

@poetics

The UB Poetics Discussion Group

Archive of Electronic Correspondence

June 2002

751 messages · Sat 1 Jun 2002 – Sun 30 Jun 2002

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

The war's second summer settled over June 2002 — the arrest of a supposed dirty-bomb plotter, a World Cup the room never once glanced at, Israel down to a mention or two — and the list turned, with evident relief, back to a question it can worry indefinitely: whether a poem needs to be about anything at all. It is the Language poets' founding quarrel, and it has never once been settled here. Content, and its discontents, was the month's true subject, argued across more than seven hundred messages.

Nick Piombino set it going, quoting — by way of an essay he thought pedestrian — Helen Vendler's dictum that *"Form, after all, is nothing but content-as-arranged"*. The threads multiplied, Content and Its Discontents and Question of content and Content analysis, and the room split along its oldest seam: between those for whom a poem is a statement about the world and those for whom it is a made object, language arranged, the content beside the point.

The quarrel with the critics, carried over from May, hardened into a companion thread — Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest — asking whether criticism worthy of the name must judge and rank a poem, or merely describe how it works. Nick Piombino, who opened it, reached all the way back to the nineteenth century for a specimen of unembarrassed judgement — an old critic flatly proclaiming Whitman the most powerful poet America had produced — as if to ask whether the room had lost the nerve simply to call a poem good. Having spent May firing the professors, it spent June arguing over what, if anything, a critic is finally for.

Beneath the abstractions ran a fascination with the poem's physical body. jesse glass floated a thread on Handwriting Poets — magazines in which every page would be handwritten, *"a unique, limited in number, gesture"* rather than a printed text; while the constraint-writers emptied content the other way, into pure letter — Christian Bök's Eunoia, and a story built on the single vowel A. Between the handwritten gesture and the univocalic machine, the room circled a suspicion that a poem's matter — the hand, the letter — might be all the content it ever really has.

And then a poet died who had dissolved the whole question in his own practice. Leslie Scalapino posted that Philip Whalen — the Zen monk whose poems were written out in his own unmistakable hand, calligraphic and unrepeatable — had died at the Zen Hospice on the twenty-sixth, and would lie there three days,

“where he can be seen”. I have set Whalen’s death at the end of a month the room spent asking whether a poem needs content exactly as June delivered it, because he was its living answer, now gone: a poet for whom the page was pure content and pure hand at once — the plain record of a mind attending — and for whom the line the room kept drawing, between what a poem says and what a poem is, had simply never been there to draw.

— *K. M. F.*

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- 420. cadaly — Re: query on art and time
- 421. Fargas Laura — Re: query on art and time
- 422. Joel Weishaus — Re: Microsoft Word
- 423. Maria Damon — Re: query on art and time
- 424. komninos zervos — Re: query on art and time
- 425. Sheila Massoni — Microsoft Word
- 426. Sheila Massoni — Re: author photos
- 427. Lawrence Upton — (no subject)
- 428. Andrew Rathmann — Close reading: O'Leary, "Elijah; or, At the Mouth of Fire"
- 429. bpopen — Hot Nite @Cafe Nuba!
- 430. Mark DuCharme — Re: inquiry
- 431. Tom Beckett — Re: inquiry
- 432. Mark Weiss — Re: inquiry
- 433. david.bircumshaw — Re: inquiry
- 434. Komninos Zervos — Re: query on art and time
- 435. richard.tylr — Re: Puns (also re: recognition)
- 436. Vernon Frazer — Re: Microsoft Word
- 437. schwartzgk — Re: inquiry

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- 438. Robert Kelly — multilingual
- 439. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: inquiry
- 440. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: inquiry
- 441. dcmb — Re: FW: Rejected posting to
- 442. Alan Sondheim — in america
- 443. George Bowering — Re: inquiry
- 444. David Baratier — Re: query on art and time
- 445. Mark Weiss — Re: Close reading: O'Leary, "Elijah; or, At the Mouth of Fire"
- 446. Lawrence Upton — (no subject)
- 447. B.E. Basan — Re: query on art and time
- 448. Gary Sullivan — Re: query on art and time
- 449. Patrick F. Durgin — time and art
- 450. jessica smith — ñ (enye) MIÉRCOLES GIGANTE June 26, 8 p.m. Soundlab
- 451. UbuWeb Editorial Staff — FWD: Location Sound Sound Series
- 452. UbuWeb Editorial Staff — FWD: Object Improvisation Series
- 453. Steven Shoemaker — time travel / paradox
- 454. Steven Meyer — Re: inquiry
- 455. Camille Martin — contact info for Lynn Martin?
- 456. Duration Press — Tuumba Press
- 457. jason christie — Re: query on art and time
- 458. Eileen Tabios — Re: a brief hystery of the pun
- 459. Jocelyn Saidenberg — KRUPSKAYA 2002 PUBLICATIONS

- 460. Susan M. Schultz — Re: inquiry
- 461. mIEKAL aND — Re: inquiry
- 462. Andrew Rathmann — Close reading: Spahr, "Switching"
- 463. Alan Sondheim — Re: inquiry
- 464. richard.tylr — Re: inquiry
- 465. richard.tylr — Re: Poetics List freed
- 466. Mark DuCharme — Re: inquiry
- 467. komninos zervos — Re: time travel / paradox
- 468. mIEKAL aND — Re: time travel / paradox

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- 469. Maria Damon — Re: multilingual
- 470. Maria Damon — Re: time travel / paradox
- 471. Alan Sondheim — Alan, Free Credit Card
- 472. Millie Niss — The Finnegan's Wake Society has read FW!
- 473. Tony Follari — Reply to milli Vanilli
- 474. richard.tylr — Re: The Finnegan's Wake Society has read FW!
- 475. richard.tylr — Re: multilingual
- 476. Millie Niss — FW: Reply to milli Vanilli
- 477. Mister Kazim Ali — Re: The Finnegan's Wake Society has read FW!
- 478. Gary Sullivan — Contact info for Fraser and Mac Low?
- 479. Nick Piombino — Content and its Discontents
- 480. Ryan Whyte — Re: query on art and time
- 481. david.bircumshaw — Re: inquiry
- 482. Mister Kazim Ali — Re: time travel / paradox
- 483. Maria Damon — Re: Content and its Discontents
- 484. mIEKAL aND — Re: inquiry
- 485. Hilton Obenzinger — Re: time travel / paradox
- 486. Mark Weiss — Re: time travel / paradox
- 487. Derek R — Modernism in the service of understanding
- 488. Geoffrey Gatza — Re: Modernism in the service of understanding
- 489. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Content and its Discontents
- 490. Wallis Leslie — Re: time travel / paradox
- 491. Nada Gordon — 7/2: Joanna Sondheim & Alan Sondheim in Brooklyn
- 492. schwartzgk — Re: time travel / paradox
- 493. kevinkillian — time travel / paradox, and also, Eric Giraud?
- 494. Robin Hamilton — Re: time travel / paradox
- 495. Sheila Massoni — Re: time travel / paradox
- 496. Sheila Massoni — Re: Modernism in the service of understanding
- 497. J Gallaher — Elliptical Poets?
- 498. George Bowering — Re: FW: Rejected posting to
- 499. Alan Sondheim — Re: Modernism in the service of understanding
- 500. Alan Sondheim — Re: Content and its Discontents
- 501. Nada Gordon — Re: Elliptical Poets
- 502. Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino — Re: Modernism in the service of understanding
- 503. R. Drake — Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage
- 504. mIEKAL aND — [soundpoetry] SEEDSIGNS for Philadelpho
- 505. Andrew Rathmann — Location of poetry / location of poets

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- 506. cheryl doppler burket — Re: time travel / paradox
- 507. Jeffrey Jullich — Location of poetry / location of poets
- 508. Alan Sondheim — DIVE THROUGH SPREAD LEGS
- 509. richard.tylr — Re: inquiry
- 510. Thomas Bell — Content and its Discontents
- 511. Vernon Frazer — Elliptical Poets
- 512. J Kuszai — Re: Location of poetry / location of poets

- 513. J Gallaher — Re: Elliptical Poets
- 514. Alan Sondheim — AZURENIKUKO WOMANPERSON
- 515. Marla Jernigan — Finnegans Wake
- 516. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Location of poetry / location of poets
- 517. Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino — Re: Elliptical Poets
- 518. Gwyn McVay — Re: location location location
- 519. Susan M. Schultz — location location location
- 520. Andrew Felsinger — +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++
- 521. Susan M. Schultz — Re: location location location
- 522. Tom Beckett — Re: fuck you-aloha-I love you
- 523. Mister Kazim Ali — I'm trapped in the John-Cage
- 524. Mister Kazim Ali — Re: Elliptical Poets
- 525. schwartzgk — Re: Finnegans Wake

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- 526. ALDON L NIELSEN — Re: Cage's Wake
- 527. Herb Levy — Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage
- 528. jesse glass — Tokyo Anthology
- 529. Jim Clinefelter — Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage
- 530. richard.tylr — Re: Elliptical Poets
- 531. Mister Kazim Ali — Re: Cage's Wake
- 532. Tony Follari — Reply to richard taylor
- 533. richard.tylr — Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage
- 534. derek beaulieu / housepress — housepress subscriptions now available
- 535. derek beaulieu / housepress — new from housepress: rawlings, cain, hood, grumman and betts!
- 536. Andrew Rathmann — Re: Spahr & location
- 537. Millie Niss — Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++
- 538. ALDON L NIELSEN — Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage
- 539. david.bircumshaw — Re: inquiry
- 540. Herb Levy — Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage
- 541. Aaron Belz — Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++
- 542. Tom Beckett — from _Maybe Dick_
- 543. Andrew Felsinger — Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++

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- 544. Alan Sondheim — Need help, I don't know anything.
- 545. Susan M. Schultz — Re: Spahr & location
- 546. Geoffrey Gatza — Re: Spahr & location
- 547. Thomas Bell — Re: Location of poetry / location of poets
- 548. richard.tylr — Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT and Cage and Music and a Poem
- 549. richard.tylr — Re: Need help, I don't know anything.
- 550. Ron — Location -- in Dogtown
- 551. Nick Piombino — Naming
- 552. Joe Brennan — Re: Finnegans Wake
- 553. Aaron Belz — Re: Location -- in Dogtown
- 554. kathryn graham — Anomaly No. 1 is now available
- 555. paula speck — Re: time travel / paradox
- 556. schwartzgk — Re: time travel / paradox
- 557. ALDON L NIELSEN — Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage
- 558. ALDON L NIELSEN — Re: Spahr & location
- 559. Aaron Belz — Barthelme's "Heaven"
- 560. UbuWeb Editorial Staff — Cage Meets Sun Ra on UbuWeb
- 561. Hilton Obenzinger — Re: Finnegans Wake
- 562. UbuWeb Editorial Staff — Laughtears: A conversation on Roaratorio on UbuWeb
- 563. schwartzgk — Re: Barthelme's "Heaven"
- 564. J Gallaher — Re: Barthelme's "Heaven"

- 565. Sheila Massoni — Re: Elliptical Poets
- 566. Steven Shoemaker — nature and time
- 567. K.Angelo Hehir — ubu plug
- 568. Mark Weiss — dogtown
- 569. Mark Weiss — help
- 570. Robert Corbett — Rick Snyder
- 571. Andrew Rathmann — Close reading: Lu, "Pamela: A Novel"
- 572. Juliana Spahr — switching, etc.
- 573. Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino — Re: Close reading: Lu, "Pamela: A Novel"
- 574. Susan Wheeler — Elizabeth Alexander

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- 575. Alan Sondheim — keiyoshi
- 576. David Baratier — The Ultimate Issue
- 577. Nick Piombino — Content and Its Discontents
- 578. Derek R — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 579. Kevin Gallagher — Re: dogtown
- 580. Derek R — Re: Spicer/ other books/crazy poetry
- 581. Fargas Laura — Re: Spicer/ other books/crazy poetry
- 582. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 583. Alan Sondheim — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 584. Stephen Ellis — Re: dogtown
- 585. Robert Corbett — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 586. derek beaulieu / housepress — Invitation
- 587. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 588. James W. Cook — Re: Location -- in Dogtown
- 589. kari edwards — for all those in the SF area
- 590. Tracy Ruggles — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 591. Douglas Messerli — (no subject)
- 592. Halvard Johnson — Re: Your assignment for today
- 593. Alan Sondheim — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 594. Thomas Bell — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 595. Mark Weiss — (no subject)
- 596. Thomas Bell — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 597. Andrew Rathmann — Close reading: Moxley, "Aeolian Harp"
- 598. Joel Lewis — POETRY READING @CORNELIA STREET CAFE
- 599. UbuWeb Editorial Staff — Revue OU
- 600. Aaron Belz — Re: switching, etc.
- 601. Millie Niss — (no subject)

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- 602. Nick Piombino — Content and its Discontents
- 603. dcmb — Re: Elliptical Poets?
- 604. Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG) — Re: Elliptical Poets?
- 605. Tony Follari — Reply to millie
- 606. Nick Piombino — Content and Its Discontents
- 607. Brian Stefans — contact info for Myung Mi Kim
- 608. richard.tylr — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 609. Sheila Massoni — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 610. Sheila Massoni — Close reading: Moxley, "Aeolian Harp"
- 611. aerialeedge — New @ Bridge Street: Collected Niedecker, Antin/Bernstein, Coolidge, Donnelly,...
- 612. Drunken Boat — Electronic Literature Organization Symposium
- 613. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 614. Leslie Scalapino — Philip Whalen
- 615. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 616. richard.tylr — Re: Content and Its Discontents

- 617. Geoffrey Gatz — Re: Philip Whalen
- 618. Michael Rothenberg — Philip Whalen October 23,1923- June 26, 2002
- 619. Maria Damon — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 620. ALDON L NIELSEN — Re: Elliptical Poets?
- 621. Robert Corbett — Outing the World Cup
- 622. K.Angelo Hehir — world cup
- 623. Maria Damon — Re: Elliptical Poets?
- 624. Maria Damon — Re: switching, etc.
- 625. J Gallaher — Ashbery's _Girls On the Run_
- 626. Alan Sondheim — Poet
- 627. Hilton Obenzinger — Re: Writing Assignments
- 628. J Gallaher — Re: Elliptical Poets?
- 629. Patrick F. Durgin — Clark Coolidge @ EPC
- 630. cadaly — Re: constraints
- 631. Joe Amato — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 632. UbuWeb Editorial Staff — Re: Revue OU
- 633. Jeff Chester — Re: Close reading: Moxley, "Aeolian Harp"
- 634. komninos zervos — Re: Writing Assignments
- 635. Andrew Rathmann — Apology for Criticism
- 636. K.Angelo Hehir — Bush is Irrelevant and Must Go
- 637. travis ortiz — Sail to the Linguistic Islands Fundraiser! [June 28, 9PM - 2AM]
- 638. Charles Bernstein — Philip Whalen (1923-2002)
- 639. cheryl doppler burket — CA Arts Council/Creative Class
- 640. Pierre Joris — Re: Philip Whalen
- 641. Michael Magee — Re: Apology for Criticism

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- 642. Alan Sondheim — Fingering my Enemies, Fingering my friends
- 643. George Bowering — Re: Elliptical Poets?
- 644. George Bowering — Re: Philip Whalen
- 645. Michael Heller — Poetics
- 646. Sheila Massoni — Re: constraints
- 647. Michael Rothenberg — sorry for typo
- 648. Mister Kazim Ali — Re: Elliptical Poets?
- 649. Fargas Laura — Re: CA Arts Council/Creative Class
- 650. Douglas Messerli — (no subject)
- 651. shemurph — poet and critic
- 652. Jim Behrle — A Harvard Square Poetry Festival
- 653. Douglas Messerli — (no subject)
- 654. Ron — a bed of frozen raspberries
- 655. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 656. Maria Damon — Re: poet and critic
- 657. Dan Machlin — Contact Query
- 658. thomas/swiss — New Media Poetry
- 659. J Gallaher — Re: poet and critic
- 660. Vernon Frazer — Re: Dogtown
- 661. Joe Brennan — Re: Fwd: Apology for Criticism
- 662. Fargas Laura — Re: a bed of frozen raspberries
- 663. Joe Amato — Re: Content and Its Discontents
- 664. Alan Sondheim — (My work .echo included): Alt-X Releases 3 New Books (fwd)
- 665. John Tranter — David Hess: current email address please
- 666. Joe Brennan — Re: Fwd: Apology for Criticism
- 667. Nick Piombino — Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 668. John Tranter — No need for David Hess's email address now: thanks.

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- 669. Thomas Bell — Re: Content and Its Discontents

- 670. Thomas Bell — Re: Poetics
- 671. Sheila Massoni — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 672. Maria Damon — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 673. Philip Nikolayev — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 674. Fargas Laura — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 675. Michael Rothenberg — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 676. Michael Rothenberg — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 677. Aaron Belz — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 678. Geoffrey Gatza — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 679. Geoffrey Gatza — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 680. Douglas Messerli — On going "assignments" for Messerli
- 681. Vernon Frazer — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 682. Stephen Ellis — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 683. mIEKAL aND — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 684. The Poetry Project — JUNE JORDAN PRAISE DAY
- 685. Alan Sondheim — Sex/torsion
- 686. mIEKAL aND — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 687. anastasios.kozaitis — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 688. Aaron Belz — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 689. Derek R — Telling It Slant
- 690. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 691. Vernon Frazer — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 692. floodeditions — ...from Flood Editions...
- 693. Mister Kazim Ali — Re: ...from Flood Editions...
- 694. schwartzgk — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 695. Maria Damon — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 696. nuyopoman — June Jordan Praise Day
- 697. Joe Amato — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 698. Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 699. Susan M. Schultz — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 700. The Poetry Project — POETRY PROJECT ANNOUNCEMENTS
- 701. Susan M. Schultz — reading announcement
- 702. Joel Weishaus — Re: Philip Whalen
- 703. J Gallaher — Re: Poetics
- 704. Tracy Ruggles — Re: Philip Whalen
- 705. David — Re: Whalen
- 706. Drunken Boat — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 707. austinwja — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 708. Andrew Rathmann — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 709. Joe Amato — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 710. Patrick Herron — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 711. Sheila Massoni — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 712. ALDON L NIELSEN — Fwd: telling it straight
- 713. Alan Sondheim — Re: Clarification for D.M. and others

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- 714. Nick Piombino — Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 715. Millie Niss — To Small Presses
- 716. Duration Press — Re: To Small Presses
- 717. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 718. jesse glass — Trimorphic Protennoia--The Elephantine Press
- 719. Aaron Belz — Re: Clarification for D.M. and others
- 720. Pierre Joris — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 721. Vernon Frazer — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 722. Vernon Frazer — Re: Clarification for D.M. and others
- 723. Gwyn McVay — Re: Elliptical Poets?

- 724. Alan Sondheim — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 725. Ron — Mmmmm
- 726. Douglas Messerli — Another response from my assignments. Douglas Messerli
- 727. Tom Beckett — This Poem
- 728. Pierre Joris — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 729. mIEKAL aND — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 730. jesse glass — Clarification for D.M. and others
- 731. austinwja — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 732. Alan Sondheim — Sutra of Truth
- 733. Harriet Zinnes — Re: Books by younger poets
- 734. Andrew Rathmann — Books by younger poets
- 735. John Tranter — Some advice about email from Jacket magazine
- 736. Duration Press — Re: Some advice about email from Jacket magazine
- 737. Sheila Massoni — Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

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- 738. Alan Sondheim — sutra
- 739. Millie Niss — Re: Books by younger poets
- 740. Nick Piombino — Evaluative Criticism is The Highest....
- 741. richard.tylr — Soccer; The Final! Its Sunday in NZ
- 742. Susan Wheeler — Re: POETICS Digest - 28 Jun 2002 to 29 Jun 2002 (#2002-138)
- 743. Alan Sondheim — biocapture_archive (fwd)
- 744. Vernon Frazer — Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...
- 745. Douglas Messerli — New books from Green Integer and reviews
- 746. David Baratier — Books by younger poets
- 747. Catherine Daly — Evaluative Criticism is The Highest....
- 748. cadaly — Re: Books by younger poets
- 749. Michael Magee — contact info schaefer
- 750. Alan Sondheim — Hidden Sutra
- 751. thomas/swiss — TIR Web//New Issue (July 2002) Available

1. **Alan Sondheim**

song

Sat 1 Jun 2002

song

sawgrass:sawgrass:sawgrass::

Does sawgrass replace your sawgrass?

sawgrass in the busy busy glade!

cocoplum:cocoplum:cocoplum::

Write anole through my cocoplum!

cocoplum in the busy busy glade!

pondapple:pondapple:pondapple::

Your pond-lily dissolves my pondapple!

osprey in the busy busy glade!

alligator:alligator:alligator::

Your wood-stork in my alligator

alligator in the busy busy glade!

9 yes sawgrass | ./lux

11 yes cocoplum | ./lux

12 yes pondapple | ./lux

13 yes alligator | ./lux

—

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2. **Poetics List Administration**

Fwd: Carolee Schneemann at WHITE BOX

Sat 1 Jun 2002

----- Forwarded message from WHITE BOX <[REDACTED]> -----

From: WHITE BOX <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Carolee Schneemann at WHITE BOX

Date: Fri, 31 May 2002 17:14:14 -0400

WHITE BOX presents...

TEXTUAL OPERATIONS curated by A.S. Bessa

Carolee Schneemann's

ABC -- We Print Anything in Cards

WEDNESDAY 5 JUNE - 8PM

ABC -- We print anything in Cards, by Carolee Schneemann, is a small, little-known masterpiece. Printed in individual sheets of different color paper, ABC-- We print anything in Cards is the quintessential experimental book. It asks the

reader not only to leaf through its pages but to perform it. Although its subject matter is quite simple a love triangle óSchneemann weaves her narrative with many layers: the book is a compilation of sorts of personal journal, fragments of fiction, and a collection of friendly advices received in the midst of a personal crisis. Schneemann will guide the audience through one of the possible readings of her book. Pages of the book will be on display at the entrance of White Box.

FREE and OPEN to the PUBLIC .

WHITE BOX is a 501(c)(3) not for profit arts organization.

WHITE BOX

525 WEST 26TH STREET NYC 10001

tel [REDACTED] / www.whiteboxny.org

----- End forwarded message -----

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3. **Poetics List Administration**

Fwd: THIS THURSDAY!! Mary Burger, Camille Roy and Laura Moriarty (SF)

Sat 1 Jun 2002

----- Forwarded message from Beth Lifson <[REDACTED]> -----

From: Beth Lifson <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: THIS THURSDAY!! Mary Burger, Camille Roy and Laura Moriarty

Date: Tue, 28 May 2002 15:58:32 +0000

Join us at Pond on Thursday, May 30 for part two of Siege Machines:

Readings

by Experimental Women Writers. Featured readers are Mary Burger,

Camille

Roy and Laura Moriarty.

Thursday

May 30

8 pm

at Pond Gallery

214 Valencia St

b/w 14th & Duboce

San Francisco, CA 94103

Mary Burger is the author of *Thin Straw That I Suck Life Through*, *Nature's Maw Gives and Gives*, and *Bleeding Optimist*. Her work appears in *Technologies of Measure: A Celebration of Bay Area Women Writers*. She edits *Second*

Story Books, featuring works of experimental narrative. She lives in Oakland with a cat named Kitty Barber.

Laura Moriarty is the author of ten books of poetry. Her most recent books are *Nude Memoir* (Krupskaya) and *The Case* (O Books). Among her awards are a Poetry Center Book Award and a Gerbode Foundation Grant. She is currently Acquisition and Marketing Director at Small Press Distribution.

Camille Roy is a writer and performer of plays, poetry, and fiction. Her two most recent books include *CHEAP SPEECH*, a play, from Leroy, and *CRAQUER*, from 2nd Story Books (both 2002). Her book *SWARM* (two novellas) was published by San Francisco's Black Star Series in 1998 with funding from the San Francisco Arts Commission. Earlier books include *THE ROSY MEDALLIONS* (poetry and prose, from Kelsey St Press, published in 1995) and *COLD HEAVEN* (plays, from O Books, published in 1993). In 1998 she was the recipient of a Lannan Writers At Work Residency at Just Buffalo Literary Center. She is a founding editor of the online journal *Narrativity* (<http://www.sfsu.edu/~newlit/narrativity>) and her work is available online at <http://www.grin.net/~minka>. She has taught experimental fiction and playwriting at San Francisco State University, and has conducted a private workshop for several years.

for more information contact Beth Lifson

██████████ or ██████████

MSN Photos is the easiest way to share and print your photos:
<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

----- End forwarded message -----

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4. **Alan Sondheim**

anthology of art # 16 (fwd)

Sat 1 Jun 2002

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Sat, 01 Jun 2002 12:34:09 +0200

From: Heike Wetzig <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: anthology of art # 16

Dear Alan Sondheim,

we would like to thank you once again for your participation in the
ANTHOLOGY OF ART.

Your contribution is published online from JUNE 1 - 14, 2002 on our site
<http://www.anthology-of-art.net>

If you have any feedback about the outcome or any other comment related to
the topics of the anthology, please do not hesitate to contact us at [REDACTED], by
email to the sender or send a fax to +[REDACTED].

with best regards,
the project team

Participants: Sonja Abadzieva (Skopje/ *Bulgaria), Eduardo Abaroa (Mexico City
& Los Angeles/ *Mexico), Tom Ackers (London/ *Hong Kong), Nancy Adajania
(Bombay), Peggy Ahwesh (New York), Kathleen Anderson (Phillipsport - USA),
Dekan Andjelkovic (Belgrade/ *Serbia), with Jelica Radovanovic, Soren An-
dreasen (Copenhagen), Marie-Luise Angerer (Cologne/ *Austria), Igor Antic
(Paris/ *Yugoslavia), Clover Archer (New York), Inke Arns (Berlin), Sara Arrhe-
nius (Stockholm) Robert Atkins (New York), Zeigam Azizov (London/ *Azerbaij-
gan), George Baker (New York), Rina Banerjee, Perry Bard (New York), Ricardo
Basbaum (Rio de Janeiro), Geoffrey Batchen (Albuquerque/ *Australia), Boris
Belay (Paris), Ramon Tio Bellido (Paris), Zoe Beloff (New York/ *UK), Alain
Benoit (Montreal), Kenny Berger (Los Angeles), Ulrike Bergermann (Paderborn
& Hamburg), Anita di Bianco (Rotterdam/ *USA), BillyBoy* (Switzerland/ *USA),
Richard Birkett (London), Josh Blackwell (Los Angeles), Julia Blankenship (San
Francisco), Jill Bliss (San Francisco), Hannes Böhringer (Berlin), Mikkel Bolt
(Aarhus), Elizabeth Bond (Winnipeg), Pauline von Bonsdorff (Helsinki), Gábor
Bora (Stockholm/ *Hungary), Francois Boué (New York/ *Germany), Nancy
Bowen (New York), Robert Boyd (New York), Will Bradley (Glasgow), Deborah
Bright (Boston), Suzanne Broughel (New York), Neal Brown (London), Daniel
Buren (Paris), Miguel Calderón (Mexico City), Alicia Candiani (Buenos Aires),
Eric Del Castillo Bandala (Mexico City), Jackie Chang (New York/ *Taiwan),
Yungshu Chao (New York/ *Taiwan), Chris Chapman (Sydney), Jodi Chime

(Singapore), Lawrence Chin (Singapore), Yau Ching (Hong Kong), Sara Ching-Yu Sun (New York/ *Taiwan), John Clark (Sydney/ *Australia & UK), Elizabeth Cohen (New York), Jordan Crandall (London/ *USA), Critical Art Ensemble (USA), Tobey Crockett (La Crescenta - USA), Susan Crowe (New York), Joselina Cruz (Manila), Ann Burke Daly (New York), Sharon Daniel (Santa Cruz/ *USA), Joshua Decter (New York), Katy Deepwell (London), Florine Demosthene (New York/ *Haiti), Shawna Dempsey (Winnipeg), with Lorri Millan, Liz Deschenes, Sam W. Dickerson (New York), Steve Dietz (Minneapolis), Redas Dirzys (Alytus - Lithuania), Emma Donaldson (London), with David Goldenberg, Jean Dubois (Montreal), Alan Dunn (London), Leif Elggren (Stockholm), David Elliott (Montreal), Geraldine Erman (New York), Charles Esche (Copenhagen/ *UK), Barbara Ess (New York), Tracy Ann Essoglou (New York), Marcelo Expósito (Barcelona), Susanne von Falkenhausen (Berlin), Filipa Farraia (New York), Maria Fernandez (Irvine/ *Nicaragua), Duggie Fields (London), Amy Finkbeiner (New York), Daniel Firman (St. Priest - France), Joan Fitzsimmons (Shelton - USA), Patrick Flores (Manila), Michelle Forsyth (Canada), Ng Teck Yong Francis (Singapore), Rochelle Fry (London), Brian Frye (New York), Rainer Ganahl (New York/ *Austria), Adam Geczy (Sydney), Ross Gibson (Sydney/ *UK), Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe (Los Angeles/ *UK), Ana & Sonia Gil-Costa (New York), Vera Gliem (Cologne), David Goldenberg (London), with Emma Donaldson, Thyrza Nichols Goodeve (New York), Saraswati Gramich (Reims - France), Jeff Grant (New York), Charles Green (Melbourne), M. A. Greenstein (Los Angeles), Catherine Grout (Paris), David Grubbs (New York), Silvia Gruner (Mexico City), Marina Grzinic (Ljubljana/ *Yugoslavia), Charles Gute (New York & Milan/ *USA), Jeronimo Hagerman (Mexico City), Sunju Han (South Korea), Elina Hartzell (Belfast/ *Finland), Liselot van der Heijden (New York/ *Netherlands), Eric Heist (New York), Betti-Sue Hertz (San Diego), Jens Hoffmann (Berlin/ *Mexico), Stewart Home (London), Young-In Hong (Seoul), Stephen Horne (Lignieres-Orgeres - France/ *Kenya), Teri Hoskin (Adelaide), Ranjit Hoskote (Bombay), Hanru Hou (Paris/ *China), Kent Howie (San Francisco), Christina Hung / subRosa (USA), Jessica Hutchins (Los Angeles/ *USA), Sawn Hwang (Heidelberg - Germany/ *Singapore), Akiko Ichikawa (New York/ *Japan), Shirley Irons (New York/ *USA), ium (Seoul), Magdalena Jetelová (Cologne/ *Czechoslovakia), Claudia Jolles (Zurich/ *Austria), Amelia Jones (Los Angeles), Jennie C. Jones (New York), David Joselit (Williamstown & Los Angeles), Branden W. Joseph (New York), Claudia Joskowicz (New York/ *Bolivia), Minna Kantonen (London/ *Finland), Suhasini Kejriwal (Calcutta), Bom-jun Kim (Seoul), Mi-kyung Kim (Seoul), Sunjung Kim (Seoul), KIT, Susanne Kittlinger (London/ *Germany), Astrid Klein (Cologne), Yutaka Kobayashi (Berkeley & Okinawa/ *Japan), Vasif Kortun (Istanbul), Janet Kraynak (New York), Miodrag Krkobabic (Belgrade), Verena Kuni (Frankfurt a. M.), Marta Kuzma (London), Antoinette LaFarge (Irvine), Jun T. Lai (Taipei), Eve Andrée Laramée (New York), Lars Bang Larsen

