"Cyberlife leads to disembodiment, the exact opposite of what the culture

> >needs," - Suzi Gablik

This statement is so problematic! Wow! What is an "exact" opposite? Oh, I know what she means, but listen to the sizzle of the polarity here! And "Cyberlife \_leading\_ "??? (\_My!\_) emphasis! As if there's not always already a problematic here \_and in the space of the real\_? . . .

Suzi! Suzi! >>

Tangentially: if memory serves Suzi Gablik happens to be a critic of modern & contemp. art; -- e.g., her byline is seen in the \*New Art Examiner\*, and she has written a book dealing with Rene Magritte. Gablik's anti-computer quote likely was lifted from an essay in the New Art Examiner; -- this topic was discussed there some years ago.

The contra-cyber stance that she expresses is considerably elaborated (though on perhaps different grounds) by a Boston critic whose name escapes me at the moment [he wrote a book developing this theme, entitled something like The Gutenberg Elegy (?)]; -- and a couple years ago, Harper's Magazine published the transcript of a panel discussion (including said chap) more or less examining such ideas.

More precisely the Gutenberg fellow was concerned abt. an imagined erosion of \*literary\* culture (or maybe, literary experience, narrowly construed) -- rather than the Gablik proposition of life mediated by computer culture being directly antithetical to physical / sensual being.

Am reminded of the issue of writing using a computer vs. composing longhand (or -- betwixt the twain -- via the WCW-typewriter method). Back a step further, there's verbal vs. written composition (& culture).

A paradox: my brother (a musician) has never much been given to reading or writing -- but since going online a couple years ago, he's now involved in both activities (typically for some hours daily).

In my view (but perhaps this is obvious), the internet has "lead to" (or let's say, allowed) what amounts to a renaissance of epistolary life -- a development that I esteem (in an approving sense) as neo-Victorian (though not, w/ that phrase, connecting to the Gablik proposition).

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

877. **Maria Damon**

**Re: the single moon**

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

At 11:36 PM -0400 6/27/97, Daniel Zimmerman wrote:

Maria,

*I've read the Buddhism/racism thread with interest and, I hope, with sufficient disinterest since it began, and have resisted comment until now. Not that I find what you've said "offensive" or deserving of such a pejorative; indeed, the question you raise about "institutional racism" certainly deserves attention. However, it seems to apply more to "real" institutions [e.g., publishers] than to editors--especially if the editors have, like Johnson and Paulenich, put out general and public calls for the sort of work [not work from the sort of people] they'd like to consider for publication in anthologies.*

as i said, my comment is a somewhat generic one, not designed to point the finger at x rather than y.

*Of course, as you say, "if some [Asian Americans] knew of the anthology but 'chose not to' submit material, it would be instructive to know why." But the "why" might [easily] not entail racism, institutional or otherwise, and to imply that it [very well] might appears to involve a slippage from possibility to probability, from correlation to cause.*

this is precisely why i sd that it wd be instructive to know why.

*When you say that "from organizing [a] conference [,] i can easily see that unless i do something active to take control --i.e. if i just relied on 'calls for papers' --we won't get much of a cross-cultural swathe at all," it seems to me you take upon yourself too much of a burden: if Asian-[or any other hyphenated]-Americans choose not to respond to a 'call for papers,' you might feel disappointed, but you shouldn't kick yourself. You can just as easily 'become what you behold,' as Blake would say, by opposing it unwisely or ineffectually [when it involves rebuking yourself for not having done 'enough' to combat its excesses] as by acceding to it passively.*

i'm not flagellating myself. i'm pointing out a truism. it is true that i do not have the energy of a true crusader like, for example, george lipsitz or dave roediger,

or even our own kali tal, who appear to be tireless. i'm not. so, diff folks have differing amounts of energy to bring to their tasks however they define them. but at least, if i don't have the energy to pursue anti-racist agendas as far as others do, i don't want to end up blaming those i've stopped pursuing.

*Beyond pointing to attachment as the cause of suffering, Buddhism, as I understand it, declines to assign blame. If Asian-American Buddhists ignored the call for submissions to the Beneath a Single Moon anthology, they have no one but themselves to blame [but why would they? & have they, or do we merely witness a passle of white folks here worried that they might?*

this whole thread, as i understand it, took its departure from a comment made on the anthology by Walter Lew, a first-generation Korean American, in the afterword of \*his\* anthology, Premonitions.

& if they might, so what? have editors no right  
>to their own taste? how many rejections slips have you received without  
>comment? how many have you attributed to racism? to sexism? to just  
>plain stupidity?

i tend to think the former two causes are subsumed as categories within the latter.

must every public action obsessively make amends for  
>the sins of racism, institutional or otherwise?].

what was obsessive about my post?

*You say that "if there was no active attempt to recruit the works of Asian-Americans, it is not surprising that it was an all-white affair." I'd rather say that if the call for submissions appeared in a sufficient number of public places, it seems surprising that no Asian-American Buddhists responded. That's their problem, not Johnson's & Paulenich's. This impulse to go overboard to defend the interests of the oppressed & excluded appears to me not very far from the imperialist attempt to 'rescue' the heathen.*

this is a strange comment. do you really think that it's going overboard to want to represent a range of different cultures at a conference entitled "cross-cultural poetics?" methinks thou art distorting my words, my intentions, and my point, which was about as general and bland as could be, in order to re-personalize a post that i specifically made as unpersonal as i could, except insofar as i invoked my own current experience. Ive wanted to stay out of the excessively personal, ad feminam/hominem aspects of recent threads, now i have embroiled myself in one. oy! i'll withdraw. what's with all of this crankiness? is it the heat, or now that summer's here we (academics anyway) have more time to obsess in front of our screen?

as ever, md  
> Tat tvam asi.  
> Dan Zimmerman

[↑ Contents](#)

878. **Maria Damon**

***Re: identity/poetics***

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

At 2:11 AM -0400 6/28/97, Jordan Davis wrote:

> Fireflies in my room,  
> my grandfather fallen twice  
>  
> Th waves are real  
> and the topless bars  
>  
> It is lonely to be so fast  
> you get out of the picture window like that  
>  
> and the half moon  
> I look for the clam / or cod half flashes

ah jordan, how'd you know i was here in woods hole? it's dreamy, i'm in love with the air, with being here, with moving my body. can't stand the thought of going back to the static-air midwest with its grueling heat and pious attitudes!

[↑ Contents](#)

879. **Maria Damon**

***Re: masturbation and appropriate texts to be studied***

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

mark weiss wrote:

> A lot of women seem not to understand why men find the contemplation of  
> impersonal sexual signs titillating. But most men find it equally difficult  
> to understand why so many women get turned on by romance novels. What  
can  
> one say but vive la difference? Maybe we should refrain from diagnosing each  
> other.  
>

a few years ago, when i read my first harlequin novel as an "assigned text" for a study group, i was struck by how structurally similar they were to s/m novels such as the story of O or gay work by some of the folks anthologized by john preston as well as some preston himself. of course the harlequins were far less

interesting and creative, far less "literary" and hence boring. but similar power dynamics gave both genres (if they can be said to be separate genres) their underlying logic. when i suggested this to my study group, and that we follow up w/ a gay male s/m text, they demured for unstated reasons.

[↑ Contents](#)

880. **DS**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

little boxes  
on  
the  
hillside

[↑ Contents](#)

881. **David Israel**

***Identity / Snyder's evocations***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Rebecca Weldon writes from Thailand:

<< I must apologise for my facetious remarks concerning the orient (I meet too many Orientalists out here). The questions of identity are quite serious and merit discussion. . . . >>

While \*some\* of your words were tongue-in-cheek, others seemed straightforward and (I'd say) germane. For instance, the semantic fuzziness of "orientalism," lent some dash of clarity by your rooting it in 19th century origins, denoting an aspect of the response of a Eurocentric mentality in its imaginal encounter w/ "the Oriental mind" (a phrase which one finds in, for instance, Rudyard Kipling's novel \*Kim\*).

////

BTW, in my estimation, what someone like Rudyard Kipling was up to, and what someone like Gary Snyder is up to, have a number of points of difference. As for their (respective) poetries, Dean's citation of those lines (chosen "at random") from Snyder's collected poems, served to remind how much I like this poet's work. Again encountering those 8 lines in Amand Schwerner's summary-and-supplementary discussion -- the Snyder lines remain interesting / haunting / evocative / solid.

We beach up at China Camp  
Between piles of stone



Stacked there by black-haired miners,  
cook in the dark  
sleep all night long by the stream.

These songs that are here and gone,  
Here and gone,  
To purify our ears.

That evocation of exploited Chinese miners in the California riverine valley (fetched to mind for the poet by markless, plaqueless piles of stone), and his evident sense of (some manner of human) kinship with those long-gone laborers across a century's gulf --

These songs that are here & gone  
here & gone

the poet imagines the miners perhaps did sing songs among themselves? when finally, after 18-hour-per-day labor, they were alone & at leisure [is this then the "exotic" image of Asians to which Dean Brink alludes?] --

image of unnamed, unknown, now forever gone lives filled w/ hard labor (Snyder, whose livelihood in that period was likewise based on physical labor, had some ground for this imaginal kinship, I think) --

miners whose remnant trace is an array of piled stone that the poet notices -- nameless presences evoked economically ("black haired miners") -- & did they sing? --

These songs that are here & gone  
here & gone

the resumption of song here suggesting (one supposes) the poet's own lyric, -- an act of recurrence, somewhat in the Eliadean sense --

btw, "to purify my ears" appears in the final line in an 8-line poem of Han Shan's (I realized this, as I was about to zoom into the shower, a couple mornings ago) -- circa 8th century a.d. recluse-poet; Snyder was the first translator to render that poem into English (his translations from Han Shan were, of course, memorialized by his buddy Kerouac in \*The Dharma Bums\* -- Kerouac actually beat Snyder to the punch, in the sense that one or two Han Shan poem in Snyder's translation appeared JK's TDBs before Snyder had a chance to get his versions into print) --

but "to purify my ears" is an allusion by Han Shan to the tale from Chuang Tse (as I've already mentioned), that fantastical & philosophical circa 3rd cent. b.c. mystic story-maker -- the phrase evokes a story that imaginatively recreated a then long-bygone era of many centuries earlier -- so that the historical distance covered by Snyder's line "to purify our ears" hopscotches back to the deep

antiquity of the original mythical sage figure (one of the Chen Jen (zhen ren = realized men) held up as models by CT, though I don't recall his name (a figure from e.g., 1,000 b.c.? -- Chuang Tse tended to better the Confucians by planting his mythical exemplars even more remotely in antiquity than their were) . . .

a pebble-tale that skips across the history-waters up to Chuang Tse (3rd cent. b.c.), then makes a further leap up way to Han Shan -- whose affinity w/ Chuang Tse was shared by other Buddhist poets of his day --

then from Han Shan (8th cent. a.d.) the phrase leaps another millenium to the Chinese immigrants (mid-19th century) as imagined by Gary Snyder (mid-20th Century -- I assume this poem dates from the 1950s) -- and now it drifts on lapping fiberoptics & lands at our computer-shores, here on the cyberriver at century's end . . .

"to purify my ears" signified, for Han Shan, a disgust with the wrangling world of petty ambitions that he runounced, when he sought silence & solitude on Cold Mountain ("Han Shan") -- where (as he noted in a poem I quoted here some months ago) he lingered for (more than) 30 years . . .

& thanks, Rebecca, for the words from \*Ruins\* . . .

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

882. **Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher**

***Re: Identity***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

oh i think we SHOULD try, in calls for papers and conferences and the like, to reach out some in getting diverse representation... what's the harm in same?... in my view, for so many reasons, it's not enough to observe, simply, that "such and such [group] didn't respond" (which is not a criticism of anybody's past or present practices!)... that said, IF i'm invited to talk/speak/contribute, i can't at the same time be asked as a whitehetmale to erase mself... though i would think that my contribution should call into question my own subject-site (at least at the level of basic reflexiveness---of searching mself some---and i have a kind of faith that if i do so, the results will be (self-)evident)...

anyhoo, i feel i must remark that it's nice to see that \*this\* discussion includes a half-dozen WOMEN!... really, a discussion of identity and such like on poetix w/o the customary deluge of men-only or men-primarily... oh and in remarking so, you will note that i tip my hat in favor of reaching out some...

anyway, i've attached something that i thought might be of interest, but it's not directly related to any current thread...

best,

joe

*Posted at 7:50 a.m. PDT Friday, June 27, 1997  
HarperCollins closes the book on 100 authors*

*NEW YORK (AP) -- In an unexpected budget-cutting move, HarperCollins is closing the book on more than 100 authors whose titles it had promised to publish, The New York Times reported today.*

*The venerable publishing house -- which lost \$7 million in its last fiscal quarter -- canceled 36 titles it believed would sell poorly. It trimmed another 70 books because its authors missed their deadlines.*

*Some of the axed titles were featured in the company's fall catalog. All the canceled authors will be paid the full advances due under their contracts, said Anthea Disney, the company's chief executive.*

*``It's a way of trying to make sense out of the business," she said. ``In all honesty, I don't want to publish books that we won't get behind and publish well."*

*HarperCollins' decision to cancel manuscripts that had already been completed is considered highly unusual in the publishing industry, where houses usually cut back by reducing future acquisitions.*

*Rebecca Brown, whose novel ``The Dogs: A Modern Bestiary" was on HarperCollins' hit list, said the decision seemed to reflect publishing's increasing focus on profits over quality.*

*``Publishing now is not about supporting and nurturing and having this inquiry into culture that Gertrude Stein and (Ernest) Hemingway and Maxwell Perkins were trying to do," she told the newspaper. ``It's about selling Michael Jackson biographies and advertising things. It's more in line with selling cigarettes."*

*Other canceled titles included a number of novels, cookbooks, a mystery, a biography, a European travel guide and an art collection book by Edith*

*Vonnegut, daughter of author Kurt Vonnegut.*

*HarperCollins, a unit of Rupert Murdoch's  
NewsCorp., published 1,600 books in the trade  
division last year.*

[↑ Contents](#)

883. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: Salt 11***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

hi john kinsella

here are three poems for Salt. let me know if you're interested in having them. "Family Grounds" and "Humor Institute" are fairly straightforward, but in "Re-decorating the House" i have left in some html markings because they make formatting a little clearer. where you see <blockquote>, it means start formatting as you would for quotations, i.e. indent and italicize, and where you see </blockquote> it means end the special quotation formatting.

i realize this is all very baroque, and wouldn't be necessary if i weren't such a lazy sot and would actually MAIL it snailmail with realcopy, but for heaven's sake, by the time i get to the post office and sort out overseas pricing for mail and a SASE, well, let's just say i still have filing from a YEAR AGO that i haven't done!...

e

-----

poems following

-----

The Humor Institute

(from the fine poem of the same title by Andrew Hudgins)

It's funny and it's not. They carry luggage  
that bursts, spilling out caps with horns  
and fart cushions. Later the parents send  
packages of chocolate and lard cookies, Doritos,  
pictures -- the Dog, Mom and Dad and the House.  
In class they are silent, poised shrieks  
except when the teachers call them out with a joke  
into packs of syncophantic Ralphys  
ho-hoing like ex-husbands at the wedding.

The classrooms retch out pellets of nervous titter  
as students fight over outlets for portable laugh tracks;

A grandmother's belching guffaw can break wind  
across the becalmed victims of the oral report  
as quickly as silence strands them on a shore  
of drunk Mid-western Elvis impersonators  
and moustached Europeans with poodle shows.  
Everyone is waiting for the boy who hugs a cheetah  
and sings in an Al Jolson voice so they can  
blow into their rolled-up diplomas and go  
home -- to their families, to a labor of humor.

E. McGrand

@copyright E. McGrand, 4/97

-----  
Family Grounds

The family, fists wavering, walks over  
a busy street blindly, each foot chancing  
passing tractor-trailors of catastrophe.  
The hapless one hums counterpoint to beats  
tapped by his brother's retarded, labyrinth feet.

What does each hear in the dolorous  
outcast humming. John, the retarded son,  
(name begat to re-upholster worn crouches  
of Oedipal gerrymandering) holds the hand  
of his mother, their interlocking fingers,  
a marbled gesture of incarnate tragedy.

Even with the named birth it was no use  
to hope John wouldn't know, but recess jeers,  
classroom disasters, and parents' gossip  
multiply beyond the twelve apostolic  
benchmen whose priest and prayerbook failed  
to wash her nervous conscience clean.

The hapless, float-footed brother breaths  
molten symphony, exhales sullen etudes.  
His weed-blown sisters adulate and follow,  
blossoming in whispers and hidden smoking,  
their thin fingers pinching, sucking, and holding.  
They gather remote, decorous boyfriends, sag  
into a rear manouvre dented from kicks and hissing.  
Mating rejection and drawing it inward, orgasms  
of green and blue embroider their arms, eyes.

The parents, simultaneously following and herding --  
father phallically thrusting his frowns, critiques  
during dinner, pointedly cheating his wife;  
mother rustling broccoli and conversational  
robins' nests as she cringes at the sideboard  
-- hate open pain. Flourishing pain,  
the children turn it into convention badges,  
endless initiation chants in a ritual  
of shattered safety. The cars suck and hold  
scarves, dresses, and draw the open-eyed  
along the spattered traffic median.

E. McGrand

@copyright EMC, 1997

-----  
Redecorating the House

<BLOCKQUOTE><I>

How much can ornamentation conceal  
when structural renovation is unsustainable

</BLOCKQUOTE></I>

The front facade, supported by fluted  
pilasters, wraps around a stable, sheltered  
environment, a minimal number of staff  
always watching the golden, burnished  
marble resound with subtle notes  
of Inigo Jones classicism. Supervised  
workshops facilitate on-site key signatures  
of green marble intaglio, effortless support  
in our campaign to build community ties

<BLOCKQUOTE>

he said I picked my nose  
unnnh what a Retard can I  
have an apple in my lunchbox  
we are learning to use big sewing  
machines with thick red thread

</BLOCKQUOTE>

We will be placing clients in controlled  
environments; the ludicrous Victorian brass  
work providing humorous commentary on repeated  
arguments about restraints, the place of legato,  
and how much ornamentation can conceal

when structural renovation is unsustainable

<BLOCKQUOTE>

teased me I don't like oranges  
my lunchbox got stolen the fourth  
graders are too small why can't  
Irene and I make babies  
in our rooms if we shut the door

</BLOCKQUOTE>

At Christmas tiny points of light glitter in circles  
on the trees and are taken down after New Years day

E. McGrand

@Copyright E. McGrand 1996

-----

[↑ Contents](#)

884. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***HOW EMBARRASSING!!!! please ignore last message***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

i'm terribly sorry -- did the usual dopy "r" thing and instead of sending reply to sender, it went to list.

nothing sallacious, but very tedious for everyone to wade through...

sorry!

e

[↑ Contents](#)

885. **Alan \* Sondheim**

***Re: Identity***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

I think (re: Amato) that conferences should also have some monies set aside for those people who can't afford to come otherwise; not everyone is university affiliated. (I think this should be a \_requirement\_ of conferences.)

This problem has happened to me a number of times recently. It's ugly. It creates a real division between department-sanctioned writers/etc. and those of us out on the street.

Alan

URL: [http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html) MIRROR  
with other pages at: [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt) IMAGES:

http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/ TEL [REDACTED] EXPERIMENTAL  
(on and off): http://166.84.250.149 Editor, BEING ON LINE

[↑ Contents](#)

886. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: body-as-text discussion***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

transplantation appears to involve more than just the physical fragment.

At 12:53 AM 6/28/97 -0400, you wrote:

>is the body inherently a whole?

>does fragmentation occur naturally/unnaturally

> for instance the generally accepted practice

> of surgery or amputation?

>can't "body" be a fluid concept?

>out-----

>peter ganick

> [REDACTED]

>

>At 06:44 PM 6/27/97 -0400, you wrote:

>>Some quotes from \_Utne's issue on the "real" as latest most in:

>>

>>"Cyberlife leads to disembodiment, the exact opposite of what the culture

>>needs," - Suzi Gablik

>>

>>"Ray [Paul] concludes 'cultural creatives' demand that all the pieces of

>>their lives fit together to create an authentic whole...one that merges the

>>best of modernism and traditionalism, embraces both East and West..."

>>

>>but "We need to mount a spirited defense of our right and power to seek our

>>own realities." Jon Spayde

>>tom bell

>>

>>At 05:26 AM 6/27/97 -0400, you wrote:

>>>hi buffalo-l-er's-----

>>>i don't think alan sondheim would mind if i

>>>forwarded this post of his to the fop-list

>>>made an hour ago-----

>>>it bears relevance to the "body-as-text' discussion

>>>proposed by kdawn earlier----

>>>out-----

>>>peter ganick



>>>>  
>>>>To: [REDACTED]  
>>>>From: Peter Ganick <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion  
>>>>  
>>>>>Sender: FOP-L <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>>From: Alan \* Sondheim <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion  
>>>>>To: Multiple recipients of list FOP-L <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>>  
>>>>>I'm curious - with your computing skills and equipment - what are your  
>>>>>ultimate goals - what do you want to do?  
>>>>>  
>>>>>I find myself constantly having to pare back, for example, ignoring C++  
in  
>>>>>order to concentrate on the languages I know to some extent, and can  
use.  
>>>>>With essays, I try to read things that are sent me within three days; if  
>>>>>not, I have to expunge them.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>I move from one operating system to another; I feel I have good knowl-  
edge  
>>>>>of linux and Win95, poor still of Mac, but getting there. I'm getting  
>>>>>close to 250 - 300 messages a day.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>I want to feel I'm within the internals of the machine, and understand  
the  
>>>>>psychoanalytical and philosophical ramifications of technology. I want  
to  
>>>>>do this without disregarding the body, or its splitting re: issues of em-  
>>>>>bodiment and virtuality - and I don't want to go for simplistic answers  
>>>>>(which usually carry the day). I try to keep up with "the literature" as  
>>>>>best I can; much of it seems anecdotal (this is what a MUD does) or  
naive  
>>>>>(cyber-relationships are/aren't "real").  
>>>>>  
>>>>>Since I'm not institutionalized, I can rarely go to the conferences I've  
>>>>>applied to, to present a paper; there's no money. Since I can't go to the  
>>>>>conferences, the feedback on my work is minimal, so I have to conduct  
im-  
>>>>>aginary conversations - \_here\_ I'm naive, \_there\_ I've maybe made a  
point.

>>>>>Although I do get into print (off or online) often, there's no real community of discussion surrounded my work, so these dialogs get increasingly  
>>>>>psychotic.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>Beyond this, I remember when I began thinking through these issues in the  
>>>>>70s (I did something called The Structure of Reality then, which I still  
>>>>>refer to), I figured I wanted to work on the mediation of mind and world  
>>>>>vis-a-vis formal and informal systems - and how this mediation constructed  
>>>>>or was constructed by/for mind. And I've remained fastened on this to the  
>>>>>present.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>With your work on your computers, adding programs (I remember you talked  
>>>>>about all the Network monitoring addons for Win95 you downloaded), I wonder  
>>>>>der where your interest lies, what your goals are? And I'm sending this to  
>>>>>the lists, since I'm curious about others' configurations as well.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>(For myself, I've stabilized linux and the Mac and Win95 configs, as well  
>>>>>as my Win 3.+ stuff, so they're functional and somewhat interoperational;  
>>>>>with the Mac, I've clumsily looked at Applescript, backed out a bit, and  
>>>>>do most of my experimentation on linux, either RedHat or Slackware varieties.  
>>>>>And I still feel that one needs at least some of this in order to  
>>>>>understand TCP/IP or other protocols, to understand the Net in general,  
>>>>>beyond the user interface. For the user interface is always a system, as  
>>>>>Richard MacKinnon might say, of governance, and there's protocol and governance  
>>>>>all the way down, and we had better look at it.)  
>>>>>  
>>>>>Alan, musing  
>>>>>  
>>>>>  
>>>>>

>>>>>URL: http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\_txt.html  
>>>>>MIRROR with other pages at:  
http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\_txt  
>>>>>IMAGES: http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/ TEL [REDACTED]  
>>>>>EXPERIMENTAL (on and off): http://166.84.250.149 Editor, BEING  
ON LINE  
>>>>>  
>>>  
>>>  
>>  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

887. **Lisa Samuels**

***name that Donne***

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

in a bid to take advantage of the hundreds of minds  
which might apply themselves to this question --

is this john donne? whence comes it, then?

For if one eat my meat, though it be known  
The meat was mine, the excrement is his own.

this is not a test, for i don't know the answer myself.  
thanks for your superior information -- & for guesses.

lisa s.

[↑ Contents](#)

888. **Kali Tal**

***Re: identity/poetics***

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

*little boxes  
on  
the  
hillside*

'scuze me, i think i might be missing your meaning here. are you implying  
(since there's nothing to your message but the subject line "Re: identity/poet-  
ics") that a) the critic who is interested in identity sees poets/poems as nothing  
more than those pastel colored, indistinguishable little square piled-up houses  
which line the hillsides of S. San Francisco? Or that b) those who feel that their

own identity matters (i.e., "identity poets") live in those tacky little boxes? or c) a third alternative i can't puzzle out?

if a or b, malvina reynolds--mama lion--would be unhappy at the use to which you've put her words since her identity was an explicit motivating force behind her work. the folks who lived in the little boxes were the people whose identity had been \*erased\*--by capitalism and forced acculturation, in the example of the song.

'course, if it is a or b, then you don't think an author's identity matters, and so using her work in a cause which she would reject wouldn't bother you over-much.

wondering,  
kali

[↑ Contents](#)

889. **Tenney Nathanson**  
***nomail in NY***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

not that I post much anyway but:

I'm switching to nomail for the next 4-5 weeks--will be working in NY for July and checking email via cybercafes or somesuch.

however: if anyone has info about interesting poetry activities in NY during July, I'd very much appreciate a backchannel.

sorry (for myself) to be departing poetics in the midst of so much heated and interesting activity--esp the Identity thread and the Buddhist thread.

best to all (and I do mean all)

tenney

-----

tenney nathanson



<http://www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/>

[↑ Contents](#)

890. **John Kinsella**

***Salt 11***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

I'm setting Salt 11 at the moment and will be considering material up to the 10th of August. The Australian editorial address is: PO Box 202 Applecross 6153, Western Australia. For those outside the Southern Hemisphere a more useful address may be: Churchill College, Cambridge CB3 0DS, England. Send work c/- The Editor, John Kinsella.

For those who aren't familiar with Salt's modus operandi it's as follows: Salt welcomes contributions in all fields, though favours poetry, poetic fiction, articles and reviews relating to poetry, and material concerned with contemporary art and art practice. It is primarily a poetry journal. It is produced jointly by Fremantle Arts Centre Press and Folio(Salt) Books, and distributed in Australia by Penguin Books, in the UK by Liverpool University Press and in the U.S. by International Specialized Book Services (■■■■■).

Best

John Kinsella

[↑ Contents](#)

891. **John Kinsella**

***P.S.***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

I should say I'm "editing" Salt 11 at the moment and not "setting" - there are others who should gain the credit for that onerous task!

Best

John K

[↑ Contents](#)

892. **Steve Shoemaker**

***buddha love***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Awright, pardon a tyro's question here: I've always been intrigued, from a more or less uninformed distanced, by the Buddhist valuing of "non-attachment," which has come up with some frequency in recent posts. My question, then, is how exactly is "love" supposed to work in this scheme of things. Is love for another person really possible without "attachment," in the sense of not wanting to do without? I'm probably approaching the question somewhat superficially, but cldn't resist the chance to query what appears to be a rather large number of people interested in buddhistic living... steve

893. **Peter Ganick**

**Re: body-as-text discussion**

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

At 01:14 PM 6/28/97 -0400, tbell wrote:

>transplantation appears to involve more than just the physical fragment.\

translation might be a better approximation to transplantation

the body as a whole might be the text-entire

the body/text can change via translation

the fluids of the body/the fluidity of a text, for example,

revising/cutting/embellishing/adding

how far does the body/text analogy go?

>>is the body inherently a whole?

>>does fragmentation occur naturally/unnaturally

>> for instance the generally accepted practice

>> of surgery or amputation?

>>can't "body" be a fluid concept?

>>out-----

>>peter ganick

>> [REDACTED]

*"Cyberlife leads to disembodiment, the exact opposite of what the culture needs," - Suzi Gablik*

*"Ray [Paul] concludes 'cultural creatives' demand that all the pieces of their lives fit together to create an authentic whole...one that merges the best of modernism and traditionalism, embraces both East and West..."*

*but "We need to mount a spirited defense of our right and power to seek our own realities." Jon Spayde*  
*tom bell*

>>>>hi buffalo-l-er's-----

>>>>i don't think alan sondheim would mind if i

>>>>forwarded this post of his to the fop-list

>>>>made an hour ago-----

>>>>it bears relevance to the "body-as-text" discussion

>>>>proposed by kdawn earlier----

>>>>out-----

>>>>peter ganick

>>>>

>>>>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion

>>>>>Sender: FOP-L <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>>From: Alan \* Sondheim <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion  
>>>>>To: Multiple recipients of list FOP-L <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>>I'm curious - with your computing skills and equipment - what are  
your  
>>>>>ultimate goals - what do you want to do?  
>>>>>  
>>>>>I find myself constantly having to pare back, for example, ignoring  
C++ in  
>>>>>order to concentrate on the languages I know to some extent, and can  
use.  
>>>>>With essays, I try to read things that are sent me within three days; if  
>>>>>not, I have to expunge them.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>I move from one operating system to another; I feel I have good  
knowledge  
>>>>>of linux and Win95, poor still of Mac, but getting there. I'm getting  
>>>>>close to 250 - 300 messages a day.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>I want to feel I'm within the internals of the machine, and  
understand the  
>>>>>psychoanalytical and philosophical ramifications of technology. I  
want to  
>>>>>do this without disregarding the body, or its splitting re: issues of  
em-  
>>>>>bodiment and virtuality - and I don't want to go for simplistic answers  
>>>>>(which usually carry the day). I try to keep up with "the literature" as  
>>>>>best I can; much of it seems anecdotal (this is what a MUD does) or  
naive  
>>>>>(cyber-relationships are/aren't "real").  
>>>>>  
>>>>>Since I'm not institutionalized, I can rarely go to the conferences I've  
>>>>>applied to, to present a paper; there's no money. Since I can't go to  
the  
>>>>>conferences, the feedback on my work is minimal, so I have to con-  
duct  
im-  
>>>>>aginary conversations - \_here\_ I'm naive, \_there\_ I've maybe made a  
point.  
>>>>>Although I do get into print (off or online) often, there's no real com-  
>>>>>munity of discussion surrounded my work, so these dialogs get

increasingly  
>>>>>psychotic.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>Beyond this, I remember when I began thinking through these issues  
in  
the  
>>>>>70s (I did something called The Structure of Reality then, which I still  
>>>>>refer to), I figured I wanted to work on the mediation of mind and  
world  
>>>>>vis-a-vis formal and informal systems - and how this mediation  
constructed  
>>>>>or was constructed by/for mind. And I've remained fastened on this to  
the  
>>>>>present.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>With your work on your computers, adding programs (I remember you  
talked  
>>>>>about all the Network monitoring addons for Win95 you downloaded),  
I  
won-  
>>>>>der where your interest lies, what your goals are? And I'm sending  
this to  
>>>>>the lists, since I'm curious about others' configurations as well.  
>>>>>  
>>>>>(For myself, I've stabilized linux and the Mac and Win95 configs, as  
well  
>>>>>as my Win 3.+ stuff, so they're functional and somewhat  
interoperational;  
>>>>>with the Mac, I've clumsily looked at Applescript, backed out a bit,  
and  
>>>>>do most of my experimentation on linux, either RedHat or Slackware  
varie-  
>>>>>ties. And I still feel that one needs at least some of this in order to  
>>>>>understand TCP/IP or other protocols, to understand the Net in gen-  
eral,  
>>>>>beyond the user interface. For the user interface is always a system,  
as  
>>>>>Richard MacKinnon might say, of governance, and there's protocol  
and  
gov-  
>>>>>ernance all the way down, and we had better look at it.)  
>>>>>



>>>>>Alan, musing  
>>>>>  
>>>>>  
>>>>>  
>>>>>URL: http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\_txt.html  
>>>>>MIRROR with other pages at:  
http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\_txt  
>>>>>IMAGES: http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/ TEL  
[REDACTED]  
>>>>>EXPERIMENTAL (on and off): http://166.84.250.149 Editor, BEING  
ON LINE  
>>>>>  
>>>>  
>>>>  
>>>>  
>>>  
>>  
>>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

894. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: identities***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Just want to post a somewhat hurried note in response to Kali Tal's "close read" of my two-cents on the identity/poetics issue.

Basically, I'm in agreement with her as far as her saying that my offhand joke about white males not being able to get grants "rests on a bed of identity politics" and I'd like to thank her for pointing out a blind spot in my conceptual outlook. I could argue the joke was indeed offhand and insist that she not read too much into it - but hey, it's waaay too late in the century for that kind of evasive behavior. The reason I included the joke was - as I see it - as a way of expressing some anxiety about wading into waters over my head. And as it turns out, I learned something thereby. Enough psychoanalysis.

My concerns over the issue of identity vis-a-vis poetry still remain these: to read a poem *exclusively* in terms of the author's identity is not always the best way to approach a text, since a line does exist, admittedly hazy and shifting, between an author and her text (btwn intention and result). Based on what Kali said re: my "straw man" argument, which was simply a misreading of I thought were her operating assumptions, I guess this is not her view altogether either.

It's interesting to me how so often critical approaches of any kind at all seem determined to fill the amorphous interstices between writer and text instantly, out of a kind of horror vacui. I'm not saying this is what Kali's trying to do. Her intent to understand seems honest and forthright, albeit originating from a different set of vectors than my own and yes, some of those vectors are indeed the product of identity. Bottom line: the history of literature is also in some ways the history of repression and exclusion, ergo: it's incumbent on serious readers to become cognizant of the fact.

In haste,  
Patrick Pritchett

Further reports on Naropa reading series upcoming...

[↑ Contents](#)

895. **henry g**  
***Re: identities***  
*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Seems like the whole identity debate is a consequence of the doubleness of art-work. It represents itself on the one hand & it represents the "culture" on the other. It's only resolvable in a fusion of the two. Every identity we recognize in a poem is a "working" identity - either an expansion or intensification or both of the self in the process of experiencing/making. And every biography drawn from a work in art is of interest to us as an example, an experience we "identify" with as an intensification (through loss, through injustice, through authenticity?) of reality. "What modern art has to do in the service of culture is so to rearrange the details of modern life, so to reflect it, that it may satisfy the spirit." (Walter Pater) Your tragedy is my tragedy.

#### THE STATUES

Pythagoras planned it. Why did the people stare?  
His numbers, though they moved or seemed to move  
In marble or in bronze, lacked character.  
But boys and girls, pale from imagined love  
Of solitary beds, knew what they were,  
That passion could bring character enough,  
And pressed at midnight in some public place  
Live lips upon a plummet-measured face.

No! Greater than Pythagoras, for the men  
That with a mallet or a chisel modelled these  
Calculations that look but casual flesh, put down  
All Asiatic vague immensities,

And not the banks of oars that swam upon  
The many-headed foam at Salamis.  
Europe put off that foam when Phidias  
Gave women dreams and dreams their looking-glass.

One image crossed the many-headed, sat  
Under the tropic shade, grew round and slow,  
No Hamlet thin from eating flies, a fat  
Dreamer of the Middle Ages. Empty eyeballs knew  
That knowledge increases unreality, that  
Mirror on mirror mirrored is all the show.  
When gong and conch declare the hour to bless  
Grimalkin crawls to Buddha's emptiness.

When Pearse summoned Cuchulain to his side,  
What stalked through the Post Office? What intellect,  
What calculation, number, measurement, replied?  
We Irish, born into that ancient sect  
But thrown upon this filthy modern tide  
And by its formless spawning fury wrecked,  
Climb to our proper dark, that we may trace  
The lineaments of a plummet-measured face.

- W.B. Yeats

That's poetry. - H. O'G.

[↑ Contents](#)

896. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

In the state in which I sometimes write poetry I occasionally neglect to include information essential to the reader, who at such moments is the least of my concerns. Usually what's happened is an unsupportable assumption of common knowledge. Afterwards I sometimes realize that I have been somewhat more opaque than is good for the poem, and I find a way to add the missing information, whether it be about my status/class/ethnicity/location or anything else that is both essential and of its nature impossible for even the most enraptured reader to figure out. (Note that that hypothetical enraptured reader may in some cases be able to find the information elsewhere in my oeuvre, in which case I don't always feel the need to repeat. Example: I don't endlessly repeat that "Margaret" equals "my wife" or Carlos "my son/stepson." That goes for all the politically hotbutton identifications that can be attached to me, as well) The elucidation of such allows me to present myself and the reader with the truly

complex and otherwise not utterable. If I fail to do this it's because I've screwed up, overestimated the reader, don't feel that the information is essential, no matter how essential others might find it, or speak in code so as to establish an in group-out group dichotomy. On this last, I recently noticed that appreciation of one of my early poems depended upon reader recognition of the first name of a poet I admired who at the time was primarily famous among his friends. What I'm saying is that to the extent possible I include the context, and I think that most poets worth their salt do. But that contextualization also involves areas of knowledge that I assume to be common. Snyder apparently considered China Camp such an area--it was for me, but if it hadn't been the information was readily available if my interest in the poem was sufficient motivation. Another example: because I was fascinated by Spicer's *The Heads of the Town* I rented Cocteau's *Orphee*, curiously the only one of his films that I had not seen (source, by the way, of his radio transmission analogy). Time and geography narrow the extent of assumable knowledge. I may no longer know what Shakespeare assumed his audience would know. Hell, I no longer know what WCW assumed I would. One of the jobs of critics is to do the archaeology necessary to supply the assumed context. This context includes the entire cultural matrix. The more I approach naturalizing that matrix (the more Purcell sounds like music and not like history of music, Hobbes like philosophy and not the history of philosophy, and Browne like prose and not the history of prose) the more approachable the text becomes. This includes the political. To the extent that I wish to understand what Dryden, Marvell, Milton or Aphra Behn hoped/assumed I would understand I had better learn what every literate Englishman knew about his or her own political situation (among other things, this knowledge will free me from dividing the distant past into good guys and bad guys as if they were all standing for election--yesterday's radical may not be the father of today's [see *The Whig Interpretation of History*, which ought to be on everyone's reading list]). None of the foregoing in any way, I think, contradicts Bromige's formulation. Whatever I know, I still meet the text halfway, and the understanding/comprehension/ecstatic apprehension all result from that meeting.

At 11:51 AM 6/28/97 MDT, you wrote:

>>little boxes

>>on

>>the

>>hillside

>

>'scuze me, i think i might be missing your meaning here. are you implying

>(since there's nothing to your message but the subject line "Re:

>identity/poetics") that a) the critic who is interested in identity sees

>poets/poems as nothing more than those pastel colored, indistinguishable  
>little square piled-up houses which line the hillsides of S. San Francisco?  
>Or that b) those who feel that their own identity matters (i.e., "identity  
>poets") live in those tacky little boxes? or c) a third alternative i can't  
>puzzle out?  
>  
>if a or b, malvina reynolds--mama lion--would be unhappy at the use to which  
>you've put her words since her identity was an explicit motivating force  
>behind her work. the folks who lived in the little boxes were the people  
>whose identity had been \*erased\*--by capitalism and forced acculturation, in  
>the example of the song.  
>  
>'course, if it is a or b, then you don't think an author's identity matters,  
>and so using her work in a cause which she would reject wouldn't bother you  
>overmuch.  
>  
>wondering,  
>kali  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

897. **Mark Weiss**  
***Re: identity/poetics***  
*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Just a note on the real estate context. Those little boxes in San Francisco go for \$500,000 and up.

At 11:51 AM 6/28/97 MDT, you wrote:

>>little boxes  
>>on  
>>the  
>>hillside  
>  
>'scuze me, i think i might be missing your meaning here. are you implying  
>(since there's nothing to your message but the subject line "Re:  
>identity/poetics") that a) the critic who is interested in identity sees  
>poets/poems as nothing more than those pastel colored, indistinguishable  
>little square piled-up houses which line the hillsides of S. San Francisco?  
>Or that b) those who feel that their own identity matters (i.e., "identity  
>poets") live in those tacky little boxes? or c) a third alternative i can't  
>puzzle out?

>

>if a or b, malvina reynolds--mama lion--would be unhappy at the use to which  
>you've put her words since her identity was an explicit motivating force  
>behind her work. the folks who lived in the little boxes were the people  
>whose identity had been \*erased\*--by capitalism and forced acculturation, in  
>the example of the song.