(Copenhagen), Torsten Lauschmann (Glasgow/ *Germany), Miguel Leal (Porto), Pamela M. Lee (Stanford), Ellen K. Levy (New York), Pi Li (Beijing), Emma Lilly (London), Paul Lincoln (Singapore), Detlef B. Linke (Bonn), Catherine Lord (Irvine/ *Dominica), Hanne Loreck (Berlin), Margot Lovejoy (New York/ *Canada), Ann Lovett (New York), Geert Lovink (Amsterdam), John Low (Singapore), Pablo Vargas Lugo (Mexico City), Jan-Erik Lundström (Umeå - Sweden), Harm Lux (Zurich/ *Netherlands), Landon MacKenzie (Vancouver), Medrie MacPhee (New York), Goshka Macuga (London/ *Poland), Lenore Malen (New York), Jacek Malinowski (Warsaw), Gianfranco Maraniello (Milan), Anthony Martin (New York), Viktor Mazin (St. Petersburg - Russia), with Olesya Turkina, Howard McCaleb (New York), Paul McDevitt (London), Scott McQuire (Melbourne), Mathieu Mercier (Paris), Valerie Merians (Hoboken - USA), Suzana Milevska (Skopje), Lorri Millan (Winnipeg), with Shawna Dempsey, James Mills (Philadelphia), Susette Min (Los Angeles), Jamie Mirabella (New York), Gen Ken Montgomery (New York), Lisa Moren (New York), Juan Luis Moraza (Madrid), Joanne Morra (London/ *Canada), Gerben Mulder (New York/ *Netherlands), Peter Nagy (New Delhi & New York), Sina Najafi (New York/ *Iran), Fumio Nanjo (Tokyo), Joseph Nechvatal, Jen Nelson (New York), Michael Newall (St. Peters - Australia), Matthew Ngui (Singapore & Perth), Anne Ninivin (London/ *France), Timothy Nohe (Baltimore), Yonca Norgaz (London/ *Germany), Odili Donald Odita (Tallahassee/ *Nigeria), Lorraine O'Grady (New York & Irvine), Olu Oguibe (New York/ *Nigeria), Masashi Ogura (Tokyo), Luis Felipe Ortega (Mexico City), James Otis (Littleton - USA), Melentie Pandilovski (Skopje), Nikos Papastergiadis (Melbourne), Stefan Parisi (New York), Laura Parnes (New York), Lise Patt (Los Angeles), Boudewijn Payens (Amsterdam), Eng Sock Peai (Singapore), John Pearson, Marsha Pels (New York), Fernando José Pereira (Porto), Sharmini Pereira (London), Boris Petkovski (Skopje/ *Yugoslavia), Zoran Petrovski (Skopje), Terri Phillips (Los Angeles), Johan Pijnappel (India/ *Netherlands), Liss Platt (New York), Elizabeth Presa (Hampton - Australia), Jiri Prihoda (Prague), Constantinos V. Proimos, Milenko Prvacki (Singapore/ *Yugoslavia), Stuart Purdy (Glasgow/ *Ireland), Cay Sophie Rabinowitz (New York), Stephanie Radok (Erindale - Australia), Jelica Radovanovic (Belgrade/ *Croatia), with Dekan Andjelkovic, Ravi Rajakumar (New York/ *Canada), Andrea Ray (New York), Claudia Reiche (Hamburg), Chris Reid (Adelaide), Rosângela Rennó (Rio de Janeiro), László L. Révész (Budapest), Judith Rodenbeck (New York), Irit Rogoff (London/ *Israel), Robbie Rowlands (Northcote - Australia), Beatrix Ruf (Zurich/ *Germany), Neli Ruzic (Mexico City/ *Croatia), Bojan Sarcevic, Selina Sharon Rutovitz (New York/ *UK), Wim Salki (Ijsseldijk - Netherlands), Jayce Salloum (Vancouver), Keith Sanborn (New York), Craig Saper (Bala Cynwyd - USA), Amelia Mira Saul (New York), Sinisa Savic (London/ *Yugoslavia), Heidi Schlatter (New York), Jeffrey Schulz (New York), Avraham Schweiger (Tel Aviv & New York/ *Netherlands), Aaron Scott (New York/

*USA), Lizzie Scott (Los Angeles), Peter Scott (New York), Kerim Seiler (Zurich & Hamburg/ *Switzerland), Shuddhabrata Sengupta (New Delhi), Becky Shaw (London), Jamy Sheridan (Baltimore), Juin Shieh (Hsin-Chu City - Taiwan), Suzan Shutan (East Haven - USA & Porto/ *USA), Andrea Sick (Bremen - Germany), 6 (Singapore), Karina Skvirsky (New York), Marquard Smith (London), Spencer Snygg (Allentown - USA), Valeska Soares (Rio de Janeiro), Alan Sondheim (New York), Monika Sosnowska (Warsaw), Allan de Souza (Los Angeles/ *Kenya), Catherine Speck (Australia), John Spiteri (London/ *Australia), Titus Spree (Okinawa/ *Germany), Rachel Stevens (New York), Dorothea Strauss (Freiburg), Janos Sugar (Budapest), Betty Susiarjo (Singapore/ *Indonesia), Jennifer Suwak (Pocono Mts. - USA), Michael Talley (New York), Jo-ey Tang (Oakland - USA/ *Hong Kong), József A. Tillmann (Budapest), Zoran Todorovic (Belgrade), Laureana Toledo (Mexico City), Momoyo Torimitsu (New York/ *Japan), Rosemarie Trockel (Cologne), Olesya Turkina (St. Petersburg - Russia), with Viktor Mazin, Simon Tyszko (London), Iké Udé (New York/ *Nigeria), Nick Ullo (New York), Gregory L. Ulmer (Gainesville - USA), Juana Valdes (New York/ *Cuba), Adriana Varejão (Rio de Janeiro), Miguel Ventura (Mexico City/ *USA), Annu Vertanen (Imatra - Finland), Suzann Victor (Singapore), Nebojsa Vilic (Skopje), Yvonne Volkart (Zurich), Ute Vorkoeper (Hamburg), Stevan Vukovic (Belgrade), Yanik Wagner (New York), Linda Marie Walker (Sydney), Wendy Walker (Adelaide), Frazer Ward (Baltimore/ *UK), James R. Watson (New Orleans), Michael Waugh (New York), Barbara Weissberger (Hoboken - USA), Susan Wilmarth-Rabineau (New York), Insa Winkler (Hamburg), Ian Woo (Singapore), Florian Wüst (Rotterdam/ *Germany), Chua Sze Ying (Singapore), So-yoon Yoon (Paris/ *Korea R.O.K.), Dragana Zarevac (Belgrade)

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5. **Poetics List Administration**

fwd: Deep South Festival

Sat 1 Jun 2002

-----forwarded message-----

From: Jerry McGuire <[REDACTED]>

Subject: 2002 Deep South Festival of Writers

Dear Friends of Deep South--

Please check out our preliminary plans for this year's Deep South Festival of Writers at this URL. (If you can't access it, please let me know, and I'll send you a hard copy.

Yours,

Jerry McGuire

<http://www.louisiana.edu/Academic/LiberalArts/ENGL/Creative/DeepSouth.htm>

--

Jerry McGuire

Director of Creative Writing

English Department Box 44691

University of Louisiana at Lafayette

Lafayette LA 70504-4691



Creative Writing Website:

<http://www.louisiana.edu/Academic/LiberalArts/ENGL/Creative/Index.html>

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6. **Alan Sondheim** *of symptoms*

Sat 1 Jun 2002

of symptoms

mid-afternoon: extreme dizziness, violent vomiting for a half-hour or :early afternoon: light-headedness (presentation time):first day, morning: lack of appetite, dizziness:unable to think clearly, 'alan.':medicines applied: advil, aspirin, immodium, melatonin, red wine, aciphex, Your osprey dissolves my fifth day (today): extreme diarrhea, dizziness, light-headedness.! mid-afternoon: extreme dizziness, violent vomiting for a half-hour or :early afternoon: light-headedness (presentation time):first day, morning: lack of appetite, dizziness:diarrhea: pale, sweet-sour intense 'sickly' odor, turning towards pure:unable to think clearly, 'alan.' Write palm aleve. through my mid-afternoon: extreme dizziness, violent vomiting for a half-hour or ! mid-afternoon: extreme dizziness, violent vomiting for a half-hour or :early afternoon: light-headedness (presentation time):first day, morning: lack of appetite, dizziness:fifth day (today): extreme diarrhea, dizziness, light-headedness.: first day, morning: lack of appetite, dizziness early afternoon: light-headedness (presentation time) mid-afternoon: extreme dizziness, violent vomiting for a half-hour or so with great pain. bad headache. late-afternoon: headache and beginnings of diarrhea. night: sleeplessness, continuous diarrhea, light-headedness. second through fourth day: continuous diarrhea, sneezing, light-headedness, dizziness, exhaustion, insomnia. fifth day (today): extreme diarrhea, dizziness, light-headedness. medicines applied: advil, aspirin, immodium, melatonin, red wine, aciphex, aleve. diarrhea: pale, sweet-sour intense 'sickly' odor, turning towards pure liquid. unable to think clearly 'alan.' weight-loss seven pounds.

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7. **David Hess**

Unfarewells

Sun 2 Jun 2002

Goodbye:

frolicking fumes, rattling gabbers, licorous gluttons, mangy rascals, freckled biters, staring clowns, sly knaves, flutch calf-lollies, saucy coxcombs, lob-dot-terels, sneaky sneaks, slubbering druggles, foolish loggerheads, gaping changelings, heathens and meatheads, fearless leafblowers, bumpy lushes, expensive muffins, indecent shepherds, blockish grotnols, codshead loobies, creepy stinkbreaths, necking benchwarmers, idle lusks, base loons, fondling fops, most vile of vampirical villains, jobbernol goosecaps, flouting milk sops, pokey smokeys, ruffian rogues, lubbardly louts, roisterers and scoundrels all, wankers anfd fluffers, woundhogs, scowlers and scoffers each, word-tasters, anthology groupies, orono sluggers, surly plodders of the page, ATM-for-brains, locked-in interlocuters, grubby swiggers of swill and Poundian pez dispensers, wilting weeders of whiny wastrels, meddling merchants, hashishless hussies, happy stalkers, steamed crusaders, lackeys and braggards, overpaid armpits, crusty lurkers, idol-slurping bonbons, stupefied bunions, mellifluous mountebanks, keepers of the flame...

I need to go

jump off this digital cliff
return to the true chaos
the trials of seclusion
the nurturing silences
the mirror mind
the titanic struggle
sweet community
of anonymity

Please forgive me

for not responding to replies by Nick P., Tom O. and David B.

Can't write now

World Cup is on

though I took notes
and I'm packing up.

I thought I'd leave you with a poem that I wrote for someone else. It's simple and conventional. Not formally radical or interesting as paratextual intervention into act of writing. Contains reactionary deployment of second-person singular. That was meant to be a joke. Not that I think you'll like it.

NICOLE

You and your Hits 2001
you and your failed bonsai tree
you and your Lola cage
you and your Listerine fix
you and your interview with The Savvy Family
you and your last day on the job
me telling you about my mom's watermelon fetish
you and your story about a boy
who was paid by a man to throw oranges at his butt
as he crawled around naked on all fours
you and your story about a friend who found her dog
with her vibrator in his mouth
you and your dreams about Andrew
 from production
who was on a boat baking chocolate chip cookies
they were so good
 tears rolled down your cheeks
the best chocolate chip cookies you had ever tasted
you ate them as you hugged
for what seemd like days

Peace out camerados,
dave

P.S. actually let me leave you with a quote from a Richard Taylor post ("Re: No Fun") that had me laughing all afternoon when I first read it:

"some people find all life fun (except of course pain and tragedy)."

Oscar Wilde eat your gallbladder out!

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8. **Alan Sondheim** *the ruined species*

Sun 2 Jun 2002

the ruined species

other, encompassed by too limited a span for migration in these areas or :the starlings nest in the eaves, their young are burned to death in early ::the ruined species hysterical feedback of violent industrial tropisms elsewhere on the globe. :harbor. swill harbors infection.:::the ruined species elona ym nihtiw si might make it. seagulls come and go, back to the filth of the polluted rag ruoY summer heating of the iron beams, they can't comprehend global warning, the starlings nest in the eaves, their young are burned to death in early summer heating of the iron beams, they can't comprehend global warning, hysterical feedback of violent industrial tropisms elsewhere on the globe. suppose they're born, they might have a year; subject to parasites in the city, vandals, feral and not-so-feral cats, traffic, poisons in the very air they breathe, decayed and limited food supplies - they die ground into the pavement. as with pigeons, rock doves, swallows, they know of none other, encompassed by too limited a span for migration in these areas or even incipient culture. not enough time for deer to outgrow their suicidal behavior by road-sides, woodchucks as well. robins tend simultaneously to approach and keep away, inherited behavior of course from somewhere else that gives them half a chance. squirrels learn bright scavenge, say alive through reproduction. the lone blue heron most likely starved, unable to penetrate pond-ice, penetrated by cold. the cats make it to the curb, then slaughter; perhaps one kitten gets out of the litter unless rescued by humans. subway mice can't live more than a year; grease, tars, and other toxins, including pcbs, are rampant. brown rats have greater longevity if they avoid whatever is leftover, including traps, parasites, poisons, traffic, cats, illnesses, flooding and fire. pairs of breeding falcons might make it. seagulls come and go, back to the filth of the polluted harbor. swill harbors infection.

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9. **Bill Berkson** **Veitch**

Sun 2 Jun 2002

Trane et al --

Tom Veitch is indeed still cooking, doing mostly comics -- in Vermont, reachable at [REDACTED].

Veitch's *Death College & Other Poems*, with an afterword by Allen Ginsberg, Big Sky, 1976, is still available from SPD and/or the author.

Cheers,
Bill Berkson

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10. **Kristen Gallagher**

(glost) by Nathan Austin, from handwritten press

Mon 3 Jun 2002

(glost), Nathan Austin. (6.5" x 4.25"), 5 hole pamphlet stitch, dustjacket based on cover of Webster's *American Spelling Book* (1824), 61 pp., \$10.

ORDERING: <http://www.spdbooks.org>

K. Silem Mohammad had this to say about *_(glost)_*:

"I read *_(articulation)_* (or its imagined opposite) as being the book's pivotal conceit. "To make inarticulate, or *_(sweet)_*, sounds": *_(glost)_* aligns inarticulateness with sweetness, a conjoining that performs its own unlikely logic. Here, inarticulacy is both "a manner that forbids disclosure" and a way to "pronounce more than is needed." Sweetness, folding, secrecy, closeness/closure, needles, stitches, knots, fingers, teeth, tongues, organs--these and other sensuous lexical threads make up an integument of fabrics, knit loosely together to create a desirable tapestry that seems to unravel upon reading, leaving verbal ghost-images, vivid but difficult to retrace. Noah Webster's own ghost superintends the pages, directing each entry toward a specialized (in-)definition, a glossing "across the map-ends" of speech. Above all, *_(glost)_* is intimately personal without glozing any fixed subjective identity on either side of the page, and sensitive about feelings even when most admonitory: "Be careful! grasping the tongue is with care."

But on the inner flap of the dustjacket you can read what Nathan Austin fronts:

"Noah Webster's *American Dictionary of the English Language* (1828): a protracted definition of an emerging nation-state; the narrative of its author's conversion; an attempt to restore a language to roots that precede the Tower of Babel. As such, it can be read as a map of a wilderness; but it is also a wilderness unto itself, haunted by countless ghosts, within which the reader becomes lost. These poems record of a series of encounters with those ghosts."

The book also has its small debt to pornography -- at his book party N. dedicated one of the poems to Ron Jeremy! only some people got it, but that's ok. anyway, sex was definitely one of the subjects Webster edited out of the dictionary but even more the bible translations he did.

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11. **Laura Elrick**

Dorothy Trujillo Lusk contact info

Mon 3 Jun 2002

Does anyone have the contact information for Dorothy Trujillo Lusk? Please backchannel.

Thanks in advance,

Laura Elrick

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12. **Bill**

new issue of moria and cfp

Mon 3 Jun 2002

The summer issue of moria, a journal of poetry and poetics, has just gone online. It includes poetry by:

sheila murphy, crystal curry, paul stephens, damian rollison, james wagner, bob marcacci, carrie hunter, george farrah, jack cannon, jeff harrison.

It also contains a review by noah hoffenburg.

As always, I am looking for poetry, reviews and poetics articles for the next issues. I am especially interested in poetics articles concerning the relation of sound and poetry in experimental poetry for the fall issue.

Bill Allegrezza

<http://www.moriapoetry.com>

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13. **Alan Sondheim**

fwwwgooh

Mon 3 Jun 2002

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14. **Aaron Belz**

Re: fvwwwgooh

Mon 3 Jun 2002

Alan,

I liked the whole thing but the last couplet--

| slatortureghtervterrslatortureghterr
| terrslatortureghterrddhavslatortureghtercrdr

--Which seemed a little vague. Punch it up a little?

-Aaron

| +++

[↑ Contents](#)

15. **richard.tylr**

Re: fvwwwgooh

Mon 3 Jun 2002

Aaron. I see you are "takin' the piss " (good humouredly I suppose) but seriously: Alan's work is amazing from simply the sense of the energy and out put (I know that these dont neccessarily equate to "good" or "qualiity") and also its interesting that someone is engaged on this sort of - well it seems obsessive and frenetic and highly charged - "project" the whys and wherefores of which escape me as i dont have time to look into it: but looking back on the emails from Alan there is certain'ly a lot of creative energy and the range is interesting .. as I say: I havent time to evaluate it but parts of it seem quite ingenious: meanwhile I find it hard to get motivated on anything myself (especially politics: I'm glad that my brain has "dulled" re politics (i dont recommend it) but its a fact for me that I get or got obsessed with political matters that may have been important: but they didnt do me any good)....but I digresss: the point maybe is the way Alan integrates political philosophic and artisitic concerns and of course computer jargon etc What are your thoughts? Regards, Richard.
----- Original Message ----- From: "Aaron Belz" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Tuesday, June 04, 2002 11:50 AM Subject: Re: fvwwwgooh

Alan,

I liked the whole thing but the last couplet--

*slatortureghtervterrslatortureghterr
terrslatortureghterrddhavslatortureghtercrdr*

--Which seemed a little vague. Punch it up a little?

-Aaron

+++

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16. **richard.tylr**

Re: fvwwwgooh Addendum "codings"

Mon 3 Jun 2002

Addendum: I just noticed that words such as "terror" and "slaughtered" and so on are "coded in" to that word stream....I haven't looked closely at the rest. Richard.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Aaron Belz" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, June 04, 2002 11:50 AM

Subject: Re: fvwwwgooh

Alan,

I liked the whole thing but the last couplet--

*slatortureghtervterrslatortureghterr
terrslatortureghterrddhavslatortureghtercrdr*

--Which seemed a little vague. Punch it up a little?

-Aaron

+++

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17. **Leslie Scalapino**
reading for DEFOE at City Lights
Tue 4 Jun 2002

Leslie Scalapino is reading at City Lights Books (261 Colombus Ave in San Francisco) celebrating the reprint of her novel DEFOE by Green Integer. The reading is Weds. June 12th at 7:00 PM sharp.

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18. **Aaron Belz**
Re: fvwwwgooh
Tue 4 Jun 2002

From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>

*the point maybe is the way
Alan integrates political philosophic and artisitic concerns and of course
computer jargon etc What are your thoughts?*

Richard,

I agree that that's Alan's point, and yes, my boneheaded comment was offered in jest. And as much as to poke fun at myself and my conventional expectations when reading a poem as to poke fun at Alan.

I do have a hard time enjoying Alan's work with anything but the outermost reaches of my brain, usually--and maybe that's the point. I mean, it's clever in a sense, but it doesn't make me think "how true." It usually doesn't beg to be quoted from. And maybe that's the point, but a lot of it seems the same to me. It seems like spaghetti, and not in the good sense with meatballs, but like shredded paper that weren't even top-secret documents to begin with, and in fact aren't even really shredded. And as I say, maybe that's the point. It's so incredibly dumbed-down and so levelled as to be almost inhuman. I am working within a more limited (and old-fashioned) definition of "poetry," I suppose. So that's just me and my limited hermeneutic playing around with Alan's "fvwwwgooh," and hopefully there's room for us all.

Your humble servant, &c.,

-C.S. Lewis

19. **William Slaughter**

Notice: Mudlark

Tue 4 Jun 2002

New and On View: Mudlark Poster No. 29 (2000 and 2002)

Louis Armand and John Kinsella | Synopticon

Authors' Note: This sequence was composed during the course of an email correspondence and remains an on-going project. Each piece is the outcome of numerous promptings and erasures, sorties, advances, feints, overwritings and defacements, pastiches and parodies, rendering a "synoptical" text whose authorship is ultimately anonymous (--in this sense "John Kinsella" and "Louis Armand" function merely as ciphers).

Louis Armand is an Australian writer and artist currently living in Prague, where he lectures at Charles University. His work has appeared in various journals, including POETRY REVUE, SULFUR, MEANJIN, and HEAT. His most recent publications include two volumes of poetry, INEXORABLE WEATHER (Arc, 2001) and LAND PARTITION (Textbase, 2001), and a volume of experimental prose, THE GARDEN (Salt, 2001). He is poetry editor of THE PRAGUE REVUE, and an editor of LITTERARIA PRAGENSIA.

John Kinsella is the author of more than twenty books whose many prizes and awards include The Grace Leven Poetry Prize, the John Bray Award for Poetry from The Adelaide Festival, The Age Poetry Book of The Year Award, The Western Australian Premier's Prize for Poetry (twice), a Young Australian Creative Fellowship from the former PM of Australia, Paul Keating, and senior Fellowships from the Literature Board of The Australia Council. His POEMS 1980-1994 and volume of poetry THE HUNT (a Poetry Book Society Recommendation) were published in May 1998 by Bloodaxe in the UK and USA, THE UNDERTOW: NEW & SELECTED POEMS (Arc, U.K), VISITANTS (Bloodaxe, 1999), WHEATLANDS (with Dorothy Hewett in 2000), and THE HIERARCHY OF SHEEP (Bloodaxe/FACP, 2001). He is the editor of the international literary journal SALT, a Consultant Editor to WESTERLY (CSAL, University of Western Australia), Cambridge correspondent for OVERLAND, (Melbourne, Australia), International Editor of the American journal THE KENYON REVIEW, and a Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge. A novel GENRE was published in 1997 (Fremantle Arts Centre Press) and GRAPPLING EROS in late 1998 (FACP). He co-edited (with Joseph Parisi) a double issue of Australian poetry for the American journal POETRY and more recently an Australian issue of THE LITERARY REVIEW. He is Professor of English at Kenyon College in the United States, a Fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge University, and Adjunct Professor to

Edith Cowan University, Western Australia. His work has been or is being translated into many languages, including French, German, Chinese, and Dutch.

Spread the word. Far and wide,

William Slaughter

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20. **Joseph Massey**

Subject: Re: fvwwwgooh

Tue 4 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/3/2002 9:05:11 PM Pacific Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

Alan integrates political philosophic and artisitic concerns and of course computer jargon etc What are your thoughts?

personally I find Sondheim's work rarely interesting,
a nuisance even, but that's also it's charm, for me.

I think of it as confrontational, intellectually eclectic diarrhea.

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21. **Mark Salerno**

Re: ixnay number eight -- available now

Tue 4 Jun 2002

Chris:

Send me the issue and I'll send you the check.

All best,

Mark Salerno

P.O. Box 3749

Los Angeles, CA 90078

Chris McCreary wrote:

We are pleased to announce the release of ixnay number eight. This 64-pg issue features new work by (in order of appearance):

Gil Ott / Rachel Blau DuPlessis / Laurie Price / Hank Lazer / Pattie McCarthy / Eleni Sikelianos / Edwin Torres / Kirsten Kaschock / Eric Keenaghan / Brenda Iijima / Matt Hart / Buck Downs / Garrett Caples

plus cover art by Brenda Iijima

all for only \$5 dollars! (Please make checks payable to one or both of the editors, not the press itself; feel free to order via e-mail and pay upon receipt of the issue.)

Also, stay tuned this summer for the first issue of poppycock, an ixnay supplemental newsletter. The issue will feature Don Riggs on Pattie McCarthy's "bk of (h)rs," CA Conrad on Heather Fuller's "Dovecote," Ethel Rackin on Rachel Blau DuPlessis's "Toll," Alicia Askenase on Hank Lazer, an interview w/ Marcella Durand, & more!

Please note: ixnay is not currently reading submissions, nor will we be able to do so in the near future.

Thanks in advance for yr attention.

Chris McCreary & Jenn McCreary / co-editors, ixnay press

www.durationpress.com/ixnay

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22. **Mark Salerno**

Re: ixnay number eight -- available now

Tue 4 Jun 2002

Colleagues:

Oops! My apologies. Obviously, that was meant as back channel.

Mark Salerno

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23. **Vernon Frazer**

Testing

Tue 4 Jun 2002

Just a test. Thanks.

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24. **Vernon Frazer**

Testing again

Tue 4 Jun 2002

Thanks & sorry.

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25. **thomas/swiss**

Video Poems, Film Poems. Help Needed to Locate.

Tue 4 Jun 2002

Hi,

I'm looking to find some "video poems" and/or "film poems" from the 1950s on by any folks you can think of whose work is available to rent or (cheaply) buy. These texts seem hard to locate and I'd like to show some in a class I will be teaching. Anyone have any thoughts on how to find copies of these? Thanks.

Thom Swiss

██████████

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26. **andrews**

(no subject)

Tue 4 Jun 2002

Thank you so much to those who came to see me last Sunday at The Construction Company. I really appreciate your support!

Here's an announcement about my final performance this year until my season at Dance Theater Workshop next February 2003.

I'm performing as part of the Vision Festival, this Friday, June 7, 8pm at 268 Mulberry Street (betwn Prince & Houston) . Res.: ██████████ \$15 (for \$10 tickets email me back with your request at ██████████) Christina Wheeler (electronic club musician) is my collaborator and there is a set design and video by Jo Wood Brown and Phyllis Bulkin Lehrer. We are first on the program.

Christina and I will definitely be the anomaly on this program! which includes Hattie Gossett's poetryjazz band with dance with music by Rucyl Mills & Pyeng Threadgill, Randall Eng, Fred Carl, J.D. Parran & Patricia Nicholson's PANIC with Joseph Jarman & Cooper Moore and 3 dancers. The Vision Festival is primarily a jazz-based event.

Hope to see you and have a great summer. Sally Silvers=

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27. **richard.tylr**

Re: fvwwwgooh

Tue 4 Jun 2002

Aaron. Wouldnt your kind of response be similar to people who first (still are)(I know when I very first saw her writing I took no interest but later grew interested) (albeit with knowledge that other's werre very interested) confronted with Gertrude Stein's work...I dont think one can quite apply normative criteria to Alan's "project" (I have to admit it defeats me for the moment from its sheer size and the obscurity of Alan's "explanations" but that isnt something new in my experience of coming into new realms of literature): I say "quite apply", as one can look at his constrictions email by email: and some seem as you imply rather dumb: yet they make a kind of energetic clashing music: I dont know if its good...its certainly better than a lot of the "official verse culture" which is even more spaghetti (given that it tries to seem not so): I agree there is a sameness. I am impressed at this stage by the sheer energy, however misplaced - an any creative work be "misplaced"? - and some are quite brilliant: my concern is (and it is also one with respect to my own writing) epistemological: or maybe it pivots on what Alan is partly giving of himself now, and almost nihilistic sense of things: a way of thinking in which one is neither "for" nor "against" which leds to the possibility of "being a novelist"..that is eg with respect eg to S11 (to take the Big Thumb example but there are millions of other issues) one can be simultaneously outraged and full of compassion and horror for the people killed and also see it as "glorious", or beautiful a la Stockhausen and myself in a certain mood: its this latter capacity (or incapacity?) which is probably what enables human's to commit acts of war, or just violence: given a kind of "total awareness" or supersensitive empathy war would never happen: in fact its possible that hardly anything would happen: its the paradox we are locked into: I think that in that sense Alan is both present in his poems or his work and not: the truth of what he is doing is what he does, it reflects him and his mind but is also a part of a larger project ...and this, the point of this - well the "point" should, _should_ be sui generis: but I cant see that that answers my wish for a *raison d'etre*... This "evaluation" being as much from my own changing mood/moods as from any objective analysis - which analysis I feel is near impossible - so my concern re Alan's work reflects deeper concerns about literature and the whys and wherefores and the possibility of a complete void: yet somehow the void attracts....dont worry I'll have another coffee: if this isnt making sense join the club! I think I know what I mean, or am trying to mean! If I felt that Alan was simply a "bad" poet, a poor technician, I wouldnt even comment on his work: I think the "badnesses" are part of a strategy...similar to the way John Wieners mixed cliché and revelation. Richard. ----- Original Message -----

From: "Aaron Belz" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Wednesday, June 05, 2002 2:09 AM Subject: Re: fvwwwgooh

> > From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>

> >

> > the point maybe is the way

> > Alan integrates political philosophic and artisitic concerns and of course

> > computer jargon etc What are your thoughts?

>

>

> Richard,

>

> I agree that that's Alan's point, and yes, my boneheaded comment was offered

> in jest. And as much as to poke fun at myself and my conventional

> expectations when reading a poem as to poke fun at Alan.

>

> I do have a hard time enjoying Alan's work with anything but the outermost

> reaches of my brain, usually--and maybe that's the point. I mean, it's

> clever in a sense, but it doesn't make me think "how true." It usually

> doesn't beg to be quoted from. And maybe that's the point, but a lot of it

> seems the same to me. It seems like spaghetti, and not in the good sense

> with meatballs, but like shredded paper that weren't even top-secret

> documents to begin with, and in fact aren't even really shredded. And as I

> say, maybe that's the point. It's so incredibly dumbed-down and so levelled

> as to be almost inhuman. I am working within a more limited (and

> old-fashioned) definition of "poetry," I suppose. So that's just me and my

> limited hermeneutic playing around with Alan's "fvwwwgooh," and hopefully

> there's room for us all.

>

> Your humble servant, &c.,

>

> -C.S. Lewis

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28. **Alan Sondheim**
robin robin redbreast

Tue 4 Jun 2002

robin robin redbreast

henemar robin tight shanimenemavenemad penemarsovan animenemand
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animenemall ovavenemar henemar

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29. **J Kuszai**

kerouac on steve allen

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Can anyone help locate a (video) copy of the Steve Allen Show appearance by Jack Kerouac? While I know there is probably a network archive of the tape, weren't there also documentaries (of kerouac but also the beats) which included this performance?

just in case you're worried that i'm involved in something i shouldn't be, it's not for me, but for someone from tv-land who wrote asking...

please backchannel any replies

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30. **Landers, Susan**

Come hear: Mesmer, Nakayasu, Retallack, Tardos, Torres, Varrone, Kiely

Wed 5 Jun 2002

- > Celebrate Pom2, Issue Two
- >
- > FEATURING:
- > Sharon Mesmer
- > Sawako Nakayasu
- > Joan Retallack
- > Anne Tardos
- > Edwin Torres
- > Kevin Varrone
- > PLUS: The music of Ruth Gordon's Aaron Kiely
- >
- > WHEN:
- > Monday, June 17 at 7:30 p.m. (SHARP)
- > Doors open at 7PM.
- >
- > WHERE:
- > Bob Holman's Bowery Poetry Club in NYC
- > 308 Bowery at the foot of First Street between Houston
- > and Bleecker.
- >
- > COST:
- > \$5'll get you in

> \$8'll get you in plus a copy of issue #2

>

Pom2 publishes poems that directly engage or respond to work published in previous issues, with the aim of making the magazine's contents the "property of many."

www.pompompress.com

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31. **McDonough, Judy S.**

call for submissions

Wed 5 Jun 2002

poetrynow announces that submissions are now open for poetry for the fall issue.

Please submit no more than 4 typed pages as the body of an e-mail (not as an attachment) and include a brief bio including publications to:



Judy Smith McDonough, editor, poetrynow

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32. **Mister Kazim Ali**

Rober Racine and Fanny Howe

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Hi gang

I am trying to find critical writing on or reviews of the Canadian artist Rober Racine. (What I have is the recent exhibit catalogue and writings from the National Gallery show; I'm looking for anything additional anyone can point me towards)

I'm also look for any writing on Fanny Howe's fiction.

Kazim.

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting

behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"

--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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33. **Kevin Gallagher**

Kevin Gallagher Reading

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Saturday, June 8, 9 pm

D.F. Donavan Gallery

pseudo salon

1 Savin Hill Avenue

Dorchester Ma (across from Savin Hill T stop)

Kevin Gallagher is a poet, editor and translator. His work has been featured in *canwehaveourballback?*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Harvard Review*, *Jacket*, *Partisan Review*, and *Shampoo*. From 1992 to 2002 he was co-publisher and editor of *compost* magazine. He will read from his ongoing translations of Lorca's *Sonnets of Dark Love*, and from his own work.

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34. **Aaron Belz**

Realpoetik

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Does anyone know what happened
to Realpoetik? Did this group
u n s u b s c r i b e from
that mailer?

I tried emailing Sal Salasin
but got no response.

-Aaron

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35. **Ken Rumble**

Contact Info?

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Hey there,

I'm trying to find:

Andy Robbins (author of *_The Very Thought of You_* published a couple years back)

and

Carl Martin (author of *_Genii Over Salzburg_*)

Please b/c, and I thank you kindly.....

Ken

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36. **Alan Sondheim**

save me

Wed 5 Jun 2002

save me

furious idiocies among humans and their gatherings: particles are pried apart and recombined, the world festers. charred remains in the honor of gods. we shall be no more. i beg you in the name of gods, inscribe my work in iron, bury it deep, etch it in steel and titanium, coat it against all possible futures, remove it from the virtual. i beg you: make my work real::the heat of the near-future melting wires amidst nuclear explosions, suicide bombers, storms and lightnings, the destructions of languages and bodies, desert ecologies rampant down to barren aa melt. humans control humans; chemical catastrophe at the top down through radiations blinding and charring animals. sun and moon topple with damaged eyes. viral particles fly apart; bacteria shudder above ground. all is well in the cracked subterranean rock strata; dull life moves on as the surface rains down.:yes, the end of the world in every way, shape, and form: every ideology, object, and structure. it will come imminent and immanent. of virtuality let it be said, nothing shall survive. incandescent rock and earth, lavas and obsidians of forgetting, shall glance across barren plains, uttering their own inscriptive tallies in the violent suns and nuclear winters. prepare, prepare. save my work, my texts and images, my video and sound, above all: download, download, before it is too late.: inscribe.

—

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37. **Drunken Boat**

June 8th Event (with description of full video program)

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Drunken Boat, <<http://www.drunkenboat.com>>, online journal of the arts, hosts a synthesis of video/film

and poetry on June 8th, 2PM at St. Agnes
Library, located at 444 Amsterdam Ave. [near W. 81st
St.] New York, N.Y 10024, [REDACTED].

Poets Timothy Liu, editor of Word of Mouth: An
Anthology of Gay American Poetry and the author of
many books of poems, including most recently Hard
Evidence published by Talisman Press, Kathleen Ossip,
who teaches a writing workshop at the New School and
whose book The Search Engine won the APR/Honickman
First Book Prize to be published in October 2002 and
who has poems forthcoming in the Paris Review, the
Kenyon Review, Verse, Denver Quarterly, and the
American Poetry Review, Tina Chang, who has received
awards from the Academy of American Poets, the Ludwig
Vogelstein Foundation, the Van Lier Foundation and
whose book Half-Lit Houses is forthcoming from Four
Way Books, and Sarah Davis, a poet and fiction writer
whose work has appeared in The Antioch Review, Epoch,
Fence and Fine Madness join video artist Lisa DiLillo,
as well as Lisa Barnstone, Joel Schlemowitz, Sharon
Paz, Art Jones, Eleana Kim, Rick Synder, and Linda
Hattendorf. Their work has shown both nationally and
internationally in such festivals and venues as The
Rotterdam Film Festival, the Sundance Film festival,
the Whitney Museum, the Walker Art Center, and the San
Francisco Cinematheque at Center for the Arts among
many others.

Full Video Program:

Typeoclavecin Film-Variations on the Blues for JoJo
#10/ 16mm, 2:00

by Joel Schlemowitz, poetry by Wanda Phipps,
Poem by Wanda Phipps, as read by her, and accompanied
by the typeoclavecin, a typewriter as a musical
instrument, built by the filmmaker for the
accompaniment of poets through the technique of
dictation.

Morning Poem #40/ 16mm, 2:00

by Joel Schlemowitz, poetry by Wanda Phipps
A spinning, flickering circle of words and colors
accompanies the poem.

When He Leaves/ 16mm, 1:15

by Joel Schlemowitz, poetry by Bridget Meeds

A poem with accompanying text on screen intercut with a contact printed typewriter ribbon.

Sleepwalk/ 8mm, 3:15 by Lisa Barnstone

Drink Me/ 8mm, 4:15 by Lisa Barnstone

These are the first two of a triptych of films. They both portray women skimming the surfaces of the landscape of New York City.

Desiring/ video, 1:00

by Sharon Paz

Each horizontal line in this video represents a different environment-the land and the sky, the home, and the body. Through the work's duration, an apple is transferred from the ground to the sky through the mouth and back again. The apple is used as a symbol of knowledge and desire.

Over Above/ video, 4:00

by Art Jones

Over Above is about the physical and social distances through which everyday horror is seen. Airplanes, buses, helicopters: these provide the windows that filter our perceptions of early 21st century America, where not-quite-seeing has become the dominant mode of vision. The visual "effect" is two fold: the first, composited through a helicopter window, is the beating of Thomas Jones by the Philadelphia police on July 12th, 2000.

The second is a view of a scene from a bus window.

Music by Cibo Matto.

Like the Weather/Forecast Memorial/ video, 3:00

by Eleana Kim/Rick Synder

This video includes a documentary transcription from local newscasts two months after the WTC attack as well as it documents "the weather" and our knowledge of it as a meditation of place and historical memory.

Homeless/ video, 2:30

by Linda Hattendorf, poetry by Steve Kelley

This video follows poet Steve Kelley as he considers

Tell Her -- the page I never wrote!
Tell Her, I only said -- the Syntax --
And left the Verb and the Pronoun -- out!
--Emily Dickinson

Aldon L. Nielsen
Kelly Professor of American Literature
The Pennsylvania State University
116 Burrowes
University Park, PA 16802-6200



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39. **K.Angelo Hehir**

plug

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Hi,
I'm proud to report that my first national radio piece is now on-line at
<http://cbc.ca/outoftheblue/atlantic.html>
Please keep comments about author photo to yourselves.
bests,
kevin

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40. **Mark Weiss**

Re: of interest?

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Inimical gr words: grand, grace, green, grenadine, greet, grain, grin, griddle,
grip, great, groat, granny. Ground has a grinding sound, but hallowed ground
doesn't.

Mark

At 02:14 PM 6/5/2002 -0500, you wrote:
>I found this interesting. don't know who else will
>tom bell
>
>Russian Jabberwocky Translations
>Vladimir Shkurkin
>My impression is that the best translation into Russian would require
>either a conscious or intuitive perception of the image each non-word

>brings forth, and then to attempt to evoke that same image by synthesizing
>a Russian word with perhaps the same Indo-European roots. As an example,
>the "gr-" words in both English and Russian have similar inimical images.
>Russian "grom", "groza", "gryzha", "grob", "griaz'", etc. are negative
>images. The "wr-" words suggesting rotation or twisting appear in both
>English and Russian.

>

>Following this reasoning, the construction of words to evoke images
>becomes a matter of simultaneously evoking the image and making things
>rhyme, with a coherent meter. Exceptionally talented poets can do this
>subconsciously, and careful artisans using conscious analysis can craft
>something given enough time.

>

>The best of the translations translate the image with image-evoking
>nonsense words of parallel structure, often using classical Russian poetic
>inversions.

>

>

>

>-----

>

>

> Note:

> The above material on issues of translation (focusing on translations
> into Russian) was sent to me in email by Vladimir, who kindly gave
> permission for me to use it "in any way you deem appropriate".

> So here it is. Hope you find it as interesting as I did.

>

> Vladimir also gave a short bio of himself to explain where he stood "in
> psycho-linguistic conceptual space" (catchy phrase):

>

>

> I was born in Seattle, Washington in 1930, and spoke no English until
> I started school, because English was forbidden in the home. My parents
> and grandparents were Russian, but until coming to the United States
> lived in Manchuria, where my grandfather taught Chinese to the Russians
> and Russian to the Chinese. I could read and write Russian at a very
> early age, and later was graduated in Russian grammar (and other fields).

> I was raised in a bilingual, bicultural environment, which allows me
> to appreciate nuances in the translations which might not be caught by
> someone just knowing the language.

>

> Now retired, I do writing, editing, and translating.
>
> Vladimir Shkurkin's email is [REDACTED].
> --kl
>
>
>
>-----
>
>&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&cetera:
>Poetry at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/publicat.html>
>Gallery - Metaphor/Metonym for Health at
><http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/metapho.htm>
>Health articles at <http://psychology.healingwell.com/>
>Reviews at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/reviews.htm>

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41. **Philip Nikolayev**

Re: of interest?

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Hi, Thomas! There are several Russian translations of "Alice in Wonderland" (the earliest one was done by Nabokov, who Russian'ed Alice into Anya). There are various good translations of the nonsense poems in the book, and I think the best one indeed follow the line suggested by your correspondent. Incidentally, all the translations are metrically accurate and rhyme (the Russians always preserve the original's formal characteristics when translating a poem).

Cheers,
Philip

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42. **Thomas Bell**

of interest?

Wed 5 Jun 2002

I found this interesting. don't know who else will
tom bell

Russian Jabberwocky Translations
Vladimir Shkurkin

My impression is that the best translation into Russian would require either a conscious or intuitive perception of the image each non-word brings forth, and then to attempt to evoke that same image by synthesizing a Russian word with

perhaps the same Indo-European roots. As an example, the "gr-" words in both English and Russian have similar inimical images. Russian "grom", "groza", "gryzha", "grob", "griaz'", etc. are negative images. The "wr-" words suggesting rotation or twisting appear in both English and Russian.

Following this reasoning, the construction of words to evoke images becomes a matter of simultaneously evoking the image and making things rhyme, with a coherent meter. Exceptionally talented poets can do this subconsciously, and careful artisans using conscious analysis can craft something given enough time.

The best of the translations translate the image with image-evoking nonsense words of parallel structure, often using classical Russian poetic inversions.

Note:

The above material on issues of translation (focusing on translations into Russian) was sent to me in email by Vladimir, who kindly gave permission for me to use it "in any way you deem appropriate".

So here it is. Hope you find it as interesting as I did.

Vladimir also gave a short bio of himself to explain where he stood "in psycholinguistic conceptual space" (catchy phrase):

I was born in Seattle, Washington in 1930, and spoke no English until I started school, because English was forbidden in the home. My parents and grandparents were Russian, but until coming to the United States lived in Manchuria, where my grandfather taught Chinese to the Russians and Russian to the Chinese. I could read and write Russian at a very early age, and later was graduated in Russian grammar (and other fields). I was raised in a bilingual, bicultural environment, which allows me to appreciate nuances in the translations which might not be caught by someone just knowing the language.

Now retired, I do writing, editing, and translating.

Vladimir Shkurkin's email is [REDACTED].

--kl

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&cetera:

Poetry at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/publicat.html>

Gallery - Metaphor/Metonym for Health at

<http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/metapho.htm>

Health articles at <http://psychology.healingwell.com/>

Reviews at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/reviews.htm>

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43. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: of interest?

Wed 5 Jun 2002

On Wed, 5 Jun 2002, Mark Weiss wrote:

> Inimical gr words: grand, grace, green, grenadine, greet, grain, grin,
> griddle, grip, great, groat, granny. Ground has a grinding sound, but
> hallowed ground doesn't.

>

Dear Mark,

Speaking of sounds with positive connotations: the Grateful Dead. I hope you don't find this concept grody to the max, although certainly my Grateful Dead show ticket purchases over the years could have paid for a lot of groceries.

Best, Gwyn (that's with a w)

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44. **Joel Weishaus**

Fw: Job Announcement

Wed 5 Jun 2002

> > ----- Original Message -----

> > From: "Carrie Hoops" <[REDACTED]>

> > Sent: Tuesday, June 04, 2002 8:27 AM

> > Subject: Job Announcement

> >

> >

> >> Portland Arts & Lectures Program Director

> >>

> >> Professional, visionary Program Director needed to work with dynamic staff

> >> of a mid-sized, nonprofit literary organization. Responsibilities include

> >> booking, coordination and production of 6-part lecture series, special

> >> events, and poetry series. Qualifications include: Advanced degree and/or

> >> literary background (publishing, publicity, book sales, and writing).

> >> Experience in marketing, production, management, and public speaking a

> > plus.

> >>

> >> Salary range \$35,000 - \$45,000 plus benefits

> >>

> >> Please submit cover letter and resume by July 1, 2002 to:
> >> Program Director Search
> >> Literary Arts, Inc.
> >> 219 NW 12th Ave., Suite 201
> >> Portland, OR 97209
> >>
> >> No Phone Calls
> >>
> >> For a detailed job description see: www.literary-arts.org
> >

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45. **derek beaulieu / housepress**
underwhich editions: now online!

Wed 5 Jun 2002

One of the best canadian small presses around is finally on-line!

yep - underwhich editions is finally online at:

<http://www.spiraldragon.com/underwhich/index.shtml>

from thier introduction:

"Underwhich publishes books, chapbooks, handmade editions, and unusual formats, including audiocassettes and compact discs of innovative sound art. Publications are released as Editions, Audiographics, or Hag Papers. Underwhich also distributes hard-to-get items from other small publishers in standard and unusual formats, through our underlines and undertones list. Underwhich Editions is a truly unique enterprise operated by two dedicated literary practitioners, with occasional participation by a third. "

check them out! you wont be sorry!

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46. **komninos zervos**
Re: kerouac on steve allen

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Can anyone help locate a (video) copy of the Steve Allen Show appearance by Jack Kerouac? While I know there is probably a network archive of the tape, weren't there also documentaries (of kerouac but also the beats) which included this performance?

just in case you're worried that i'm involved in something i shouldn't be, it's not for me, but for someone from tv-land who wrote

asking...

please backchannel any replies

i have a video 'whatever happened to jack kerouac?' with that interview on it, i would love to do a swap for your audio archive of poets komninos and i'd like to try and set up a digital archive of oz performance poets, would love information on how you set up your archive.

komninos

--

komninos zervos bsc(hons) ma(creative writing)

http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/K_Zervos

Convenor

CyberStudies major

School of Arts

Griffith University

Gold Coast Campus

PMB 50 Gold Coast Mail Centre

Queensland 9726 Australia

tel: [REDACTED]

fax: [REDACTED]

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47. **Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)**

Re: kerouac on steve allen

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Dear Joel, Yep, the interview is on Whatever Happened to JK?, and is the most memorable segment of the doco. A mustsee. Steve A is so self-satisfied and uncool and JK is so boyish shy and alert. That brief encounter speaks heaps more about the 50s than a truckload of sociology ... Wystan

-----Original Message-----

From: J Kuszai [mailto:[REDACTED]]

Sent: Thursday, 6 June 2002 1:00 a.m.

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: kerouac on steve allen

Can anyone help locate a (video) copy of the Steve Allen Show appearance by Jack Kerouac? While I know there is probably a network archive of the tape, weren't there also documentaries (of kerouac but also the beats) which included this performance?

just in case you're worried that i'm involved in something i shouldn't be, it's not for me, but for someone from tv-land who wrote asking...

please backchannel any replies

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48. **Ethan Paquin**

slope 15 - summer 2002 - now online

Wed 5 Jun 2002

.....slope #15 | summer 2002 | www.slope.org

.....NEW POEMS: knox | wallace-crabbe | latta | schaefer corless-smith |
duhamel | bibbins | conoley | boyle & MORE

.....1st ANNUAL SLOPE EDITIONS BOOK PRIZE:
20 finalists and honorably-mentioned poets

.....NEW SINGAPORE POETRY SAMPLER featuring 10
poets in their first american appearances & MORE

.....SLOPE E-CHAPBOOK #2: charles bernstein's "cafe buffe"

.....REVIEWS of mayer, cesaire, biarujia, biss & MORE

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49. **David Baratier**

Re: Question of content

Wed 5 Jun 2002

What is the content of "langpo"? Of "language poetry"?

The world that is under completion requires
the strengthening method of your questions, Barry.

Since content is a selection or reduction
of an unavailable whole, say, the million words
of l-p by 1985 mentioned, an arbitrary killing occurs,
a division which eliminates an integral whole
within the implicate order.

But were we able to stick to the propositions,
without following the secondary associations
(i.e. fake l-po) I do not find a generator of text--
instead a primum mobile exists-- an attempt to
find a center of something, an inscape, which
can only be seen through the outer associative
words and patterns. Let me re-phrase this
if I hit someone with a brick and hurt them
at that moment individual consciousness is unaware

of the meaninglessness and yet is still somatically driven to find content. The corporeal and mind are "twinned" and each convehers for the same result.

At the core of what you have termed "cathexis" the same problem is found. While it is important not to be bristled by the unreal pornography that exists in Sondheim's work, (and I am purposely avoiding the report of Alan & Azure nakid because only the text arrives here) when it comes to redefining of pornography as words _rather than_ words combined with an image, which I see in his poems, then at some point to have the word "rape" is to rape, and for a reader to imagine raping is to rape as well. The word becomes the boundless-- shoots over the scenery, part to whole is needed physical to mental, metonymy. synechoche

As for fake l-po, language itself takes place in the moment never in the inventory of what it is to become. How these two are current terms is apparent but considering they are not _two way_ terms of each other, content is incomparable-- they are each in different time zones of meaning.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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50. **Mark Weiss**

Re: kerouac on steve allen

Wed 5 Jun 2002

It's amazing what gets lost in time's translation. I actually saw the Steve Allen Show segment when it aired originally. It's good to remember that it appeared in the middle of an hour-long variety show--hardly an intimate or contemplative venue. At the time and in that context Kerouac appeared to be suffering from near-terminal stagefright and Allen appeared to be uncomfortable for him. His

uncoolness looked like an attempt to jolly Kerouac out of it and rescue the segment for the public at large.

It took, remember, a fair amount of daring at the time to give Kerouac so public and so mainstream an exposure. Media coverage had been uniformly sensationalist and moralistic. Awhile before there had been a major spread about the Beats in Look Magazine, which had a circulation second only to Life and with a similar demographic. Page after page of claustrophobic black and white interiors, each frame crowded with hairy, unkempt, dirty-looking people. They might as well have been cockroaches. Allen at least was trying to be both respectful and serious.

Mark

At 01:31 PM 6/6/2002 +1200, you wrote:

>Dear Joel,

> Yep, the interview is on Whatever Happened to JK?, and is the most
>memorable segment of the doco. A mustsee. Steve A is so self-satisfied and
>uncool and JK is so boyish shy and alert. That brief encounter speaks heaps
>more about the 50s than a truckload of sociology ...

> Wystan

>
>

>-----Original Message-----

>From: J Kuszai [mailto:████████]

>Sent: Thursday, 6 June 2002 1:00 a.m.

>To: ██████████

>Subject: kerouac on steve allen

>
>

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>just in case you're worried that i'm involved in something i
>shouldn't be, it's not for me, but for someone from tv-land who wrote
>asking...

>
>please backchannel any replies

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51. **Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)**

Re: kerouac on steve allen

Wed 5 Jun 2002

Yes, I think what you describe, Mark, survives in the segment. Sure, Allen was trying (to be respectful and serious) but that he didn't succeed is a measure, and not just of Allen. And I'm aware also of the records they cut together, cocktail piano and Kerouac text, also failures. Do you recall in the interview an exchange re-Whitman where the stage-afraid K nevertheless corrects Allen who then loses a little of his own composure, and tries to reassert his authority? The whole thing is SO nervy. Wystan

-----Original Message-----

From: Mark Weiss [mailto:██████████]

Sent: Thursday, 6 June 2002 2:19 p.m.

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: kerouac on steve allen

It's amazing what gets lost in time's translation. I actually saw the Steve Allen Show segment when it aired originally. It's good to remember that it appeared in the middle of an hour-long variety show--hardly an intimate or contemplative venue. At the time and in that context Kerouac appeared to be suffering from near-terminal stagefright and Allen appeared to be uncomfortable for him. His uncoolness looked like an attempt to jolly Kerouac out of it and rescue the segment for the public at large.

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heaps

>more about the 50s than a truckload of sociology ...

> Wystan

>
>
>-----Original Message-----
>From: J Kuszai [mailto:]
>Sent: Thursday, 6 June 2002 1:00 a.m.
>To:
>Subject: kerouac on steve allen
>
>
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>appearance by Jack Kerouac? While I know there is probably a network
>archive of the tape, weren't there also documentaries (of kerouac but
>also the beats) which included this performance?
>
>just in case you're worried that i'm involved in something i
>shouldn't be, it's not for me, but for someone from tv-land who wrote
>asking...
>
>please backchannel any replies

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52. **Barrett Watten**

Question of content

Wed 5 Jun 2002

I keep coming back to the question of "content," which I'd like to explore in relation to the Fakelangpo question, as well as in terms of Alan Sondheim's work. What is the content of "langpo"? Of "language poetry"?

Let's say that a million words were produced as "language poetry" by 1985. An editor comes along and gathers it together through some labor intensive process (letters, negotiations, book publications are entailed). Silliman's anthology is 600 pp. long and probably contains from 200,000 to 300,000 words; *This* magazine, which I edited from 1971-82, comprised 1128 pp. and perhaps a comparable amount of text. What is the relationship of the substitute "langpo" to that text?

What did this output change, in terms of the nature of poetry, the nature of "creative expression"? In a digital environment, you could actually manipulate that amount of text without much difficulty. I just downloaded a million random digits from the Rand Corporation, in fact (textual device for some of Jackson Mac Low's work in the 1950s).

What is content? In a post on Webartery, I wrote:

>>>"Positive content": which brings me to the question of interest here: if "fakelangpo" were filled with content, in the sense that "content" is what a "content provider" provides) what would it be? A dream of the great and strange, warranting page after page of empty and inviting play space? The redemption of the no longer signifying word would thus generate endless content.

>>>Trying to imagine the positive content of the site, then, which is not yet there, or might have been but no longer signifies, might be interesting. But, on the other hand, I would not like to think that putting just anything there as "fakelangpo" would be the right answer to that lack of content. That would be like reading from the phonebook in a psychoanalytic session--

>>>"Sustained parody or critique": implies an original that might not exist. If it did exist, it would be a matter of historical record that might be accessed--as content. But perhaps "merely" historical content is not what is desired. Some other sense of history?

>>>"But with what?": what is content insofar as it is imagined or desired, in this environment?

Two points: 1) Fakelangpo seems to express a desire that the structure that has been created, in a somewhat manic way, wants to be filled with content. Is there a relation between that desire and the lack of content, for better or worse, indicated by the word "langpo"--as a completely substitutable word, but a substitution for what? A "buzzword" substituting for a buzzword? What is the content of Fakelangpo? How is Fakelangpo going to be filled with content?

Millie Niss has partly answered this question. She wants the work to be seen as "fun to read." She also wants reflection on the question of the content of the site. Putting the two together, reflecting on the question of the site will be fun, interesting, and social. I think I do see the influence of Kenneth Koch here (which is fine with me).

A lot of the content of "language poetry," however, is left out of this notion of content. For instance: historical motivation, critical intention, aesthetic criteria, etc. Fakelangpo selects out one kind of content in preference to others. As a reading, that might be OK; as a representation of the "content" of "language poetry," perhaps it is not adequate for those engaged in its prior history. But who can tell? How will Fakelangpo address the already existing content of "language poetry"? Or is an address to content merely a textual question?

2) I am interested in the way that "content" is a textual question in the work of Alan Sondheim. I am, I think, in the middle of seeing the extent of his project. A provisional conclusion, however, is that it often calls into question what in

psychoanalysis would be termed "cathexis." Very procedural language--flat, inert, sometimes endless--is fused with very cathected language--e.g., pornography.

In his recent performance piece, he and his partner appear nude. That is, certainly, a form of content. The typing breaks down, at the same time. What is the relation of the two kinds of content?

Question to ask Alan Sondheim: if psychoanalysis depends on the cathexis of language, seen as a string of symbols in a dialogue between partners in communication who cannot know each others' meanings, could a successful psychoanalysis be undertaken by the analysand simply reading the phone book or the Rand table to the analyst? Does your project have anything to do with this question?

Second question: if a machine were to generate the content of the analytic session, what is the relation of its production to human desires, that which cathects the string of substitute symbols? Is desire, in other words, a machine?

Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?

I am trying to frame a question about the desire for content in terms of the production of texts. Is this form of the transaction of textual desire what is being imagined as a characteristic of the language school, as it has been transformed in digital environments?

Barrett

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53. **Thomas Bell**

Fw: convocatorias-calls

Wed 5 Jun 2002

----- Original Message -----

From: Clemente Padín

To: Clemente Padin

Sent: Wednesday, June 05, 2002 4:51 PM

Subject: convocatorias-calls

Arte Correo

Convocatorias Chilenas

SENTIR COMO UN NIÑO

Volver a sentir como un niño: con intensidad, dejarse querer, jugar, hacer amigos, reír o llorar con toda el alma y creer que todo lo que soñamos es posible. Así, encontrando nuestro niño interior, juega libremente a crear.

Formato DIN A4 o similar (el sobre es parte de la obra). Todas las obras serán expuestas. Fecha límite: 15 de Julio, 2002, documentación a todos los participantes.

Envíos a:

Cristina Muñoz
Santa Isabel 1578, piso 2
Santiago, CHILE

o bien a [REDACTED]

VICTOR JARA, 70 AÑOS

El 27 de Setiembre de 2002, se cumplirán 70 años del asesinato, bajo martirio, del cantante popular chileno Víctor Jara, por los esbirros de la dictadura de Pinochet.

Envíe su obra-homenaje antes del 10 de Setiembre, 2002. Técnica libre, documentación a todos, tamaño máximo DIN A4.

Envíos a:

Carolina Pérez I.
Diego de Deza 1111, Dpto. 302
Las Condes, Santiago, CHILE

MAIL ART: Chileans Calls

FEELING LIKE A BOY

Feeling again like a boy: with intensity, allow want, play, make friends, laugh or cry the soul with all and believe that everything the one which we dreamed is possible. So, finding our interior boy, play freely to create.

DIN A4 format or similar (the envelope is part of the work). All the works will be exposed. Deadline: 15 July, 2002, documentation to all the participants.

Send to:

Cristina Muñoz
Santa Isabel 1578, piso 2
Santiago, CHILE

or by email: [REDACTED]

VICTOR JARA, 70 YEARS

The 27 September, 2002, will be turned 70 old years of the murder, low martyrdom, of the singer popular Chilean Víctor Jara, for the militaries of the Pinochet 'dictatorship.

Send your artwork-homage before 10 September, 2002. Free technique, documentation to all, maximal size, DIN A4.

Send to:

Carolina Pérez I.
Diego de Deza 1111, Dpto. 302
Las Condes, Santiago, CHILE

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54. **K.Angelo Hehir**

Eunoia becoming a hit among true synesthetes

Wed 5 Jun 2002

nicked from amazon

Eunoia becoming a hit among true synesthetes, December 29, 2001 Reviewer: Sean Day (see more about me) from Oxford, Ohio Christian Bök's Eunoia is becoming a fast hit among those with actual "colored-letter" synesthesia.

Christian Bök based part of his ideas for Eunoia off the concept of synesthesia, mainly borrowing from Arthur Rimbaud's poem "Voyelles" (the strangely-colored cover design for the book is also based upon the same). In "Voyelles", Rimbaud creates correspondences between colors and letters of the alphabet (or, more specifically, the written symbols - the graphemes) for vowels.