>

>'course, if it is a or b, then you don't think an author's identity matters,  
>and so using her work in a cause which she would reject wouldn't bother you  
>overmuch.

>

>wondering,

>kali

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

898. **John Kinsella**

***Salt submissions***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Please send material to Salt c/- snailmail addresses - hard copy plus disk if possible.

Thanks.

John Kinsella (Ed.)

[↑ Contents](#)

899. **Karlien van den Beukel**

***Re: Poems/Identities***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Kali

Yes, of course I personified the thesis "alienated intellectual labour" by reference to an identity known as "Kali" in order to bring into play the antithesis "otium". However, as extra-textual identities seem to concern you more....

The only "extra-textual identity information" I have on you, is the speed with which you responded. Your post was there so soon after mine had been sent. So, apart from having the gift of fluency, you have constructed this virtual space (the poetics list) as the theatre of intense agon. There is the pleasure of the combative oratorical in your writing, Major Barbarella, and I will deny you

that pleasure only in so far as I have decided that I won't be your sparring partner.

Karlien

[↑ Contents](#)

900. **David Israel**  
**Re: name that Donne**  
*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

Lisa --

Don't know much abt. Donne (as quoth Herman's Hermits) -- but thanks for the couplet. Seems variously (& maybe broadly) applicable --

For if one eat my meat, though it be known  
The meat was mine, the excrement is his own.

A theme worthy of variation . . .

Did you scarf my tofu?    Granted it  
was mine: but yours remains the shit

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

901. **Kali Tal**  
**Re: identity/poetics**  
*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

| *Just a note on the real estate context. Those little boxes in San Francisco  
go for \$500,000 and up.*

Depends what context you mean. When "Little Boxes" was written, they were what they were build to be--cheap factory housing. \*Now\* they are \$500,000 and up.

K.

[↑ Contents](#)

902. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**  
**Re: name that Donne**  
*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

doesn't remind me of any donne i've read. moreover, he wasn't generally scatological that i've seen... the fly is maybe gros, but not explicit... check the oed on excrement. i'm not sure that would be a pre-18th century word...

if excrement current before 1780's, or 1850's, then my guess would be good old ben jonson or possibly ever-scatological rochester... e

[↑ Contents](#)

903. **Kali Tal**

***Re: Poems/Identities***

Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

*The only "extra-textual identity information" I have on you, is the speed with which you responded. Your post was there so soon after mine had been sent. So, apart from having the gift of fluency, you have constructed this virtual space (the poetics list) as the theatre of intense agon. There is the pleasure of the combative oratorical in your writing, Major Barbarella, and I will deny you that pleasure only in so far as I have decided that I won't be your sparring partner.*

S'okay with me if you don't want to respond to my posts. But let me clear up a common misapprehension. I'm not engaged in any sort of combat or contest for any sort of prize. As I see it, I'm simply trying to create a space within which my texts may be read, reflecting my struggle to be a visible (as in "perceivable" rather than "prominent") person in the world of f2f encounter. The opening section of Ellison's *Invisible Man* describes my frustration about as eloquently as I imagine any writer could.

I sit in front of the computer and work all day (and sometimes all night), so quick responses don't mean I'm waiting for posts to show up; they mean that when I'm at my computer and a post *\*does\** show up, I can respond to it immediately if I've got the time. Also, I type about as fast as I talk (and I talk and type fast, but not as fast as Joe), so a response that might take another person a couple of hours can take me 15-20 minutes. During these days that we've been having the identity discussion, I've gotten a huge amount of work done--I find that writing this way increases my productivity, rather than reduces it. Nothing to slow your work (and brain) speed down like sitting there for eight uninterrupted hours trying to figure out just how small you can compress *\*this\** graphic, or whether *\*that\** Web page needs just a little more space between the header and the body text. "Theatre of Agon?" I don't *\*think\** so. More like an exercise pen where I go to stretch my brain with the other lit critters who've been locked up all day.

Peace,  
Kali

[↑ Contents](#)



904. **hg**  
**identity**  
Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

this just in:

"A poet writes always of his personal life... never speaks directly as to someone at the breakfast table, there is always a phantasmagoria... he is never the bundle of accident and incoherence that sits down to breakfast; he has been reborn as an idea, something intended, complete. A novelist might describe his accident, his incoherence, he must not; he is more type than man, more passion than type."

"A poem is an elaboration of the rhythms of common speech and their association with profound feeling. To read a poem like prose, that hearers unaccustomed to poetry may find it easy to understand, is to turn it into bad, florid prose. If anybody reads or recites poetry as if it were prose from some public platform, I ask you, speaking for poets, living, dead or unborn, to protest in whatever way occurs to your perhaps youthful minds; if they recite or read by wireless, I ask you to express your indignation by letter." - W.B. Yeats

[↑ Contents](#)

905. **KIM DAWN BAKER**  
**stone /d/ baby stone head like a (, (fwd)**  
Sat 28 Jun 1997

---

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Sat, 28 Jun 1997 22:16:32 -0400 (EDT)

From: KIM DAWN <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: stone /d/ baby stone head like a (,

the stone

also

was pink sore throbbing  
the baby.s. ( ' ) head.s too soft too supple  
i can insert my fingers too gently.  
gently.now.

really  
a stone is hard  
a baby.s head is too soft  
liquid almost  
more jello than stone  
he speaks of form not weight but how can my mouth understand the

difference

my teeth sink easily into one and break upon the other

baby.s. head = bowl of jello [porcelain candy really]

not stone

stone = fist [maybe even angry fist]

so really what has a stone to do with a baby.s head?

they shouldn't even live in the same line.

the stone crushes the head. they stoned him to death. the babies bled before they were born. the sun burnt heir scalp because their mothers didnt care enough to cover them. it was their delicious hidden form of neglect. the babies bled. the babies cried. their mothers turned on their walkmans and stepped upon little hands.

baby.s heads more like soccer balls loosing air.

[↑ Contents](#)

906. **David Erben (Art)**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Sat 28 Jun 1997*

---

One's interpretation of a particular text depends on the poetics of narrative one is employing. A structuralist/post-structuralist poetics of a certain kind -- for example, Greimasian or de Manian -- would consider questions about narrative self-fashioning to be irrelevant or invalid. A Greimasian reading would be interested in constructing a model of the text in order to show how the various linguistic elements in it are interarticulated. A de Manian reading would show how the rhetoric of the text consistently undoes the thematic/constative claims of the text. But a strictly Greimasian or a strictly de Manian reading would rigorously exclude questions of agency or any question that, in the terms of their theories, involves considering extra- or non-linguistic entities.

Questions of identity would, on the face of it, appear to be throwbacks to the now discredited concerns of humanistic theories. This is not necessarily the case, however. For, in raising issues like identity, I do not think Kali is trying to relate the texts solely to the intentions of the author, nor do I think she is concerned with explaining the textual events by the biographical facts of the author. Kali does seem, however, to be interested in constructing a poetics which takes account of the agency of the author not in order to reduce the narrative to the intentions of the author, but to insert the text and the author into a larger poesis of the culture itself. This does not, it seems to me, involve positing a unified subject, on the contrary, the purpose is to explain the different subject positions and their cultural logics. I do not think that such a task is necessary for all texts. Text is not a homogeneous category. There is, in any case, no a priori

way of discovering what questions it is useful to ask a given text or a cluster of texts. The Greimasian logics and pragmatics of narrative and the de Manian insights into the rhetorics of literary and philosophical texts are formal theories. But they do not by themselves raise any substantive questions regarding the socio historical semiosis and poesis of texts. The post-structuralist attention to ecriture has certainly displaced the metaphysical and humanistic approach to reading. But it has not freed us from the obligation to rethink and reformulate questions of identity and power that are at the heart of cultural poesis and semiosis.

[↑ Contents](#)

907. **Mark Weiss**  
***Re: identity/poetics***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

*The post-structuralist attention to ecriture has certainly displaced the metaphysical and humanistic approach to reading.*

The discussions on this list would seem to be ample evidence, if any were needed, that the conquest of the world is not yet complete. "Ecriture." That means "writing" in De Man's native language?

[↑ Contents](#)

908. **Tom Orange**  
***couplet-gram***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

if tofu, yours, by name, 'tis known: whose meat?  
was not repast, hence! -- thru bowels shall retreat.

david israel penned:

>

>Did you scarf my tofu? Granted it  
>was mine: but yours remains the shit

>

>lisa samuels unearthed:

>>

>>For if one eat my meat, though it be known  
>>The meat was mine, the excrement his own

>

[↑ Contents](#)

909. **Rebecca Weldon**

***common knowlege***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

I agree that one should not allow for unnecessary obscurity. While recognizing that personal symbology\* should have integrity within the entire body of one's work, I reject the hypothesis that global understanding is key to good poetry. Common knowlege can be a cross-cultural problem, giving rise to studies and annotations of texts. Such aids are key to publishing and reading, not writing. Translation, cross-cultural references, esoteric allusion and archaeological texts belong to different categories of understanding. Far be it for me to deprive the academic world (students and professors) of it's intellectual pursuits\*\*.

N.B. With respect to boxes...I prefer the 500,000 dollar on the hill variety.

\*\*David, perhaps Chou Kung of the Western Chou circa 1100 BC, the "inventor" of rites and music?

[↑ Contents](#)

910. **Hugh Steinberg**

***epithalamium***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

My brother has just announced to my family that he is getting married, and he has asked me to write a poem to celebrate the occasion. Fortunately, I have a year to get started.

I'm looking for contemporary epithalamiums to get an idea as to how to proceed: any suggestions?

Thanks!

Hugh Steinberg

[↑ Contents](#)

911. **DS**

***Re: identity/poetics***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

It was late at night & i was really just thinking of what i had always considered one of the major ironies of identity politics - the use of terms related to and including culture that are borrowed from a culture of 'orientalism' in a wider sense - ie. when applied to the non-w.hegemony words that have a geneology in 19th (&18th & 20th) century 'racist' nomenclature. I was thinking about labels and their uses and complicit simplifying of everything. I am not anti-identity (or even with relation to a recent question somebody asked about buddhism - ante-

identity) politics - in fact i think there is much of value in much identity theory (but then i'm sort of a pantheist in relation to a lot of theory - also at times an ignoramist). There were many threads going on that i have trashed (in the little trashcan in the corner of the screen sense) so i am not completely clear about what i was 'inspired' by. There have been many ironies and vague implicit hypocrisies and allegations recently - (isn't it great) My post was inexcusable late night facetiousness.

As for the song. Well whatever mama lion may be happy or unhappy with - i felt it haunted me unfairly for a long part of my developing life, (kind of like andrew lloyd webber would for many kids now-adays) and i just relished the chance to finally use it for my own purposes - however unsavoury that may appear. Luckily now i can only remember the first verse (or is it the chorus) which from memory was about 7 years long.

Dan

the derth for the daughter this berth bother need her

At 11:51 AM 6/28/97 MDT, you wrote:

>>little boxes

>>on

>>the

>>hillside

>

>'scuze me, i think i might be missing your meaning here. are you implying

>(since there's nothing to your message but the subject line "Re:

>identity/poetics") that a) the critic who is interested in identity sees

>poets/poems as nothing more than those pastel colored, indistinguishable

>little square piled-up houses which line the hillsides of S. San Francisco?

>Or that b) those who feel that their own identity matters (i.e., "identity

>poets") live in those tacky little boxes? or c) a third alternative i can't

>puzzle out?

>

>if a or b, malvina reynolds--mama lion--would be unhappy at the use to which

>you've put her words since her identity was an explicit motivating force

>behind her work. the folks who lived in the little boxes were the people

>whose identity had been \*erased\*--by capitalism and forced acculturation, in

>the example of the song.

>

>'course, if it is a or b, then you don't think an author's identity matters,

>and so using her work in a cause which she would reject wouldn't bother you

>overmuch.

>

>wondering,  
>kali  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

912. **KIM DAWN BAKER**

***Re: POETICS Digest - 27 Jun 1997 to 28 Jun 1997***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

is the body inherently a whole?

-peter ganick

the body is full of h o l e s

asshole      mouth      nostrils      eyes      nipples

belly button    [which breathes]

cock      vagina      ears

wounds scars tattoos earring holes memory gaps

[the throat is the internal limb between pain and pleasure]

moans screams sighs cries chokes roars gasps mumbles whistles yelps slurps  
groans chortles snorts pops clicks wheezes babbles hisses hums whimpers  
whines puffs drones stutters lisps rattles

[thanks to allen weiss' text upon christof migone's cd  
'hole in the head']

he spit into a long clear wine bottle for months.

i made him wrap it up.

it made me gag to think of that bottle.

she [halona hilbertz /performance artist from germany currently residing in  
new york city/] shat in baby bottles and lined them up in her studio. a brilliant  
tribute to /the pleasures of defecation/. [any threads to be played with here? for  
selfish reasons. i am currently working on a paper on this topic. in relation. to.  
deleuze + guattari's body without organs] pull from teeth .here. the  
presence/absence/refusal [evidence] of the body as a mechanical producing  
consuming bulimic machine.

the skin is softer than metal

this is the length of a breath\_\_\_\_\_

---

[sharon gannon from :open your mouth and let the air out]

please insert fingers here.            /mouth]

[            ]

and.            pull.

my face over my eyes so i'm no longer scared.

sometimes i want to cover all my body openings. they seem obscene and beautiful.

they share. open. shit. blood. cum. piss. water. food. puke.

alcohol.tears.

lips.

i want to. cover.

and then.

i want to cover your mouth with my mouth with yours.

/tears/ the eyes are tears are torn are two black holes are torn stretched skin  
they never wanted to see they constantly try to roll back. inside. where they be-  
long. midnight.

i think i hurt mom s belly

and she hasn t forgiven me

i used to ask him to pinch me so hard to slap my face and leave a red hand  
mark upon its surface i wanted to feel something bodily i sat beside my body

-thanks for your mail alan-am so intrigued by your work-could you send some  
more?-to the list or just me-and maybe talk about your process somewhat?

[sorry i'm not sure how to send to individuals and not the whole list now that i  
get it in digest format)- -in appreciation of kali's provocative insightful consid-  
ered posts

oh another thing, in relation to the identity poet/artist : 1. knowing the gender  
of the individual may [likely will] alter the reading of the work.i find it interest-  
ing that my gender is in question even though i claim to be a woman. how does  
this alter my work. voice. power. [tell them i m woman baby]

2. this discussion has made me think of the trials and tribulation of the  
eli langer case. canadian artist based in toronto. remember the  
controversy of his drawings and paintings deemed pornographic. the work  
taken. the court case. the outrage. because he was male. because these  
were portrayals of the sexual play between/of children.

she walked through thinking these works were done by a woman.

she felt sorry for the incest experience of the artist.

she realized on her way out that they were done by a male artist.

she felt sick.

she walked back through the gallery afresh.

it had changed.

it became inflicted violence. it became sickness and perversion and she  
wanted to protect her children from this man.  
she no longer felt compassion for the artist.  
it was no longer done by a victim. but by a child molester.

3. between the            space of the body and the page

'what the state can do to a piece of paper, it can do to a human body.

-pat califia \_ janine fuller from the intro to 'forbidden passages /writings  
banned in canada'. 1995.

4. there is more to the identity of an artwork than the identity of the artist.  
there is more to the identity of the artist than the artwork. as i write this i think  
of the entanglement of art + life and the constant occurrence of this in my art  
and in the work of many. but i'm not so self important to think people will care  
who i am. how my life has been. though it bleeds through the brewing seeping  
leakage staining of the teabag of the inscription of my body / though this  
changes and becomes something someone else s once the work breathes on it s  
own within the presence/ansence of my body with other [s] bodies/ i have no  
desire to control or predict the interaction of other bodies to my work. you  
bring you and take what you want all or nothing or fragments

5. i am thinking of what it means to me and others to read my work as  
though it were made / written / performed by a man  
could someone name some artists who have worked under pseudenom [sp.?  
of gender contradiction. have men done this also?  
george sand. anais nin? [when she wrote pornography?]

kim dawn

[↑ Contents](#)

913. **David Israel**

**(no subject)**

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

Hugh --

<< My brother has just announced to my family that he is getting married, and  
he has asked me to write a poem to celebrate the occasion. Fortunately, I have  
a year to get started.

I'm looking for contemporary epithalamiums to get an idea as to how to pro-  
ceed: any suggestions? >>

congrats!



a couple of American poets -- Robert Hass and another fellow (forget who, but I think both are writers for whom I have some respect) have edited an anthology of poetry that is celebratory of marriage. I've not, as yet, much looked at the book, but I suspect it might be an interesting (& likely a good) place to start . . . (looking under Robert Hass's name -- e.g., in Books In Print -- shd. prob. suffice to locate the volume in question).

Have fun!  
d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

914. **David Israel**

***Re: common knowledge / wash yer ears / sinology***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Rebecca --

<< \*\*David, perhaps Chou Kung of the Western Chou circa 1100 BC, the "inventor" of rites and music? >>

I somewhat doubt it (though not sure). The figure I mention was mainly noted (at least in the Chuang Tse anecdote) for his love of wilderness & solitude & his abhorrence of getting roped into government service (or even much prolonged social interaction). More specifically I seem to recall that he was approached w/ the suggestion of serving as the ruler of a state then in chaos -- & his response (as mentioned in an earlier post -- perhaps I shd. have repeated this, for sake of clarity) was to hasten down to the river and wash out his ears! --

(kind of an ear equivalent of "now go wash out your mouth with soap, you filthy rascal you")

the expression "wash ears" (or "[to] purify [one's / his / my / our] ears"), in the original Chuang Tse tale, was apparently intended to epitomize succinctly the man's abhorrence of worldly ambition -- of the "spiritual dangers" thereof. Certain figures in Chinese lore could be characterized as "famous hermits" -- including those renowned for reluctance to join in the sullying temptation of governing; -- and this chap is certainly one of 'em.

A few such figures were as noted for their privacy (in this sense) as, say, J.D. Salinger among our contemp. sages. (Esquire lately did a cover story abt. the experience of not-quite-meeting Salinger -- the act of hanging out at the end of his driveway being adequate grounds for national reportage.)

The tale highlights a distinction between the outlook of Confucius (that it's the primary obligation of a cultivated man to serve the social nexus) and the view of the Taoists (that one's purpose is to attain oneness with universal existence --

and that getting messed up with politics / conflict / ambition / fame -- these would tend to distract from & hamper that needfully quietistic quest).

/////

BTW, regarding the Han Shan line (that makes allusion to the Chuang Tse story), I wrote that Gary Snyder was the 1st to translate the poem. This may or may not be quite accurate. Prior to Snyder's Han Shan sequence being published in the late '50s (he rendered maybe 27 verses), there was a smaller sequence that appeared (in a journal) translated by the estimable Sinologist [doesn't that sound more P.C. than Orientalist?] Arthur Waley. There was some overlap of (original) verses rendered by the two. (I'd not assume that Snyder nec. got his interest in Han Shan from the Waley translations -- they might've been drawn to Han Shan independently.) Prior to the Waley & Snyder translations, Han Shan was not a familiar name in Orientalist circles (apparently, Han Shan's memory was kept alive among Japanese Zen poets & painters [where he's an iconic figure] more than it was kept alive in Chinese literary tradition -- traditionally he's not approached as a "major poet" in the same way that some other famous T'ang dynasty figures are; a little booklet, "Han Shan in English," published by White Pine Press some years ago, gives a good discussion of all this).

Burton Watson's subsequent translation of 100 poems from Han Shan (Columbia University Press, prob. late 1970s) is my fave. I likely get my background on the "washing ears" allusion from a Watson footnote. I'd not, anyway, been aware of Snyder's borrowing of that expression (utilizing that allusion) in his own poetry till Dean Brink brought the lines to collective attention. In light of Snyder's interest in Han Shan, it seems safe to presume he had both the Han Shan poem & Han Shan's allusion back to Chuang Tse, in mind (since the former makes no sense w/o the latter). This annotatable "to purify our ears" isn't so bad an example of what can be involved in poetic allusion, don't you think?