Synesthesia is an actually existing, albeit rare, set of benign neurological conditions. Overwhelmingly, the most common (perhaps as common as existing in 1 out of every 750 people) form of synesthesia involves involuntary, automatic correspondences made between colors and graphemes (letter and number characters). This type of synesthesia is apparently genetically-based (that is, organic, and not psychologically based upon childhood associations), and usually emerges around the age of six or seven years of age. Those with "colored-letter" synesthesia generally maintain it throughout life, with virtually no variations in the color-letter correspondences. They have no choice as to which colors are associated with which letters and are stuck with the links throughout life. Also, each individual synesthete's total set of color-letter correspondences is unique, although there are certain trends to be found world-wide with certain

graphemes, such as "A" being red and "O" being white or clear amongst about two-thirds of all such synesthetes.

Rimbaud was not a colored-letter synesthete; he admits that he made up the correspondences in his (in-)famous poem.

However, now, true colored-letter synesthetes are finding Bök's book either an overwhelming thrill or nightmare. To those without this form of synesthesia, the pages of Bök's book - each page using one and only one vowel for all words - glare with the profusion of the particular vowel. For the actual colored-letter synesthete, each particular page tends to totally overwhelm with a particular color. I have received letters from synesthetes writing in rapturous awe of how a certain chapter of Eunoia sweep them with the "icy whiteness of O", or how it is a nightmare with simply too much red "A" (even though, to Rimbaud, "A" was supposed to be black) distracting from everything else.

Sean A. Day, President, American Synesthesia Association

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55. **Geoffrey Gatz**

Re: Question of content

Thu 6 Jun 2002

What is the content of Chicken McNugget?

Two points: 1) Chicken McNuggets seem to express a desire that the structure that has been created, in a somewhat manic way, wants to be filled with chicken. Is there a relation between that desire and the lack of chicken, for better or worse, indicated by the word " McNuggets "--as a completely substitutable word, but a substitution for what? A "buzzword" substituting for a buzzword? What is the content of Chicken McNuggets? How are Chicken McNuggets going to be filled with chicken? This must be resolved.

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatz

editor BlazeVOX2k1

<http://vorplesword.com/>

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(*)/ (*)

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56. **jason christie**

Question (of) contents

Thu 6 Jun 2002

while dancing i answer your question of content with content: what is the content if the content is what is? i mean if is the feudal centre then what is content? for drive the lake least maybe a fish and reel around. languid turn the wheel s-curve mountain vehicle to get where you wanted us to go and battle. trafficjammed. incontinent dribbles gang up on tarped media against reified mantle of clad beetles in other news. paper rises by 20%. rust made colourful by centuries of artists in waxed manifold. the arboretum is open, shows the inside of a lightning-blanket or the effect on grass to an albert. a: this sentence is the matter. i'll trade you a seven. b: go fsh. or a 1 any way. the break it is

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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57. **Thomas Bell**

Re: [webartery] Question of content

Thu 6 Jun 2002

interesting conjunction, Barrettm and I'd like to explore the langpo, Millie, and alan conjunction some, even though most are on vacation, so things are rather sparse on the lists.

I think Alan's 'Cancer, Mourning, and Loss'

<http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/sond.htm> might be an interesting starting point. It can be accessed at this link for now even though I hope to get my act together and change servers soon.

What actually interested me in this piece was the content and the way that his and his mother's and others' feelings came through to me out of the chaos (of hospitals, etc) and out of the chaos of internet communications and lists. While not langpo or fake langpo or porn (all of which can often be used to mute or bypass feelings) it does have a structure in two dimensions - one given to it by alan and one given to it by the context it arrives in - the list it appeared on.. I think in a similar fashion lp, fakelp, and porn are capable (even though many practitioners may not be even aware of it) of transmuting feelings or content (there are i think only eight basic emotions plus the absence of emotion which would be equivalent of depression) and expressing those feelings in a 'strangled fashion - dimension two noted above which is a comment sometimes on our emotion-strangling culture. The first dimension or the feeling expressed through the 'poem' often gets altered in these processes and may come out

twisted in the sense that love rendered pornographically often comes across as sadness.

It is the second dimension that interests me and I think it is this dimension which makes langpo and experimental work interesting as I think they are confronting life in a fashion that 'traditional' work blithely ignores? I'm not sure if anyone is still following all of this or if in my convolutions I've not just twisted myself into a knot but I'm going to put off rereading it until the light of day tomorrow.

tom bell

----- Original Message -----

From: "barrettwatten" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, June 05, 2002 9:48 PM

Subject: [webartery] Question of content

I keep coming back to the question of "content," which I'd like to explore in relation to the Fakelangpo question, as well as in terms of Alan Sondheim's work. What is the content of "langpo"? Of "language poetry"?

*Let's say that a million words were produced as "language poetry" by 1985. An editor comes along and gathers it together through some labor intensive process (letters, negotiations, book publications are entailed). Silliman's anthology is 600 pp. long and probably contains from 200,000 to 300,000 words; *This* magazine, which I edited from 1971-82, comprised 1128 pp. and perhaps a comparable amount of text. What is the relationship of the substitute "langpo" to that text?*

What did this output change, in terms of the nature of poetry, the nature of "creative expression"? In a digital environment, you could actually manipulate that amount of text without much difficulty. I just downloaded a million random digits from the Rand Corporation, in fact (textual device for some of Jackson Mac Low's work in the 1950s).

What is content? In an earlier post, I wrote:

"Positive content": which brings me to the question of interest here: if "fakelangpo" were filled with content, in the sense that "content" is what a "content provider" provides) what would it be? A dream of the great and strange, warranting page after page of empty and inviting play space? The redemption of the no longer signifying word would thus generate endless content.

Trying to imagine the positive content of the site, then, which is not yet there, or might have been but no longer signifies, might be

interesting. But, on the other hand, I would not like to think that putting just anything there as "fakelangpo" would be the right answer to that lack of content. That would be like reading from the phonebook in a psychoanalytic session--

"Sustained parody or critique": implies an original that might not exist. If it did exist, it would be a matter of historical record that might be accessed--as content. But perhaps "merely" historical content is not what is desired. Some other sense of history?

"But with what?": what is content insofar as it is imagined or desired, in this environment?

Two points: 1) Fakelangpo seems to express a desire that the structure that has been created, in a somewhat manic way, wants to be filled with content. Is there a relation between that desire and the lack of content, for better or worse, indicated by the word "langpo"--as a completely substitutable word, but a substitution for what? A "buzzword" substituting for a buzzword? What is the content of Fakelangpo? How is Fakelangpo going to be filled with content?

Millie Niss has partly answered this question. She wants the work to be seen as "fun to read." She also wants reflection on the question of the content of the site. Putting the two together, reflecting on the question of the site will be fun, interesting, and social. I think I do see the influence of Kenneth Koch here (which is fine with me).

A lot of the content of "language poetry," however, is left out of this notion of content. For instance: historical motivation, critical intention, aesthetic criteria, etc. Fakelangpo selects out one kind of content in preference to others. As a reading, that might be OK; as a representation of the "content" of "language poetry," perhaps it is not adequate for those engaged in its prior history. But who can tell? How will Fakelangpo address the already existing content of "language poetry"? Or is an address to content merely a textual question?

2) I am interested in the way that "content" is a textual question in the work of Alan Sondheim. I am, I think, in the middle of seeing the extent of his project. A provisional conclusion, however, is that it often calls into question what in psychoanalysis would be termed "cathexis." Very procedural language--flat, inert, sometimes endless--is fused with very cathected language--e.g., pornography.

In his recent performance piece, he and his partner appear nude. That is, certainly, a form of content. The typing breaks down, at the same time. What is the relation of the two kinds of content?

Question to ask Alan Sondheim: if psychoanalysis depends on the

cathexis of language, seen as a string of symbols in a dialogue between partners in communication who cannot know each others' meanings, could a successful psychoanalysis be undertaken by the analyst simply reading the phone book or the Rand table to the analyst? Does your project have anything to do with this question?

Second question: if a machine were to generate the content of the analytic session, what is the relation of its production to human desires, that which cathects the string of substitute symbols?

Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?

I am trying to frame a question about the desire for content in terms of the production of texts. Is this form of the transaction of textual desire what is being imagined as a characteristic of the language school, as it has been transformed in digital environments?

Barrett

Your use of Yahoo! Groups is subject to <http://docs.yahoo.com/info/terms/>

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58. **richard.tylr**

Re: Question of content Some questions of possible agreement

Thu 6 Jun 2002

Barrettt Etal.

I'm probably with you but your way of expressing things blocks clear understanding of your "drift"..... That aside I support Language Poetry.

- > I keep coming back to the question of "content," which I'd like to explore
- > in relation to the Fakelangpo question, as well as in terms of Alan
- > Sondheim's work. What is the content of "langpo"? Of "language poetry"?

>

> Let's say that a million words were produced as "language poetry" by 1985.

> An editor comes along and gathers it together through some labor intensive process (letters, negotiations, book publications are entailed).

Silliman's

> anthology is 600 pp. long and probably contains from 200,000 to 300,000

> words; *This* magazine, which I edited from 1971-82, comprised 1128 pp. and

> perhaps a comparable amount of text. What is the relationship of the

> substitute "langpo" to that text?

>

> What did this output change, in terms of the nature of poetry, the nature

> of "creative expression"?

What is the relevance of the numerical totality of the words of text do with anything? I can only assume you mean this - the Language Project To name it again) - was of considerable significance: it was but that isn't necessarily a function of its output or how much work was put into it. It is significant that a large number of writers (relatively: overall in the "poetry pond" relatively small) were engaged in discussions on the nature of language, new directions in poetry, new forms, the political/cultural/social implications of language and various writers in America and Europe and elsewhere who have influenced this movement. Do you feel it is somehow being belittled? I know you say you are ok with fakelangpo...but how do you feel about it?

In a digital environment, you could actually

> manipulate that amount of text without much difficulty. I just downloaded a

> million random digits from the Rand Corporation, in fact (textual device

> for some of Jackson Mac Low's work in the 1950s).

>

And the significance of this: you evade me here?

What is content? In a post on Webartery, I wrote:

>>>"Positive content": which brings me to the question of interest here: if "fakelangpo" were filled with content, in the sense that "content" is what a "content provider" provides) what would it be? A dream of the great and strange, warranting page after page of empty and inviting play space?

Maybe you're taking fakelangpo too seriously: but that it might be "A dream of the great and the strange, inviting..." That I feel would be interesting: in fact it would be one avenue that Bernstein implies I think when he talks of a hyper-space with a multitude of voices and also the possibility of poetry being

philosophy that is true to truth (ontological truth rather than "factual") and we have now another space for open dialogue whose form cant be predicted: like in fact a gigantic potential poem that unlike Finnegans wake is "unplanned" and open: an opening into dialogue.

> The redemption of the no longer signifying word would thus generate endless

> content.

Why does the "no longer signifying word" need to be redeemed? Do you mean that the signifier now takes "centre stage" and then content is beyond normative "meaning"? Not clear what you are saying here. A word that "no longer signifies" cannot exist: in fact there is no such thing as a "non signifying" anything ...though of course the way that texts are presented or formed shows more or less referentiality: but there is no such thing as a totally non-referential text: that would be a total vacuity! It would be totally irrelevant: I'm not tlking about eg

asd out relat GOOOOD plug'plug... \$\$
((()))((((innnm

Because that DOES have signification:enormous. Of course its "significance" relative to say a page from the New Yorker is greatly more problematic! But its a question of degree.

Endless content is a given, is it not: content is the whole deal
Creeley is still basically right) I think though that there is a fear here of the unknown: of what might be engendered: amost an Eliotic fear: "After such knowledge, what forgiveness." Redemption: I think of "Redeem the time."

>

> >>>Trying to imagine the positive content of the site, then, which is not
> yet there, or might have been but no longer signifies, might be
> interesting. But, on the other hand, I would not like to think that
putting

> just anything there as "fakelangpo" would be the right answer to that lack
> of content. That would be like reading from the phonebook in a
> psychoanalytic session--

I tend to agree with that: but reading the phonebook might be helpful to some in such a session...but sure there would arise some what I would say (tentatively) "out of context" or irrelevant (seemingly but whose to say what is? irrelevant or even what is good or bad?) or at least inappropriate texts: a parrallel would be an engineer presenting a comedy script as the plans and calculations for a bridge project. In that sense fake langpo is a bit of a worry...

> "fun to read."

Yes "fun" is good: but alarm bells also go off: does she mean facile? Or accessible (shudder, vomit, splurge, ughhhhhhhhhh!!!?)

She also wants reflection on the question of the

> content of the site. Putting the two together, reflecting on the question

> of the site will be fun, interesting, and social. I think I do see the

> influence of Kenneth Koch here (which is fine with me).

>

> A lot of the content of "language poetry," however, is left out of this

> notion of content. For instance: historical motivation, critical intention,

> aesthetic criteria, etc. Fakelangpo selects out one kind of content in

> preference to others. As a reading, that might be OK; as a representation

> of the "content" of "language poetry," perhaps it is not adequate for those

> engaged in its prior history. But who can tell? How will Fakelangpo address

> the already existing content of "language poetry"? Or is an address to

> content merely a textual question?

In the past the content has been integral to the whole project and for each writer has his or her own agenda: political, feminist, historical, linguistic.....I can see I think where you are "coming from" on this.

I'm not poking fun at your statements just find that your "forming of a question" is not clear: ok poetry can be unclear but it's necessary to be clearer in critical discussions. However, as you say, who can tell.

I think "fakelangpo" is ok but that Millie Niss etc have not studied language poetry and its background in sufficient depth: thus they risk reinventing various wheels...and misrepresenting some very significant and often brilliant writing that is represented by eg those in "In the American Tree" in which some great writers are represented.

Richard Taylor.

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59. **Tony Follari**

Comments on Eunoia

Thu 6 Jun 2002

I have seen excerpts from this book 'Eunoia' it is very similar to the work of Georges Perec and also myself (Published book of poems in 1996 which featured such letter constraints.) I agree that in some circumstances it can be overwhelming, but there is still a lot of untapped genius to be gained in this

area. If anyone would like a copy of my 500 word story using only the vowel 'A' just e-mail me. These types of writings are very challenging and useful in poetry and prose creation. But beware too much of this can be straining to the mind.

Regards Tony Follari NZ Comedian, Artist, Poet

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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60. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Re: Comments on Eunoia

Thu 6 Jun 2002

I would love to see this story. I am a huge fan of _Avoid_. How can I get a copy???

Bestest, Geoffrey

On Thu, 6 Jun 2002 13:08:32 +0000 Tony Follari wrote:

I have seen excerpts from this book 'Eunoia' it is very similar to the work of Georges Perec and also myself (Published book of poems in 1996 which featured such letter constraints.) I agree that in some circumstances it can be overwhelming, but there is still a lot of untapped genius to be gained in this area. If anyone would like a copy of my 500 word story using only the vowel 'A' just e-mail me. These types of writings are very challenging and useful in poetry and prose creation. But beware too much of this can be straining to the mind.

Regards Tony Follari NZ Comedian, Artist, Poet

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

This message powered by EMUMAIL. -- <http://www.EMUMAIL.com>

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61. **MAXINE CHERNOFF**

Two Readings

Thu 6 Jun 2002

Paul Hoover and Maxine Chernoff will read from their new books, WINTER (MIRROR) (Flood Editions) and SOME OF HER FRIENDS THAT YEAR:NEW AND SELECTED STORIES (Coffee House Press) at Black Oak Books, 1491 Shattuck, Berkeley, at 7:30 pm Sunday, June 9, and at Oliver's Books, 645 San Anselmo Avenue, San Anselmo, at 7:30 pm on Thursday, June 13.

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62. **Nick Piombino**

Question of content

Thu 6 Jun 2002

Question to ask Alan Sondheim: if psychoanalysis depends on the cathexis of language, seen as a string of symbols in a dialogue between partners in communication who cannot know each others' meanings, could a successful psychoanalysis be undertaken by the analysand simply reading the phone book or the Rand table to the analyst? Does your project have anything to do with this question?

I think one of the issues that emerges from these questions that much L-A poetry has in common with psychoanalysis can be better clarified by employing the distinction between manifest and latent in the psychoanalytic approach to content, than by employing the concept of -cathexis of language- which is interesting but, for me, while its application in this context is compelling from a literary point of view, it is, for me, psychoanalytically off target. This distinction is best understood in the process of psychoanalytic dream interpretation. A patient once reported to me a dream in which the car she is driving crashes into a bank. She notices a piece of the wooden counter falls off in the crash. Although this patient had yet not analyzed many dreams, she still quickly understood that the wood on the counter referred to the phrase -a chip off the old block- even before I had a chance to say it aloud. Evidently we both thought of it at the same time. The manifest content- a car crash. The latent content, a cliché, connected with a thought which has great significance for her relationship to a parent... Similarly, I feel, by extending the possibilities of free association for the reader, by a variety of linguistic techniques, the L-A writer, for example, Alan Sondheim in this discussion, allows the reader to grasp not only the manifest content ascertainable in the words-and their associated meanings- selected by the writer, but also the latent content in the writer's mind, but, as in psychoanalysis, as a result of the free association, permits this process to be a shared effort, as it is when an analysis is moving forward. Also, in doing psychoanalysis in recent years, I have the distinct sensation that no matter what happens on the

manifest or conscious level, much, much more is usually going on on a subliminal or latent level, for a very long time, so that indeed, the patient and analyst could, theoretically, discuss anything and the analysis will move forward; however, when insight emerges, this is usually a harbinger of change on the part of the patient, and to a lesser degree of significance perhaps, the analyst as well.

Nick Piombino

Nick Piombino

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63. **megan minka lola camille roy**

Re: viral warnings

Thu 6 Jun 2002

I, too, have gotten email from postmasters telling me that they have received infected emails from moi. But verily I disagree. Moi sends no infections anywhere. How do I know this? Frequent Norton scans. Plus I am standalone, not in a infected network. And I have duly noted the irritating feature of the infamous Klez to forge headers. These notifications to me that I have sent infectious garbage are auto responses to emails which contain my FORGED address as the return.

sherlock camille

--

<http://www.grin.net/~minka>

"If this is going to be a calm equality, there will be no people."

(L. Scalapino)

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64. **J Gallaher**

Re: slope 15 - summer 2002 - now online: Martha Ronk

Thu 6 Jun 2002

I just went to this site <www.slope.org> and had a great time. So here I am wanting everybody to know about it . . .

The best part of the site I found was that, along with samples from the quite good book they're publishing, they included samples from ALL THE FINALISTS! This is a wonderful thing, really. I can't give them enough praise for what they've done here (and I'd like to add that the Martha Ronk material here is (s)imply wonderful--she's one of our best poets [and if you haven't read her book *_eyetrouble_* you really need to]).

And like they say: "And MORE!"

best,

JGallagher

.....slope #15 | summer 2002 | www.slope.org

.....NEW POEMS: knox | wallace-crabbe | latta | schaefer corless-smith |
duhamel | bibbins | conoley | boyle & MORE

.....1st ANNUAL SLOPE EDITIONS BOOK PRIZE:
20 finalists and honorably-mentioned poets

.....NEW SINGAPORE POETRY SAMPLER featuring 10
poets in their first american appearances & MORE

.....SLOPE E-CHAPBOOK #2: charles bernstein's "cafe buffe"

.....REVIEWS of mayer, cesaire, biarujia, biss & MORE

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65. **Brian Stefans**

Raw Impressions

Thu 6 Jun 2002

Dear concert goers...

I'm part of this dance event that will premiere this Monday at 7 and 9 (see details below). We put together our act over the weekend in Purchase and perform it "raw" that evening. I can't vouch for the quality of the evening and it's a bit pricey, but thought I'd let ya know...

Cheers,

Brian

Raw Impressions, Inc. Presents
Raw Impressions Dance Theatre (RIDT)
Event #1
Monday, June 10, 2002
7PM & 9PM
University Settlement
184 Eldridge (NY, NY)
(directions below)

\$12 Admission

go to <http://www.smarttix.com> to buy tickets online or call [REDACTED]

Instructions to make a successful RIDT:

Find 6 teams including a Writer, Choreographer, Director and Composer with extremely diverse backgrounds

Put them in a room with a group of equally diverse Performers...

Give them an abstract, but exciting assignment.

Let boil for a few days in a bucolic retreat at Manhattanville College (not in Manhattan)

Take the lid off to see what they've made.

You will have enough to serve 6 New Dance Theatre Pieces made in just 4 Days.

Now that's cookin'.

Serve to a large crowd with much fanfare.

CHOREOGRAPHERS

Ruth Barnes, Ara Fitzgerald, Julia Gleich, Matt Keefe, Rebecca Lazier, Jessica Wallenfels

COMPOSERS

Jody Elff, Amanda Harberg, John Morton, Peter Muller, Gene Pritzker, Kevin Quigly

WRITERS

Sean Barry, Clay McLeod Chapman, Kim Gittens, David Rodwin, Brian Kim Stefans, Allison Eve Zell

DIRECTORS

Ellen Beckerman, William Lipscomb, Amy Sevick, Jules Taylor, Allison Eve Zell

PERFORMERS Jason Andrew, Brittany Fridenstine, Jack Kirven, Tom Kovak, Lynn Mancanelli, Marta Miller, Kristen Miller, Tchera Niyego, Genvieve Perrier, Julie Troost, TBA

PRODUCERS

Julia Gleich, Rebecca Lazier, David Rodwin, Rebecca Wallenfels

RIDT Mission Statement: We are committed to artists being prolific with excellence. We are also committed to dance theatre being an immediate community experience and a reflection of what's going on around us right now - not filtered by anyone and not hampered in a lengthy process before the audience receives it. Finally, we're committed to bringing together our artistic community through creating an opportunity for artists to take risks and work with new collaborators.

DIRECTIONS to University Settlement By subway: F to 2nd Avenue (Allen Street exit). Walk 2 blocks south to Rivington Street, one block west to

Eldridge. B, D, Q to Grand Street. Walk 2 blocks East to Eldridge Street, three blocks north to Rivington. N, R to Prince Street Walk east to Bowery, cross the street and proceed three blocks on Rivington Street to Eldridge Street.

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66. **J Gallaher**

Barrett Watten's Question of Content

Thu 6 Jun 2002

Barrett Watten asks several questions, parts of each of which eluded me, but this one really is sticking in my mind:

<Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?>

You know, because of the nature of so much of the poetry that I "enjoy" reading (nature: its inclination to query its own foundational premises as well as those of language and culture) already includes all or most of what I've found "fake-langpo" to be getting at, I find it, at best, difficult to find "fakelangpo" more "fun" than *_My Life_*, empty or more than empty.

Only maybe to add that I've never encountered a truly "empty site," excepting maybe Appendix Two of Susan Wheeler's *_Source Codes_*.

But we also have a question of context as well. Though what I want to say about that, I'm not yet sure.

--JGallaher

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67. **Patrick F. Durgin**

Kenning 12 - Scalapino, Ginsberg, Baraka, Bernstein, etc

Thu 6 Jun 2002

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

WAY by Leslie Scalapino / Kenning #12 - the audio edition.

Kenning's 12th issue is a double-CD audio edition. Disc one contains exclusive recordings of poetry and other sound-works by Charles Bernstein, Sawako Nakayasu, Akemi, Seacreature, Colossus & Guardian, Lauren Gudath & Jay Schwartz, Will Alexander, Anne-Marie Albiach, Murat Nemet-Nejat, Kristen Gallagher, Rodrigo Toscano, Andrew Levy & Gerry Hemingway, Bobbie West, Bruce Andrews, Eileen Myles, Amiri Baraka, Groundzero Telesonic Outfit International, Edwin Torres, Purkinge, and Nathaniel Mackey. Disc one also

features previously unavailable archival recordings by Allen Ginsberg (a strangely timely rendition of "HUM BOM") and Hannah Weiner (early St. Mark's Poetry Project performance of an unpublished section of the Clairvoyant Journal). Disc two is a new studio recording of Leslie Scalapino reading the entirety of her book WAY. This is the first and only audio publication of WAY, which is available in print from North Point / O Books.

Kenning #12 is available from Small Press Distribution and (hopefully) your local independent bookseller. \$15.00 / per. You may also order directly from the editor if this is more convenient for you.

Subscribe to Kenning: \$25.00 / issues 11-13. This is the only currently available subscription rate - but when you consider that you receive #11 (OFTEN: a play by Barbara Guest & Kevin Killian), #12 (the double CD audio edition), and the forthcoming "send-off" issue (featuring the column on "critical paranoia") - all for about \$10.00 off the "cover price," it seems a shame to pass it up. Subscribe by sending a check or money order in U.S. funds made out to the editor, Patrick F. Durgin, 383 Summer Street - LWR, Buffalo NY 14213, USA. Overseas customers may wish to purchase Kenning online via SPD (www.spdbooks.org).

Also note: Kenning #10, a newsletter with new writing by Amiri Baraka, Nick Piombino, Camille Roy, Jen Hofer, Jean Donnelly, Anne Tardos and many others, is still available from SPD - only \$6.00. K. Silem Mohammad's chapbook HOVERCRAFT (Kenning #8) is also available from SPD for the same price. It might be worth asking your local independent bookseller to stock Kenning editions.

K e n n i n g

[a newsletter of contemporary poetry, poetics, and nonfiction writing]

383 Summer Street (lower), Buffalo NY 14213, USA

www.durationpress.com/kenning

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68. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Question of content Some questions of possible agreement

Thu 6 Jun 2002

Inkblots signify what? Inkblots signify how?

in richard's reply here and elsewhere on the tortuous thread there are some fascinating references to psychoanalysis as seen through popular and academic eyes. As these bits of content congeal on my screen I am put in mind of a forgotten and generally poorly understood pioneer, Rorschach and his inkblots [which now appear - illegally I think - on my TV in ads] that may contain devils

or angels but wonder of wondersdiagnosis of disorders of thinking depends on the depending - it's not what you see inthe inkblot but how you see it.

In other words, what's the "content" of an inkblot? LangPo?

tom bell

[illegible]

Poetry at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/publicat.html>

Gallery - Metaphor/Metonym for Health at

<http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/metapho.htm>

Health articles at <http://psychology.healingwell.com/>

Reviews at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/reviews.htm>

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69. Sheila Massoni

Re: Question (of) contents

Thu 6 Jun 2002

yup them incontinent dribbles peeing by the suv doing nature Sheila

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70. Sheila Massoni

Question of content

Thu 6 Jun 2002

wasn't it Lacan who advised talking to the bus driver? Sheila

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71. **J Kuszai**

downside legacy-- alamo girl

Thu 6 Jun 2002

thanks to everyone who replied in helping find Kerouac video footage for my friends over at C-SPAN, who this weekend will be running a show on him and his cohort, those who are or who have been "beat" -- check your local cable television listings. For those in countries outside of the USA, you might check the internet, since I believe much of the CSPAN broadcasts, including the above "American Authors" series and also BOOKTV, are webcast. I know I've tuned in to see more than my share of floor fights over the problems with air bags and the need for government funded automatic beer openers.

in any case, it seems apropos that on the day we are handed a new government (they say this new government will need months to be approved by the current government) we should be excitedly awaiting another government sponsored

broadcast of beatnik literature and culture. Why the insistence on what will be surely equated as a "decadent individualism" (fight for your right to drink, smoke, and shout profanities). I realize I'm stoking the coals as the beachfire has long expired, but isn't it perhaps a completely contentless literature -- as in about "nothing" (though of course individual pieces, like the lens of consciousness, are always about something)

...burrrp...

ahem.

onto something else:

I stumbled on the alamo-girl site (while doing a search on the word "ballywick" -- does anyone know the origin of that word? I realize I have many questions) -- and I had never seen it before, or heard of it or anything like it. I realize that nom de guerre karen eliot is alive and kicking, and that she has become simply a cipher, a particular index in this digital frontier. but this seems particularly focused to me. the project is titled

"DOWNSIDE LEGACY AT TWO DEGREES OF PRESIDENT CLINTON
INTRODUCTION AND TABLE OF CONTENTS"

Does anyone know of anything like this happening on the so-called "left" -- and by "left" I am referring to anyone interested in keeping an eye trained on the current administration -- as the below link does for clinton admin... and I'm not so much interested in the pseudonymous part of it but rather like Karen Eliot is a singular identity shared by a collective, and what amounts to a citational encyclopaedism. check it out:

<http://www.alamo-girl.com/>

I'm curious because it's such a substantial effort and I'm wondering if anyone is aware of anything like this (it was once my hope that the indymedia.org site would facilitate this kind of archiving)... it would have to function providing a "clearinghouse" information about the activities of certain government agents and agencies -- providing "search terms" for "bots" and "seekers" as well as good ole informaton for a future that already seems forgotten.

finally, and i'll go back under my rock now, but with the talk of perec and bok's books, and promises of other books as yet to be published -- please forgive me for asking, it's been so long, but why are these compositional strategies "good" when they appear in certain products like "books" (mean I works of art?) -- why do we like them? someone asked me recently what made it "good" -- and I drew a blank. please help! thanks...

cheers, it's 65 degrees here

"the full possession of academic culture is the precondition for going beyond school culture and acquiring a free culture" -- P. Bourdieu

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72. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Comments on Eunoia

Thu 6 Jun 2002

Don't forget Alphabetical Africa by Walter Abish - Alan

Internet text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> CDROM of collected work 1994-2002 available: write [REDACTED]

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73. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: [webartery] Question of content

Thu 6 Jun 2002

On Thu, 6 Jun 2002, barrettwatten wrote:

> 2) I am interested in the way that "content" is a textual question in
> the work of Alan Sondheim. I am, I think, in the middle of seeing the
> extent of his project. A provisional conclusion, however, is that it
> often calls into question what in psychoanalysis would be termed
> "cathexis." Very procedural language--flat, inert, sometimes
> endless--is fused with very cathected language--e.g., pornography.
>

The procedural language contains its tropology of desire, more or less open; the work (as in Mez's work) can be read on several levels, depending on one's relationship to technology, computation, and the like.

In his recent performance piece, he and his partner appear nude. That is, certainly, a form of content. The typing breaks down, at the same time. What is the relation of the two kinds of content?

The typing is a form of hysterical speech; the "appear nude," for those who weren't there, is within a number of videos - not live. These are associative blocks; they can be foregrounded or backgrounded, with or without sound. The typing on the other hand, is literally the handedness of the piece; the breakdown is more a slippage, the result of shape-riding thought for example. I wanted to indicate the relationships among protocols, languages, and intentions - the latter evidenced as 'leaky,' parasitic, and generative. This is the area for example that one might

program in Perl, finding it necessary to return again and again to the program, a continuous shaping.