On the whole, Snyder doesn't seem to depend on allusion in the way that, say, Ezra Pound evidently does -- but this instance does make me wonder what other Asian literary references might be scattered in some of Snyder's lines. I'm still not quite clear on Dean Brink's point, when denigrating what he described (I believe he said a in "technical" sense) as "winking" in Snyder's poetry -- or how the above-discussed allusion may or may not be an example of such "winking," -- or, further, why it's okay for anyone to wink at Shakespeare & is okay for some of us to wink at Gertrude Stein, but is pretty frown-on-able or suspicious for a westerner to presume to wink at Chuang Tse or Han Shan or Dogen. Probably I need to develop my wink literacy (if not to say my overall grasp of irony & its uses). ;-)

note: as for Chou K'ung -- my mention of a "1,000 b.c." date was scattershot -- I prob. should have left it as at "some time prior to Chuang Tse" -- (I merely gave that dubious annular tag for sake of a touch-earth effect w.r.t. the hopscotch-across-history trope).

You know, Chinese tend to place their pre-Confucian mythical figures a good deal farther back in time than modern historiographers would be likely to credit (of course this is true of ancient figures in Indian lore, too) -- for instance Huang Ti -- the Yellow Emperor -- isn't he supposed to have lived something like 5,000 years ago (or maybe even, 5,000 b.c. ?) -- just as, in India, Krishna & the Mahabharata war are located something like 5,000 years ago, and the reign of Ramachandra (hero of the ancient Ramayana epic) is sometimes tagged at something like 7,000 years ago. Personally I believe these far-antiquitous datings for the Indian figures (western scholars have an irksome habit of saying anyone & everyone -- Krishna, Zarathustra, whoever -- lived [if they really lived at all] in a little swatch of time between (e.g.) 300 - 600 b.c.); -- but I feel much less certain abt. the far-far-antiquity the Chinese ancients . . .

[↑ Contents](#)

915. **David Israel**

***Re: buddha love***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Steve Shoemaker writes:

<< . . . I've always been intrigued . . . by the Buddhist valuing of "non-attachment," which has come up with some frequency in recent posts. My question, then, is how exactly is "love" supposed to work in this scheme of things. Is love for another person really possible without "attachment," in the sense of not wanting to do without? >>

not presuming to answer this important (& problematical) question in any sort of authoritative fashion (& my views anyway aren't informed by any adequately thorough knowledge of Buddhism), -- but rather, just to reply conversationally & in the manner of a thought-exercise, I'd say:

there can be many forms & degrees of both attachment & love, but the two are not synonymous. A deep level of love can be combined with a profound degree of detachment; -- indeed, that very combination seems to be encouraged as an ideal in many spiritual traditions. In one poem, the mediaeval Hindu/Sufi poet Kabir says something like:

What is this mystery  
allowing me to unite

love with detachment  
in life?

thus suggesting both the rarity & high value of such a combination.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

916. **Matt Kirschenbaum**

***well donne***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Hi Lisa,

For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne  
The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne:

It's Donne, from "Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate."

--Matt

=====

|                                      |                          |         |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|---------|
| =====                                | Matthew G. Kirschenbaum  | Univer- |
| sity of Virginia                     | Department of English    |         |
| http://www.iath.virginia.edu/~mgk3k/ | The Blake Archive   IATH |         |

[↑ Contents](#)

917. **GrahamD**

***Re: epithalamium***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Not to everyone's taste (what anthology is?), but worth a look:

\*To Woo & to Wed: Contemporary Poets on Love & Marriage\*, ed. Michael Blumenthal. Poseidon Press, 1992. Some contributors: Creeley, Levertov, Gregg, Heaney, Bishop, Dugan, Gluck, Muldoon, Justice, Ostriker.

David Graham

██████

---

My brother has just announced to my family that he is getting married, and he has asked me to write a poem to celebrate the occasion. Fortunately, I have a year to get started.

I'm looking for contemporary epithalamiums to get an idea as to how to proceed: any suggestions?

Thanks!

Hugh Steinberg

[↑ Contents](#)

918. **groberts**  
***meat well donne***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

Lisa,

Although the couplet does sound more like something Jonson or the Scriblerians would write, it is by Donne, in Satire 2:

which begins,

Sir; though (I thank God for it) I do hate  
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state  
In all ill things so excellently best,  
That hate, towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.

and goes on to attack poetic imitation (and plagiarism way before there was even a notion of copywrite protection) done for \$\$\$:

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,  
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?  
And they who write, because all write, have still  
That excuse for writing, and for writing ill.  
But he is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw  
Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw  
Rankly digested, doth those things out spew,  
As his own things; and they are his own, 'tis true,  
For if one eat my meat, though it be known  
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.

I don't know what Donne's personal beef is here, since his own poetry was not published in his lifetime, but was circulated widely in manuscript. Ideas about the meaning of authorship were up for grabs, as they always are more or less; but seems interting to me here is that "hate" and an ethos of blistering anger are the starting points for deploying a representation of the economics of writing, and that the angry poet relishes the blasphemy suggested by his consumption metaphor in which words are transformed by passing into and out of the body (see other poetics threads).

Gary R

[↑ Contents](#)

919. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: buddha love***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

Odd though it may seem, psychologically speaking secure attachment is good enough

rather than not wanting to do without.

tom bell

At 02:44 PM 6/28/97 -0400, you wrote:

>Awright, pardon a tyro's question here: I've always been intrigued,  
>from a more or less uninformed distanced, by the Buddhist valuing of  
>"non-attachment," which has come up with some frequency in recent posts.  
>My question, then, is how exactly is "love" supposed to work in this  
>scheme of things. Is love for another person really possible without  
>"attachment," in the sense of not wanting to do without? I'm  
>probably approaching the question somewhat superficially, but cldn't  
>resist the chance to query what appears to be a rather large number of  
>people interested in buddhistic living... steve  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

920. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: body-as-text discussion***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

I was thinking more of the neurophysiology, buy I like your point

At 04:51 PM 6/28/97 -0400, you wrote:

>At 01:14 PM 6/28/97 -0400, tbell wrote:  
>>transplantation appears to involve more than just the physical fragment.\<br/>>  
>translation might be a better approximation to transplantation  
>the body as a whole might be the text-entire  
>the body/text can change via translation  
>the fluids of the body/the fluidity of a text, for example,  
>  revising/cutting/embellishing/adding  
>  
>how far does the body/text analogy go?  
>>>is the body inherently a whole?  
>>>does fragmentation occur naturally/unnaturally  
>>>  for instance the generally accepted practice  
>>>  of surgery or amputation?

>>>can't "body" be a fluid concept?  
>>>out-----  
>>>peter ganick  
>>>[REDACTED]  
>  
>>>>"Cyberlife leads to disembodiment, the exact opposite of what the culture  
>>>>needs," - Suzi Gablik  
>>>>  
>>>>"Ray [Paul] concludes 'cultural creatives' demand that all the pieces of  
>>>>their lives fit together to create an authentic whole...one that merges the  
>>>>best of modernism and traditionalism, embraces both East and West..."  
>>>>  
>>>>but "We need to mount a spirited defense of our right and power to seek  
our  
>>>>own realities." Jon Spayde  
>>>>tom bell  
>  
>>>>>hi buffalo-l-er's-----  
>>>>>i don't think alan sondheim would mind if i  
>>>>>forwarded this post of his to the fop-list  
>>>>>made an hour ago-----  
>>>>>it bears relevance to the "body-as-text' discussion  
>>>>>proposed by kdawn earlier----  
>>>>>out-----  
>>>>>peter ganick  
>>>>>  
>>>>>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion  
>>>>>>Sender: FOP-L <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>>>From: Alan \* Sondheim <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>>>Subject: Re: E-Minds Discussion  
>>>>>>To: Multiple recipients of list FOP-L <[REDACTED]>  
>>>>>>I'm curious - with your computing skills and equipment - what are  
your  
>>>>>>ultimate goals - what do you want to do?  
>>>>>>>  
>>>>>>>I find myself constantly having to pare back, for example, ignoring  
>C++ in  
>>>>>>>order to concentrate on the languages I know to some extent, and  
can  
>use.  
>>>>>>>With essays, I try to read things that are sent me within three days;  
if

>>>>>>not, I have to expunge them.  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>I move from one operating system to another; I feel I have good  
>knowledge  
>>>>>>of linux and Win95, poor still of Mac, but getting there. I'm getting  
>>>>>>close to 250 - 300 messages a day.  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>I want to feel I'm within the internals of the machine, and  
>understand the  
>>>>>>psychoanalytical and philosophical ramifications of technology. I  
>want to  
>>>>>>do this without disregarding the body, or its splitting re: issues of  
>em-  
>>>>>>bodiment and virtuality - and I don't want to go for simplistic an-  
swers  
>>>>>>(which usually carry the day). I try to keep up with "the literature"  
as  
>>>>>>best I can; much of it seems anecdotal (this is what a MUD does) or  
>naive  
>>>>>>(cyber-relationships are/aren't "real").  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>Since I'm not institutionalized, I can rarely go to the conferences  
I've  
>>>>>>applied to, to present a paper; there's no money. Since I can't go to  
>the  
>>>>>>conferences, the feedback on my work is minimal, so I have to con-  
duct  
>im-  
>>>>>>aginary conversations - \_here\_ I'm naive, \_there\_ I've maybe made a  
>point.  
>>>>>>Although I do get into print (off or online) often, there's no real com-  
>>>>>>munity of discussion surrounded my work, so these dialogs get  
>increasingly  
>>>>>>psychotic.  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>Beyond this, I remember when I began thinking through these is-  
sues in  
>the  
>>>>>>70s (I did something called The Structure of Reality then, which I  
still  
>>>>>>refer to), I figured I wanted to work on the mediation of mind and  
world



>>>>>>vis-a-vis formal and informal systems - and how this mediation  
>constructed  
>>>>>>or was constructed by/for mind. And I've remained fastened on this  
to  
>the  
>>>>>>present.  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>With your work on your computers, adding programs (I remember  
you talked  
>>>>>>about all the Network monitoring addons for Win95 you down-  
loaded), I  
>won-  
>>>>>>der where your interest lies, what your goals are? And I'm sending  
>this to  
>>>>>>the lists, since I'm curious about others' configurations as well.  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>(For myself, I've stabilized linux and the Mac and Win95 configs, as  
>well  
>>>>>>as my Win 3.+ stuff, so they're functional and somewhat  
>interoperational;  
>>>>>>with the Mac, I've clumsily looked at Applescript, backed out a bit,  
and  
>>>>>>do most of my experimentation on linux, either RedHat or Slackware  
>varie-  
>>>>>>ties. And I still feel that one needs at least some of this in order to  
>>>>>>understand TCP/IP or other protocols, to understand the Net in gen-  
eral,  
>>>>>>beyond the user interface. For the user interface is always a system,  
as  
>>>>>>Richard MacKinnon might say, of governance, and there's protocol  
and  
>gov-  
>>>>>>ernance all the way down, and we had better look at it.)  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>Alan, musing  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>  
>>>>>>URL:  
[http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html)  
>>>>>>MIRROR with other pages at:  
[http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt)

>>>>>>IMAGES: <http://www.cs.unca.edu/~davidson/pix/> TEL

██████████

>>>>>>EXPERIMENTAL (on and off): <http://166.84.250.149> Editor, BEING  
ON LINE

>>>>>>>

>>>>>

>>>>>

>>>>

>>>

>>>

>>

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

921. **Lisa Samuels**  
***Re: meat well donne***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

matt k and gary r,

thanks much for the citation, and gary for your analysizing. hmm.

of donne and wedding poems -- i recommended 'the good morrow'  
as a wedding poem for a friend, and he said it went over  
gorgeously.

lisa s.

[↑ Contents](#)

922. **David Israel**  
***Re: meat well donne***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

Gary explores Donne's inventive invective --

<< . . . the angry poet relishes the blasphemy suggested by his consumption  
metaphor in which words are transformed by passing into and out of the body  
(see other poetics threads). >>

Yes -- also interesting if, rather than taking the concluding couplet in isolation,  
it's consider closely, in context:

But he is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw  
Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw  
Rankly digested, doth those things out spew,

As his own things; and they are his own, 'tis true,  
For if one eat my meat, though it be known  
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.

the phrasing in lines 2-3 (above) can suggest an idea that's alternative to one's (else) immediate assumption that the food passes in through the body, is digested in the gut, and is then excreted (in traditional fashion) from the anus --

here, he gets more baroque w/ the metaphor, suggesting that it's both chewed \*and\* rankly [stinkily] digested in the hateful fellow's ravenous maw [a term presumably more typically suited to a dog's mouth than a man's?], then spewed out again. So it's digested in the mouth [and therein turned rank, stinky, shit-like], and straightaway spewed out again from the mouth itself, as words [for words indeed come out of the mouth, though in this case, the words are esteemed tantamount to shit] --

thus, we have the basic idea that the rank fellow has taken my words and turned 'em into shit and then spewed 'em out from his shitful mouth --

yeah, says the poet, the words he stole had been mine mine alright (had been the fruits of my wit) -- but he's now passing them off as his own stinkin' shit. (& btw, isn't it the case that "meat" in Donne's day could signify any sort of food -- not nec. restricted to animal flesh? -- as in nut meats, etc.?)

There's also, seems, the (scandalous) implication of the purloiner "eating shit" (and "talking shit") -- upping the rhetorical ante. Not so delicate.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

---

923. **Steve Shoemaker**

**Re: buddha love**

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

David--Thanks for the Kabir quote--glad to hear the combination is at least a "mystery"! Any other refs to recommend on this point? steve

Steve Shoemaker

[↑ Contents](#)

---

924. **David Israel**

**Re: buddha love**

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

Thanks for the Kabir quote--glad to hear the combination is at least a "mystery"! Any other refs to recommend on this point? steve

here's one source treating this subject matter with much skill:

Meher Baba, DISCOURSES (1967; 7th Edition, 1987, Sheriar Press, Myrtle Beach, SC); I'm pretty sure it's obtainable via the Searchlight Books website -- <http://www.slbooks.com>

(See, e.g., "Love," "The Nature of the Ego and its Termination," "The Dynamics of Spiritual Advancement," "Qualifications of the Aspirant," "Maya," "The Conditions of Happiness," and "God as Infinite Love.")

One might also look at -- an almost random (but worthwhile) citation -- Lex Hixon's recent biographical meditation on the life of Ramakrishna, *\*Great Swan\** (published by Shambhala), for a sense of the feel of a life wherein the union of love & detachment are demonstrated at the highest possible level.

For Buddhism -- & an interesting road of intellectual delight in its "depth psychology" dimensions (not to mention a snapping, crackling, creative reformulation of English-language discourse) -- I've always felt Chogyam Trungpa's writing to be good stuff. Shambhala has, in recent years, been issuing a slow, steady stream of new books drawn from his seminars. I'm not sure where specifically to point for the subject matter immediately in question (except to note that the principle tersely covered in Kabir's verse seems close to the root of everything Trungpa wrote or said; but one could say the same of Ramakrishna or Meher Baba, for that matter).

There are at least a few personal faves.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

925. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: meat well donne***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

David--Check the OED. Maw=stomach, except in rare cases, until fairly recently.

At 01:13 PM 6/29/97 -0400, you wrote:

>Gary explores Donne's inventive invective --

>

><< . . . the angry poet relishes the blasphemy suggested by his

>consumption metaphor in which words are transformed by passing into

>and out of the body (see other poetics threads). >>

>

>Yes -- also interesting if, rather than taking the concluding couplet in

>isolation, it's considered closely, in context:

>

> But he is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw  
> Others' wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw  
> Rankly digested, doth those things out spew,  
> As his own things; and they are his own, 'tis true,  
> For if one eat my meat, though it be known  
> The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.

>

>the phrasing in lines 2-3 (above) can suggest an idea that's alternative to  
>one's (else) immediate assumption that the food passes in through the  
>body, is digested in the gut, and is then excreted (in traditional fashion)  
>from the anus --

>

>here, he gets more baroque w/ the metaphor, suggesting that it's both  
>chewed \*and\* rankly [stinkily] digested in the hateful fellow's ravenous  
>maw [a term presumably more typically suited to a dog's mouth than a  
>man's?], then spewed out again. So it's digested in the mouth [and therein  
>turned rank, stinky, shit-like], and straightaway spewed out again from  
>the mouth itself, as words [for words indeed come out of the mouth,  
>though in this case, the words are esteemed tantamount to shit] --

>

>thus, we have the basic idea that the rank fellow has taken my words and  
>turned 'em into shit and then spewed 'em out from his shitful mouth --

>

>yeah, says the poet, the words he stole had been mine mine alright (had  
>been the fruits of my wit) -- but he's now passing them off as his own  
>stinkin' shit. (& btw, isn't it the case that "meat" in Donne's day could  
>signify any sort of food -- not nec. restricted to animal flesh? -- as in nut  
>meats, etc.?)

>

>There's also, seems, the (scandalous) implication of the purloiner "eating  
>shit" (and "talking shit") -- upping the rhetorical ante. Not so delicate.

>

>d.i.

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

926. **David Israel**  
***Re: meat well donne***  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Check the OED. Maw=stomach, except in rare cases, until fairly recently.

oops, thanks for the bellies-up; (so much for my theory?)  
d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

927. **Mark Weiss**  
***Re: meat well donne***  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Happens to the best of us. In this case, to tie two threads together, I remembered the proper meaning because of my orientalist interest in food.

At 02:30 PM 6/29/97 -0400, you wrote:

>> Check the OED. Maw=stomach, except in rare cases, until fairly  
>> recently.

>

>oops, thanks for the bellies-up; (so much for my theory?)

>

>d.i.

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

928. **David Israel**  
***Re: meat well donne / Pillow Book***  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Speaking of tying threads together -- in this case Orientalism plus the Writing-and-the-Body thread -- just saw Peter Greenaway's postmod orientalist body-writing tour de force, THE PILLOW BOOK yesterday. am speechless. Most amazing were some of the formal accomplishments & innovations -- e.g., how well the filmological techniques (w/ inset screens & scenes, etc., appearing & disappearing, scrolling, . . . ) felt in accord w/ (one's sense of) narrative technique & escrutive [was that the word? hey I'm not a Frenchist] aesthetics -- the narrative framings of the original Pillow Book, the visual framings of Japanese writing & printing & illustration etc. etc. . . . The central tale of abuse & revenge seems in some respects a mere scaffold on which to string up a wide array of conceptual ponderings & formal ponderousness, all of which is pulled off

so well -- notwithstanding the lavish horridness (which is beginning to feel like a Greenaway trademark). It's hard to think that this film would not prove of some interest to your average Poetics denizen . . . [I'll leave it to someone else to do a theory-laden sendup of how Joe Bob Briggs might review the movie . . .]

d.i.

>>> Mark Weiss <[REDACTED]> 06/29/97 02:37pm

>>>

Happens to the best of us. In this case, to tie two threads together, I remembered the proper meaning because of my orientalist interest in food.

[↑ Contents](#)

---

929. **David Israel**  
***Re: identity/poetics***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

David Erben (Art) observes,

<< The post-structuralist attention to *écriture* has certainly displaced the meta-physical and humanistic approach to reading. But it has not freed us from the obligation to rethink and reformulate questions of identity and power that are at the heart of cultural poesis and semiosis. >>

besides questions of *écriture*, wonder if you might trouble to define semiosis? (is it the semiotic equivalent of narcosis?) --

I've been operating under the premise that poesis (as in mythopoesis) involves the "creation" of something (as in, a myth) -- is poesis being put here on a parallel plane w/ semiosis -- where (presumably) the one deals w/ words, the other w/ signs? -- is it your own invention [maybe, your own logopoesis?], -- or is it now a current term of art? just curious

d.i.

this reminds, I'm a bit behind on my logocentrism (a phrase appearing hereon lately) -- does that simply signify word-centered, I suppose? (and with what implications, one wonders?) -- sorry, I never got the theory syllabus, so must inter-theorocate on the fly . . . (which happens to be located on the wall) . . .

[↑ Contents](#)

---

930. **Aldon L. Nielsen**  
***industial-strength hoaxes at 'cine16' this week (fwd)***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

lo and behold, this appears in this of all weeks!

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Sat, 28 Jun 1997 13:53:57 -0700

From: Geoff Alexander <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: industrial-strength hoaxes at 'cine16' this week

July 3: 'Hoaxes near and far --- the New World Order and the Tasaday'

Today's Independence Day program delves with the most American of institutions, the hoax. Our first film describes a hoax originating in 1963 that in many ways continues to this day; the second is of a film that in itself is a hoax, and part of a mystery that hasn't yet been completely solved.