>

> Question to ask Alan Sondheim: if psychoanalysis depends on the
> cathexis of language, seen as a string of symbols in a dialogue
> between partners in communication who cannot know each others'
> meanings, could a successful psychoanalysis be undertaken by the
> analyst simply reading the phone book or the Rand table to the
> analyst? Does your project have anything to do with this question?

>

Yes to the second 'in a sense' and only in a sense to the first. Not that p.a. is either meaningless or random, but instead a p.a. related to addiction in the same sense that gambling, sexuality, internet (for examples) can all relate to a loose group of equivalent underlying mechanisms. The question I'd ask, and constantly ask - Where is the body in the midst of all of this; and further - given that knowledge, say, of the world can consist of equations of increasingly fine tolerance (I am generalizing greatly); and given that one has a certain phenomenological horizon, consciousness, etc. - what is the relationship between this knowledge and that consciousness? In other words, what constitutes knowing? So my work has transparencies (nudity, exhibitionism, desire, child-like language) and impediments/contusions - codework, chaos, interruption, the 'binding' of language/body and for that matter the 'binding' of symbols themselves.

Second question: if a machine were to generate the content of the analytic session, what is the relation of its production to human desires, that which cathects the string of substitute symbols?

I'm not sure how to interpret the last phrase, whether the 'that' references human or machine, but perhaps that is the point. But here we do have the Eliza model (and a model I altered from the Doctor/Eliza program in Emacs) - and it seems to me it would depend, as in any other communication, on the nature and content of that production.

That said, the therapeutic session can consist of nothing more than the chanting of Om Mani Padme Hum - I see a therapeutic session as a working-through of symptoms and causes, not a specific language production.

>

> Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of
> meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?

>

Fakelangpo - What would be fake realism in painting, fake cubism, etc. I understand the idea of satire, but the 'fake' implies something else - for

one thing the authenticity of 'real langpo' - and at least for me, Adorno's taken that notion (_The Jargon of Authenticity_) apart. Are Berrigan's Sonnets 'fake' sonnets? Certainly, they're textual fun!

I am trying to frame a question about the desire for content in terms of the production of texts. Is this form of the transaction of textual desire what is being imagined as a characteristic of the language school, as it has been transformed in digital environments?

For me, and this isn't what you're asking, a 'content' is paramount; I literally write as if each text is my last, as if there is a kind of linguistic economy present (so many words, so little time), as if I owe something to the reader, a kind of pleasure, philosophy, dis/comfort, or the caress of hir desire -

Alan

Barrett

Your use of Yahoo! Groups is subject to <http://docs.yahoo.com/info/terms/>

Internet text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> CDROM of collected work 1994-2002 available: write [REDACTED]

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74. **David Baratier**

Gerry Schwartz

Thu 6 Jun 2002

Gerry Schwartz

people are looking for you
& think I know where you are

backchannel
over and out

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press
PO Box 6291
Columbus OH 43206
USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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75. **Allen Bramhall**

Re: Comments on Eunoia

Thu 6 Jun 2002

dear Tony, I would love to see your story using only the vowel A, if you are so minded to send. the idea of writing such a thing makes my mind creak, but I would like to see what happens when one bears up to the creaking. thanks for offering, Allen Bramhall

----- Original Message -----

From: "Tony Follari" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, June 06, 2002 9:08 AM

Subject: Comments on Eunoia

> I have seen excerpts from this book 'Eunoia' it is very similar to
> the work of Georges Perec and also myself (Published book of poems in 1996
> which featured such letter constraints.) I agree that in some
circumstances

> it can be overwhelming, but there is still a lot of untapped
> genius to be gained in this area. If anyone would like a copy of my
> 500 word story using only the vowel 'A' just e-mail me. These types of
> writings are very challenging and useful in poetry and prose creation. But
> beware
> too much of this can be straining to the mind.

>

>

> Regards Tony Follari NZ Comedian, Artist, Poet

>

>

>

>

>

> Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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76. **Barrett Watten**

Content analysis

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Before responding to specific posts, I'll try to focus in on this "question of content" in a few senses that intersect, and may or may not have to do with each other.

First, a term that has emerged with the net economy is "content provider." We could formulate a definitional sentence of a "content provider" that would specify the vehicle for the delivery of content (an archive, database, map service, image bank, search engine, etc.). For example, we had the "Contentville" start-up that wanted to sell the product "content": "We've got content: books, dissertations, batting averages, traffic laws in 82 countries, etc." This notion of content as a kind of information that is assembled and delivered on demand to a client I think is one that has only arise with this economy. (I note with pleasure that "Contentville," given that it was selling some of my content without permission, seems now to have gone under!)

Certainly Creeley's "form is never more than an extension of content" could not have imagined it; we are in a different episteme. The relation between the early postmodern prescience of the current episteme and the result--how we got from one to the other--must wait for another discussion. But Creeley's dictum or "law" as Olson put it, had radical implications that went far beyond mere mimesis as the basis of form (the line as being "like" breathing, etc.) For one thing, what if "content" is temporal--what then can be said of form? Form no longer seems like a container for the thing contained, and more like the "patterned energies" of temporal experience.

Now "Fakelangpo" proposes itself as a content provider--of Fakelangpo, which is, so far, pretty scarce but maybe recognizable. It depends very much on Millie Niss's search engines how much of it she can make available at the site. This is somewhat like what an editor does in assembling the content of anthology (for instance, Ron Silliman in editing the Tree), and somewhat different. Millie Niss could, for instance, become involved with the Apostrophe project and create a web crawler that would go out and get some of that content--grab a bunch of Fakelangpo off the net. And convince us that this is what Fakelangpo is. Or she could construct networks of content providers who would bring their versions of it to the site. I think, in fact, that just the idea of an empty content provider is

a great success, and that Fakelangpo may well enter the annals of digital/conceptual art for that reason. Let's see what develops there.

This "going out and getting content" seems very much like what Alan Sondheim has been doing, though I am not all that sure how. I imagine a new day's content to be generated by a new day's procedure, which may be simply typewriting or which could be quite technically complex. What are the sources of this content? How does he determine his lexicon? Text/data bases? How do his algorithms specify the scope of his content? It's not, of course, required to know these things.

Rather, we have lengthy strings of symbols generated by some combination of procedure and intention. This is aesthetic territory that has been worked by others, from Mac Low to Berrigan. Berrigan, cited by Sondheim, is an interesting case of "content provider," given that the Sonnets have a kind of algorithmic structure and capacity to generate more content. One question to ask with the Sonnets is how far can they go? There seemed to be a kind of emotional logic by which the Sonnets became Berrigan's lived experience, which was then reprocessed as more sonnets. In a way that is the opposite of an "automatic poetry generator" (Katherine Parrish's phrase), the Sonnets became more cathected, slowed down, became more meditative. Of course, the language in the Sonnets always is highly cathected; it's amazing that Creeley reported, in an interview, that his experience of them at the Berkeley Poetry Conference was as neutral language!

So two kinds of content are involved here, relative "surface" and "depth." What is the relation between the two? That's where the porn lexicon in Sondheim is interesting. Also the use of error messages or failed procedures. And where the "psychoanalytic dialogue," which is really just the transference, comes in. In Lacan, we have a distinct move away from the latent/manifest model in the dream interpretation Nick Piombino cites, toward thinking about the "speech chain" itself as the conveyor of desire in its very displacement. This stems from early thinking about the linguistics of the "shifter" (where the "you" could shift its reference, and generally does) to what Lacan called the "sliding of the signifier" and finally "le blablabla." Hence the question of whether reading the phone book would do as well. Nick's sense that talking about anything keeps the process going addresses this--of course, associations are multiple and continuous.

Then he mentions a key term: "insight." Here is a kind of content, all right, that is very difficult to resolve with masses of text. The experience of knowing through these textual procedures--which I am sure takes place--seems very unlike the experience of an insight. It's more like adjusting perspective, taking into account, and perhaps, finally, identifying the material that one is

experiencing with experience itself. This seems an aesthetic/practical goal of Sondheim's deluging language, with its opacities and associations--a literalizing of experience. Of course, the technical detail is what connects precisely these experiences with that result.

To comment on one specific response by Millie Niss, I do not think it is necessary to read through the history of Language School theory to engage the work. In fact, a lot of the older theory, by this time, is about as relevant as a Soviet-era satellite, just waiting to crash into the Pacific. That having been said, how does one "get" the content of that historical development? Or of earlier collective forms of literature--surrealism, for instance. How to deliver surrealism as content?

Of course, the detail that by 1985, a million words of Language Poetry had been written is nothing but an absurdist moment in this discussion. But it is relevant that now, one can manipulate that amount of content fairly easily, while then it was a matter of time-consuming work. In "My Poetry," David Bromige, for instance, had to go out and assemble the references to his work by hand, but now all it would take would be a simple Google search.

Chicken McNuggets is an important site for exploring the form/content divide. One reason to be alarmed by the term "langpo" is its proximity to that relation.

I return to the question of content. Barrett

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77. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: [Webartery] Question of content

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Re: Tom Bell - I agree; it's not porn, illness, but a kind of necessity.

We are used to being used to language, language taken out from under us, the political ideologies inherent in languaging. NN and others stop the flow; I attempt to. What appears through the rupture of language - re: Kristeva on Mallarme/Lautreamont in Revolution in Poetic Language. The question for me is how to make language insist or mean beyond/against the usual poetics... When my mother died, the computer/codework came to my aid; I could express, at least for myself, sememes that escaped platitude...

Re David Baratier: You say " then at some point to have the word "rape" is to rape, and for a reader to imagine raping is to rape as well. The word becomes the boundless--" - obviously I disagree. By this account, we cannot look at rape, analyze rape, but must reduce it to the submergence of etiquette. The word is overdetermined, but in none of my work to I assume the word in this context. And by your own admission, then have you raped my text, raped me, or raped

your readers? One must take violence at its worst into account, stare at the horrors, constantly, in order to avoid further; the same in reverse goes for pleasure. And no - the reference to nudity or organs, whatever, in print (or I daresay in visual/audio representation) does not necessarily imply porn.

- Alan

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78. **Alan Sondheim**

Itg1s

Fri 7 Jun 2002

In the garden: 1'02" silent:

she looks at the camera, removes her shirt, looks up, the camera's already left her

she looks at the camera, removes her shirt, looks up, the camera's already left her

LUMINANCE TRANSPARENCY BROADBAND

she's totally nude, looks up, the camera's swinging out of the way

she looks at the camera, removes her shirt, looks up, the camera's already left her

LUMINANCE TRANSPARENCY NARROWBAND

she's totally nude, looks up, the camera's swinging out of the way

aiming upward towards the bridge above

aiming upward along the tracks of the bridge

aiming upwards towards the bridge above

aiming upward along the beams and tracks of the bridge

she looks at the camera, removes her shirt, turns away

LUMINANCE TRANSPARENCY NARROWBAND

film leader countdown

title: the stranger on the bridge

the garden

mmii

title: the stranger on the bridge

the garden

mmii

a. See Incident at Owl Creek Bridge.

b. Too much voyeurism/nudity in the current work.

c. There is no man on the bridge.

d. Other title: Stranger on the Bridge.

e. No mention of the wilderness beneath the bridge: riparian/marshland/woodland thicket.

- f. Doubling producing dream-like landscape.
- g. Is this the usual staking-out of the female body.
- h. Attitude of the female.
- i. Male equivalence in future work.
- j. Text/performance forthcoming: Sex Seduced by Text.
- k. she's totally nude, looks up, the camera's swinging out of the ways--of course, associations are multiple and > > called the style "el aiming upward towards the bridge above continuous.: Then he mentions a key te aiming upward along the tracks of t
- l. the gardenry
- m. "the transference, comes in. In Lacan we have a distin" she's totally nude, looks up, the camera's swingin
- n. Filename to write: zzemotional machin

—

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79. **Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)**

Re: Question of content

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Barrett, I realise several questions are set in motion in your reponses to Mil-lie's site. An absence of content in language writing is one of her worries, and we have her question of what is to be put on her site. There are perhaps ana-logue equivalents to content providers which do/did the job for some language writing. At its most elementary BART was such a provider/ search engine for Silliman, Andrews slips of paper, various protocols which situate or aim a pro-cedure now look like primitive information systems. How much, if at all does that change the way we read such writing? Wystan

>>>"Positive content": which brings me to the question of interest here: if "fakelangpo" were filled with content, in the sense that "content" is what a "content provider" provides) what would it be? A dream of the great and strange, warranting page after page of empty and inviting play space? The redemption of the no longer signifying word would thus generate endless content.

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80. **Herb Levy**

Web v paper poetry, from the Guardian

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Again, a link I found via <<http://www.artsjournal.com>> (which y'all may find useful in general):

on the use value of the Web for disseminating poetry over the problems of paper publishing with props to Jacket ("The prince of online poetry magazines"):

<<http://books.guardian.co.uk/departments/poetry/story/0,6000,727826,00.html>>

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81. **roger.day**

Re: Web v paper poetry, from the Guardian

Fri 7 Jun 2002

From the article: "Finally, the poetry workshop is the engine room of poetry. If you don't have one near you in real time and space, Yahoo lists 1,530 poetry groups: one of them must be yours."

Really? is the poetry workshop the "engine room of poetry"?

At 07/06/2002 12:42:28, Herb Levy <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Again, a link I found via <<http://www.artsjournal.com>> (which y'all
may find useful in general):

#

on the use value of the Web for disseminating poetry over the
problems of paper publishing with props to Jacket ("The prince of
online poetry magazines"):

#

#

<<http://books.guardian.co.uk/departments/poetry/story/0,6000,727826,00.html>
>

#

Roger

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82. **Poetics List Administration**

WHITE BOX update

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Late Spring/Summer 2002 WHITE BOX update:

Congratulations to the winning doghouse design
by Michael Talley & Firebrand !
(soon to posted on our website: www.whiteboxny.org)

WEDNESDAY 5 JUNE - 8PM

..our final Textual Operation, organized by A.S. Bessa...
Carolee Schneeman's ABC --We print anything in the Cards

FRIDAY/SATURDAY 7 + 8 JUNE - 8PM

Marisela La Grave's Magnetic Writings
a multi-media extravaganza of video, dance & sound.
Participants include: Meg Wolfe, Barbara Kilpatrick, Matthew Mohr,
Ashley Chen, Jean
Freebury, Derry Swan, Cheryl Therrien. Kameron Steel, Ivana Cartanese,
Erika Latta,
Dion Doubilis, Antonio Fermin, Cristian Glas, Silvie Jensen, J.J.A
Jannone.

suggested donation = \$10

SATURDAY 14 JUNE / NOON - 10PM

SUNDAY 15 JUNE / 1PM - 9PM

MOOV presents a media arts and performance exchange...
featuring the Exquisite Corpse Video Projects plus hours of video...
For information: <www.moovfest.org>
suggested donation = \$7

THURSDAY 20 JUNE - 6-8PM

Launching of our 3rd annual SIX FEET UNDER SUMMER SERIES
This year's theme: Guggenheimlichkeit. Participants TBA...
(opening receptions weekly,Thursdays 6-8pm, through August)...

FYI: ARTISTS! Beautiful Chelsea STUDIO SPACE AVAILABLE
..asap - thru August. High ceilings/great light/huge windows...
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NEW YORK CITY 10001

<WWW.WHITEBOXNY.ORG>

TEL. XXXXXXXXXX

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83. **Poetics List Administration**
TF16 2002-05 The Language of Flowers
Fri 7 Jun 2002

The Transcendental Friend 16 2002-05 The Language of Flowers

<http://www.morningred.com/friend>

crisis of crisis (white roses) - poems from "Scar Theory" by Jen Hofer, in Physiology.

in the forest of chairs - 8 poems by Belgian Surrealists Marcel & Gabriel Piquera, translated by Jean-Luc Garneau & Robert Archambeau, in Report.

with Violet Grammar - five letters from Araki Yasusada's early correspondence, presented by Kent Johnson & Javier Alvarez, in Idiosyncratica.

exquisite petals of flesh - a scene from Charles Borkhuis's new play, The Man in the Bowler Hat, starring Rene Magritte and Fantomal, in Schizmata. --

Garrett Kalleberg

mailto: [REDACTED]

The Transcendental Friend can be found at:

<http://www.morningred.com/friend>

Immanent Audio Online at:

<http://www.morningred.com/immanentaudio>

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84. **Scharf, Michael (RBI-US)**
correction
Fri 7 Jun 2002

Due to an error on my part, a draft version of my review of Andrea Brady's A Vacation of a Lifetime appears in the new Poetry Project Newsletter, rather than a corrected version.

There's one error in that version that I want to correct right away, which is re: depleted uranium. As terrible a weapon as DU is, it doesn't work via a "small nuclear reaction," as the review states. (If such a thing were even possible, the military isn't talking about it.) DU is usually described as working, in ordinance, by virtue of its being extremely dense; fired at high velocity, it cuts through armor, after which a "conventional" explosion occurs. See Brady's poem "Ash Wednesday Seasonal Oi/ Depleted Uranium, and tomorrow no Sunday" for an account of the horrific after-effects.

Sorry for taking up bandwidth with this, but it seemed important to get it right. Check out the book, <<http://www.saltpublishing.com>>.

-Mike

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85. **Barrett Watten**

Information systems

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Wystan Curnow writes:

>>>At its most elementary BART was such a provider/
search engine for Silliman, Andrews slips of paper, various
protocols which situate or aim a procedure now look like primitive
information systems. How much, if at all does that change the way we read
such writing?

I agree. The example of David Bromige's "My Poetry" came up, which could now
be accomplished with the aid of a search engine and with a lot more hits. But
that doesn't entirely explain the pathos of the work--that Bromige, following
Pound's "I Gather the Limbs of Osiris," certainly, was putting back the pieces of
his poetry through the responses of others. The "text" that resulted was, I think,
an ironic displacement the "sender/receiver" model of communication.

BW

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86. **Barrett Watten**

Re: Content analysis

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Alan Sondheim writes:

>>>Surface and depth - which for me returns to the codework essay -
all of this is problematic. And porn/language is a puncturing of texts,
delay/arousal inherent in relation to a problem with the body of the
reader. It's complex. I spoke about this years ago at Cal Arts in relation
to my Textbook of Thinking, which among other things is an aesthetics of
the obscene; the reply was that such puncturing is merely cultural - unable to
reach, say, deeper into the chora. But I think not; I think there
is a place which is cited/sited/sighted and uncited simultaneously - a
place erasing place, substituting drives - one might say even erasing intention
in consciousness in light of / lieu of the greatest consciousness - and
that place is related to or at least relevant to porn and this puncturing.
Further, the puncturing for me is necessary; it shifts content from com-
fort to dis/comfort, an intenser readering, just as the lurid attracts and
holds etiquette in abeyance --

>>>I would greatly appreciate it if someone could forward this to the Poetics list - Barrett writes to both - and I have already sent out two replies and am now at my day's limit there.

| *Thanks, Alan -*

Of course the status of this "place erasing place, substituting drives" is overwhelmingly interesting when it comes to "content." "Protocols" are devised to help us reach that placeless place. Here, we would not want to assume "content" as equivalent to abstraction, in the aesthetic sense. One of the reasons for Sondheim's "impurity" (see the essay by Diana Greco on that) would then be not to confuse that which resists representation as the place of "substituting drives" with merely aesthetic ends. This is why "language poetry" is never merely a style, and consequently why "langpo" can never merely be a placeholder.

The question of pornography as content isn't merely the question of eroticism. It also concerns this location of drives within the form of communication. Here, the veritable figure of the machine comes in. The locus classicus here is James Brown's "Sex Machine," the godfather of all techno (and very early source of my later interest in that genre). The one-chord repetition, irritating as it is, hooks up to the drives without a doubt. In Sondheim, the status of "machinic" procedures seems crucial--these effects are clearly "generated." How does machinic generation of language effects (automatic poetry generation, as with KP) locate the mobility of drives? I think we are getting close to something here.

Barrett

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87. **Ann Vickery**
Announcing HOW2 issue 7

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Issue 7 of HOW2 is now available at:

http://www.departments.bucknell.edu/stadler_center/how2/current/index.html

Special features include:

Afghan Women's Writing

Poetry Post 9-11: Witnessing Dissent

Innovative Writing, Public Discourse and Social Action

Writing After September 11

On Leslie Scalapino

On Lorine Niedecker (coinciding with the publication of her Collected Works)

Plus:

Bumper multimedia and new writing sections

Translations of Cuban and Mexican Poetry

Lots of good reading for the summer (for those in the Northern hemisphere)
and a respite for those down south! Enjoy!

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88. **Kevin Gallagher**

dee dee ramone

Fri 7 Jun 2002

bass poet

died yesterday

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89. **Derek R**

Re: Content analysis

Fri 7 Jun 2002

*seems very unlike the experience of an insight.
It's more like adjusting perspective, taking into
account, and perhaps, finally*

occlusion

<http://www.m-w.com/cgi-bin/audio.pl?occlus02.wav=occlusion>

<programming> (Or "shadow") To make a variable inaccessible by declaring
another with the same name within the scope of the first.

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90. **Tom Beckett**

Re: Web v paper poetry, from the Guardian

Fri 7 Jun 2002

<< Really? is the poetry workshop the "engine room of poetry"? >>

Something or someone to react with or against is, for me, the "engine room of
poetry." So, in that sense, a workshop is potentially an engine room.

Tom Beckett

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91. **jesse glass**

Edition Ye

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Dear List Lovers:

Just wanted to call your attention to a beautifully done boxed set of ephemera on Eros/Money from edition ye.

Basically, a yearly assembling of 55 sheets of print art, handwritten poetry, visual poetry, and other interesting things edition ye has maintained a high level of excellence in the nine years since it was founded by German poet/ mail artist Theo Breuer (www.theobreuer.de).

If you're interested in seeing a copy, or would like to contribute to the next ye box, contact

Theo Breuer

Neustr. 2, 53925 Sistig/Eifel

Germany

Bruer and fellow poet Karl-Friedrich Hacker are members of the "handwriting poetry group". These are poets who create books of handwritten manuscripts. Each poet will copy his or her own poem thirty to fifty times and the manuscript sheets are collated and bound into beautiful books.

Jesse

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.

<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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92. **markwug**

Upcoming poetry events

Fri 7 Jun 2002

UPCOMING POETRY EVENTS IN ATLANTA

Sunday June 9

8:30 PM

the Atlanta Poets Group

featured performers for

The Java Monkey Speaks (weekly poetry event)

at:

Java Monkey

Church Street (just off Ponce de Leon)

center of Decatur, GA

Saturday, June 15

3:00 PM

the Nu South Improvisers' Coalition:

John Lowther (words/poems)

Roger Ruzow (trumpet/thingies)

with special guest, poet and movement artist Amy Trussell

at:

The Teaspace

(on Euclid Ave. in Little Five Points, in the alley

next to A Cappella Books)

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93. **Mark DuCharme**

Re: [webartery] Question of content

Fri 7 Jun 2002

I had thought of writing a larger response to this thread, but now for various reasons that isn't going to happen. However there is one facet of what's being discussed I would still like to address--

Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?

Fakelangpo - What would be fake realism in painting, fake cubism, etc. I understand the idea of satire, but the 'fake' implies something else - for one thing the authenticity of 'real langpo' - and at least for me, Adorno's taken that notion (_The Jargon of Authenticity_) apart. Are Berrigan's Sonnets 'fake' sonnets? Certainly, they're textual fun!

I find the notion of the "fake" appealing or intriguing. This partly stems, for me, from Welles' _F for Fake_ -- that sense of the blurring of the lines between the fake & the authentic, that the one could suddenly be shown to be the other (or contain aspects of the other) at a moment's turn. I would love to be able to write a "fake" work: a work which undermines its own authenticity or interrogates the question of authenticity as a positive aesthetic or political (moral) value. Are Berrigan's Sonnets fake? Maybe, in the sense that they appropriate language, don't strictly follow the form, etc. On the other hand, Berrigan seems genuinely concerned with writing something that engages, however perversely, in the sonnet tradition. This ~authentic~ concern seems to mitigate against the question of his sonnets' fakeness.

For me, the great example of a "fake" work is Spicer's _After Lorca_, which, among other things, poses the question at what point do "fake" translations become "authentic" original poems. Also, at what point does appropriation become appropriation. Spicer is not stealing from Lorca's Spanish-language

poems, but translating (or at most, cribbing from existing translations) in order to make his own poems. At what point do notions of originality, authenticity or authorship come into play?

The notion of "textual fun" is an interesting one-- one which I imagine could have slightly different connotations for Barrett Watten, Alan Sondheim (both quoted above), Millie Niss, myself, or many others on this list. In a list community which values the drive toward innovation within a broader set of social, political & cultural imperatives, this notion of (admitting to having) fun may pose a negative, "individualist" or anti-social value to some. Certainly from the standpoint of an articulated poetics one needs to go further than saying merely, "it's fun"; yet can we avoid facile remarks without evacuating the concepts of fun or pleasure from our thinking in poetics or our practice as poets? Can a "pleasurable" poetry also serve, for example, to critique existing social or political orders? Millie Niss, in (deliberately?) playing the naif may in fact have posed a potent challenge to the serious (male) intellectuals on this list. What about it, boys. Anyone up for some Textual Fun?

Mark DuCharme

'poetry because things say'

—Bernadette Mayer

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94. **Gary Sullivan**

Fake OuLiPo

Fri 7 Jun 2002

Pachyderm, Paco, Paddington, Paddy

Pal!

Paloma!

Palomino!

Panache!

Panama vs Panda

Pandemonium vs Pandora

Pansy-Panther

Papillon-Papoose

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P a r a d i s e

Paragon or Paris?
Patches or Pâté?
Pathfinder or Patty?

Patriot + Patricia - Patsy =
Pauper x Pavlov / Pazzo

no Peabody
no Peaches
no Peanuts
no Peaseblossom

Pebble's Peewee?
Penelope @ Penn?
Pepper ... Peppermint?

P e r i t a r

P e r i w i n k l e

more Pernod
less Perro
more Persephone
less Perseus

Petrarch: "Petulia ... Petunia ...Peugeot
Peyote ... Phantom ... Pharaoh"

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    Piggy-Wiggy

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 Pongo (Pooch)
 Pooh (Pooh-Bah)

 PookiePop PorkerPorsche

Potpourri avec Pouilly-Fuissé

Prancer's Precious President Presto

 "Prettipaws"

"Prettybaby"
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Pumpkin-Punch
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<http://www.hotmail.com>

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95. **Sheila Massoni**

Fake OuLiPo

Fri 7 Jun 2002

OK GP sull i van scanned con rapido uds. left out priaps priapism sm.

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96. **R. Drake**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Fri 7 Jun 2002

jesse,

jw curry and his curvd h&z press did some of these in toronto, early '80s. editions of 50 or so, each page hand-done by contributing poet. i remember going thru multiple copies and suddenly realizing how consistent john m. bennett's "shakey" handschrift was... nothing random about it.

john also did multiple copies of publications, each one handtyped... direct reference to the russian samzidat practice of publication via carbon copies. more than a tonic--something to keep in mind, if any need a distribution system for truly subversive worx (now that th gov't has unleashed Carnivore).

lbd

on 6/9/02 1:27 PM, jesse glass at [REDACTED] wrote:

O.K., nobody bit, so I'll throw out the fly again. What about handwritten poetry--as in magazines of. I'm not talking about publishing from handwritten texts, but each page of a magazine being a unique, limited in number, gesture. Has this been done before in the U.S., U.K., other places? We know it's being done in Germany right now. Anyone interested in trying it? (In the age of internet excess, this step back might be tonic.) C'mon y'all, let's start a movement. Alan Sondheim--why not try it for a year?

You know I never would have considered the words pornography and puncturing in the same sentence until I read that analysis of yours.

*About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.
<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>*

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97. **jason christie**

Re: Content analysis

Fri 7 Jun 2002

sentence=content provider if language is a net economy. it allows for the toal(ized) meaning. the sentence, and smaller units, is a base example for

archives, etc with respect for providing content. words and letters are the first instance of content if content is considered to be a data representation of some kind. sort of like pixels. form is never more than an extension of content simply because language is the content provider where content is a representation based on apparent data. this is where someone like ponge, as in Soap, is critical for exposing the air inside the tiny bubbles of form. content is steeped in a debt to consumerism. what can i get from this? if nothing, then it has failed. language has developed to insulate this relationship. get to the point... words take time. time is money. brevity and efficiency are second only to ___liness. language is driven to mean, and meaning is achieved thorough content, so content is the net result of its provider, its form and if it being related through words this form is often the sentence. this is all probably very obvious and banal.

From: Barrett Watten <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Content analysis
Date: Fri, 7 Jun 2002 00:08:51 -0400

Before responding to specific posts, I'll try to focus in on this "question of content" in a few senses that intersect, and may or may not have to do with each other.

First, a term that has emerged with the net economy is "content provider." We could formulate a definitional sentence of a "content provider" that would specify the vehicle for the delivery of content (an archive, database, map service, image bank, search engine, etc.). For example, we had the "Contentville" start-up that wanted to sell the product "content": "We've got content: books, dissertations, batting averages, traffic laws in 82 countries, etc." This notion of content as a kind of information that is assembled and delivered on demand to a client I think is one that has only arise with this economy. (I note with pleasure that "Contentville," given that it was selling some of my content without permission, seems now to have gone under!)

Certainly Creeley's "form is never more than an extension of content" could not have imagined it; we are in a different episteme. The relation between the early postmodern prescience of the current episteme and the result--how we got from one to the other--must wait for another discussion. But Creeley's dictum or "law" as Olson put it, had radical implications that went far beyond mere mimesis as the basis of form (the line as being "like" breathing, etc.) For one thing, what if "content" is temporal--what then can be said of form? Form no longer seems like a container for the thing contained, and more like the "patterned energies" of temporal experience.

Now "Fakelangpo" proposes itself as a content provider--of Fakelangpo,

which is, so far, pretty scarce but maybe recognizable. It depends very much on Millie Niss's search engines how much of it she can make available at the site. This is somewhat like what an editor does in assembling the content of anthology (for instance, Ron Silliman in editing the Tree), and somewhat different. Millie Niss could, for instance, become involved with the Apostrophe project and create a web crawler that would go out and get some of that content--grab a bunch of Fakelangpo off the net. And convince us that this is what Fakelangpo is. Or she could construct networks of content providers who would bring their versions of it to the site. I think, in fact, that just the idea of an empty content provider is a great success, and that Fakelangpo may well enter the annals of digital/conceptual art for that reason. Let's see what develops there.

This "going out and getting content" seems very much like what Alan Sondheim has been doing, though I am not all that sure how. I imagine a new day's content to be generated by a new day's procedure, which may be simply typewriting or which could be quite technically complex. What are the sources of this content? How does he determine his lexicon? Text/data bases? How do his algorithms specify the scope of his content? It's not, of course, required to know these things.