'Case History of a Rumor' 1963, p. Gene DePoris w/Roger Mudd. Right-wing paranoia of the supposed takeover of the US by the United Nations is nothing new, as evidenced by this hard-hitting CBS News documentary about 'Operation Water Moccasin', US Army maneuvers scheduled to take place in the deep south in the early 60's. Fueled by a rumor that African troops were massing in the state of Georgia, thousands of individuals flooded political mailbags with letters and telegrams of concern. Mudd and DePoris, interested in discovering the origins of the rumor, traced it back over several states to its surprising source. Of particular interest was the role of radio evangelist C.W. Burpo, to whom I used to listen throughout the 60's and 70's ('you know, god loves you... and I love you too'), who, along with Brother Al, Reverend Ike, and Sister E.G. Jamerson, provided tremendous comic relief during the otherwise scary Vietnam years. In 'Case History', we can see Burpo during an actual broadcast, a bank of ten tape recorders in the background copying the show for radio stations nationwide.

'Cave People of the Philippines' 1972, d. Gerald Green, w/Jack Reynolds. In 1966, word appeared from the Philippines that a stone-age tribe had been discovered, interesting anthropologists worldwide, who applied en masse for permission to travel to Mindanao to conduct formal research on the group. The Tasaday had no notion of agriculture, wore few clothes, and subsisted mainly on stream animals and deer. A Filipino official, Manuel Elizalde, was the nominal discoverer of the group, and he closely guarded access to the Tasaday, allowing few news agencies and educational institutions to visit the group, always under the supervision of Elizalde and a hand-picked translator. 'Cave People' was made during this time of interest and discovery. Subsequently, rumors began surfacing that Elizalde had paid the tribespeople to remove their clothes for journalists, and the official was considered by many people to be nothing more than a master hoaxer. His death last month at the age of 60 prompted an obituary which sent us back to review the laudatory 'Cave People' film, and we at



'cine16' have come to our own conclusion about what Elizalde may have really been up to.

During the 1960s, international corporate interests began a policy of moving Mindanao indigenous groups off their ancestral lands in order to obtain logging, mineral, or agricultural rights. This was typically accomplished by a vanguard of Christian missionaries, followed in close order by hired thugs who would kill, burn villages, and otherwise subjugate the people, who would then flock to the new churches where, washed in the blood of Christ, they would find food, clothing, and an understanding that rewards were better in heaven than they were in this world, and that ancestral land rights were nothing compared with the love of the eternal father. Elizalde had a known compassion for indigenous peoples, fought the church, and actually succeeded in having large tracts of land designated native areas, with little or no commercial activity allowed. Could it be that this master hoaxer, in drawing the world's attention to 'stone-agers', had crafted a master plan to use world opinion to salvage the native cultures of Mindanao? We invite you to see the film and form your own opinion. You might enjoy visiting the following sites for interesting background info:

Read Elizalde's fascinating obituary:

Manuel Elizalde:

[http://152.52.2.50/newsroom/ntn/health/050597/health5\\_11494.html](http://152.52.2.50/newsroom/ntn/health/050597/health5_11494.html)

Consider some of the controversy surrounding the hoax:

[http://www.nomadmedia.com/CULTURE/TASADAY\\_HOME/tasaday.home.html](http://www.nomadmedia.com/CULTURE/TASADAY_HOME/tasaday.home.html)

[↑ Contents](#)

931. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

I waxed ironic at David Erben's expense because of a long-standing gripe against not theory but its expression. As a writer I operate under a rule analogous to Occam's Razor: the least complex or jargon-laden formulation that accurately conveys the material at hand to the interested audience is the best way to do so. I define the audience in this case as those interested in literature or literary theory. It goes almost without saying that there are plenty of ideas that are for various reasons not expressible in language familiar to the audience, however defined. In such cases if the audience is truly interested it will have to make the stretch and learn the new lingo. But this is not particle physics, and none of the ideas in Erben's post are that complex. Plainer speech would be appropriate. Unless, of course, what is being conveyed is that knowledge of the lingo is necessary for inclusion in the club and that the writer is a member in good standing. Sort of a magic handshake.

At 03:35 PM 6/29/97 -0400, you wrote:

>David Erben (Art) observes,  
>  
><< The post-structuralist attention to ecriture has certainly displaced the  
>metaphysical and humanistic approach to reading. But it has not freed us  
>from the obligation to rethink and reformulate questions of identity and  
>power that are at the heart of cultural poesis and semiosis. >>  
>  
>besides questions of ecriture, wonder if you might trouble to define  
>semiosis? (is it the semiotic equivalent of narcosis?) --  
>  
>I've been operating under the premise that poesis (as in mythopoesis)  
>involves the "creation" of something (as in, a myth) -- is poesis being put  
>here on a parallel plane w/ semiosis -- where (presumably) the one deals  
>w/ words, the other w/ signs? -- is it your own invention [maybe, your  
>own logopoesis?], -- or is it now a current term of art? just curious  
>  
>d.i.  
>  
>this reminds, I'm a bit behind on my logocentrism (a phrase appearing  
>hereon lately) -- does that simply signify word-centered, I suppose? (and  
>with what implications, one wonders?) -- sorry, I never got the theory  
>syllabus, so must inter-theorocate on the fly . . . (which happens to be  
>located on the wall) . . .  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

932. **Mark Weiss**

***continuation of previous post***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

semiosis--a place in the desert with half a well.

--a stress-disorder common among drivers of large trucks.

--franglais for the small rodents beloved of cats

--the Greeks had seven of them

--a half a bone is better than none

--with emphasis on the last syllable, a philosophical concept, as

in, "semios\_is\_, therefore I aint."

[↑ Contents](#)

933. **Mark Weiss**  
***American Language***  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

The luncheonette at the Balboa Park pro shop in Balboa Park here in what the locals unblushingly call "America's Finest City" is a good place for brunch with a view and an earful of choice dialect. Here's a new one on me.

To add to "badly wrapped," "a few screws loose," "hit in the head once too often," etc., "a couple of sandwiches short of a picnic," as a description of Mike Tyson's mental state, altho it occurs to me as I type that this might also be meant as a motive for his recent behavior.

[↑ Contents](#)

934. **David Israel**  
***Re: continuation of previous post***  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Mark Weiss now waxes definitional:

> semiosis--a place in the desert with half a well. . . .  
[et seq.]

or:

- ~a semiphore w/ halitosis?
- ~a theorist who's semi-comatose?
- ~a obsessive interest in semi-automatic weapons?
- ~a pathological tendancy to do everything precisely halfway?

(my questions were of course, if naieve, yet straightforward. I'd simply never encountered the collocation "poesis & semiosis" & wondered); and for that matter, I'm way behind in my ecriture, too . . . & must admit, it's a keen-soundin' word --

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

935. **David Bromige**  
***poet/identity/re :David Erben's post***  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

An informative posting, for which, my thanks...It does give rise to two questions (so far) in my reading of it, David : when you write "the poststructuralist attention to ecriture has certainly displaced the metaphysical and humanistic approach to reading," for whom has it displaced these approaches? For yourself? For the Academy? For Greimas & DeMan? For those who pay "poststructrualist

attention to ecriture"? These are not disingenuous questions, although I realize they may have that ring. But the passive construction of your sentence makes this displacement sound like a done deal--exceptions to the rule being "throw-backs", then--& yet a number of voices on this List have found agreement in the idea of an imagined (from whatever indications) poet on the other side of the poem from the reader. Which makes it look like the approach you speak of is not a done deal, not on this List.

A cognate question : Are you--or not to personalize this; do these persons towards whose thinking you gesture--find it possible to read in multiple ways, using multiple methods? Would such an approach be intellectual dishonorable or indefensible? Wouldnt it be possible to read as text of interacting linguistic bits, a poem whose meanings one had, and I use the figure deliberately, by heart? (As it would be possible to 'step back" & see a loved one as a unit in one of many systems, and the loved body as consisting in all its dissectible elements?) Curiously, David

[↑ Contents](#)

936. **David Bromige**

***Donne couplet***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

consider, then, apportioning this feast :  
the which, though human, each devours like beast:  
The food before you comes from Master Donne :  
The portion all your own comes out as dung.

(not a bit Donnelike; sounds like a century later)

[↑ Contents](#)

937. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: american language***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Collected at a rest stop in Western Nebraska: watering his weasel=pissing  
collected in Rocky Ntn Nat Park: Summer House=bathroom (explanation: "summer girls 'n summer boys")

At 03:51 PM 6/29/97 -0700, you wrote:

>Mark, yes, I too like the "two sandwiches short of a picnic." Theres also  
>"One brick shy of a chimney," and "His elevator doesnt go all the way to  
>the penthouse," In another context, I've always liked "He was tripping his  
>doors off." Be good to see additions to this little list. David

>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

938. **David Bromige**  
*american language*  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Mark, yes, I too like the "two sandwiches short of a picnic." There's also "One brick shy of a chimney," and "His elevator doesn't go all the way to the pent-house," In another context, I've always liked "He was tripping his doors off." Be good to see additions to this little list. David

[↑ Contents](#)

939. **Alan \* Sondheim**  
*Ekstasy*  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

-

Ekstasy

Travis looked around her. "This is the being that banged drums," she said, "much." She said, "Nothing's ever," quietly, "changed." Truly amazing! "They were banged at nearly equal," she added, "intervals." "They have a natural habit of," he murmured, "doubling."

She was surprised. "Doubling, up and down the recursive" she asked, "tree?" Suzie smiled back. "Yes, as if there were a," he said, "root." "It gives them," she said, "ideas." "Ideas is all they," he added, "have."

Unbelievable! "They still think songs start," she asked again, "some- where?" "They have that," Suzie replied, "yes." "A species gets a drum, and there is literally no accounting for," he added, "it." "I," Travis replied, "see." She looked as lovely looking as Suzie, both standing near the streaming waters gurgling across moss, stone, sandy loam, snow in the air there.

"Travis, they can," he said, "speak." "Let it," she whispered, "be." "Just," with the rhythm picking up, mewling in the distance, "now." "The skein begins with the ending of the legend of the leaf and the twig and the branch and the trunk and the root and the," she continued, "tree." "The," Suzie said, "skein." Travis, "Yes."

"Thus it was that the surface garnered the depths, and the depths," Honey intervened, "responded."

Ah, all three of them, so beautiful by mountain brook, drums and waters merging,  
stormy wonder sky and lovely weather!

---

[↑ Contents](#)

940. **Lisa Samuels**

**Re: american language**

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

According to David Bromige:

>

> Mark, yes, I too like the "two sandwiches short of a picnic." There's also  
> "One brick shy of a chimney," and "His elevator doesn't go all the way to  
> the penthouse," In another context, I've always liked "He was tripping his  
> doors off." Be good to see additions to this little list. David

>

one brick shy of a full load  
lights on, nobody home  
a boy of unreliable enthusiasms  
one card short of a full deck  
brighter than the average bear  
one foot shy of the dock  
one straw short of a camel's back  
one art short of a long life

[↑ Contents](#)

941. **Kali Tal**

**Re: identity/poetics**

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

*Bromige said*

*Perhaps your equating of a way of reading with a specifically male interest  
in pornography*

*Tal said*

*No. You don't seem to read very well. Please note the line in the  
paragraph you quoted:*

*And it doesn't*

*matter who the woman (or the guy) in the photo is--their bio is completely  
and wholly irrelevant because the reader is in it for \*himself\* (or herself,  
as the case may be).*

*From this exchange it appears to me that Bromige reads very well indeed, and that perhaps his correspondent here requires further training in reading. Bromige is subtle, but that subtlety is probably partly gift and partly experience.*

Uh, George, are you being funny? Bromige suggests I equate a way of reading with a \*specifically male\* interest in porn; I respond by quoting the segment of my argument that clearly points out that either men or women can engage in this kind of reading--that it is the \*kind\* of reading that matters, and \*not\* the "maleness" of it. And you answer by simply quoting the whole exchange and reaffirming Bromige's assertion with reference to his \*subtlety\*? You \*must\* be joking.

I feel like I'm trapped in a Borges essay--a nice thing to read, but I wouldn't want to live there.

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

942. **George Bowering**

**Re: identity/poetics**

Sun 29 Jun 1997

*But any discussion of identity & poetry begs the question: when we talk about identity do we mean merely personality and the personal experiences that stand behind or under the shaping of the text? Or do we mean the formation of cultural and political constructs at large - distinct codes imposed on us or written by ourselves - by which we read each other in the world and the ways in which these read themselves into the text's creation?*

I dont see any begging the question here. I think that begging the question is an unfair bit if argument in which one posits an unagreed-upon agreement and then extrapolates from there? Isnt that what it is?

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

943. **George Bowering**  
***Re: Identity of the poet Bromige***  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

I have just flown in a 1954 Beaver from Nanaimo to Vancouver. While on Protection Island off Nanaimo, I had an all-night argument (over South African wine) with Mike Matthews about details of Bromige's life.

Matthews contends that Bromige was for a decade a cowboy on the prairies. I said he was not, he was a nurse on the prairies. Matthews said I could not have any more wine. I said okay a cowboy. But not for a decade. We did agree on one thing, that Bromige had been heterosexual when he was first in Vancouver. But then our memories clashed. I said that Bromige usually wore white buck shoes on campus at UBC. Mike said that was not Bromige--it was me. I am still an outed jury on that one.

Our main argument was about all the pen names that Bromige used in the period 1957-1997. We agreed on Robert Zend. But then we parted ways. I will not, not not, ever, believe that Bromige was once Tracy Thompson. I mean I think I met Tracy Thompson in a hotel lobby in North Beach in 1962. I cannot believe that that person was not Tracy Thompson, nor that he was Bromige--that's for sure.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

944. **George Bowering**  
***Re: identity/poetics***  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Bromige said  
>Perhaps your equating of a way of reading with a specifically male interest  
>>in pornography

Tal said  
>No. You don't seem to read very well. Please note the line in the  
>paragraph you quoted:  
>  
>>And it doesn't



>>matter who the woman (or the guy) in the photo is--their bio is completely  
>>and wholly irrelevant because the reader is in it for \*himself\* (or herself,  
>>as the case may be).

From this exchange it appears to me that Bromige reads very well indeed, and that perhaps his correspondent here requires further training in reading. Bromige is subtle, but that subtlety is probably partly gift and partly experience.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

945. **Mark Weiss**  
***Re: identity/poetics***  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Hey, not that it's a big deal, but none of you guys can read--it was me, not Bromige, who said "Perhaps," etc., and any brickbats ought to be aimed this way.

At 05:15 PM 6/29/97 MDT, you wrote:

>>Bromige said  
>>>Perhaps your equating of a way of reading with a specifically male interest  
>>>>in pornography  
>>  
>>Tal said  
>>>No. You don't seem to read very well. Please note the line in the  
>>>paragraph you quoted:  
>>>  
>>>>And it doesn't  
>>>>matter who the woman (or the guy) in the photo is--their bio is completely  
>>>>and wholly irrelevant because the reader is in it for \*himself\* (or herself,  
>>>>as the case may be).  
>>  
>>>From this exchange it appears to me that Bromige reads very well indeed,  
>>and that perhaps his correspondent here requires further training in  
>>reading. Bromige is subtle, but that subtlety is probably partly gift and

>>partly experience.

>

>Uh, George, are you being funny? Bromige suggests I equate a way of reading

>with a \*specifically male\* interest in porn; I respond by quoting the

>segment of my argument that clearly points out that either men or women can

>engage in this kind of reading--that it is the \*kind\* of reading that

>matters, and \*not\* the "maleness" of it. And you answer by simply quoting

>the whole exchange and reaffirming Bromige's assertion with reference to his

>\*subtlety\*? You \*must\* be joking.

>

>I feel like I'm trapped in a Borges essay--a nice thing to read, but I

>wouldn't want to live there.

>

>Kali

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

#### 946. **George Bowering**

##### ***Re: identity/poetics***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

I remember that when I was at university in the late fifties, it was always trendy to talk about finding one's identity. This was, usually, on an individual basis, and often under a cloud of existentialism as understood by whitebread college students. I always said that if i wanted to check my identity I would just open my wallet. Look at birth certificate, etc. Identity, I figured, was what other people laid on you for their purposes, as in identifying the enemy or the criminal.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,

Vancouver, B.C.,

Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

947. **George Bowering**

**Re: Poems/Identities**

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

I just came back from a trip to Eden, and now turn on e-mail, and encounter thousands of lines from Ms Tal. Why do you always want to be fighting, why always defending yourself against imagined attacks, Ms Tal?

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

948. **Kali Tal**

**Re: Poems/Identities**

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

*I just came back from a trip to Eden, and now turn on e-mail, and encounter thousands of lines from Ms Tal. Why do you always want to be fighting, why always defending yourself against imagined attacks, Ms Tal?*

Quadruple sheesh.

\*Dr.\* Tal

"Life is too short to occupy oneself with the slaying of the slain more than once." -- Thomas Henry Huxley

[↑ Contents](#)

949. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

**Re: american language**

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

i've heard

she was a few fries short of a happy meal

but maybe that just betrays my common origins...!

e

[↑ Contents](#)

950. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: american language***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Those of us raised in the manor know how indecorous it is to refer to fries in public. Or any food for that matter--reference to bodily functions, don't you know.

We especially don't talk about lamb fries, a euphemism for testicles (yum yum good).

At 09:56 PM 6/29/97 -0400, you wrote:

>i've heard

>

>she was a few fries short of a happy meal

>

>but maybe that just betrays my common origins...!

>e

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

951. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: american language***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

i beg your pardon....

i was, perhaps, referring to "friesz," perhaps, the ancient baldic for light, in that the love-object, in anticipation of the deification, or perhaps annunciation, has stopped just before a supper, perhaps last, certainly radiant, in anticipation of the happier food to be found through divine, yes, light, urr, friesz, urr, the baldic you know...

yes, baldic friesz, that's the ticket

e

[↑ Contents](#)

952. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: american language***

*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

Interesting coincidence--the lamb friesz were also bald!

At 10:22 PM 6/29/97 -0400, you wrote:

>i beg your pardon....

>

>i was, perhaps, referring to "friesz," perhaps, the ancient baldic for  
>light, in that the love-object, in anticipation of the deification, or  
>perhaps annunciation, has stopped just before a supper, perhaps last,  
>certainly radiant, in anticipation of the happier food to be found  
>through divine, yes, light, urr, friesz, urr, the baldic you know...

>

>yes, baldic friesz, that's the ticket

>

>

>e

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

953. **robert drake**

***Re: american language***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

*Mark, yes, I too like the "two sandwiches short of a picnic." Theres also  
"One brick shy of a chimney," and "His elevator doesnt go all the way to  
the penthouse," In another context, I've always liked "He was tripping his  
doors off." Be good to see additions to this little list. David*

one tine short of a fork

2 squares short of a checkerboard

all his cups are not in th cupboard (a literal translation frm the German,  
i'm told, so maybe that one dont count)

[↑ Contents](#)

954. **Steve Shoemaker**

***Re: american language***

Sun 29 Jun 1997

---

Recently i was surprised to find myself saying that something was "about yea  
[pronounced w/ long "a" vowel sound, not sure really how you spell it] big,"  
something that can pretty much only be said, i guess, if you also hold up your  
hands to indicate measurement, so "yea" means something like "so" or "this,"  
but i don't know where it comes from and there's nothing about it in my "Ameri-  
can Heritage" dictionary...

steve

955. **David R. Israel**  
**Re: american language**  
*Sun 29 Jun 1997*

---

quoth Lisa Samuels:

*According to David Bromige:*

*Mark, yes, I too like the "two sandwiches short of a picnic."  
Theres also "One brick shy of a chimney," and "His elevator doesnt  
go all the way to the penthouse," In another context, I've always  
liked "He was tripping his doors off." Be good to see additions to  
this little list. David*

*one brick shy of a full load  
lights on, nobody home  
a boy of unreliable enthusiasms  
one card short of a full deck  
brighter than the average bear  
one foot shy of the dock  
one straw short of a camel's back  
one art short of a long life*

on the other side of the ledger, there's the Chinese-painting reference (don't recall exact wording) -- being "like legs on a snake" (i.e., where you've painted a snake but then feel you've gotta embellish it & add more . . . ) so one could look for pleasantries on this end of the scale, too -- here's trying some:

like a fish with wings  
like a woman with several breasts  
that's a cat with 10 lives  
the Seven-10 (for a closed convenience store?)

the right word said twice  
he was laconic and then some  
she was so far out one feared if she'd ever make it back  
a wonderful nonsense of proportion

also:

been where, done what?  
i see inexactly what you mean [in response to a muddled explanation]  
that's the ticket-stub  
by the same tolkenism  
by the same Tolkein

absolutely so-so-ulous  
an obtuse observation  
that's so perspicuous I forgot to laugh  
so serious I forgot to frown  
rudimentary my dear Crick  
  
if you get my driftwood  
I grasp at your meaning  
you're the best thing that never happened to me  
easy as sitting on a frog  
simple as pi squared over the differential of horsefeathers  
as American as Appalachian Spring  
a stitch nearly in time  
the more things change, the more they change  
  
paved with good pretensions  
the joker is mild  
that's a horse of an identical color  
he gets at the very periphery of the matter  
deep as a sidewalk puddle on a summer's day  
as animated as a frozen screen  
brilliant! just shy of brilliant!  
  
d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

---

956. **Aldon L. Nielsen**  
***Re: poet/identity/re :David Erben's post***  
*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

forwarded to me from the LISTOSIS chat room:  
Antony Lamont: I thought it was Charles Olson who displaced humanistic approaches -- !  
Mauberly: That was no ecriture; that was my life.

[↑ Contents](#)

---

957. **David R. Israel**  
***Re: american language***  
*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

From EMcG --  
| she was a few fries short of a happy meal  
hmm -- good; how about:

he was like fifteen cents for a phone call  
he had the vibrancy of week-old carrot juice  
lucid as the L.A. skyline  
all the convenience of a slurpy w/o the straw  
d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

958. **DS**

***Re: american language***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

How bout - from the antipodes

one beer short of a six pack  
a few sheep short in the top paddock

Dan

At 03:51 PM 6/29/97 -0700, you wrote:

>Mark, yes, I too like the "two sandwiches short of a picnic." Theres also  
>"One brick shy of a chimney," and "His elevator doesnt go all the way to  
>the penthouse," In another context, I've always liked "He was tripping his  
>doors off." Be good to see additions to this little list. David  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

959. **DS**

***Re: american language***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

surely that's "smarter than the average bear"

*brighter than the average bear  
one foot shy of the dock  
one straw short of a camel's back  
one art short of a long life*

[↑ Contents](#)



960. **Daniel Zimmerman**

**Re: american language**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

Steve Shoemaker wrote:

>

> Recently i was surprised to find myself saying that something was  
> "about yea [pronounced w/ long "a" vowel sound, not sure really how you  
> spell it] big," something that can pretty much only be said, i guess,  
> if you also hold up your hands to indicate measurement, so "yea" means  
> something like "so" or "this," but i don't know where it comes from  
> and there's nothing about it in my "American Heritage" dictionary...

>

> steve

Just up, I thumb through Partridge's *\_Origins\_* & find under "yea" Ger. *\_je\_*,  
"indeed." Wildhagen's *\_New German Dictionary\_* offers a dilated view of the  
word in its idiomatic contexts: e.g., "je länger, je lieber" [the longer (sooner) the  
better]; "je nachdem" [as the case may be]; "je nachdem, wie" [in proportion  
as]; "je nud je" [on and on forever; always]. Yo. Dan Zimmerman

[↑ Contents](#)

961. **Rachel Loden**

**Re: american language**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

David Bromige wrote:

>

> Mark, yes, I too like the "two sandwiches short of a picnic." Theres also  
> "One brick shy of a chimney," and "His elevator doesnt go all the way to  
> the penthouse," In another context, I've always liked "He was tripping his  
> doors off." Be good to see additions to this little list. David

This is reminding me of something I noticed when poring over a thesaurus long  
ago--that (in my books anyway) there are thick columns of synonyms for "mo-  
ron," say, and tiny little entries for "genius." Kind of makes you feel for the hu-  
man race and the sorts of frustrations that have driven us to expression (even  
before e-lists). Anyway:

Half a bubble off plumb

Two tacos short of a combination plate

One Froot Loop shy of a full bowl

Source code is missing a few lines

A few guppies short of an aquarium  
Blew his O-rings  
Has his solar panels aimed at the moon  
Swimming in the shallow end of the gene pool  
Rachel L.

[↑ Contents](#)

962. **David R. Israel**  
**Re: american language / Pooh**  
Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

| *surely that's "smarter than the average bear"*

| *brighter than the average bear*

hmm - where are our Pooh scholars?  
(that wd. seem to be the locus classicus)  
one fellow has this quote (if I recall aright) as an email tagline:  
For I am a bear of but little brain  
and long words frighten me  
(question is, how to Latinize "the fear of long words"? -- something along the  
lines of: mega-logo-phobia?)  
d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

963. **David R. Israel**  
**Re: american language**  
Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

Rachel Loden contributed . . .

| *Source code is missing a few lines*

| *A few guppies short of an aquarium*

| *Has his solar panels aimed at the moon*

there are the "just shy of" expressions --  
he's like a distillery that heats to 97 Celsius  
& there are the expressions of "totally out of it" ness:  
has all the solar power of a night in January

all this reminds of the simile-fest that Raymond Chandler indulges in, page after page. Chandler was as agile with a simile as a ballerina on rollerblades delivering a message to a Mafioso who is, at the moment, surrounded by a bunch of seals on LSD receiving transmissions from Jupiter . . . hmm, that one needs some work

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

964. **David R. Israel**  
***Re: american language***

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

David McAleavey notes,

*Seems the American (if only that?) usage of "it should be yea big" -- meaning that it should, furthermore, verily, and of course be just \_so\_ big, where \_so\_ is accompanied by a hand gesture, must be related to these other usages.*

my sense of the usage is that "about yea high" (with a hand gesture indicating a certain vertical plane) antedates "about yea big" -- i.e., that "about yea high" is probably the original expression on which a few variants (such as "about yea big") are based, their being tolerated only because "about yea high" was well established. Maybe I'm wrong, but that's my hunch in the matter. Of course, I have all the evidence of a Pentacostal trying to discuss theory with a post-structuralist on an academic panel convened by the NEA. (Hey, it was a try.)

In vernacular Chinese, the expression cha-bu-duo is common -- it means something like "wrong by not too much." In 1st year Chinese, we were given a story to read about Chabudou Xiansheng -- i.e., Mr. Cha-bu-duo. You can pretty well imagine how things went for him.

*By the way, I've been back lurking only the past month after most of a year away, and will alas be switching today or tomorrow to "nomail" again for much of the rest of the summer.*

That elicits all the sense of leisure-for-an-amiable-response as one might expect in the utterances of a Apocalyptic Millenialist on December 30, 1999 -- but hey, ya gotta do what ya gotta do. ;-)

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

965. **Lisa Samuels**

**Re: american language / Pooh**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

*surely that's "smarter than the average bear"*

*brighter than the average bear*

*hmm - where are our Pooh scholars?*

*(that wd. seem to be the locus classicus)*

actually, i think DS references yogi bear, the cartoon character, and yes it is 'smarter than the average bear' in his tv show -- but i say 'brighter than the average bear' because i think of stellar formations

*one fellow has this quote (if I recall aright) as an email tagline:*

*For I am a bear of but little brain*

*and long words frighten me*

actually it goes 'i am a bear of very little brain and long words bother me' -- which i only know because, well, it's one of my favorite sayings, reminds me to be true to my list of forbidden words when i am writing 'critically'

ls.

[↑ Contents](#)

966. **LYNES- KATHERINE**

**Re: american language**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

there is of course:

she's a bubble off center.

kl

*From EMcG --*

*she was a few fries short of a happy meal*

*hmm -- good; how about:*

*he was like fifteen cents for a phone call*

*he had the vibrancy of week-old carrot juice*

*lucid as the L.A. skyline*

*all the convenience of a slurpy w/o the straw*

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

967. **Joe Amato**

**outta town...**

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

just to say that i'll be set to nomail for three weeks or so, will miss the back & forth... but it's time for me to vacate the premises!...

best to all///

joe

[↑ Contents](#)

968. **Daniel Bouchard**

**Re: identity/poetics**

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

What does it mean to undermine one's authority? Is it necessarily a bad thing? There are bad people in positions of power in the world. Wouldn't you like to undermine their authority?

This interjective post is a defense for Dodie, not because she is not capable of defending herself (her exchanges with Kim Dawn prove otherwise), but because I don't think she's reading the list while she's in Colorado and the excerpt written about her below I think is misguided and written with an authority I believe needs undermining (under mind).

The exchanges between Dodie and Kim Dawn a couple of weeks back were many things, but in them I did not hear "Dodie's concomitant criticisms of Kim Dawn's lack of proper ladylike demeanor." I did hear Dodie's criticisms of someone shooting their mouth off without being very informed. I heard Dodie offering insight, and for that she got flamed. Also, I didn't read Dodie post

"undermin(ing) Kim Dawn's "femininity" first by criticizing her actions as improper, and then--having established the unladylike nature of Kim Dawn's speech/acts--delivering a double-whammy by questioning whether a person so unladylike could indeed \*be\* a lady or even a woman" (as Kali Tal has written of the subject).

What was said in those posts were very direct-- WHY IS IT NECESSARY TO ABSTRACT THEM?

Kim Dawn's posts, on the other hand, were 1) pretty obnoxious, 2) pretty stupid, and 3) pretty obnoxious and pretty stupid. Am I undermining her "authority" or "femininity" by saying so?

The Weinberger post forwarded to the List by Kent Johnson (and what more of a "self-promotional card" could be played than forwarding a private letter to two listservs, at least two, maybe more for all I know, to defend one's interest?) pointed out that the "Left" historically bickers while the Right triumphs, or whatever, and Johnson (& others) continue to prove this insightful point by doing it ad nauseum. What's worse is that it's bickering is theoretical.

For example:

| *How would we revise our >interpretation if she were a he?<<*

>> how the knowledge that "she" was actually a "he" would change our interpretation of the textual events which we'd read/witnessed.<<

>> What I was doing (attempting to do) was pointing out the way Dodie's inquiry functioned as a rhetorical tactic in this particular argument. As I noted in one of my previous posts,<<

But the most treasured retort, I thought, was:

>>> Dodie's was, I thought, a tactic which reinforced/reinscribed power hierarchies of a dominant over an oppressed group. <<<

This is a way of saying that Dodie is sharp. I never really understand when people start bouncing around "reinscription, reinforced, reify" and see individuals interact in terms of "power hierarchies." These three "R's" are poor word choices considering the issues that they are used to talk about. They never clarify anything.

Anyway, I'm only using Kali's post as an example because it was handy. I disagree with the characterizations made about Dodie and want to register that.



also:

>>> Note, please, that I consider Dodie, a female person, to be a fully able participant in the business of reinforcing hegemony. Identity is a process, not a fixed position, which is why women can find themselves allied with men against other women (not, mind you, always a bad thing),>>>

[↑ Contents](#)

969. **robert drake**

**Re: american language / Pooh**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

*surely that's "smarter than the average bear"*

*brighter than the average bear*

*hmm - where are our Pooh scholars?  
(that wd. seem to be the locus classicus)*

Hanna-Barbara scholars, actually; & Yogi Bear sayeth "smarter..."

lbd

[↑ Contents](#)

970. **David McAleavey**

**Re: american language**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

Steve Shoemaker wrote:

>

> Recently i was surprised to find myself saying that something was  
> "about yea [pronounced w/ long "a" vowel sound, not sure really how you  
> spell it] big," something that can pretty much only be said, i guess,  
> if you also hold up your hands to indicate measurement, so "yea" means  
> something like "so" or "this," but i don't know where it comes from  
> and there's nothing about it in my "American Heritage" dictionary...

>

> steveSteve, and hello --

The Collins-World 2nd ed. Webster's unabridged beside me suggests 3 adverbial uses for

"yea" -- "1. yes; used to express affirmation or assent

2. not this alone; not only so but also; furthermore; moreover

3. indeed, verily, truly; used to introduce a question or statement" -- with citations for each (two King James New Testament, one Shakespeare).

Seems the American (if only that?) usage of "it should be yea big" -- meaning that it should, furthermore, verily, and of course be just so big, where so is accompanied by a hand gesture, must be related to these other usages.

By the way, I've been back lurking only the past month after most of a year away, and will alas be switching today or tomorrow to "nomail" again for much of the rest of the summer. Please direct any personal messages to me directly at [REDACTED]. Thanks -- David McAleavey

[↑ Contents](#)

971. **Poetics List**  
**Welcome Message (July)**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

Rev. 6-3-97

---

Welcome to the Poetics List

&

The Electronic Poetry Center

sponsored by The Poetics Program, Department of English, Faculty of Art &  
Letters, of the State University of New York, Buffalo

---

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

---

\_\_\_\_\_ Contents \_\_\_\_\_

1. About the Poetics List
2. Subscriptions
3. Cautions
4. Digest Option
5. Temporarily turning off Poetics mail
6. Who's Subscribed
7. The Electronic Poetry Center (EPC)
8. Poetics Archives at EPC
9. Publishers & Editors Read This!

[This document was prepared by Charles Bernstein (██████), Loss Pe-  
queñoGlazier (██████), and in cooperation with Joel Kuszai (██████).]

---

Above the world-weary horizons  
New obstacles for exchange arise  
Or unfold, O ye postmasters!

1. About the Poetics List



The Poetics List was founded in late 1993 with the epigraph above.

There are presently about 500 subscribers.

Please note that this is a private list and information about the list should not be posted to other lists or directories of lists. The idea is to keep the list to those with specific rather than general interests, and also to keep the scale of the list small and the volume manageable.

individual posts of participants are sent directly to all subscribers, we continue to work to promote the editorial function of this project. The definition of that project, while provisional, and while open to continual redefinition by list participants, is nonetheless aversive to a generalized discussion of poetry. Rather, our aim is to support, inform, and extend those directions in poetry that are committed to innovations, renovations, and investigations of form and/or/as content, to the questioning of received forms and styles, and to the creation of the otherwise unimagined, untried, unexpected, improbable, and impossible.

Please keep in mind that all posts go out immediately to all subscribers, and become part of an on-line archive. \**Posting to Poetics is a form of publication, not personal communication*.\* Participants are asked to exercise caution before posting messages! While spontaneity of response may seem the very heart of the list at its best, it also has the darker side of circulating ideas that have not been well considered (or considered by another reader -- editor or friend). Given the nature of the medium, subscribers do well to maintain some skepticism when reading the list and, where possible, to try to avoid taking what may be something close to a spontaneous comment made in the heat of exchange as if it were a revised or edited essay ("Let the Reader Beware!").

The "list owner" of Poetics is Charles Bernstein: contact him for further information. Joel Kuszai is list manager. For subscription information contact us at [REDACTED].

---

## 2. Subscriptions

line, to:

[REDACTED]

the one-line message should say:

{or}

(replacing Jill Jillway with your own name; but note: do not use your name to unsub)

We will be sent a notice of all subscription activity.

\*

If you are having difficulty unsubscribing, please note:

Sometimes your e-mail address may be changed slightly by your system administrator. If this happens you will not be able to send messages to Poetics

mail. To avoid this, unsub from the old address and resub from the new address. If you can no longer do this there is a solution if you use Eudora (an e-mail program that is available free at shareware sites): from the Tools menu select "Options" and then select set-up for "Sending Mail": you can substitute your old address here and send the unsub message.

The most frequent problem with subscriptions is bounced messages. If your system is often down or if you have a low disk quota, Poetics messages may get bounced. Please try avoid having messages from the list returned to us. If the problem is low disk quota, you may wish to request an increase from your system administrator. (You may wish to argue that this subscription is part of your scholarly communication!) You may also wish to consider obtaining a commercial account.

---

### 3. Cautions

Please do not send attachments or include extremely long documents in a post, since this may make it difficult for those who get the list via "digest" or who cannot always decode attached or specially formatted files.

In addition to being archived at the EPC, some posts to Poetics (especially reviews, obituary notices, announcements, etc.) may also become part of specific EPC subject areas. Brief reviews of poetry events and publications are always welcome. (See section 7.)

Please do not send inquiries to the list to get an individual subscribers address. To get this information, see section 6.

If you want someone to send out information to the list as a whole, or supply information missing from an post, or thank someone for posting something you requested, please send the request or comment to the individual backchannel, not to the whole list.

---

#### 4. Digest Option

The Poetics List can send a large number of individual messages to your account to each day! If you would prefer to receive ONE message each day, which would include all messages posted to the list for that day, you can use the digest option. Send this one-line message (no subject line) to



set poetics digest

NOTE:!! Send this message to "listserv" not to Poetics or as a reply to this message!!

You can switch back to individual messages by sending this message:

set poetics mail

---

#### 5. Temporarily turning off Poetics mail

Do not leave your Poetics subscription "active" if you are going to be away for any extended period of time! Your account may become flooded and you may

lose not only Poetics messages but other important mail. You can temporarily turn off your Poetics subscription by sending a message to "listserv."

set poetics nomail

& turn it on again with: set poetics mail

When you return you can check or download missed postings from the Poetics archive. (See 8 below.)

---

#### 6. Who's Subscribed

To see who is subscribed to Poetics, send an e-mail message to e-mail message

blank. In the body of your e-mail message type:

review poetics

You will be sent within a reasonable amount of time (by return e-mail) a

rather long list containing the names and e-mail addresses of Poetics subscribers. This list is alphabetized by server not name.

or try:

review POETICS by name

review POETICS by country

which will give you the list alphabetically by name or a flawed list by country (since all ".com" and ".net"s are counted as US)

\*Please do not send a message to the list asking for the address of a specific subscriber.\*

---

## 7. What is the Electronic Poetry Center?

our URL is

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

The mission of this World-Wide Web based electronic poetry center is to serve as a hypertextual gateway to the extraordinary range of activity in formally innovative writing in the United States and the world. The Center provides access to the burgeoning number of electronic resources in the new poetics including RIF/T and other electronic poetry journals, the POETICS List archives, an AUTHOR library of electronic poetic texts, and direct connections to numerous related electronic RESOURCES. The Center also provides information about contemporary print little magazines and SMALL PRESSES engaged in poetry and poetics. And we have an extensive collection of soundfiles of poets' reading their work, as well as the archive of LINEbreak, the radio interview series.

The EPC is directed by Loss Pequeño Glazier.

---

## 8. Poetics Archives via EPC

Go to the EPC and select Poetics from the opening screen. Follow the links to Poetics Archives. You may browse the archives by month and year or search them for specific information. Your interface will allow you to print or download any of these files.

Or set your browser to go directly to:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/poetics/archive>

---

## 9. Publishers & Editors Read This!

PUBLISHERS & EDITORS: Our listings of poetry and poetics information is open and available to you. We are trying to make access to printed publications as easy as possible to our users and ENCOURAGE you to participate! Send a list of your press/publications to [REDACTED] with the words EPC Press Listing in the subject line. You may also send materials on disk. (Write file name, word processing program, and Mac or PC on disk.) Send an e-mail message to the address above to obtain a mailing address to which to send your disk. Though files marked up with html are our goal, ascii files are perfectly acceptable. If your word processor will save files in Rich Text Format (.rtf) this is also highly desirable

Send us extended information on new publications (including any back cover copy and sample poems) as well as complete catalogs/backlists (including excerpts from reviews, sample poems, etc.). Be sure to include full information for ordering--including prices and addresses and phone numbers both of the press and any distributors.

Initially, you might want to send short announcements of new publications directly to the Poetics list as subscribers do not always (or ever) check the EPC; in your message please include full information for ordering. If you have a fuller listing at EPC, you might also mention that in any Poetics posts.

Some announcements circulated through Poetics and the EPC have received a noticeable responses; it may be an effective way to promote your publication and we are glad to facilitate information about interesting publications.

---

END OF POETICS LIST WELCOME

[↑ Contents](#)

---

972. **Don Cheney**  
***Re: american language***  
*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

just the other day i was watching the tv show here in the states called "Night Stand With Dick Dietrick" (the show is a parody of the Jerry Springer type, sensationalist talk shows) and the guests were supposed to be stereotypes of white

trash america. and the guests kept coming up with funny similes, so dick dietrick (the host) wanted to get in on all the simile action. the only phrase i remember him trying was:

that's as funny as a german puppeteer at a microsoft word convention.

don cheney

=====

Don Cheney San Diego, CA, USA

<http://www.geocities.com/Paris/5791>

██████████

=====

[↑ Contents](#)

973. **Sylvester Pollet**  
***Call for Papers/Eliot (fwd)***

Mon 30 Jun 1997

Nancy Gish asked me to post this to the list, and it seems relevant to recent threads. Please respond to the names at the bottom, not to me--not my show. Thanks, sp.