Rather, we have lengthy strings of symbols generated by some combination of procedure and intention. This is aesthetic territory that has been worked by others, from Mac Low to Berrigan. Berrigan, cited by Sondheim, is an interesting case of "content provider," given that the Sonnets have a kind of algorithmic structure and capacity to generate more content. One question to ask with the Sonnets is how far can they go? There seemed to be a kind of emotional logic by which the Sonnets became Berrigan's lived experience, which was then reprocessed as more sonnets. In a way that is the opposite of an "automatic poetry generator" (Katherine Parrish's phrase), the Sonnets became more cathected, slowed down, became more meditative. Of course, the language in the Sonnets always is highly cathected; it's amazing that Creeley reported, in an interview, that his experience of them at the Berkeley Poetry Conference was as neutral language!

So two kinds of content are involved here, relative "surface" and "depth." What is the relation between the two? That's where the porn lexicon in Sondheim is interesting. Also the use of error messages or failed procedures. And where the "psychoanalytic dialogue," which is really just the transference, comes in. In Lacan, we have a distinct move away from the latent/manifest model in the dream interpretation Nick Piombino cites, toward thinking about the "speech chain" itself as the conveyor of desire in its very displacement. This stems from early thinking about the linguistics of the "shifter" (where the "you" could shift its reference, and generally does) to what Lacan called the "sliding of the signifier" and finally "le blablabla." Hence the question of whether reading the phone book would do as well. Nick's sense that talking about anything keeps the

process going addresses this--of course, associations are multiple and continuous.

Then he mentions a key term: "insight." Here is a kind of content, all right, that is very difficult to resolve with masses of text. The experience of knowing through these textual procedures--which I am sure takes place--seems very unlike the experience of an insight. It's more like adjusting perspective, taking into account, and perhaps, finally, identifying the material that one is experiencing with experience itself. This seems an aesthetic/practical goal of Sondheim's deluging language, with its opacities and associations--a literalizing of experience. Of course, the technical detail is what connects precisely these experiences with that result.

To comment on one specific response by Millie Niss, I do not think it is necessary to read through the history of Language School theory to engage the work. In fact, a lot of the older theory, by this time, is about as relevant as a Soviet-era satellite, just waiting to crash into the Pacific. That having been said, how does one "get" the content of that historical development? Or of earlier collective forms of literature--surrealism, for instance. How to deliver surrealism as content?

Of course, the detail that by 1985, a million words of Language Poetry had been written is nothing but an absurdist moment in this discussion. But it is relevant that now, one can manipulate that amount of content fairly easily, while then it was a matter of time-consuming work. In "My Poetry," David Bromige, for instance, had to go out and assemble the references to his work by hand, but now all it would take would be a simple Google search.

Chicken McNuggets is an important site for exploring the form/content divide. One reason to be alarmed by the term "langpo" is its proximity to that relation.

I return to the question of content. Barrett

Chat with friends online, try MSN Messenger: <http://messenger.msn.com>

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98. **Millie Niss**

Re: [webartery] Question of content

Sat 8 Jun 2002

I WAS being deliberately naive and potentially offensive when I chose the word "fun" to describe fakelangpo. Had I said "gives aesthetic pleasure" or something like that, it would not have seemed such a strange things to say: one

reads Language Poetry (or any poetry, but I was focusing on Language Poetry because 1. I do think it's fun to read and 2. it has a reputation for being difficult, academic, and unfun on its surface, requiring much study to appreciate) because it gives aesthetic pleasure. Ok. Nothing controversial there. But by choosing a word like "fun" I was changing the tonal register into something immediate, informal, and naive. People probably think you read Ogden Nash because it's fun-- not Bruce Andrews.

However Language Poetry is frequently very amusing simply on its face, if one reads it "for fun" without trying to extract meaning or interpretation. Moreover, it doesn't have a meaning to extract in the sense of a theme or message or idea (other than the ideas of Language Poetry in general, such as appreciating bits of language for their own sake and not for their connections to other pieces of language aimed at making a whole poem with one idea). So reading it for fun is perhaps the correct stance-- as deep analysis of the sort suitable for other genres of poetry which use symbolism and metaphor throughout will likely prove fruitless or worse it will reveal a meaning that is only there accidentally, because we are meaning-seeking creatures and are pretty incapable of reading more than a few pages of poetry and thinking deeply about them without constructing an interpretation. But if we simply look at the phrases themselves, and let ourselves be amused by them, that is, "have fun," we are reading for the individual units of language.

As examples of amusing bits of language from Language poems, we have in "Lack of Entrepreneurial Thrift", section 2, from Bruce Andrews' *Ex Why Zee*

Marching Papers. Why does salt increase tomato temperature?
I take hermeneutics to the cleaner.
Little wet nurse shoes rev up real estate.
Elbow practices ignition.

or, for example in Bernstein's *_With Strings_*

O! the beautiful
schmutzing of the burnished begonias,
showboating to no cheese in particular, a charade
(parade) of inter-intentionality

Now I am not for a moment saying you **SHOULDN'T** think about these poems and produce interpretations eventually, but a casual reading permits one to enjoy the language on its face which is after all one of the stated goals of the Language Poetry movement. How you interpret a Language poem is perhaps best left to those who are in the know critically...I have my guesses but I don't know what the usual critical methods are for Language Poetry. What they are not, I assume, is the blind translation of images into symbols for this and that, and then a reading of the symbols into some pat idea or moral. I have always

thought this kind of criticisms suitable only for high school students, if that, whether it be done in a low tech way in loopy handwriting or with all sorts of notation.

Millie

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:] On Behalf Of Mark DuCharme

Sent: Friday, June 07, 2002 1:47 PM

To:

Subject: Re: [webartery] Question of content

I had thought of writing a larger response to this thread, but now for various reasons that isn't going to happen. However there is one facet of what's being discussed I would still like to address--

Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?

Fakelangpo - What would be fake realism in painting, fake cubism, etc. I understand the idea of satire, but the 'fake' implies something else - for one thing the authenticity of 'real langpo' - and at least for me, Adorno's taken that notion (The Jargon of Authenticity) apart. Are Berrigan's Sonnets 'fake' sonnets? Certainly, they're textual fun!

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Mark DuCharme

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99. **dcmb**

Re: Question of content

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Listmates, as a codicil to Barrett Watten's note, I would like to see FakeLangpo replaced --it is an awkward, ungainly 3-syllable term. I suggest Flangpo' as superior to 'Klangpo' because the latter term is just too harsh.

Best, David

-----Original Message-----

From: Barrett Watten <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Wednesday, June 05, 2002 7:57 PM

Subject: Question of content

I keep coming back to the question of "content," which I'd like to explore in relation to the Fakelangpo question, as well as in terms of Alan Sondheim's work. What is the content of "langpo"? Of "language poetry"?

*Let's say that a million words were produced as "language poetry" by 1985. An editor comes along and gathers it together through some labor intensive process (letters, negotiations, book publications are entailed). Silliman's anthology is 600 pp. long and probably contains from 200,000 to 300,000 words; *This* magazine, which I edited from 1971-82, comprised 1128 pp. and perhaps a comparable amount of text. What is the relationship of the substitute "langpo" to that text?*

What did this output change, in terms of the nature of poetry, the nature of "creative expression"? In a digital environment, you could actually manipulate that amount of text without much difficulty. I just downloaded a million random digits from the Rand Corporation, in fact (textual device for some of Jackson Mac Low's work in the 1950s).

What is content? In a post on Webartery, I wrote:

"Positive content": which brings me to the question of interest here: if "fakelangpo" were filled with content, in the sense that "content" is what a "content provider" provides) what would it be? A dream of the great and strange, warranting page after page of empty and inviting play space? The redemption of the no longer signifying word would thus generate endless content.

Trying to imagine the positive content of the site, then, which is not yet there, or might have been but no longer signifies, might be interesting. But, on the other hand, I would not like to think that putting just anything there as "fakelangpo" would be the right answer to that lack of content. That would be like reading from the phonebook in a psychoanalytic session--

"Sustained parody or critique": implies an original that might not exist. If it did exist, it would be a matter of historical record that might be accessed--as content. But perhaps "merely" historical content is not what is desired. Some other sense of history?

"But with what?": what is content insofar as it is imagined or desired, in this environment?

Two points: 1) Fakelangpo seems to express a desire that the structure that has been created, in a somewhat manic way, wants to be filled with content. Is there a relation between that desire and the lack of content, for better or worse, indicated by the word "langpo"--as a completely substitutable word, but a substitution for what? A "buzzword" substituting for a buzzword? What is the content of Fakelangpo? How is Fakelangpo going to be filled with content?

Millie Niss has partly answered this question. She wants the work to be seen as "fun to read." She also wants reflection on the question of the

content of the site. Putting the two together, reflecting on the question of the site will be fun, interesting, and social. I think I do see the influence of Kenneth Koch here (which is fine with me).

A lot of the content of "language poetry," however, is left out of this notion of content. For instance: historical motivation, critical intention, aesthetic criteria, etc. Fakelangpo selects out one kind of content in preference to others. As a reading, that might be OK; as a representation of the "content" of "language poetry," perhaps it is not adequate for those engaged in its prior history. But who can tell? How will Fakelangpo address the already existing content of "language poetry"? Or is an address to content merely a textual question?

2) I am interested in the way that "content" is a textual question in the work of Alan Sondheim. I am, I think, in the middle of seeing the extent of his project. A provisional conclusion, however, is that it often calls into question what in psychoanalysis would be termed "cathexis." Very procedural language--flat, inert, sometimes endless--is fused with very cathected language--e.g., pornography.

In his recent performance piece, he and his partner appear nude. That is, certainly, a form of content. The typing breaks down, at the same time. What is the relation of the two kinds of content?

Question to ask Alan Sondheim: if psychoanalysis depends on the cathexis of language, seen as a string of symbols in a dialogue between partners in communication who cannot know each others' meanings, could a successful psychoanalysis be undertaken by the analyst simply reading the phone book or the Rand table to the analyst? Does your project have anything to do with this question?

Second question: if a machine were to generate the content of the analytic session, what is the relation of its production to human desires, that which cathects the string of substitute symbols? Is desire, in other words, a machine?

Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?

I am trying to frame a question about the desire for content in terms of the production of texts. Is this form of the transaction of textual desire what is being imagined as a characteristic of the language school, as it has been transformed in digital environments?

Barrett

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100. **Alan Sondheim**
theory of medieval touch
Sat 8 Jun 2002

theory of medieval touch

she ran towards him, he fled, i'm cutting you, she said: your flesh is mine, your eyes, shall see my own in fright, the dying of the light, she said: your body there is spread, this is all a dream, alone except the ream, blood ran down their legs, violate, she begs: violate, he begs, they're down into the lake, their screams are but a fake, within the double hash, within their double gash.:she turned into her skin, she said: everything's within, look into the sky, the world's turned on a cry, the bird's are screaming there, she said: you start your reaming bare, you've always been betrayed, the trees are thick around, she said: nothing makes a sound, nothing in these parts, forget their broken hearts, he's cut into your skin, inscribed the sign within, she said: there's everlasting scar, and that is where you are, she said: turn and cut his flesh, make everything a crash, cut deeper than a lash, ream her in the gash, she said: in the theory of medieval sound, you are thrown upon the ground, there are only things, now gather all your things, she said: the trees with echo sing, you've always been betrayed.:things caught down in the mesh, stretch and open your raw flesh, in the theory of medieval eyes, you are wanton in disguise, within the double hash, light penetrates the glade, everything will crash, everything is made: she said: just a tiny little gash, haven't you been flayed: she said: the world is in your stash, you've always been betrayed.: the partial third emerges, they're still alive::

—

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101. **Tony Follari**
dear millie
Sat 8 Jun 2002

Dear Millie, you write very well. Do you by chance know of the Oulipo group? They're a french outfit who deal with writing constraints, it's a kind of Language poetry technique but more detailed and more mathematical. I myself have written many works that feature such things as Lipograms, palindromes, anagrams and univocalics. eg. I'm working on an idea called 'Anagram City' which has street names like 'Verdi Drive' and 'Eva Ave' in these streets are shops with names like 'Cafe Face' 'Schubert Butchers' and 'Craigs Cigars' All are anagrams and also people in the story like 'Romeo Moore', 'Peter Trepe' .As far as I know this idea is original and also has potential to be put into a computer game. So, millie do you do anagrams at all?

Regards Tony Follari

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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102. **Bertha Rogers**

NEW YORK LITERARY CURATORS WEB SITE UPDATE

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Dear Friends,

We're glad to bring you the June 2002 NYS Littree (<http://www.nyslittree.org>) update, presented by Bright Hill Press, in partnership with the New York State Council on the Arts. Please note that some of the updated information may be missing, due to a systems shutdown we recently experienced. If you do not find your information on the site please email it to us and we will immediately post it.

If you or your organization's events have not been previously included please send us your material **IN THE BODY OF THE EMAIL ONLY; WE DO NOT, EVER, OPEN ATTACHMENTS.** If you're sending information please check the appropriate page on the website for format.

Next month, thanks to the suggestion of Bruce McPherson of McPherson Press and because the list now carries so many events, we will bring you an all-new Events page, sectioned by region. Preface your emailed events, indicating in which of the following regions your organization is sited:

1. New York City Metropolitan Area
2. The Adirondacks
3. Capital-Saratoga
4. The Catskills
5. Central Leatherstocking
6. Chautauqua-Allegheny
7. Finger Lakes
8. Greater Niagara
9. Hudson Valley
10. Long Island
11. Thousand Islands-Seaway

Organizations and Events new to the site include:

Oracle Bookstore, Liberty

Freedom of Speech, Vintage Venue, Saugerties

Utica Slam, Utica

Upstate New York IWW, Albany

Mohawk Valley Library Association, Schenectady
Club Culture, Chester
Colony Cafe, Woodstock
Absolutely Friday Night Poets, Albany
Poetry Orgy, Woodstock
Tuscan Cafe, Warwick
Outloud Festival Series, Grahamsville
Schenectady Poetry Project, Schenectady
Center for Symbolic Studies, Tillson
Words Worth, Kingston
Diva's Delight, Saugerties
Poetry and Music at Miss Mary's Art Space, Albany
Wide Open Mike Night, Tannersville
Howland Cultural Center, Beacon
Albert Shahinian Fine Art Gallery, Poughkeepsie
Reading Between A and B, 11th Street Bar, Manhattan
Hudson Valley Writers Guild, Albany
Composers Collaborative, Inc., Manhattan

Circuit Writers new to the site include:

Jane Ciabattari
Amy Holman
John Hoppenthaler
David J. Krajicek
Bill Munster
Marty Podskoch

Thanks for your patience, and have a great June!

Bertha Rogers and Brittney Schoonebeek

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103. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Re: dumb's question of content

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Dear dcmb,

I already amended a codicil replacing the word fakelangpo with chicken mcnuggets. Maybe you didn't read it. But I take great offense to your suggestion to rename a site based upon your ideas of ungainliness. If you don't like the site, term or what not, don't go to the site. Go back to mother Russia you commie pinko. You mean old idea suppressor. Millie has created a really neat site coming from the URL spork world. Her titles should be applauded. Maybe you would like to see this changed to runcible spoon too. But props to the Millie

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza
editor BlazeVOX2k1
<http://vorplesword.com/>

—^o
_ \< _
(*)/ (*)

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:████████] On Behalf Of dcmb
Sent: Saturday, June 08, 2002 12:36 AM
To: ██████
Subject: Re: Question of content

Listmates, as a codicil to Barrett Watten's note, I would like to see FakeLangpo replaced --it is an awkward, ungainly 3-syllable term. I suggest Flangpo' as superior to 'Klangpo' because the latter term is just too harsh.
Best, David

-----Original Message-----

From: Barrett Watten <████████>
To: ██████ <████████>
Date: Wednesday, June 05, 2002 7:57 PM
Subject: Question of content

I keep coming back to the question of "content," which I'd like to explore in relation to the Fakelangpo question, as well as in terms of Alan Sondheim's work. What is the content of "langpo"? Of "language poetry"?

*Let's say that a million words were produced as "language poetry" by 1985. An editor comes along and gathers it together through some labor intensive process (letters, negotiations, book publications are entailed). Silliman's anthology is 600 pp. long and probably contains from 200,000 to 300,000 words; *This* magazine, which I edited from 1971-82, comprised 1128 pp. and perhaps a comparable amount of text. What is the relationship of the substitute "langpo" to that text?*

What did this output change, in terms of the nature of poetry, the nature of "creative expression"? In a digital environment, you could actually manipulate that amount of text without much difficulty. I just downloaded a million random digits from the Rand Corporation, in fact (textual device for some of Jackson Mac Low's work in the 1950s).

What is content? In a post on Webartery, I wrote:

"Positive content": which brings me to the question of interest here:

if "fakelangpo" were filled with content, in the sense that "content" is what a "content provider" provides) what would it be? A dream of the great and strange, warranting page after page of empty and inviting play space? The redemption of the no longer signifying word would thus generate endless content.

Trying to imagine the positive content of the site, then, which is not yet there, or might have been but no longer signifies, might be interesting. But, on the other hand, I would not like to think that putting just anything there as "fakelangpo" would be the right answer to that lack of content. That would be like reading from the phonebook in a psychoanalytic session--

"Sustained parody or critique": implies an original that might not exist. If it did exist, it would be a matter of historical record that might be accessed--as content. But perhaps "merely" historical content is not what is desired. Some other sense of history?

"But with what?": what is content insofar as it is imagined or desired, in this environment?

Two points: 1) Fakelangpo seems to express a desire that the structure that has been created, in a somewhat manic way, wants to be filled with content. Is there a relation between that desire and the lack of content, for better or worse, indicated by the word "langpo"--as a completely substitutable word, but a substitution for what? A "buzzword" substituting for a buzzword? What is the content of Fakelangpo? How is Fakelangpo going to be filled with content?

Millie Niss has partly answered this question. She wants the work to be seen as "fun to read." She also wants reflection on the question of the content of the site. Putting the two together, reflecting on the question of the site will be fun, interesting, and social. I think I do see the influence of Kenneth Koch here (which is fine with me).

A lot of the content of "language poetry," however, is left out of this notion of content. For instance: historical motivation, critical intention, aesthetic criteria, etc. Fakelangpo selects out one kind of content in preference to others. As a reading, that might be OK; as a representation of the "content" of "language poetry," perhaps it is not adequate for those engaged in its prior history. But who can tell? How will Fakelangpo address the already existing content of "language poetry"? Or is an address to content merely a textual question?

2) I am interested in the way that "content" is a textual question in the work of Alan Sondheim. I am, I think, in the middle of seeing the extent of his project. A provisional conclusion, however, is that it often calls into question what in psychoanalysis would be termed "cathexis." Very procedural

language--flat, inert, sometimes endless--is fused with very cathected language--e.g., pornography.

In his recent performance piece, he and his partner appear nude. That is, certainly, a form of content. The typing breaks down, at the same time. What is the relation of the two kinds of content?

Question to ask Alan Sondheim: if psychoanalysis depends on the cathexis of language, seen as a string of symbols in a dialogue between partners in communication who cannot know each others' meanings, could a successful psychoanalysis be undertaken by the analyst simply reading the phone book or the Rand table to the analyst? Does your project have anything to do with this question?

Second question: if a machine were to generate the content of the analytic session, what is the relation of its production to human desires, that which cathects the string of substitute symbols? Is desire, in other words, a machine?

Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?

I am trying to frame a question about the desire for content in terms of the production of texts. Is this form of the transaction of textual desire what is being imagined as a characteristic of the language school, as it has been transformed in digital environments?

Barrett

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104. **Sheila Massoni**
Re: Question of content

Sat 8 Jun 2002

but Dave flangpo sounds like flagellating poets whip writing across the backs
Sheila

[↑ Contents](#)

105. **Michael Rothenberg**
MICHAEL ROTHENBERG-LOUISE LANDES LEVI READ JUNE 16 NYC

Sat 8 Jun 2002

POETRY AT LHASA

Louise Landes Levi & Michael Rothenberg will read in Lhasa patio garden

Sunday, June 16th, 2002, 8:30-10:30.pm.

96 Second Avenue between 5th & 6th street, NYC

Call [REDACTED] for additional information or e-mail [REDACTED]

Delicious (reasonably priced) Tibetan food or just 'chai' before, during or after reading.

A la la ho

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106. **Sheila Massoni**

dear millie

Sat 8 Jun 2002

dear Toni from not Millie your anagram poems eyes like 254 the London underground hypertext Sheila

[↑ Contents](#)

107. **Steven Shoemaker**

poem for the Boston Poetry Marathon

Sat 8 Jun 2002

(A little squib for the Boston Poetry Marathon, with a special nod to the photographs of Ben E. Watkins)

conference room

the extra chairs are remarkably
stackable, their legs hatching an
aluminum herring bone pattern,
the loud air kicks on w/ a thump,
framed black & white photos
leaking negative silhouettes, I
can see "Turkey" in brown on
the half-unfurled map of
"Political Europe" by Rand
McNally (what's *their* agenda
I wonder), across the hall the
urinal overflows endlessly &
a broken stream of poems rolls
out from the front of the room,
ears in rows, umbrellas folded
& wet, big bottles of water, bright
blue cups, also stacked, halos of
light at intervals, an archway

hanging on the wall, hazy light
thru the archway, out of time.

[↑ Contents](#)

108. **Aimee Lynn Pozorski**

Frank Samperi

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Dear Everyone,

Does anyone know if Frank Samperi (b. 1933) is still alive; or, if he is not still alive, the date of his passing? I thought he was still living in Arizona, until I saw that permission to publish Samperi's poems in *The ABC's of Robert Lax* (1999) was granted to Claudia Samperi Warren Now I am not so sure.

With many thanks for your help,

Aimee

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109. **Barrett Watten**

Phalangepo

Sat 8 Jun 2002

As an alternative to Flangpo, I propose "Phalangepo" as a site for poetry dealing only with authoritarian figures--Franco, Stalin, or the author of your choice. That would recast the "fake" discussion into its proper register: contestations of authorship as authority.

BW

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110. **MAXINE CHERNOFF**

NEW AMERICAN WRITING SALE

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Because of the good response to our posting, we'd like to extend our offer of 3 issues of NAW for \$18 (rather than our usual subscription price of \$21) and any back issue (1-19) for \$3 each.

The current issue, #20, due out in July, will feature poetry by Rosmarie Wal-drop, Martine Bellen, James Tate, John Olson, Ray Gonzalez, Dara Wier, Karen Volkman, Clayton Eshleman, Nathaniel Tarn, Stephen Ratcliffe, Elizabeth Robinson, Beth Anderson, Craig Watson, Ray diPalma, Brian Henry, and many others. Special features: Oberiu, Russian Absurdism of the 1930s and A Field Guide to Tymoteusz Karpowicz including an excerpt from his long poem

"Solving Spaces." Karpowicz is the under-recognized "language poet" of Poland now in his 80s. The issue emphasizing Eastern European writing also features prose by Josip Novakovich and academy-award winning director Milcho Manchevski ("Before the Rain").

Contents of back issues available from our website,
<http://newamericanwriting.colum.edu>

Many back issues of the legendary OINK! Magazine (1971-1985) are also available, esp. #12-19. Inquire if interested.

Send checks to NAW, 369 Molino Avenue, Mill Valley, CA 94941

Thanks!

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111. **richard.tylr**

Re: MICHAEL ROTHENBERG-LOUISE LANDES LEVI READ JUNE 16 NYC

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Tibetan "Chai" I wonder if there's a connection, somehow with the (NZ) Maori word "kai" = food and Samoan 'ai (eg fia'ai = hungry) kaimoana = food of the sea or sea food. The polynesians and other Pacific peoples came originally from around South China about 40,000 years ago and made there way across the Pacific...not from South America: much as I admire and am interested in Thor Heyerdahl...apparently linguists have found links even with Indo European words.? Else, have a good time, Richard. ----- Original Message ----- From: "Michael Rothenberg" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Sunday, June 09, 2002 3:33 AM Subject: MICHAEL ROTHENBERG-LOUISE LANDES LEVI READ JUNE 16 NYC

POETRY AT LHASA

Louise Landes Levi & Michael Rothenberg will read in Lhasa patio garden

Sunday, June 16th, 2002, 8:30-10:30.pm.

96 Second Avenue between 5th & 6th street, NYC

Call [REDACTED] for additional information or e-mail [REDACTED]

Delicious (reasonably priced) Tibetan food or just 'chai' before, during or after reading.

A la la ho

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112. **richard.tylr**

Re: poem for the Boston Poetry Marathon

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Steven. Great poem...but I have a strange habit of transposing words and I "read" ...'remarkably fuckable' ! Which is a worry: is this fetishism a la Freud, Lacan or Salvador Dali et al ? But: else, very good. Richard.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Steven Shoemaker" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, June 09, 2002 3:49 AM

Subject: poem for the Boston Poetry Marathon

(A little squib for the Boston Poetry Marathon, with a special nod to the photographs of Ben E. Watkins)

conference room

*the extra chairs are remarkably
stackable, their legs hatching an
aluminum herring bone pattern,
the loud air kicks on w/ a thump,
framed black & white photos
leaking negative silhouettes, I
can see "Turkey" in brown on
the half-unfurled map of
"Political Europe" by Rand
McNally (what's *their* agenda
I wonder), across the hall the
urinal overflows endlessly &
a broken stream of poems rolls
out from the front of the room,
ears in rows, umbrellas folded
& wet, big bottles of water, bright
blue cups, also stacked, halos of
light at intervals, an archway
hanging on the wall, hazy light
thru the archway, out of time.*

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113. **Michael Rothenberg**

Re: MICHAEL ROTHENBERG-LOUISE LANDES LEVI READ JUNE 16 NYC

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Thanks, I hope I see you at the reading. Yours, Michael

----- Original Message -----

From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 08, 2002 8:39 PM

Subject: Re: MICHAEL ROTHENBERG-LOUISE LANDES LEVI READ JUNE 16 NYC

> Tibetan "Chai" I wonder if there's a connection, somehow with the (NZ)

> Maori word "kai" = food and Samoan 'ai (eg fia'ai = hungry) kaimoana =

> food of the sea or sea food. The polynesians and other Pacific peoples came

> originally from around South China about 40,000 years ago and made there way

> across the Pacific...not from South America: much as I admire and am

> interested in Thor Heyerdahl...apparently linguists have found links even

> with Indo European words.? Else, have a good time, Richard.

> ----- Original Message -----

> From: "Michael Rothenberg" <[REDACTED]>

> To: <[REDACTED]>

> Sent: Sunday, June 09, 2002 3:33 AM

> Subject: MICHAEL ROTHENBERG-LOUISE LANDES LEVI READ JUNE 16 NYC

>

>

> POETRY AT LHASA

> Louise Landes Levi & Michael Rothenberg will read in Lhasa patio
> garden

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>

> 96 Second Avenue between 5th & 6th street, NYC

>

> Call [REDACTED] for additional information or e-mail

> [REDACTED]

>

> Delicious (reasonably priced) Tibetan food or just 'chai' before,
> during or

> after reading.
>
> A la la ho
>

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114. **david.bircumshaw**

Re: Web v paper poetry, from the Guardian

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Where I find workshops useful is that they socialise the solitary practices of writing, it's not so much anything I learn from them, though maybe I do so indirectly, but the 'putting out there' of them I enjoy.

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Leicester, England

Home Page

A Chide's Alphabet

Painting Without Numbers

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

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115. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: dear millie

Sat 8 Jun 2002

& the safe word would be?

Gwyn McVay wrote:

Yours for BDSM of the mind,

Gwyn

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116. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: dear millie

Sat 8 Jun 2002

On the subject of constraints in writing:

It was our own Aaron Belz who introduced me to the constraint "Mad Ape Den," in which you communicate entirely in words of three letters or fewer. Since then, my brain filter has been so corrupted that I can write to him only in Mad Ape Den. A typical missive might read:

Hey AB! How you? All is hip, rad? I saw my eye doc; sez he, all is OK. I dig the new bio pic you got. A bit of sun, a fun pic. Yrs, G.

One does have to resort rather a bit to abbreviation and slang -- had Mr. Belz sent me a particularly excellent web link, I might well respond, "You da man!" But it really forces you to think, and I like that.

Yours for BDSM of the mind,

Gwyn

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117. **J Gallaher**

Barrett Watten's Question of Content

Sat 8 Jun 2002

"This is a reposting of a message sent on June 06, 2002 that was not distributed to all list members."

Barrett Watten asks several questions, parts of each of which eluded me, but this one really is sticking in my mind:

<Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?>

You know, because of the nature of so much of the poetry that I "enjoy" reading (nature: its inclination to query its own foundational premises as well as those of language and culture) already includes all or most of what I've found "fake-langpo" to be getting at, I find it, at best, difficult to find "fakelangpo" more "fun" than *_My Life_*, empty or more than empty.

Only maybe to add that I've never encountered a truly "empty site," excepting maybe Appendix Two of Susan Wheeler's *_Source Codes_*.

But we also have a question of context as well. Though what I want to say about that, I'm not yet sure.

--JGallaher

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118. **J Gallaher**

Re: slope 15 - summer 2002 - now online: Martha Ronk

Sat 8 Jun 2002

"This is a reposting of a message sent on June 06, 2002 that was not distributed to all list members."

I just went to this site <www.slope.org> and had a great time. So here I am wanting everybody to know about it . . . !

The best part of the site I found was that, along with samples from the quite good book they're publishing, they included samples from ALL THE FINALISTS! This is a wonderful thing, really. I can't give them enough praise for what they've done here (and I'd like to add that the Martha Ronk material here is (s)imply wonderful--she's one of our best poets [and if you haven't read her book *_eyetrouble_* you really need to!]).

And like they say: "And MORE!"

best,

JGallaher

.....slope #15 | summer 2002 | www.slope.org

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119. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: dear millie

Sat 8 Jun 2002

mIEKAL aND wrote:

>

> & the safe word would be?

>

> Gwyn McVay wrote:

> > Yours for BDSM of the mind,

Um, in Mad Ape Den, you can say "Ow!" or "No!" or "Foo!" or "Mad Ape!" or any gab you dig. But let it fit.

Yrs etc.,

G.