*CALL FOR PAPERS*

*Eliot and desire, gender, sexuality*

*Essays are sought for a collection on T.S. Eliot's complex relations to and engagements with desire, gender, sexuality. For a decade Eliot's reputation declined despite continued studies of his work; in postmodern reassessments of modernism he has often functioned as a stock figure for the masculinism, elitism, and logocentrism of mainstream modernism. But Eliot studies has become a renewed site of controversy and interest with the appearance of in-depth critiques such as Anthony Julius's T.S. Eliot: Anti-Semitism and Literary Form, the recent publication of formerly unpublished poems in Inventions of the March Hare, and the publication of other new studies reassessing Eliot's contributions to revisionist modernisms. In this context a full examination of issues of desire, gender, sexuality is overdue. We welcome all theoretical and critical approaches. Essays that engage queer theory, feminist theory, gender studies, structures of desire, approaches to the body and the performative, intertextuality, are welcome. Topics such as spirituality and eroticism, the occult, etc., are also of interest.*

*Send inquiries, proposals, essays to Cassandra Laity, Dept. of English, Drew University, Madison, NJ 07940 (██████████) or Nancy K. Gish, Women's Studies, University of Southern Maine, Portland ME 04104-9300 (██████████).*

[↑ Contents](#)

974. **James Finnegan**  
**Re: American Language**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

In a message dated 97-06-29 17:56:42 EDT, you write:

*To add to "badly wrapped," "a few screws loose," "hit in the head once too often," etc., "a couple of sandwiches short of a picnic," as a description of Mike Tyson's mental state, altho it occurs to me as I type that this might also be meant as a motive for his recent behavior.*

Aaw, Tyson was just earritable. Next up: Iron Mike vs. Vinnie Van Gogh, an obscure Dutch pugilist known to lead with his left.

Finnegan

[↑ Contents](#)

975. **David Israel**  
**Re: american language / c&w version**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

further on the "two sandwiches" trail --

| *I too like the "two sandwiches short of a picnic"*

perchance one could venture into country & western territory --

I was hopin' to find her at the forum  
but fear ran ahead of anticipation:  
we were two senators shy of a quorum --  
and one hallelujah short of salvation . . .

O runnin' on empty, the engine died-away  
(merde! the Fates -- their behavior is always vile!)  
we were three thimblesful shy of a clean getaway  
like a lawyer struck mute amid an easy trial

as the officer approached, I got an eye of  
his conceited mein -- & yep, he waxed laconic:  
"Sorry, son, but yer a kilo of sugar shy of  
a Twinkie Defense" -- (was that ironic?)

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

976. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

When I was a kid in Brooklyn my small gang of preadolescents was frequently riven by undying hatreds that were usually forgotten within the week. Maybe if we refrain from fanning them these flames, too, will die on their own.

At 10:05 AM 6/30/97 -0400, you wrote:

>What does it mean to undermine one's authority? Is it necessarily a bad  
> thing? There are bad people in positions of power  
> in the world. Wouldn't you like to undermine their authority?

>

>This interjective post is a defense for Dodie, not because she is not  
> capable of defending herself (her exchanges with Kim  
>Dawn prove otherwise), but because I don't think she's reading the list  
> while she's in Colorado and the excerpt written about  
>her below I think is misguided and written with an authority I believe  
> needs undermining (under mind).

>

>The exchanges between Dodie and Kim Dawn a couple of weeks back were many

>things, but in them I did not hear "Dodie's concomitant criticisms of Kim  
>Dawn's lack of proper ladylike demeanor." I did hear Dodie's criticisms of  
>someone shooting their mouth off without being very informed. I heard  
>Dodie offering insight, and for that she got flamed. Also, I didn't read  
>Dodie post

>

>"undermin(ing) Kim Dawn's "femininity" first by criticizing her actions as  
>improper, and then--having established the unladylike nature of Kim Dawn's  
>speech/acts--delivering a double-whammy by questioning whether a person so  
>unladylike could indeed \*be\* a lady or even a woman" (as Kali Tal has  
>written of the subject).

>

>What was said in those posts were very direct-- WHY IS IT NECESSARY TO  
>ABSTRACT THEM?

>

>Kim Dawn's posts, on the other hand, were 1) pretty obnoxious, 2) pretty  
>stupid, and 3) pretty obnoxious and pretty stupid. Am I undermining her  
>"authority" or "femininity" by saying so?

>

>The Weinberger post forwarded to the List by Kent Johnson (and what more of  
>a "self-promotional card" could be played than forwarding a private letter



>to two listservs, at least two, maybe more for all I know, to defend one's  
>interest?) pointed out that the "Left" historically bickers while the Right  
>triumphs, or whatever, and Johnson (& others) continue to prove this  
>insightful point by doing it ad nauseum. What's worse is that it's  
>bickering is theoretical.  
>  
>For example:  
>  
>>> How would we revise our >interpretation if she were a he?)<<  
>  
>>> how the knowledge that "she" was actually a "he" would change our  
>interpretation of the textual events which we'd read/witnessed.<<  
>  
>>> What I was doing (attempting to do) was pointing out the way Dodie's  
>inquiry functioned as a rhetorical tactic in this particular argument. As  
>I noted in one of my previous posts,<<  
>  
>But the most treasured retort, I thought, was:  
>  
>>>> Dodie's was, I thought, a tactic which reinforced/reinscribed power  
>hierarchies of a dominant over an oppressed group. <<<  
>  
>  
>This is a way of saying that Dodie is sharp. I never really understand when  
>people start bouncing around "reinscription, reinforced, reify" and see  
>individuals interact in terms of "power hierarchies." These three "R's"  
>are poor word choices considering the issues that they are used to talk  
>about. They never clarify anything.  
>  
>Anyway, I'm only using Kali's post as an example because it was handy. I  
>disagree with the characterizations made about Dodie and want to register  
>that.  
>  
>  
>  
>  
>also:  
>  
>>>> Note, please, that I consider Dodie, a female person, to be a fully  
>able participant in the business of reinforcing hegemony. Identity is a  
>process, not a fixed position, which is why women can find themselves

>allied with men against other women (not, mind you, always a bad thing),>>>  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

977. **dbkk**

**Re: identity/poetics**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

From Daniel Bouchard:

*This interjective post is a defense for Dodie, not because she is not capable of defending herself (her exchanges with Kim Dawn prove otherwise), but because I don't think she's reading the list while she's in Colorado and the excerpt written about her below I think is misguided and written with an authority I believe needs undermining (under mind).*

Daniel, thank you for your support. We switched to Digest when we were gone, but I've only skimmed the list hijinx of last week. I have a grant to write, so Life will, for me, continue to be on hold for a bit.

I'm more perplexed than anything in Kali Tan's repeated jabbing at me on this issue as my being some kind of Authority figure with Power (I truly wish I were this, I could use some Authority and Power right now, I truly wish my life could support KTan's claims). I assume there is some subtext of personal issues she has with Authority and female Power figures that are being projected onto me. I certainly haven't acted this way to her or any other women on the list. Okay, in the ancient past I was bitchy to Maria Damon, but I apologized and now we're quite huggy and kissy, which makes me appreciate what a big heart Maria has.

And I am not here going to defend myself against charges of misogyny and staunchly maintaining the status quo of female suppression. My whole project has been working against this. I feel KTan's doing a similar thing to what I found particularly problematic in Kim Dawn's original posts--she's pressure one to stand up and defend one's LIBERALNESS. Liberalness is a bourgeois invention. Perhaps one cannot be radical and bourgeois at the same time. I think even Kim Dawn, at this point, is tired of the discussion of her eruption into this list. As a performance it would have been more palatable if she didn't begin it by attacking a list member who is a friend of mine. I'm curious why there hasn't been more discussion of Emily Vey Duke, who was was working in the Kim Dawn motif, and whom I feel is a talented writer, and whose performances I could read with pleasure. Of course, Kim Dawn paved the way for this, so I

guess I'm now all for her as Ur-progenitor of transgressive poetics list performances.

I've been writing backchannel to Emily VD, whomever she/he is. See I *\*am\** a liberal! I can feel the walls of hegemony crumbling around me.

Dodie (Bellamy)

p.s. I do have one request here, though. And that is, if people want to challenge me here, please don't call me Dodie in those posts. People say, "David Bromidge is wrong!" They don't demean him with a mere, "David is wrong." David is reserved for sweet talk, as it should be (something, of course, that he deserves constantly, and relentlessly).

db

[↑ Contents](#)

978. **dbkk**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

My last message was Typo City.

*Liberalness is a bourgeois invention. Perhaps one cannot be radical and bourgeois at the same time.*

I meant to write: Liberalness is a bourgeois invention. Perhaps one cannot be radical and *\*liberal\** at the same time.

Dodie (Bellamy)

[↑ Contents](#)

979. **Steve Shoemaker**

***Re: american language***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

In the spirit of David B.'s "other context" (e.g. "tripping his doors off"), a friend of mine wld often confess to being "stoned as a bat." We also spent a good bit of time feeling nice & "toasty."

And something i've been wondering about: the color "chartreuse." I've looked it up in several dictionaries now and they all say it indicates a kind of greenish yellow. That wld be fine, except that i've now scientifically interviewd numerous (well, at least 5 or 6) people on this question and *\*everyone\**, myself included, thinks, or had thought, of it as a kind of bright pinkish red. And for a topper, it was used in just this latter sense the other night *\*on TV\**! (fashion

show episode of Xena: Warrior Princess)... So, like the stand-up comix say, "What's up with that?"

Steve Shoemaker

[↑ Contents](#)

980. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: american language***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

It's the color of the delicious-but-deadly liqueur produced at the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse (chartreuse=carthusian, or charter-house, as in \_The Charterhouse of Parma\_), from whence the name. They've been making it for centuries, and it's always been green. My own scientific survey (I asked my wife) confirms this. Xena predates Christianity--maybe in her day the word was used differently? Where's a sanskritist when you need one?

*And something i've been wondering about: the color "chartreuse." I've looked it up in several dictionaries now and they all say it indicates a kind of greenish yellow. That wld be fine, except that i've now scientifically interviewd numerous (well, at least 5 or 6) people on this question and \*everyone\*, myself included, thinks, or had thought, of it as a kind of bright pinkish red. And for a topper, it was used in just this latter sense the other night \*on TV\*! (fashion show episode of Xena: Warrior Princess)... So, like the stand-up comix say, "What's up with that?"*

*Steve Shoemaker*

[↑ Contents](#)

981. **KIM DAWN BAKER**

***Output of your job "kdawn" (fwd)***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Sun, 29 Jun 1997 03:18:02 -0400

From: "L-Soft list server at University at Buffalo (1.8c)"

<[REDACTED]>

To: Kim Dawn <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Output of your job "kdawn"

> is the body inherently a whole?

Unknown command - "IS". Try HELP.

> -peter ganick

Unknown command - "-PETER". Try HELP.

> the body is full of h o l e s

Unknown command - "THE". Try HELP.

> asshole mouth nostrils eyes nipples

Unknown command - "ASSHOLE". Try HELP.

> belly button [which breathes]

Unknown command - "BELLY". Try HELP.

> cock vagina ears

Unknown command - "COCK". Try HELP.

> wounds scars tattoos earring holes memory gaps

Unknown command - "WOUNDS". Try HELP.

> [the throat is the internal limb between pain and pleasure]

Unknown command - "[THE". Try HELP.

> moans screams sighs cries chokes roars gasps mumbles whistles yelps slurps

Unknown command - "MOANS". Try HELP.

> groans chortles snorts pops clicks wheezes babbles hisses hums whimpers

Unknown command - "GROANS". Try HELP.

All subsequent commands have been flushed.

Summary of resource utilization

-----

CPU time: 0.020 sec

Overhead CPU: 0.000 sec

CPU model: SPARCstation-20 (384M)

[↑ Contents](#)

982. **Eliza McGrand- CVA Guest**

***Re: american language***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

YEAH!!! i am not the only one with chartreuse paranoia!!! i remember it having some connection to soem french liquor which is a bright bright green, but i hear it in connection with fuschia-ish raspberryish pink as well... so what is the deal here? are we talking color blind emperor without clothes? e

[↑ Contents](#)

983. **Kali Tal**

**Re: identity/poetics**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

*Kim Dawn's posts, on the other hand, were 1) pretty obnoxious, 2) pretty stupid, and 3) pretty obnoxious and pretty stupid. Am I undermining her "authority" or "femininity" by saying so?*

The above statements are matters of opinion, and quite loaded opinion at that. You say them as if they are self-evident, and create a situation in which you frame everyone who does not agree with you as also "stupid" (for not recognizing stupidity) and possibly "obnoxious."

The issue of authority is an interesting one. There's "authority" as "power" (the power to issue [author] \*orders\*) and there's "authority" as "authenticity" (the certification of an author's \*identity\* and "expert" status on a particular subject). The kind of "authority" I reference when I criticize rhetorical tactics which work to undermine the authority of those who belong to traditionally disempowered groups is the "authority to speak as if expecting to be heard, and to have one's arguments or artworks taken seriously on their own terms, \*as\* arguments or artworks." The "undermining" I refer to is a result of tactics which seek to dismiss arguments or artworks based on the idea that certain people are not \*worth\* listening to for [insert\_your\_reason\_here]. It is my observation that particularly in responses to the public speech of women, the topic quickly and frequently turns from the points raised by the woman in question to a discussion focusing on the character and motivation of the woman in question.

*But the most treasured retort, I thought, was:*

*Dodie's was, I thought, a tactic which reinforced/reinscribed power hierarchies of a dominant over an oppressed group. <<<*

*This is a way of saying that Dodie is sharp. I never really understand when people start bouncing around "reinscription, reinforced, reify" and see individuals interact in terms of "power hierarchies." These three "R's" are poor word choices considering the issues that they are used to talk about. They never clarify anything.*

This wasn't \*my\* way of saying Bellamy is sharp. And I disagree about the lack of clarity here. Seems to me that what I said was pretty plain. Interesting that you resist it. I didn't use the word "reify" (I rarely do). "Inscription" and its "did-it-again" form, "reinscription" are fairly graphic (I tend to think of tattooing when I read it), and "reinforced", well, that's about as concrete as a pile of sandbags around a foxhole. Pretty clear, I think.

As for Bellamy's rejection of my reading of her posts about Kim Dawn, all I can do/have done is point to the words and the rhetorical constructions she offered POETICS readers in that instance. Whatever an author's \*intentions\*, it is the words on the screen that readers see. Those who know Bellamy can add their deeper understanding to the interpretation of her words, but those who don't are forced to work with the texts at hand. This is, perhaps, another illustration that identity \*matters\*.

"Being read" is the risk that writers take and--one assumes--the goal for which they strive. \*How\* a reader reads is out of the author's control, though understanding how (different) readers read might provide one a certain amount of useful information. At least that's how I see/read it.

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

984. **Rebecca Reynolds**

**Re: epithalamium**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

*My brother has just announced to my family that he is getting married, and he has asked me to write a poem to celebrate the occasion. Fortunately, I have a year to get started.*

*I'm looking for contemporary epithalamiums to get an idea as to how to proceed: any suggestions?*

*Thanks!*

*Hugh Steinberg*

I just wanted to share this with you, but I don't know that it would be particularly helpful . . .

I also was asked to write a poem for a wedding, but this was a lesbian wedding, so I was determined to write a contemporary- alternative-lifestyle-epithalamium. (No, make that THE alternative-lifestyle-epithalamium.)

First, I could not find contemporary epithalamiums--though I am sure that there are some--I simply do not have an exhaustive knowledge of contemporary poetry, and I'm sure someone else on this list can supply you with some examples. I'd be interested, myself, having done this. One challenge, I think, is that contemporary poetry (or the contemporary ear for poetry) is not often so directly "occasional" (though I suppose all poems are occasional). At any rate, I had to figure out a way to be "occasional" and reader/listener friendly (since it is a public event). I had to write something that would be appropriate for a group

of people who did not read poetry at all. Not only were there no other poets in the place, there were no graduate students or anything. A lot of social workers (seems to be an occupational hazard among lesbians). Also, there had to be some ref. to the fact that this was not your average wedding -- I think in any case, it is difficult to write poems that need to refer to so many particulars. Ultimately, I gave up on re-writing the epithalamium (especially since my sense of poetic convention is pretty inexact). I got inspiration from a Charles Olson poem, "Love I" --which is too long to print out here--and used a similar repetitive structure, writing instead of an epithilamium, a blessing of sorts, though I suppose the poem is an epithalamium too, since it is pretty clearly a "wedding" poem. (Or perhaps not? Will someone clarify?) The happy ending is that the poem is going to be in the Lesbian Review of Books this coming year sometime. I don't suppose you subscribe. I would shamelessly reprint it here, but my e-mail is at work and my poems are at home.

The Olson poem itself is too much about love to be about marriage, I'm afraid. And I don't mean this in a pessimistic sense--it's just that one may want to be restrained. However, the Olson poem is very amenable to being read aloud to a general audience--and that was what I was after, so it proved a useful template, or perhaps, diving board.

Hope this in some indirect way is useful!

Rebecca Reynolds

[↑ Contents](#)

985. **Sylvester Pollet**

**new lit site (fwd)**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

I haven't had time to check this one yet, but thought it might be of interest. sp

*Date: Mon, 30 Jun 1997 14:13:58 -0500*

*From: Jim Eggeling <[REDACTED]>*

*MIME-Version: 1.0*

*To: [REDACTED]*

*Subject: ANTINUOUS Literary Web Site*

*X-Priority: 3 (Normal)*

*Do you link with oither sites?*

*Hadrian House Publishers announces the opening of its web site,*

*Antinuuous, <http://www.netscorp.net/~hadrian>, e-mail*

*<[REDACTED]>.*

*The site features poems by the poet J.L.S.E. that have been published in*



*anthologies and journals over the past twenty-seven years. It was uploaded to the Netscorp server on June 25, 1997 around 1 p.m. on the occasion of the poet's sixty-third birthday and as an event celebrating Stonewall Week Gay Pride.*

*The "Home Page" opens with a .jpg of a painting by Degas. The "Foreword" opens with a gif. of a photograph of the Castel de Sant'Angelo (Hadrian's Tomb.) ( The site is named after the Emperor Hadrian's young love, Antinous.) The "Acknowledgments" opens with a memorial to the late Allen Ginsberg.*

*The poems are mostly homoerotic or verse translations or both. The tone and content of the page is Hellenistic.*

*Please visit Antinous, and post this invitation wherever it might be welcome.*

CONTACT:

Jim Eggeling <[REDACTED]>

<[REDACTED]>

[REDACTED] or [REDACTED]

625 Honeysuckle Ct.

Laredo, TX78041

[↑ Contents](#)

986. **Pritchett, Pat**

**Re: Naropa, the mini-series**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

Friday night at Naropa the featured readings began with...

... a performance by proxy of a poem by Clifford Burke, the legendary letter press printer, who'd taken gravely ill (no news on his current status). His serpentine hymn to natural life for three voices was ably performed by a trio of students: one male as reader and two females as acapella chanters and antiphonal chorus.

Next up the intemperate Jack Collom, who read with great verve and vigor his sonic tour de force, "Quintana Roo Beach 6AM," also a kind of ode to the natural world's ceaselessly Protean movement, a mosaic of cubistic piled up images read/sung/hummed with a breathless staccato rhythm ("wind licking land as boom la-la"), achieving a vertiginous morphing of "shimmering morphologies." This was followed by an "Eco-Haibun:" a witty, syncopated meditation on certain themes from Simon Schama's *Landscape & Memory*.

Lee Christopher then gave us her playful, colloquial "Nawlins" take on passion, an amusing mix of homespun observations and erotic joie de vivre: "Married men are like freight train boxcars -if you miss one you can catch the next - and the ride's always the same."

Anne Waldman closed the evening with a powerful reading from *\_Iovis, Part 2\_*. Evoking Sappho and Dante in an effort to raise language - commit it - to a new level of engagement, she ranged from a panoramic view of the history of the feminine psyche (all via multi-vocal narrative & pitch) to a vignette of an encounter with a Balinese masseuse calling herself "Marlene Dietrich," who plaintively mused: "Is a man all there is to a woman?" This was followed by a section exploring the dialectical contrast between tantric phallic practices and the pornographic gun culture.

Coda: Anne was joined by Steven Taylor for the performance of an anon. 13th Century motet for Allen Ginsberg and "Verses for the New Amazing Grace."