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120. **David Baratier**

handwritten

Sat 8 Jun 2002

I'm not talking about =
publishing from handwritten texts, but each page of a magazine being a =
unique, limited in number, gesture. Has this been done before in the = U.S.,
Jesse--

In US, yes, but not always handwriting for uniqueness
the magazine was called Salt Lick

nearly each page was written on, had things stuck to it
glued, painted & so on--

yet an edition of 3-500 was done, photocopied
then all of the individuation performed variously
each copy a unique work

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press
PO Box 6291
Columbus OH 43206
USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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121. **Chase Park**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Handwritten issues go on all the time in the 'zine world. I can think of "Spunk"
out of Hayward California off-hand but am sure that I saw at least a dozen or so
the last time I visited my local bookstore. Maybe it's time it goes more main-
stream?

David Horton
PO Box 9136
Oakland, CA 94613-0136



Join the world's largest e-mail service with MSN Hotmail.
<http://www.hotmail.com>

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122. **claity**
where is jean gallagher?

Sat 8 Jun 2002

Dear List,

Does anyone know the whereabouts of Jean Gallagher who teaches at Polytech U.

in Brooklyn? I am trying to get a hold of her about an essay that has been accepted.

Thanks,

Cassandra Laity



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123. **Alan Sondheim**
spam hints of new people