[↑ Contents](#)

987. **Mark Weiss**

***Re: american language***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

Come to think, I dimly remember that the good monks make a less-deadly liqueur as well. Perhaps it's a drink of a different color.

At 03:07 PM 6/30/97 -0400, you wrote:

>YEAH!!! i am not the only one with chartreuse paranoia!!! i remember it  
>having some connection to soem french liquor which is a bright bright  
>green, but i hear it in connection with fuschia-ish raspberryish pink  
>as well... so what is the deal here? are we talking color blind  
>emperor without clothes?  
>e  
>  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

988. **Daniel Zimmerman**

***Re: american language***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

Mark Weiss wrote:

>  
> Come to think, I dimly remember that the good monks make a less-deadly  
> liqueur as well. Perhaps it's a drink of a different color.

>  
> At 03:07 PM 6/30/97 -0400, you wrote:  
> >YEAH!!! i am not the only one with chartreuse paranoia!!! i remember it  
> >having some connection to soem french liquor which is a bright bright  
> >green, but i hear it in connection with fuschia-ish raspberryish pink  
> >as well... so what is the deal here? are we talking color blind  
> >emperor without clothes?  
> >e  
> >  
> >

Yes, Mark:

They make yellow Chartreuse, too [only about 80 proof; green weighs in around 110, if I remember correctly--made from 101 different herbs, too, I believe]. I've never heard of chartreuse refering to any color than a sort of dayglo-neon yellowish green, something for capri pants or Caribbean busses or, lately, firetrucks.

"When I hear a Siren, I reach for an apéritif."

--Dan

[↑ Contents](#)

989. **Mark Weiss**

**Re: identity/poetics**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

*well, that's about as concrete as a pile of sandbags around a foxhole.  
Pretty clear, I think.*

Sandbags, wherever found, are only concrete if cement and water are added, but the military metaphor, albeit defensive, will doubtless be experienced as a stance of attack. I can't see what would be lost to discussion if there were a metaphoric standdown by all parties.

[↑ Contents](#)

990. **Kali Tal**

**Re: Poems/Identities**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

*\*Dr.\* Tal*

*Oops, sorry. Up here we dont call each other Dr. unless we are being formal in order to be aggressive. Is that necessity of using "Dr." a US thing. or an Ivy League thing?*

I experienced your decision to label me "Ms." in your previous post as both distancing and patronizing. I sign my posts "Kali" and expect to be addressed in the same name. I *\*never\** sign myself "Ms. Tal." I'm either on a first-name basis (which is my choice as a default) or I'm "Dr." I find that there is no formal address for a female person which is not devalued ("Ms." is used snidely as often as it is used respectfully), and so I use the gender-neutral honorific when I *\*must\** use one. Dodie Bellamy requested that she *\*not\** be referred to by her first name alone by those who don't know her. I think that's reasonable. I prefer to be referred to by my first name as a general rule, but if you're not comfortable with that, I prefer "Dr." to "Ms." Two rules of civility I try always to observe: don't call people outta their names; don't insult their parents.

The "Ivy League" presumption is, in fact, hilarious. Yes, I went to Yale as a grad student. Yes, I received a Ph.D. from that institution. But I hate the place, dissed it in the preface of my thesis and my book, slam it on the Internet whenever I have the opportunity, and would sooner cut off my right arm than send a good student there. I earned my "Ivy League" degree in spite of all the obstacles an extremely hostile American Studies department threw in my path, and could not care less about the "prestige" supposedly conferred by a degree from an institution ruled by folks whose politics and ethics I consider egregious. I *\*do\** value the good opinions of my dissertation advisor and the members of my orals and dissertation committee, but that's only because I got to pick 'em out myself, and I chose them on the basis of their intelligence *\*and\** decency.

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

991. **henry**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

Kali, have you thought about Dan Bouchard's question re: does it matter whether it's a man or a woman who's making the issue? I think you thought David Bromige's metaphors were also so-to-speak pretty stupid, but they were very similar to Kim Dawn's; i.e. bring everything to a pornography level. As if pornography has the power to shock in an interesting way. I myself don't think "power to shock" is interesting, period. But we live in a place when there is no general, relatively stable middle audience for "literature", so it's convenient to relate everything to bio-sexual relations because they're universal. Trouble is, they get real boring. They also remind me a lot of pre-Hitler & Hitler Germany. Shocking reference, I know. It's not that sexual relations are boring, far from it, it's when they become an isolatable "topic" that they start to lose me. Because there's no "center" we also, we "writers", have trouble communicating. We all

have a different concept of the audience. We're in an in-between time between the mass literature of the 19th century (when they did shakespeare in hotel lobbies) & the mass culture of the 1st half of the century (when movies had dialogue) & the fusion of the 60-70's (when Lowell & Ginsberg were not that different from Sexton) to the discontinuous PRESENT much like the turn of the last century... & there are very few poets with an idiom that energizes & unites (I know the youngsters among us will disagree...) & the Youth Culture is now the Yup-Yeah Club (see TV) & the Youth are gathering frustrated momentum... learning how to forget what they never knew... - Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

992. **David Israel**

***Re: identity/poetics / standdown (or even lounge?)***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

Mark --

<< Sandbags, wherever found, are only concrete if cement and water are added, but the military metaphor, albeit defensive, will doubtless be experienced as a stance of attack. I can't see what would be lost to discussion if there were a metaphoric standdown by all parties. >>

that proposition is about as pacific as a Hawaiian seabreeze. Where do you think you are, anyway? Is this what they taught you in Brooklyn? (Maybe the hippies got to you?)

For what worth, I'd like to commend the good clarity & (relative) even-tonedness of Kali T.'s latest ecritural item (\*not\* to salvo) --

I suspect this is part of the mutual adjustment that happens in dialogue & other forms of group living. One might note a certain amount (or certain areas) of possible misperception on various sides, no doubt; -- talk ain't so easy sometimes . . . still, the waves are lapping.

Comrades, your mai tais are waiting.

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

993. **George Bowering**

***Re: Poems/Identities***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

| \*Dr.\* Tal

Oops, sorry. Up here we dont call each other Dr. unless we are being formal in order to be aggressive. Is that necessity of using "Dr." a US thing. or an Ivy League thing?

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

994. **P.Standard Schaefer**

**STEVE CARL**

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

Could someone please send me the current address of Mr. Steve Carl, back channel if that is best.

Thanks,

Standard Schaefer

[↑ Contents](#)

995. **George Bowering**

**Re: american language / Pooh**

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

"Smarter than yr average bear" was Yogi, not Pooh.

George Bowering.

2499 West 37th Ave.,  
Vancouver, B.C.,  
Canada V6M 1P4

fax: [REDACTED]

e-mail: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

996. **Henry Gould**  
***recommended reading***  
*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

Have started to read Michael Heller's new book, WORDFLOW, recently published by Talisman House. Maybe can review at some point. Enjoy the balance of elegant simplicity & moving eloquence, not that easy to find in poetry these days. - Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

997. **Andrew D Epstein**  
***Re: epithalamium***  
*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

On Sun, 29 Jun 1997, Hugh Steinberg wrote:

*My brother has just announced to my family that he is getting married, and he has asked me to write a poem to celebrate the occasion. Fortunately, I have a year to get started.*

*I'm looking for contemporary epithalamiums to get an idea as to how to proceed: any suggestions?*

*Thanks!*

*Hugh Steinberg*

I thought I'd just throw out a contemporary epithalamium by Frank O'Hara. It's "Poem Read at Joan Mitchell's" and it ends:

"but ideas are obscure and nothing should be obscure tonight you will live half the year in a house by the sea and half the year in a        house in our arms we peer into the future and see you happy and hope it is a sign that we        will be happy too, something to cling to, happiness the least and best of human attainments"

It's in O'Hara's Selected Poems.

Also, someone mentioned an anthology edited by Robert Hass, but couldn't remember what it was called. It's co-edited by Stephen Mitchell, and is called Into the Garden: A Wedding Anthology (Harper, 1993).

Hope that helps!

Andrew Epstein

[↑ Contents](#)

998. **Kali Tal**

**Re: identity/poetics**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

*Kali, have you thought about Dan Bouchard's question re: does it matter whether it's a man or a woman who's making the issue?*

Yes, it matters. But that doesn't mean I "prefer" one to the other.

I have thought about it, and I think I answered that question (thought Dan's particular framing of the question) a few days ago in response to Ken Wolfe. I wrote:

"In my experience, authors tend not to hide their identities unless they have a specific purpose in mind. Most authors \*like\* being known, and those who don't are anomolous enough so that we know them for \*not\* wanting to be known (Pynchon, Salinger). In cases of deliberately concealed or withheld identity, I am interested in both the author's intent and in the general impact of the work. Some identity-concealing tactics are quite easy to understand--George Sand, George Eliot, James Tiptree, Jr., etc. wrote under masculine pen names because it brought them (a limited number of) masculine privileges. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to analyze that sort of passing. Frank Yerby, however, is more interesting. For those of you who aren't into romance novels, Frank Yerby is one of the pillars of the genre; he's black but has constructed his oeuvre quite carefully to give no sign of this. He made a mint on his writing. What do I think of this? I think it's complicated, and contemplating Yerby always sends me back to James Weldon Johnson's *Autobiography of An Ex-Colored Man*. (The latter is also fascinating in terms of the identity question because so many folks mistake the novel for an autobiography when the "real" JWJ couldn't have been farther from his protagonist.) And then there are the well-known "fakes" by white authors, like "Danny Santiago's" *Famous All Over Town* or, to bring class into it, Rebecca Harding Davis' *Life in the Iron Mills*. How about gender crossing within races, like Ernest Gaines' *Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, which almost everyone who reads it takes \*as\* an autobiography? Or, even within a single "identity," what about the multiple and self-contradictory autobiographies of Lillian Hellman or Mary McCarthy? Each one of these works (and their authors) can be read and understood in context, with identity factored into the mix.

"There is no single answer, no prescription, for how and when identity matters, no formula that will let you know for sure if identity is of primary importance in \*this\* case or \*that\* one. So I always factor it in, using as much information as I've got available, asking around for more, and depending upon the one constant in all of this, which is that no matter how much I know about a writer, my



grasp of his or identity will never be complete. Like identity itself, for me understanding is a process rather than an end to be reached."

*I think you thought*

*David Bromige's metaphors were also so-to-speak pretty stupid, but they were very similar to Kim Dawn's;*

I did *\*not\** think Bromige's metaphors were "stupid." I don't usually like the word, and use it only as a slang superlative--as in "stupid fine". I didn't agree with them, but they were plenty smart. Stupid/smart don't usually seem useful distinctions to me though--about as useful as good/bad. And it seems to me that Kim Dawn and David Bromige were engaged in very different practices. Kim Dawn seemed to me to be (in her first post to Jay Schwartz) amplifying his stated fears/dislikes and pumping up the volume. Since he expressed his distaste for the S&M play and the personal chat, she aggressively responded with more S&M play and more personal chat. Whatever you think of the skill or "appropriate" nature of what she was doing, she *\*was\** doing something quite clear. Bromige wasn't taking my responses and pumping up the volume. He took offense at a metaphor I used, and tried to appropriate it, turn it to his own *\*use\**. There was no "play" involved there, as I do think there was play in Kim Dawn's response. For example, if Schwartz *\*had\** wanted to play with Kim Dawn (and, granted, not everyone wants to play the same games), he could have responded with an even more outrageous post--embracing the S&M theme and making his point by excess. *\*Or\** he could have *\*played\** the part of sputtering, pompous, outraged fool quite beautifully and thus stolen Kim Dawn's thunder. But Bromige's response simply shoved me, and my interpretation, out of the way, leaving little rhetorical room except for me to either vanish or shove back.

As for your thoughts on porn, well, I did explain that I thought porn was a process and not a set of pictures to which one could point. I'm a little unclear about the pre-Hitler & Hitler Germany reference. Pre-Hitler Germany included some interesting sexual cultures, but those were clearly at odds with (and often literally murdered by) Hitler's Germany. My understanding of fascist sexuality is drawn primarily from Klaus Theweleit's work, so perhaps you have some other perspective that would help me make the connection you're suggesting.

*Because there's no*

*"center" we also, we "writers", have trouble communicating. We all have a different concept of the audience. We're in an in-between time between the mass literature of the 19th century (when they did Shakespeare in hotel lobbies) & the mass culture of the 1st half of the century (when movies had dialogue) & the fusion of the 60-70's (when Lowell & Ginsberg were not that different from Sexton) to the discontinuous PRESENT much like the turn of the last century... & there are very few poets with an idiom that energizes & unites (I know the youngsters among us will disagree...)*

*& the Youth Culture is now the Yup-Yeah Club (see TV) & the Youth are gathering frustrated momentum... learning how to forget what they never knew...*

Well, this is a whole new topic, and one I'd be very interested in reading about if you'd care to expand....

Kali

[↑ Contents](#)

999. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: frank identities***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

Backing up a bit to address what Maria wrote last Friday. I have to take exception and/or amplify from my own POV some conclusions you draw from your example about Anne Frank. What makes her valuable to readers is not her Jewishness at all which factor was obviously the immediate cause of her oppression and death, but rather the fact that she was oppressed and dealt with it with such extraordinary composure and grace. That the Jews have been historically oppressed from the get-go makes it all the more poignant, to be sure (though as Norman Cantor points out in *The Sacred Chain* there is *\_zero\_* historical evidence to back up the Biblical story of the Egyptian bondage - in fact what scant evidence of the Jewish presence that's been found so far looks contra-indicative). Reducing Frank's story to "identity politics" is a rather cynical way to look at it, I think. "Hope & courage" make no difference you say? We all die - the only choice given us is how we face it. How much better then to face it with hope & courage rather than bitterness.

I'm not sure what you mean by "she did what everyone did then." There's nothing like war to separate real human beings from the rats among us, by which I refer to the collaborationists in France & Switzerland and god knows where else. To me - not that I'm really very fond of it - her book is about much more than her "identity" - it seems rather like a refusal to be bound by identity. But surely dear Maria you aren't saying that? Tell me it ain't so! Tell me I'm an incredible idiot who has no idea what the hell he's talking about! Or maybe it's just the wind off the Cape...

Patrick Pritchett

-----

From: Maria Damon

To: POETICS

Subject: Re: Identity of the poet/Hey! other mind here

Date: Friday, June 27, 1997 7:25PM

i point out the obvious example of ann frank (have i sd this before on this list?). though she's a bright, gifted teenage girl under any circumstances, the fact that she wrote while concealed for 2 years in an attic because she was jewish, and was eventually captured and died of disease on the eve of liberation, does make a difference in our reading. it does bug me when she's held up as an example of "hope and courage" and people quote that old "in spite of everything i still believe that people are good at heart" --look where that got her. she did what everyone did then. but it can't be denied that her work is valuable as a document of identity politics of the most dramatic sort. not because she writes "i'm jewish i'm jewish," but because her identity has everything to do with her fate, and the reception of her work. should it? why not?

[↑ Contents](#)

1000. **henry g**  
**question**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

If it's easier to alienate a possible audience  
than win over a real one,  
who are the exploratory writers,  
& who the conventional?

I submit all my own work  
to a certain standard:  
would I be able to read this  
at a Thansksgiving dinner?

& the measure of value remains:

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM  
(art is to hide art).

- Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

1001. **George Thompson**  
**Re: american language**

Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

Mark Weiss asked:

*It's the color of the delicious-but-deadly liqueur produced at the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse (chartreuse=carthusian, or charter-house, as in \_The Charterhouse of Parma\_), from wence the name. They've been making it for centuries, and it's always been green. My own scientific survey (I asked my wife) confirms this.*

*Xena predates Christianity--maybe in her day the word was used differently?  
Where's a sanskritist when you need one?*

I know that the ones I know are good for nothing. And they don't drink enough [in general] to know what the true color of chartreuse [or anything else] is. Monks on the other hand were \*real\* scholars, combining knowledge of books with knowledge of god, and quite a good knowledge of spirits too. The question is: where's a monk when you need one?

George T.

[↑ Contents](#)

1002. **Pritchett, Pat**

***Re: identity/poetics***

*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

I think it was Arthur Symons who once said: "Nothing is more bourgeois than the desire to shock the bourgeoisie."

But it was definitely Cioran who said: "One always perishes by the self one assumes: to bear a name is to claim an exact mode of collapse."

And it may or may not have been David Carradine who uttered: "It is easy to shoot past the mark. Hard to stand firm in the middle" (sic).

Patrick Pritchett

-----

From: henry

To: POETICS

Subject: Re: identity/poetics

Date: Monday, June 30, 1997 4:28PM

Kali, have you thought about Dan Bouchard's question re: does it matter whether it's a man or a woman who's making the issue? I think you thought David Bromige's metaphors were also so-to-speak pretty stupid, but they were very similar to Kim Dawn's; i.e. bring everything to a pornography level. As if pornography has the power to shock in an interesting way. I myself don't think "power to shock" is interesting, period. But we live in a place when there is no general, relatively stable middle audience for "literature", so it's convenient to relate everything to bio-sexual relations because they're universal. Trouble is, they get real boring. They also remind me a lot of pre-Hitler & Hitler Germany. Shocking reference, I know. It's not that sexual relations are boring, far from it, it's when they become an isolatable "topic" that they start to lose me. Because there's no "center" we also, we "writers", have trouble communicating. We all have a different concept of the audience. We're in an in-between time between

the mass literature of the 19th century (when they did shakespeare in hotel lobbies) & the mass culture of the 1st half of the century (when movies had dialogue) & the fusion of the 60-70's (when Lowell & Ginsberg were not that different from Sexton) to the discontinuous PRESENT much like the turn of the last century... & there are very few poets with an idiom that energizes & unites (I know the youngsters among us will disagree...) & the Youth Culture is now the Yup-Yeah Club (see TV) & the Youth are gathering frustrated momentum... learning how to forget what they never knew... - Henry Gould

[↑ Contents](#)

1003. **David Israel**  
***Re: american language***  
*Mon 30 Jun 1997*

---

Dan Salmon contributed --

| *one beer short of a six pack*

on this model:

one egg short of a baker's dozen

(characterizing a gesture intended to look [or be] generous but which, in the instance, proves the imagined extra benefit)

also:

two speakers shy of a sound system  
(i.e., totally out of it)

one slice shy of a sandwich  
(lack of collaborative spirit?)

relatedly:

one partner shy of a relationship

then, one voice shy of an opera (As in: "Now this script reads okay, the plot moves, characters cohere, the lines of motivation seem credible. But jeez, there's something missing here -- what it is? Slaving away at this baby six months -- whatever I do, we're still one voice shy of an opera.")

also:

hey, just three bases shy of a home-run!

&

"well, let me put it this way:  
we're still 75 trombones shy of the big parade . . . "

d.i.

[↑ Contents](#)

1004. **John Kinsella**  
*on those who might erase an identity?*  
Mon 30 Jun 1997

---

I originally posted this to another list as part of an  
"off-topic" dialogue.

Amnesty Echidna Manifesto

Among fostered overtones  
they skip the elegy  
and wonder if the Wet is written  
down like sinusoidal spirals  
in the cosmology of specimens--  
pages vigorous with nostalgic yearnings,  
as the question is asked--that Amnesty  
need make commentary  
on a "civilized" Australia?  
From the fat of denial  
secreted milk oozes  
onto the membrane  
of the pouch, like Frank Thring joking  
that he'd make a tobacco sac  
out of the bush ranger's scrotum,  
as spines erupt and the music  
of weaponry is struck  
by musing policemen, as there's  
no way out of borrowed text  
and the fossil record  
is but a single external opening  
focussing sex and excreta,  
this the profit, the artefact  
and its market, depositing eggs  
and suckling progeny  
on milk; and this a dialogue  
of singing and witnessing  
over the poem's anatomy,  
as if other factors have crept  
into a consideration  
of an echidna opening  
Meat Ant mounds  
with inspirational claws,  
deeply snouting and colluding  
and outing cases of fixed-format

languages, conferring heritage  
only after the fact,  
as if it matters, as if subentries  
to an apparently neutral hibernation  
are of the place, like naming  
names and collecting data  
from "I've lived amongst them"  
observations: in the lock-up  
they observe "primitive" objections,  
knowing better in their justice,  
making comparisons, saying  
"like an echidna" she bristled  
against the "apparent" rape--  
the Ombudsman declaring  
as bold as Achilles  
that he'd take the day,  
forgetting always  
that the murky water of the Styx  
hadn't covered his glowing skin  
entirely, and that in those parts  
no-one had heard  
of that river

[↑ Contents](#)