Sun 9 Jun 2002

/spam hints of new people/

```
26  sed 's/ \/@aol\.com /g' zz > yy
27  pico yy
28  sed 's/,//g' yy > zz
29  pico zz
30  sed 's/ /, /g' zz > yy; pico yy
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[REDACTED], lberger [REDACTED],
[REDACTED], lfusion [REDACTED],
[REDACTED], ly [REDACTED],
[REDACTED], mapgirl [REDACTED],
[REDACTED], mcc [REDACTED],
[REDACTED], olson [REDACTED],
[REDACTED], riddler5 [REDACTED], rodd
[REDACTED], roxland
[REDACTED], sond-
heim [REDACTED], swoerner
[REDACTED], tindall

—

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124. **Joseph Massey**

Re: Frank Samperi

Sun 9 Jun 2002

Frank Samperi
is dead, as of 1987 but I might be off on that date.
Claudia is his daughter.
John Martone has edited a selected Samperi titled
"spiritual necessity".... should be out sometime this year.

-Massey

In a message dated 6/8/2002 9:03:10 PM Pacific Daylight Time, [REDACTED]
writes:

ate: Sat, 8 Jun 2002 11:52:27 -0400
From: Aimee Lynn Pozorski <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Frank Samperi

Dear Everyone,

Does anyone know if Frank Samperi (b. 1933) is still alive; or, if he is
not still alive, the date of his passing? I thought he was still living
in Arizona, until I saw that permission to publish Samperi's poems in *The
ABC's of Robert Lax* (1999) was granted to Claudia Samperi Warren
Now I am not so sure.

With many thanks for your help,

Aimee

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125. **Duration Press**

Re: handwritten

Sun 9 Jun 2002

or you just have to check out the work being done by david larsen...his san jose manual of style was quite remarkable...

----- Original Message -----

From: "David Baratier" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 08, 2002 9:44 PM

Subject: handwritten

*I'm not talking about =
publishing from handwritten texts, but each page of a magazine being a =*

*unique, limited in number, gesture. Has this been done before in the =
U.S.,*

Jesse--

In US, yes, but not always handwriting for uniqueness

the magazine was called Salt Lick

*nearly each page was written on, had things stuck to it
glued, painted & so on--*

*yet an edition of 3-500 was done, photocopied
then all of the individuation performed variously
each copy a unique work*

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

*Pavement Saw Press
PO Box 6291
Columbus OH 43206
USA*

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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126. **jason christie**

Re: handwritten

Sun 9 Jun 2002

of course if it has not been mentioned, in canada we had overvision eternally spinning which was a messy magazine with pastiched pages full of photocopying license and grainy highlighted randomness. each issue was a brilliant collage art piece including writing by a fairly diverse range of writers. a typical page featured photocopied images and handwriting, sometimes yellow highlighter. the editor, john barlow would scribble and add to each issue post print.

j

*From: Duration Press <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: handwritten
Date: Sun, 9 Jun 2002 02:43:34 -0400*

or you just have to check out the work being done by david larsen...his san jose manual of style was quite remarkable...

----- Original Message -----

*From: "David Baratier" <[REDACTED]>
To: <[REDACTED]>
Sent: Saturday, June 08, 2002 9:44 PM
Subject: handwritten*

*I'm not talking about =
publishing from handwritten texts, but each page of a magazine being a =
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Jesse--

In US, yes, but not always handwriting for uniqueness

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Be well

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PO Box 6291
Columbus OH 43206
USA*

<http://pavementsaw.org>

Chat with
friends online, try MSN Messenger: <http://messenger.msn.com>

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127. **jason christie**
Re: Content analysis
Sun 9 Jun 2002

e99999w000
(also known as placeholderpoem: blank verse)

aaalk;felj vnx...
epdlkjsa;kdkljelkwkljd00—2
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<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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128. **David Abel**
Re: Handwriting Poets
Sun 9 Jun 2002

Dear Jesse,

Two thoughts on this thread:

as a bookdealer, I've come across a number of instances of "carbon copy" magazines (i.e., each copy of the issue is made as a direct carbon), including two (titled "N" and "Pilz") for both of which, I think, George Stanley was responsible. I'm sure other dealers could make reference to additional examples.

among what must be many great precedents, Lewis Carroll edited, wrote, and wrote out by hand copies of eight magazines for the amusement of his family "during his adolescence." One of those, The Rectory Magazine, was published in facsimile by the University of Texas Press in 1975 (the original ms. is in the Humanities Research Center collection). It's a hoot.

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129. **R. Drake**

Re: John Bennett article for David

Sun 9 Jun 2002

John M. Bennett is the editor of Lost & Found Times (mag) and Luna Bisonte Prods (press); he is also Curator, Avant Writing Collection at the Ohio State University Library in Columbus. Some might be interested in the Avant Garde Symposium event he's putting on in July. His email address is [REDACTED] sometimes takes a few days for him to respond.

John Bennett is the editor of Vagabond Press; last I heard he was in Washington state. The Raintaxi interview is with him. to my eye/ear, his work is more in the beat/bukowski vein.

John M. Bennett is the guy w/ the shakey handwriting, and author of rOlling COMBers (<http://www.potespoets.org/catalog/rolling.htm>; the book cover shows a sample of his penmanship). he has quite a bit of work (textual only) at the CybpherAnthology (<http://www.burningpress.org/va/index.html>). burning press also has a book of his work, "Was Ah", which has both handwrit and typeset versions of the same poems.

[easily confused, eh? i understand, i'm one of two bob drakes who do experimental noise/audio art with invented instruments, the other guy's in colorado...]

luigi-bob drake

on 6/10/02 4:32 AM, Geoffrey Gatz at [REDACTED] wrote:

What I want to know more about is John Bennett, like where and how does he live and work? I never get tired of looking in his _rOlling COMBers_. Does he ever show his work, like in galleries? Does he surf? Anyone LRSN

Hi David,

*There is an article on John at the new Rain Taxi
<http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2002spring/bennett.shtml>
He lives in Ohio and sends his work frequently to WRYTING-L : Writing and Theory across Disciplines*

Best, Geoffrey

*Geoffrey Gatz
editor BlazeVOX2k1
<http://vorplesword.com/>*

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(*)/ (*)

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130. **jesse glass**
Handwriting Poets
Sun 9 Jun 2002

O.K., nobody bit, so I'll throw out the fly again. What about handwritten poetry--as in magazines of. I'm not talking about publishing from handwritten texts, but each page of a magazine being a unique, limited in number, gesture. Has this been done before in the U.S., U.K., other places? We know it's being done in Germany right now. Anyone interested in trying it? (In the age of internet excess, this step back might be tonic.) C'mon y'all, let's start a movement. Alan Sondheim--why not try it for a year?

You know I never would have considered the words pornography and puncturing in the same sentence until I read that analysis of yours.

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.
<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

[↑ Contents](#)

131. **Alan Sondheim**
you had skin job
Sun 9 Jun 2002

you had skin job

New to Unix? Type menu at your prompt, " and
prompt or e-mail [REDACTED] to be: Mind your q's, and forget
the----- Gamesville!-

HOST: fuu.edu USER: sonndheim ENTER PASSWORD:0200

Subject: Re: Korean Spam

From

>any

Really quit pine? Yes<[REDACTED]>, I

I once again

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so we could all live as ██████.
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You had skin
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rubber.sage 26 marked for deletion]

—

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132. **Thomas Bell**
CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS
Sun 9 Jun 2002

I received a gift from Clemente Padin
(<http://trbell.tripod.com/metaphor/provisio.htm>) which inspired me to ;put to-
gether a special issue of Metaphor/Metonym on Investigative Poetry so am
seeking contributions in the genre and thought pieces.

I'n also in the process of changing my virtual and physical location so bear with
me but this email should work for the nonce and street address is currently

Tom Bell
2518 Wellington Pl.
Murfreesborom TN 37128
USA

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&cetera:
Poetry at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/publicat.html>
Gallery - Metaphor/Metonym for Health at

<http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/metapho.htm>

Health articles at <http://psychology.healingwell.com/>

Reviews at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/reviews.htm>

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133. **LMJ**

summer sublet NYC

Sun 9 Jun 2002

I am going to be out of town from Sunday July 7th through Monday July 22nd (2 weeks) and am looking for someone to stay at my Brooklyn apartment with my two cats and one small pet lizard.

My one bedroom book-lined apartment is in Williamsburg-- close to the L train at Bedford Avenue-- 5 minutes to Manhattan by L train--

I am hoping to collect \$250 for this two weeks, but it is negotiable--

please let me know if you know of anyone who might be interested in doing this. Please distribute this to cat lovers in need of a brooklyn vacation!

thanks,

Lisa Jarnot

██████████
██████████

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134. **kari edwards**

lizard

Sun 9 Jun 2002

I would come just for the lizard...but alas, I am here where it is wendy....

love kari

on 6/9/02 5:18 PM, LMJ at ██████████ wrote:

I am going to be out of town from Sunday July 7th through Monday July 22nd (2 weeks) and am looking for someone to stay at my Brooklyn apartment with my two cats and one small pet lizard.

My one bedroom book-lined apartment is in Williamsburg-- close to the L train at Bedford Avenue-- 5 minutes to Manhattan by L train--

I am hoping to collect \$250 for this two weeks, but it is negotiable--

please let me know if you know of anyone who might be interested in doing this. Please distribute this to cat lovers in need of a brooklyn vacation!

*thanks,
Lisa Jarnot*

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

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135. **richard.tylr**

Re: Fake OuLiPo

Sun 9 Jun 2002

P

(plin plumble plomage ploo plarratt plotton

(plichard playlor

[↑ Contents](#)

136. **Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)**

Re: [webartery] Question of content

Sun 9 Jun 2002

Mark, do you mean that girls just want to have fun?

Wystan

Third question: does Fakelangpo engage the textual production of meaning in this sense, but as the empty site for textual "fun"?

Millie Niss,in (deliberately?) playing the naif may in fact have posed a potentchallenge to the serious (male) intellectuals on this list. What about it,boys. Anyone up for some Textual Fun?

Mark DuCharme

'poetry because things say'

-Bernadette Mayer

<http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm>

<http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm>

Join the world's largest e-mail service with MSN Hotmail.

<http://www.hotmail.com>

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137. **Charles Bernstein**
LINEbreak on Resonance FM in London

Sun 9 Jun 2002

Martin Spinelli asked me to pass this on to the list --

Resonance FM in London (104.4 FM) has just started rebroadcasting the LINEbreak series of poetry readings/interviews on Friday evenings at 10:30. (The series remains available at the EPC in RealAudio.)

Checking this out, Resonance FM sounds like a great new radio project. A sound poetry show follows LINEbreak. Web info at

<http://rad.spc.org/lmc/reso/tempres.htm>

Charles Bernstein

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138. **David Larsen**
Re: Handwriting Poets

Mon 10 Jun 2002

Thanks, Jerrold, for the kind mention. I think the original question was about people using handwriting itself as a method of reproduction --all I'll ever done is write it down once & xerox it, which is a little less heroic. I stick by what I've said earlier, about handwriting as the textual equivalent of the hand-held camera: it's not to everyone's taste, but for those tuned into it, its expressive range can be much wider than that of type. It amazes me how many writers who seem clued into the inseparability of form and content ignore the leveling effect of reproduction in type on their own work. That might sound unkind, but prove me wrong: I'd love to hear how poets who publish exclusively in type conceive of their choice of graphic medium.

Type has its virtues, of course, easy reproducibility and transmission to name a couple. Nor is "leveling" an entirely undesirable effect: who can deny the thrill of being published in a magazine that comes from seeing one's poem appear in the same font as the other poets', when one or two of them are famous? "Hey, that's my poem! Right alongside Ray di Palma's!" That kind of thing. At some level, publishing in one's own handwriting might amount to a rejection of community --or, alternately, a baby step toward a new one. Who knows.

What I want to know more about is John Bennett, like where and how does he live and work? I never get tired of looking in his `_rolling COMBers_`. Does he ever show his work, like in galleries? Does he surf? Anyone LRSN

At 11:02 PM 6/7/02 -0400, "R. Drake" wrote:

>jw curry and his curvd h&z press did some of these in toronto, early '80s.
>editions of 50 or so, each page hand-done by contributing poet. i remember
>going thru multiple copies and suddenly realizing how consistent john m.
>bennett's "shakey" handschrift was... nothing random about it.

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139. **Duration Press**
Re: Handwriting Poets

Mon 10 Jun 2002

What I was thinking of, David, were the linotyped(?) pages of the SJMOS...or your roll of paper towels, etc... All of which, for me, anyway, resemble the immediacy (if that's not the proper phrasing, then I'm thinking of the physicality that handwriting (even the reproduction of) suggests...much like Robert Grenier's work) of writing....

Then there is also Larry Eigner's typography, which, I think, is incredibly suggestive of writing by hand.

Type is pretty much a necessity for me at this point. Tendon damage in my writing hand makes it, for the most part, impossible to grip a pen for any length of time.

----- Original Message -----

From: "David Larsen" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, June 10, 2002 12:48 AM

Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets

> Thanks, Jerrold, for the kind mention. I think the original question was
> about people using handwriting itself as a method of reproduction --all
> I'll ever done is write it down once & xerox it, which is a little less
> heroic. I stick by what I've said earlier, about handwriting as the
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> equivalent of the hand-held camera: it's not to everyone's taste, but for
> those tuned into it, its expressive range can be much wider than that of
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> hear how poets who publish exclusively in type conceive of their choice of
> graphic medium.
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> deny the thrill of being published in a magazine that comes from seeing
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> them are famous? "Hey, that's my poem! Right alongside Ray di Palma's!"
> That kind of thing. At some level, publishing in one's own handwriting
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>
> What I want to know more about is John Bennett, like where and how does he
> live and work? I never get tired of looking in his _rOlling COMBers_.
Does
> he ever show his work, like in galleries? Does he surf? Anyone LRSN

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140. **richard.tylr**

Re: [webartery] Question of content: No Politics Today

Mon 10 Jun 2002

Dearest Listees Barrett Alan Nick Chris Wystan Toni Millie Aaron and All.

Not sorry to barge in here but for "textual" do I read "sexual"?

Here's a picture of fun: I just had quick look into the letters betwixt Creeley and Olson and they are havin' a great time: of course its serious fun and a lot of the quesytions by old Olsy dont get answered but they are "talking to themselves" in a kind of way which is what artists do I think: they "philosophise" continuously, moving from the idea (theory) to practice and here the young Creeley tries to convince Olson re (I think it was Miles Davis) and Olson talks a bout Hart Crane and then he talks about Gerald Manley Hopkins: and Creeley mentions a book about magic I have in Paladin by Seligmann ...they are either edging toward or they have dealt wih Projective Verse (I'm missing vol 1 so dont know yet) [anycase the letters are like a huge poem] but thus anyway the process of theory to practice: of "verbalising one's ideas: however framed, seems to be neccessary even for musicians although some do it less obviously, but all of us are in some way "thinking about or through" what we are doing or in some way synthesising our experiences which eventually come out say as a Borgesian kind of brilliance of writing or a kind that only the writer thinks is "brilliant' or as Langpo or Fakelangpo or theoretical and rather gnomic utterances by Barrett Watten etal and Toni Folari gets all the Oulippo cultists revvin' about a possible "Avoid" ...all good stuff: some of us just read...but then we gotta talk at some time we have to we have to we gotta get across town man and see that mean that mean that green that black that mean machine I mean i says to Dean i mean we gotta we gotta we gunna get 'cross town t' th' instanter instant instant of her sound start an an we gonna get there to that machine that

mean ol' machine 'cause it does somethin'It DOESNT matter what it does: maybe we just gotta keep getting in and out of that different river like ol' Heraclitus ("...sage Heraclitus says...") But that's only one example of "fun" ... I'm not an accco but I was "introduced" (more or less to Creeley and Olson via Alan Loney who also "isnt" an academic but is 'n interesting poet but a bit prickly but 'es not mean i mean man....and thinking out strategies and possibly interactions and raisons d'etre and maybe being alive only and its tearin' a gale here and my window frame makes a cross against the sudden sun and the blue's out a bit there and I lie on me bed and think of nothing and read a short thing by Borges or look at the light glinting side slip on an empty beer bottle or turn some pages of Kristeva because Alan Sondheim mentioned her and then wonder where my Intro to Lit Theory is by Eagleton so i can read somethin on Psychoanalysis then i finisih reading Virgil (the Eclogues) and think I must get that book of stories by Guy Davenportcalled "Eclogues" and a poem from my priest friend Leister Kyle comes from the South Island: its called King of Bliss it starts:

My Life

Is in the sun,
a white light glowing.
I am always warm
and have no need of stimulants.

The leaves in my garden are glossy green and dark,
the paths of sand
a distant sea breaks on a reef
and sea birds glide.

And it coninues further down:

I need no light:
my intuition's like the sun-
it searches tests and probes the mind
as lovers do the flesh,
as scholars do the word.
The weak the watery strengthen in my sight
lies oxidies.
Truth turns my soul-
a flower to the sun!
Each bud unfurls
each calyx grows
and every part is fully fledged
and free.

But as I look further in the book I see hat htere are maps and italics and the text starts to break up and in a lot of parts he's using the style (or layout and

methodology) as in Lynn Hejninian's "The Cell" which I lent Leicester. Then he gets to:

The Second Therapy

Mrs Albury holds her mind.
She aches behind my left eye,
tenses at the back of my neck
as I wonder at her need of my healing art.
She brings migraine with her,
self-doubt and troubled dreams.

Such clients come occcasionally,
to stimulate and disturb.
From them theories spring and
challenges to the pattern.

(by Leicester Kyle)

Who is mad: the psychiatrist becomes the pateint: but Leicester handles his words subtly, deceptively, lightly. Cunning....I have troubled dreams. I hate sleeping. What has this to do with anything? What are we. How are you WYSTAN? How's everyone? I just had some corn from a can and an egg mixed and toast and coffee so i;m redy for a vision or maybe a wank or music or I'll go for a run or read some more of The Cantos (which I have to concede i've never read right thru before). Then I go into my room again and work out how many years I would like to live: its at least $50 \times 2000 = 100,000$ weeks if I wanted to read that may books and then I realise its hopeless: we'll never know anything or everything or will we? And do we know love? Its getting dark here, I dont want to sound dramatic...but we're all alone. (Let's not get too accurate). I love the dark: but does it love me?

Richard Taylor (Homo Thinkins)

----- Original Message -----

From: "Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, June 10, 2002 2:12 PM

Subject: Re: [webartery] Question of content

| *Mark, do you mean that girls just want to have fun?*
| *Wystan*

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141. **jason christie**
letters

Mon 10 Jun 2002

between pound and cummings are incredible too. esp. as they play and move in and around language. meditative, quick, witty and philosophical. with all the right trimmings, typografic fun and getting under one another's skin.

MSN Photos is the easiest way to share and print your photos:
<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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142. **jason christie**
Re: Hand writing Poets

Mon 10 Jun 2002

i think it is important to be a writer right now typing poems. levelling, sure. especially since computers have become dominant as a means of allowing increased, though often fraught, communication. the choice to type poems is the choice to innately speak about/against/around the effect of this levelling by technology. so form and content operate. every poem that appears typed is a historical account of the technology that produced it as well as the thing itself. typed poems will seem archaic to whatever means of reproduction exist for poems in the future. and those means will also speak to the social and cultural climate that gave rise to their dominance, their leveling.¹ in this way the pen is no less of a levelling device. it enforced a technique toward standardized communication despite the seeming variability of hand. there are always typefaces others have not used. and a whole history of exploring the possibilities of typefaces to convey/affect/effect meaning, as a means to score a poem for recital for eg. i was enrolled in a handwriting correction class as a child for a number of years and never got the hang of it, still haven't. this standardization is also a means of levelling, albeit for the purpose of legibility. the pen requires a number of nuances that differ from quill and ink just as typing differs from handwriting. to talk about the machine the voice must come as if from the machine itself.

1. we will continue to update outmoded reproductive methods and incorporate past texts into the communication models for the future. supply and demand.

>From: Duration Press <[REDACTED]>

>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

>To: [REDACTED]

>Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets

>Date: Mon, 10 Jun 2002 01:01:12 -0400

>
>What I was thinking of, David, were the linotyped(?) pages of the
>SJMOS...or
>your roll of paper towels, etc... All of which, for me, anyway, resemble
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>Then there is also Larry Eigner's typography, which, I think, is incredibly
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>Type is pretty much a necessity for me at this point. Tendon damage in my
>writing hand makes it, for the most part, impossible to grip a pen for any
>length of time.
>
>
>----- Original Message -----
>From: "David Larsen" <[REDACTED]>
>To: <[REDACTED]>
>Sent: Monday, June 10, 2002 12:48 AM
>Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets
>
>
> > Thanks, Jerrold, for the kind mention. I think the original question was
> > about people using handwriting itself as a method of reproduction --all
> > I'll ever done is write it down once & xerox it, which is a little less
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> > those tuned into it, its expressive range can be much wider than that of
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> > of form and content ignore the leveling effect of reproduction in type
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> > hear how poets who publish exclusively in type conceive of their choice
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> > graphic medium.
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> > Type has its virtues, of course, easy reproducibility and transmission
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> > name a couple. Nor is "leveling" an entirely undesirable effect: who can
> > deny the thrill of being published in a magazine that comes from seeing
> > one's poem appear in the same font as the other poets', when one or two
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> > them are famous? "Hey, that's my poem! Right alongside Ray di Palma's!"
> > That kind of thing. At some level, publishing in one's own handwriting
> > might amount to a rejection of community --or, alternately, a baby step
> > toward a new one. Who knows.
> >
> > What I want to know more about is John Bennett, like where and how does
>he
> > live and work? I never get tired of looking in his _rOlling COMBers_.
>Does
> > he ever show his work, like in galleries? Does he surf? Anyone LRSN

Chat with
friends online, try MSN Messenger: <http://messenger.msn.com>

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143. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Re: John Bennett article for David

Mon 10 Jun 2002

>What I want to know more about is John Bennett, like where and how does he
l>ive and work? I never get tired of looking in his _rOlling COMBers_. Does
> he ever show his work, like in galleries? Does he surf? Anyone LRSN

Hi David,

There is an article on John at the new Rain Taxi

<http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2002spring/bennett.shtml>

He lives in Ohio and sends his work frequently to WRYTING-L : Writing
and
Theory across Disciplines

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza

editor BlazeVOX2k1

<http://vorplesword.com/>

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(*)/ (*)

144. **Pam Brown**

Re: John Bennett article for David

Mon 10 Jun 2002

Jeez, it's southern-hemisphere-doppelganger-time again

-

we have an entirely different John Bennett writing
poetry here in Sydney & an entirely different Vagabond
Press.

...dot dot dot...

Pam Brown

--- Geoffrey Gatza <[REDACTED]> wrote: > >What
I want to know more about is John Bennett,
> like where and how does he
> live and work? I never get tired of looking in his
> _rOlling COMBers_. Does
> > he ever show his work, like in galleries? Does he
> surf? Anyone LRSN

>

>

> Hi David,

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> There is an article on John at the new Rain Taxi

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<http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2002spring/bennett.shtml>

> He lives in Ohio and sends his work

> frequently to WRYTING-L : Writing and

> Theory across Disciplines

>

>

> Best, Geoffrey

>

>

> Geoffrey Gatza

> editor BlazeVOX2k1

> <http://vorplesword.com/>

>

>

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> _\<,_
> (*)/ (*)

=====

Web site/P.Brown - <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/>

<http://www.sold.com.au> - The Sold.com.au Big Brand Sale

- New PCs, notebooks, digital cameras, phones and more ... Sale ends June 12

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145. **Geoffrey Gatz**

Re: John Bennett article for David

Mon 10 Jun 2002

How very funny. I apologize for sending off bad info. I know of John M. and saw the article on Rain Taxi and thought wow what a guy. But John M. is on the Wrying list. Check him out there.

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatz

editor BlazeVOX2k1

<http://vorplesword.com/>

—o
—\<—
(*)/ (*)

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of R. Drake

Sent: Sunday, June 09, 2002 7:27 AM

To:

Subject: Re: John Bennett article for David

John M. Bennett is the editor of Lost & Found Times (mag) and Luna Bisonte Prods (press); he is also Curator, Avant Writing Collection at the Ohio State University Library in Columbus. Some might be interested in th Avant Garde Symposium event he's putting on in July. His email address is some-times takes a few days for him to respond.

John Bennett is the editor of Vagabond Press; last I heard he was in Washington state. The Raintaxi interview is with him. to my eye/ear, his work is more in the beat/bukowski vein.

John M. Bennett is the guy w/ the shakey handwriting, and author of rOlling COMBers (<http://www.potespoets.org/catalog/rolling.htm>; the book cover shows a sample of his penmanship). he has quite a bit if work (textual only) at the CybpherAnthology (<http://www.burningpress.org/va/index.html>). burning press

also has a book of his work, "Was Ah", which has both handwrit and typeset versions of the same poems.

[easily confused, eh? i understand, i'm one of two bob drakes who do experimental noise/audio art with invented instruments, the other guy's in colorado...]

luigi-bob drake

on 6/10/02 4:32 AM, Geoffrey Gatza at [REDACTED] wrote:

>> What I want to know more about is John Bennett, like where and how does he

> live and work? I never get tired of looking in his _rOlling COMBers_.

Does

>> he ever show his work, like in galleries? Does he surf? Anyone LRSN

>

>

> Hi David,

>

> There is an article on John at the new Rain Taxi

> <http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2002spring/bennett.shtml>

> He lives in Ohio and sends his work frequently to WRYTING-L : Writing and

> Theory across Disciplines

>

>

> Best, Geoffrey

>

>

> Geoffrey Gatza

> editor BlazeVOX2k1

> <http://vorplesword.com/>

> _o

> _\<,_

> (*)/ (*)

>

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146. **Jim Clinefelter**

Re: John Bennett article for David

Mon 10 Jun 2002

Geoffrey, the John Bennett of rOlling COMBers is John

M. Bennett of Luna Bisonte Prods. in Columbus, Ohio.

His address is

137 Leland Ave., Columbus, OH 43214...e-mail him

at [REDACTED]....there is a good interview on
the TAM mail art site...get there by entering "Tam
Interview: John M. Bennett" on Yahoo's search engine.

--- Pam Brown <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Jeez, it's southern-hemisphere-doppelganger-time
> again

> -

> we have an entirely different John Bennett writing

> poetry here in Sydney & an entirely different

> Vagabond

> Press.

> ...dot dot dot...

> Pam Brown

> --- Geoffrey Gatza <[REDACTED]> wrote: >

> >What

> I want to know more about is John Bennett,

> > like where and how does he

> > live and work? I never get tired of looking in

> his

> > _rolling COMBers_. Does

> > > he ever show his work, like in galleries? Does

> he

> > surf? Anyone LRSN

> >

> >

> > Hi David,

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> > Best, Geoffrey

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> > editor BlazeVOX2k1

> > <http://vorplesword.com/>
> > _o
> > `\
> > _ \< _
> > (*)/ (*)
>
> =====
> Web site/P.Brown -
> <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/>
>
> <http://www.sold.com.au> - The Sold.com.au Big Brand
> Sale
> - New PCs, notebooks, digital cameras, phones and
> more ... Sale ends June 12

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147. **richard.tylr**

Re: John Bennett article for David Sounds of My Heart baby

Mon 10 Jun 2002

Bob. You should connect up with your fellow instrument inventor. I'm interested in that stuff but more from a point of view of how things connect up I suppose eg I didnt know much about various contemporary musicians (I had probably listened to a lot of them without knowing who they were as we had some good stuff on te radio (Government station) here in NZ even inthe 60s) but more recently became interested in the background of modern and contemproray music (I liked some of bartok and others post and pre him eg Varese and Xenakis etc) but unless i make a big effort to concentrate a lot of it escapes me: (mind you I suppose its my mood and because I'm reading lit a lot so dont want anything that 'clashes" with my reading AS I'm reading) but I like the idea of Cage and so on and others: and i believe that Ives preceeded him (in "detuning pianos etc) (and Ives father)..I also enjoy the music for a toy piano. I believe its skat, but I used to do a lot of improvisation and 'sound ' via my mouth like a trumpet-sax and once i did (I used to make noises all the time for nervous reasons) and one day I did a "jazz" solo al la my bouche and the people in the restaurant I was in applauded (mind you I was pretty plastered), and at aperformance thing i improvised a whole music performance poetry thing some time back and this guy right into jazz thought I should join into my daughters' band! But I actually prefer the more "serious" stuff but I can "cut it" if I'm tanked enough: its strange

becuase i cant recall music in my head...I can play the piano: and improvise endlessly (I used to in cassical mode) but I did it before I got into writing: I think it was a kind of displacement of my real abilities which are in visual art and poetry etc so i was just "enacting" "automatically"...but my interest now is in the ideas of musicians rather than their music as such: although that said there are some things that really intrigue me: I'm not so (never have been) interested in so-caled "popular" music (some I do I suppose but my preference is else)....an interesting composer over here is John Psakis and there's another guy who (I cant find who he is i wanted to record him again) but he starts by interviewing himself and he gets faster and faster and then everything goes 'crazy'... but I recored a lot of fascinating electronic music: one of my daughters is excellent on the Hawaian Guitar (she's in Melbourne in the Nudie Suits) and the other is piano and violin (classical and jazz etc). But I keep coming back to Bach. Just picked up on your music making: it sounds like a fascinating thing you've got going there. Sometimes, dont you think, the sounds ofthe wind or distant sounds of birds or trains or dogs or a big iindustrial hammer are fascinating or evn just stop and listen to thecomputer? Strange:we often miss the "reality" of what's naturally out tere or in there or whatever....Its a cliché but: the sounds of silence...pehaps silence, if acheivabe is the most profound sound.... And the sounds of the body: I just remembered how my ex used when we were young to listen literally to my heart: her ear on my chest: that memory cuts me...sounds eh...sounds...

Richard Taylor.

----- Original Message -----

From: "R. Drake" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, June 09, 2002 11:27 PM

Subject: Re: John Bennett article for David

> John M. Bennett is the editor of Lost & Found Times (mag) and Luna Bisonte
> Prods (press); he is also Curator, Avant Writing Collection at the Ohio
> State University Library in Columbus. Some might be interested in th
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> Garde Symposium event he's putting on in July. His email address is
> [REDACTED] sometimes takes a few days for him to respond.
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> Washington state. The Raintaxi interview is with him. to my eye/ear, his
> work is more in the beat/bukowski vein.
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> John M. Bennett is the guy w/ the shakey handwriting, and author of
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> COMBers (<http://www.potespoets.org/catalog/rolling.htm>; the book cover shows
> a sample of his penmanship). he has quite a bit of work (textual only) at
> the CybpherAnthology (<http://www.burningpress.org/va/index.html>). burning
> press also has a book of his work, "Was Ah", which has both handwrit and
> typeset versions of the same poems.
>
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> experimental noise/audio art with invented instruments, the other guy's in
> colorado...]
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>
> luigi-bob drake
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> > Hi David,
> >
> > There is an article on John at the new Rain Taxi
> > <http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2002spring/bennett.shtml>
> > He lives in Ohio and sends his work frequently to WRYTING-L : Writing
and
> > Theory across Disciplines
> >
> >
> > Best, Geoffrey
> >
> >
> > Geoffrey Gatza
> > editor BlazeVOX2k1
> > <http://vorplesword.com/>

> > _o
> > _\<,_
> > (*)/ (*)
> >

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148. **Brandon Barr**
bannerart.org -- new works available
Mon 10 Jun 2002

apologies for cross-posting

6.10.02 -- Announcement of New Work

There is new work at the Banner Art Collective
(<http://bannerart.org/>) by Babel, Roberto Echen, Ji Bêt, Millie Niss,
and Tamara Lai.

Come visit and get their works for your own webpage.

{The Banner Art Collective creates, collects, and distributes web.art within the
limitations and context of web advertisements.}

--

Banner Art Collective
Make some art. Host some art.
<http://bannerart.org/>

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149. **Robin Hamilton**
Request for information.
Mon 10 Jun 2002

I'm forwarding this at the request of Richard Dillon
<[REDACTED]>. Any information would be gratefully received.

The web address for The Transcendental Friend --
www.morningred.com/friend -- appears to be defunct.

Thanks in advance for any information.

Robin Hamilton

Please provide the addresses, or source where I may find such, of the following
literary magazine:

The Transcendental Friend

Thank you,
Richard Dillon

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150. **Duration Press**
Re: Handwriting Poets
Mon 10 Jun 2002

Ron,

The fact that Eigner never wrote by hand, for me anyway, makes his use of type even the more fascinating. As is type, in itself, could be suggestive of "handwriting's" physicality & immediacy. I always find his spatial arrangements on the page incredibly wonderful...

Best,

Jerrold

----- Original Message -----

From: "Ron Silliman" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Cc: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, June 10, 2002 9:51 AM

Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets

> Jerry,

>

> Poetics seems to be not posting my messages, so I'll copy you as well.

>

> The Eigner comment is particularly interesting given that Larry's printing

> (I never saw him do any cursive) was so abysmal that he used it only to

> indicate the smallest corrections in typescript. He was, after all, a man

> who never "handwrote"

>

> Ron Silliman

>

>

> ----Original Message Follows----

> From: Duration Press <[REDACTED]>

> Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

> To: [REDACTED]

> Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets

> Date: Mon, 10 Jun 2002 01:01:12 -0400

>

- > What I was thinking of, David, were the linotyped(?) pages of the SJMOS...or
- > your roll of paper towels, etc... All of which, for me, anyway, resemble the
- > immediacy (if that's not the proper phrasing, then I'm thinking of the
- > physicality that handwriting (even the reproduction of) suggests...much like
- > Robert Grenier's work) of writing....
- >
- > Then there is also Larry Eigner's typography, which, I think, is incredibly
- > suggestive of writing by hand.
- >
- > Type is pretty much a necessity for me at this point. Tendon damage in my
- > writing hand makes it, for the most part, impossible to grip a pen for any
- > length of time.

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151. **Mister Kazim Ali**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Mon 10 Jun 2002

I haven't been following this thread completely, so apologies if I am re-stating--

A couple of summers ago, after reading Susan Howe's ED essay in "Birth-mark" I realized she is right: one can't experience Dickinson's poems in the typed versions. The 'reading editions' cut out the alternate wordings; even the typescript editions do not include the Dickinson line-breaks; which upon examination (the most obvious example I can think of is "I felt a funeral in my brain") are critical to a reading of the poem.--

so the only solution (not much of one) was to spend a month or so with Franklin's variorum and the manuscript books and literally teach myself how to read ED's very difficult handwriting.

difficult but so worth it

here's the Johnson version:

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading--treading--till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through--

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum--
Kept beating--beating--till I thought
My Mind was going numb--

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space--began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here--

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down--
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing--then--

here's with ED's line breaks: (from memory...I hope I
got it right)

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading--treading--till
it seemed
That Sense was breaking through--

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum--
Kept beating--beating--till
I thought
My Mind was going numb--

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As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here--

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down,
and down--
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing--
then--

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting
behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"
--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

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152. **raea100900**

contact info

Mon 10 Jun 2002

Dear Everyone,

Does anyone have a current email address for Renee Gladman? Backchannel.

Rae

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153. **Sheila Massoni**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Mon 10 Jun 2002

ah yes in North Arlington NJ, which is Half Holy Cross Cemetery, at the tiny high school in 1964, a wit Andrew Scholes and a couple of other seniors, who says the out crowd can't do something intelligent, began "the Weekly Gas Bag" (would love to find a fellow NA'er to inquire if title was borrowed from James Farrell) , it featured sarcasm, directed against the Dover boys , the gas bag' s name for the Joe college brown nosed group, those Honor Society types who never were in detention, wish i had saved some, i believe Tues. was the

week date of issue and i can recall clamoring for my copy it was in the fine tradition of mad magazine, teachers were also lobbed at a select group of teacher's were known to read the gas bag in secret.

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154. **Sheila Massoni**
Re: Handwriting Poets
Mon 10 Jun 2002

So have schiz read all of the text's at once! Sheila

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155. **Ken Rumble**
Re: downside legacy-- alamo girl
Mon 10 Jun 2002

The closet thing I'm aware of is the Media Whores site:
<http://www.mediawhoresonline.com/>
though it achieves its criticism of Dubya in a circuitous way by going after the journalists.

I'm curious because it's such a substantial effort and I'm wondering if anyone is aware of anything like this (it was once my hope that the indymedia.org site would facilitate this kind of archiving)... it

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156. **Ken Rumble**
o-blek 12: Writing from the New Coast
Mon 10 Jun 2002

Hey,

I'm looking for a copy of o-blek 12: Writing from the New Coast -- anyone know how I can get one?

Also, I'm still looking for Andy Robbins (_The Very Thought of You_ UGA press) and
Carl Martin (_Genii Over Salzburg_ Dalkey Archive).

Anyone? Anyone?

Backchannel por favor -- thanx.

Ken

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157. **Ben Popken**

///// come play

Mon 10 Jun 2002

THE BOULDER ACTING GROUP PRESENTS:
2nd Annual "New Play Festival"
3 new edgy.absurdist one-acts

*

June 7th - June 22nd
Thu-Sun @ 8 pm
Dairy Center for the Arts
2590 Walnut Boulder CO

*

Tickets: \$10, \$8 students and seniors

Info: [REDACTED]

THUR, 13th - ACTOR'S BENEFIT NIGHT
your dollars go directly to the actors

hope to see ya there!
-ben

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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158. **Alan Sondheim**

balance / sheet

Mon 10 Jun 2002

balance / sheet

1 you didn't ask for this. you've kept quiet, you've never said a word.

2 my expenses, my expenses. (you've never known.)

3 pay me for my work, anything you like. i feed you. do you think this is easy, several times a day. do you think the machines come free, the media of re/production. (you've never offered.)

4 for your hatred of my work and your energy in deletion, i will pay you. i will pay you union wages. i do not think your time is free. you are invaluable. (you've never complained.)

5 on balance i will thrive with you. on other balance, my work is yours. you will continue to see its sign. i will continue to write it. (sometimes you seem pleased.)

6 or perhaps i will pay you for your distress. or perhaps you will pay me for my insomnia and lacerations. or perhaps money will carry the mute and neutral weight of grey. (you've never said ...)

7 or perhaps ... (you've never said ...)

—

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159. **K.Angelo Hehir**

Poet Laureate

Tue 11 Jun 2002

Attention: This notice came from the Library of Parliament, Ottawa, Canada: As you may be aware, Bill S-10 providing for a Parliamentary Poet Laureate was passed by the Senate and the House of Commons and received Royal Assent on December 21, 2001. The terms of the new 75.1(1) of S.C.2001, c.36, added to the "Parliament of Canada Act" stipulates that the poet may: * write poetry, especially for use in Parliament on occasions of state; * sponsor poetry readings * give advice to the Parliamentary Librarian regarding the collection of the library and acquisitions to enrich its cultural holdings; and * perform such other related duties as are requested by either Speaker or the Parliamentary Librarian.

This letter is to inform you that the Selection Committee has been established and would be happy to consider the application of a qualified candidate from your association/organization. Please forward applications before June 21, 2002 to the following address:

Mr. Richard Pare, Parliamentary Librarian
Library of Parliament
Room 668-S Centre Block,
Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0A9

Applications may also be sent to the following e-mail address: [REDACTED] . Any material supporting a candidate must be submitted in text format.

To meet the criteria established as part of the selection process, candidates must:

- * have a substantial publication history (including poetry) displaying literacy excellence
- * have made a contribution to the writing community
- * be an accomplished writer who has influenced other writers
- * have written work reflecting Canada
- * be a Canadian resident.

As the Parliamentary poet Laureate may wish to play an active role in publicly promoting poetry to Canadian citizens, a practical knowledge of both official languages would be an asset.

Literary artists working in oral traditions are also eligible. They must be recognized as professionals by their peers (artists who work in the same artistic tradition).

The Selection Committee will review all applications received from parliamentarians, from various Canadian poets' and writers' associations and directly from interested candidates. The Selection Committee will submit a short list of three candidates to the Speaker of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Commons who will then make the final selection and will officially announce the nomination of the first Parliamentary Poet Laureate. In order to ensure representation of both official languages, the Speakers will announce that the nomination of the Poet, in successive years, will alternate between French and English authorship.

The Parliamentary Poet Laureate will receive, on a yearly basis, \$12,000 as a stipend (taxable) and a maximum of \$10,000 for reimbursement of domestic travel and living expenses.

Should you require additional information about this process, please contact Richard Pare (pronounced Pa-ray) or his Executive Assistant, Guylaine Rondeau, at [REDACTED].

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160. **richard.tylr**

Re: Handwriting Poets & "Wild Bill Millet"

Tue 11 Jun 2002

To: "UB Poetics discussion group" Subject: Re: Re: Handwriting Poets & "Wild Bill Millet"

> Mister Kazim Muhummad Ali and Listees All.
>
> Great your informationa about readiing E.D.....fascinating.
>
> I haven't read much more of Blake than his Songs of Innocence and.... and
> also I think The Marriage of Heaven and Hell and I've got that and Milton
> in a form: well one is in a facsimile form of the original: now it could
be
> the same for Blake: I might even be missing something in that "hand
written
> form" and with the colours: but its marvelous in the 'colour handwritten
> version': but there is a vast difference between the (even the)
facsimile
> hand made form and the "typed" Blake: there's also a sense of uniqueness,
of
> being "closer" to the writer - and that explains...when I first went to
work
> in Ron Riddell's book shop "The Dad Poets" here in Auckland NZ) I said to
> him when he mentioned First Editions: "What's a first edition?" and he
> laughed, his father had been a publisher..in fact then I didnt know what
> remaindered books were and so on, and I asked a guy (this pommy bloke I
met
> through Chess who used to specialise in rugby (!) books and made a lot out
> of it) why he (he collected First edition H G Wells) or what was so great
> about first editions: I thought he was being narky when he said: "If you
> dont know I cant tell you.." or something: well, gradually one starts to
> understand this need for "the real thing" (especially if you look around
at
> the mass prouced stuff (I like mass produced as well cf Warhol or cf
Ragtime
> by Doctorrow etc;dont worry), but who wouldnt prefer eg the big roll of
> Kerouac's (sold for US\$1.5 milion I think) as against a reprint of On the
> Road or even you get closer via a first: however that's getting into
> collecting fetish/bookdealer/collector territory but these guys are maybe
> not so mad (I used to think a lot of collectors weree "snobby" about
having
> but I got the bug a bit myself and have a few signed and firsts i wont
> sell): but that aside I did notice an immense difference between reading
> Blake in my first big book (which cost about NZ\$4.00 of all his works
with
> the cover ripped off but it had the text) in contrast to the books with
the

> colours and the handwriting of Blake which was a bit more expensive (at that
> stage my friend Richard Poor had a facsimile of the complete works for
> NZ\$1000 [Jason Books] , he may still have it...)
> So/but I can understand the drive to read Emily Dickinson in her
> handwriting...I have trouble with her poems but reading that one I can
> relate to it...and i know I saw a photo of one of E D's poems in "Voices
and
> Visions" by Helen Vendler...inher handwriting I mean...it must have been
> eerie: marvellous to read the original poems...I'd be trembling to even go
> into the library: I'd feel I wasn't required there: surplus to
requirements!
> Over here I think that Alan Loney was interested in these concepts as he
> was/is a printer and a poet: in fact I think he did one book that was
> basically hand produced (and I've got a brilliant thing by Bill Millett
> (originally from the US called "Things of Iron Things of Green"..now
that's
> NOT FOR SALE EVER TILL IM DEAD which was done on a hand press it's a
folio
> and has works by NZ artists and different coloured paper and fonts and
> "circles" cut in the middle that get smaller and smaller and cranky old
Bill
> used to put his poems on big posters and I arranged a performance and
billed
> him as "Wild Bill Millett here in "agricultural" Panmure (not known for its
> "cultural" badges but thinking of Olson he'd have preferred it to Parnell
or
> Ponsonby probably) but it was attended by about 200 people or more because
> we got interest from the wine people who foster the arts and also some
> locals and so on and it was in the local rag; and Bill was like a school
> master but he was energetic pointing to his big words on the posters and
> going like the clappers about war and the nuclear issue and peace and so on
> (he was in the 2nd War i think) and he cared about things a lot but he
rang
> me up the next morning to complain for an hour (when he had been a great
> success!!!) (he knew people in New York in the sixties someone out there
> might recall him: he even managed Tiny Tim and I saw him in a book about
the
> Beats) (he had a poster shop over here but he was into practical things
and
> was multi talented if not a bit cracked in his own way) and I think his
> (Alan Loney's now) poetry "needs" to be beautifully hand laid (although

that

> craftiness might ruin some of the immediacy that one might pick up from
the

> originals)...

> But the first poems were spoken and writing is a translation and then
the

> typewriter further translates it, and then the computer gets destroyed or

> "perfected" into a book...(which?): my theory being that each version even

> the one I have in the ripped reprint is unique...(I've been reading from a

> first edition! of "Dream Tigers" printed in little old Ameriky or little

ol'

> Texas! as I sit down here in ol Noo Zeelan') (I also admit that yes I have

> been influenced by reading the Olson Creeley letters (by the way I noted

> that reference to the Cummings-Olson letters - thanks - sounds

fascinating)

> and one starts to pick up Borges's fascination with this business of

> facsimile's and infinity and uniqueness and his fear of mirrors where the

words

> are reversed and so on....

> but sometimes I just look at the picture of E.D.....I have read much of

> her poems: it's among a pile near my bed I'm reading: I alternate between a

> modern classic and say a book on art and then I've got the Complete poems

of

> ED there and Zukofsky's there waiting and some others and something by

> Thomas Mann and some Greek plays and so on.....but I write things out of

> books and I wrote this:

>

> She had alarmingly large eyes

>

> first by telephone

>

> was for us a bond

>

> and grudges

> of genteel poverty

>

> There was no love be

> This odious fate

>

>

> but I no longer care

>

> but what caught my attention in what was a prose piece by (? anyone?) was
> the:
>
>
> she had alarmingly large eyes
>
>
> and that reminds me of Emily Dickinson now I think of it and Anne Frank:
I
> know someone's going to tell me about "The Ghost Writer " by Philip
> Roth...but I know Dickinson wasn't Jewish and hunted but maybe there's a
tie
> up or maybe a lot of people look like her in that way: one sees so many
> people....but that is who I think of now although I don't recall if that
was
> my first reaction: just liked the phrase (despite it seems a bit clumsy
that
> "alarmingly" - but it works I feel
>
> I identify with Emily Dickinson: as a young man I used to stay indoors
> all the time (not saying ED did) about 4 years till about 20 years old and
I
> was very hermetic.....don't you flame me Tony with one of your f'n
jokes!!!
>
> Actually I'm due for a good flaming....(!).... hullo Sheila!
>
> Richard Tyrer the Taylor
>
> I've left the message (I re-rased a bit) else this seems like the ravings
of
> a nutter...no comments! Which reminds me I forgot to watch the soccer last
> night....
> ----- Original Message -----
> From: "Mister Kazim Ali" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets
>
>
> >
> > A couple of summers ago, after reading Susan Howe's ED
> > essay in "Birth-mark" I realized she is right: one

> > can't experience Dickinson's poems in the typed
> > versions. The 'reading editions' cut out the alternate
> > wordings; even the typescript editions do not include
> > the Dickinson line-breaks; which upon examination (the
> > most obvious example I can think of is "I felt a
> > funeral in my brain") are critical to a reading of the
> > poem.--

> >

> > so the only solution (not much of one) was to spend a
> > month or so with Franklin's variorum and the
> > manuscript books and literally teach myself how to
> > read ED's very difficult handwriting.

> >

> > difficult but so worth it

> >

> > here's the Johnson version:

> >

> > I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
> > And Mourners to and fro
> > Kept treading--treading--till it seemed
> > That Sense was breaking through--

> >

> > And when they all were seated,
> > A Service, like a Drum--
> > Kept beating--beating--till I thought
> > My Mind was going numb--

> >

> > And then I heard them lift a Box
> > And creak across my Soul
> > With those same Boots of Lead, again,
> > Then Space--began to toll,

> >

> > As all the Heavens were a Bell,
> > And Being, but an Ear,
> > And I, and Silence, some strange Race
> > Wrecked, solitary, here--

> >

> > And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
> > And I dropped down, and down--
> > And hit a World, at every plunge,
> > And Finished knowing--then--

> >

> >
> >
> > here's with ED's line breaks: (from memory...I hope I
> > got it right)
> >
> >
> > I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
> > And Mourners to and fro
> > Kept treading--treading--till
> > it seemed
> > That Sense was breaking through--
> >
> > And when they all were seated,
> > A Service, like a Drum--
> > Kept beating--beating--till
> > I thought
> > My Mind was going numb--
> >
> > And then I heard them lift a Box
> > And creak across my Soul
> > With those same Boots of Lead,
> > again,
> > Then Space--began to toll,
> >
> > As all the Heavens were a Bell,
> > And Being, but an Ear,
> > And I, and Silence, some strange Race
> > Wrecked, solitary, here--
> >
> > And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
> > And I dropped down,
> > and down--
> > And hit a World, at every plunge,
> > And Finished knowing--
> > then--
>
> I think there is a difference: but the essential difference would be to SEE
> the actual handwritten (or if not possible the facsimile of) form....
> Richard. I used to copy poems out by hand - still do.....In a way this is
> getting back to the Projective verse concept: the instant to instant
and
> the immediacy the physicality the spirituality the mystery and so on...

> Its like the way they "corrected" John Clare ... aand so on....
>

[↑ Contents](#)

161. **Millie Niss**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Tue 11 Jun 2002

multiple personality-- you know schiz has nothing to do with split brains in the way banana splits have to do with split bananas, except that these days when you ask for a banana split you get cut up banana with ice cream mixed in and some sauce -- all helter skelter -- that is scizih -- cut properly straight down the middle is not

I should know, every guy I've dataed for the past six years had schiz, including the 4 year live-in serious guy

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of Sheila Massoni

Sent: Monday, June 10, 2002 4:40 PM

To:

Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets

So have schiz read all of the text's at once! Sheila

[↑ Contents](#)

162. **Rencontres internationales Paris/Berlin**

::: call for entries - last sending ::: appel à proposition ::: aufruf zur praesentation

Tue 11 Jun 2002

CALL FOR ENTRIES: until the 30th of June, 2002

APPEL A PROPOSITION: jusqu'au 30 juin 2002

AUFRUF ZUR PRÄSENTATION: bis 30. Juni 2002

in Paris: autumn, 2002 / in Berlin: spring, 2003

à Paris: automne 2002 / à Berlin: printemps 2003

Paris: Herbst 2002 / Berlin: Frühling 2003

ENGLISH TEXT BELOW

EN FRANÇAIS PLUS BAS DANS LE MESSAGE

AUF DEUTSCH : UNTEN

_____ ENGLISH TEXT _____

CALL FOR ENTRIES COMMUNIQUE

|||| festival #6.7

|||| RENCONTRES INTERNATIONALES PARIS/BERLIN 2002

|||| 2002's PARIS/BERLIN INTERNATIONAL MEETINGS

|||| <http://art-action.org>

|||| cinema_video_installation_performance_audio_multimedia

CALL FOR ENTRIES: until the 30th of June, 2002

in Paris: autumn, 2002 / in Berlin: spring, 2003

(PLEASE FORWARD THIS INFORMATION)

A complete festival's presentation is available on our web site: <http://art-action.org> Please feel free to contact us for all question. The International Paris/Berlin festival is a transdisciplinary action, favoring contemporary creation in different fields: film, video, visual arts and multimedia, to create a meeting space for exchanges between various forms of artistic language and their audiences. By bringing together the diverse mediums of creation and their respective audiences and allowing them to communicate, the Rencontres becomes an open event in which the specificities and links between languages and gazes can emerge within evolving contemporary production.

THE CALL FOR ENTRIES is open for film cycles, 35mm, 16mm, super 8, and video, without any restriction of length or type ; for installation, performance, multimedia and sound creation cycles. Proposals are free, without any limitation of country. All individual or organism can send one or several proposals to the Meetings' programming.

The next festival will take place in Paris in Autumn 2002, and in Berlin in Spring 2003. This non-commercial event is organized by roARatorio, a non-profit organization within artistic and cultural aim.

CINEMA AND VIDEO CYCLES

- ** Fiction / short, medium, full length films - 35 mm, 16 mm, super 8 and video
- ** Experimental film - 35 mm, 16 mm, super 8
- ** Video art / Experimental video - All video formats
- ** Documentaries - All formats
- ** Animation movie - All formats

OTHER CYCLES

- ** Intervention - performance art, happening
- ** Installation - sound, video and multimedia
- ** Interactive writing - Network happening, online work, net art, forum, CD-rom

** Sound creation - Lecture, sound poetry, experimental music, concert projection

Cinema and video proposals are received on VHS videotape. All proposals are received by mail, enclosing the ENTRY FORM filled, dated and signed, UNTIL THE 30th OF JUNE, 2002. The entry form, and all informations about the festival, are available on our web site <http://art-action.org> (follow links to "call for entries" - the website is posted in English, French, German and Spanish), or by email [REDACTED] (on request, entry form sent in the message body or in attachment).

TO DOWNLOAD THE ENTRY FORM (in english, german and french) pdf format (310Ko): http://www.art-action.org/entry_form_paris_berlin_2002.pdf If pdf format downloading is too slow, the entry form is available in html format (quick load 19Ko) : Entry form in english:

<http://www.art-action.org/site/en/ripb/fiche.htm> Entry form in german:

<http://www.art-action.org/site/de/ripb/fiche.htm> Entry form in spanish:

<http://www.art-action.org/site/es/ripb/fiche.htm> Entry form in french:

<http://www.art-action.org/site/fr/ripb/fiche.htm>

Please feel free to contact us for all question.

Best regards,

For the festival's staff

Nathalie Henon

___ roARaTorio

___ 51 rue Montorgueil

___ 75002 Paris - France

___ tel: 33 1 40 26 66 34

___ fax: 33 1 42 33 36 44

___ email: [REDACTED]

___ web: <http://art-action.org>

In 2001, supported by : DRAC Ile-de-France - French Ministry for Culture and Communication, the Regional Council of Ile-de-France, the City of Paris, the french-german cultural channel Arte, the Goethe Institute in Paris, The National high school for arts in Paris, the National high school for design, the Canadian Embassy in Germany, the Neederland Embassy in France and Germany, the Belgium Ministry of the Flemish community, the Japanese Fondation, Citroen, Philips France, the Ratp. The Meetings receive the patronage of the German Embassy and of the Unesco. _____

SUBSCRIBE to receive monthly informations If this email have been forwarded, and if you want to continue receiving information from us, please click below: [mailto:\[REDACTED\]](mailto:[REDACTED]) and send a blank email (automatic subscription). You may unsubscribe at any time. _____

____ TEXTE EN FRANÇAIS ____

A P P E L A P R O P O S I T I O N
C O M M U N I Q U E

|||| festival #6.7

|||| RENCONTRES INTERNATIONALES PARIS/BERLIN 2002

|||| <http://art-action.org>

|||| cinema_video_installation_performance_audio_multimedia

APPEL A PROPOSITION: jusqu'au 30 juin 2002

à Paris: automne 2002 / à Berlin: printemps 2003

(MERCI DE FAIRE SUIVRE CETTE INFORMATION)

Une présentation complète des Rencontres est disponible sur notre site <http://art-action.org> N'hésitez pas à nous contacter par email pour toute question. Les Rencontres internationales Paris/Berlin proposent une action transdisciplinaire en cinéma, vidéo, arts plastiques et multimédia, visant à ouvrir un espace où se croisent et se rencontrent différents langages, différents publics. Notre volonté de décroiser différents milieux de création, différents espaces, ainsi que leurs publics, et de les faire se rencontrer, accompagne notre action pour un événement ouvert, à même de faire émerger spécificités et correspondances des langages, des regards, au sein d'une création contemporaine en mouvement.

L'APPEL A PROPOSITION est ouvert pour les cycles cinéma 35 mm, 16 mm, super 8, et vidéo, sans restriction de genre et de durée ; et en arts plastiques pour les installations, performances, créations multimédias et créations sonores. Les propositions sont gratuites, sans limitation de provenance géographique. Tout individu ou organisme peut effectuer une ou plusieurs propositions à la programmation des Rencontres.

Les prochaines Rencontres Internationales Paris/Berlin auront lieu à Paris à l'automne 2002, et à Berlin au printemps 2003. Cet événement non commercial et sans compétition est mis en place par roARaTorio, association à but culturel.

CYCLES FILMS ET VIDEOS

** Fiction / Court, moyen et long métrage - Tout support film et vidéo

** Cinéma expérimental - 35 mm, 16 mm et super 8

** Art vidéo / Vidéo expérimentale - Tout support vidéo

** Documentaire - Tout support film et vidéo

** Film d'animation - Tout support film et vidéo

AUTRE CYCLES ** Intervention - Performance, projection-performance, intervention ** Installation - Installation sonore, installation vidéo, installation multimédia ** Ecriture interactive, multimédia - Action en réseau, œuvre en ligne, net art, forum, CD-rom ** Création sonore - Lecture, poésie sonore, musique expérimentale, projection-concert

Les propositions cinéma et vidéo sont reçues sur cassette VHS. Toutes les propositions sont reçues, par courrier, accompagnées d'une FICHE DE PROPOSITION remplie, JUSQU'AU 30 JUIN 2002. La fiche de proposition, ainsi que toutes les informations relatives aux Rencontres internationales Paris/Berlin sont disponibles sur notre site web <http://art-action.org> (suivre le lien vers "appel à proposition" - le site est accessible en français, anglais, allemand, espagnol), ou par email [REDACTED] (à la demande, fiche incluse dans le message ou en document attaché).

TELECHARGER LA FICHE DE PROPOSITION trilingue (français, anglais, allemand) au format pdf (310Ko):

http://www.art-action.org/entry_form_paris_berlin_2002.pdf Si ce format est trop lent à ouvrir ou télécharger, la fiche de proposition est également

disponible au format html (chargement rapide 19Ko) : Fiche en français :

<http://www.art-action.org/site/fr/ripb/fiche.htm> Fiche en anglais:

<http://www.art-action.org/site/en/ripb/fiche.htm> Fiche en allemand:

<http://www.art-action.org/site/de/ripb/fiche.htm> Fiche en espagnol:

<http://www.art-action.org/site/es/ripb/fiche.htm>

N'hésitez pas à nous contacter par email pour toute question.

Cordialement.

Pour l'équipe des Rencontres

Nathalie Hénon

___ roARaTorio

___ 51 rue Montorgueil

___ 75002 Paris - France

___ tel: 33 1 40 26 66 34

___ fax: 33 1 42 33 36 44

___ email: [REDACTED]

___ web: <http://art-action.org>

En 2000-2001 avec le soutien de la DRAC Ile-de-France - Ministère de la Culture et de la Communication, le Conseil Régional d'Ile-de-France, la Ville de Paris, le Goethe Institut-Paris, la chaîne culturelle franco-allemande Arte, l'Ensci-Ecole Nationale Supérieure de Création Industrielle, Ensba-Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts de Paris, l'Ambassade du Canada en Allemagne, l'Ambassade des Pays-Bas en France et en Allemagne, le Ministère de la Culture de la Communauté Flamande de Belgique, la Fondation du Japon, Citroën,

Philips France, la Ratp. Les Rencontres reçoivent le parrainage de l'Ambassade d'Allemagne en France et de l'Unesco. _____

S'INSCRIRE (pour recevoir la lettre mensuelle d'information) Si cet email a été forwardé et si vous souhaitez continuer à recevoir des informations de notre part, cliquer ici mailto: [REDACTED] et envoyez le message tel quel (inscription automatique). Vous pourrez vous désinscrire à tout moment.

_____ AUF DEUTSCH _____

AUFRUF ZUR PRÄSENTATION MITTEILUNG

|||| festival #6.7

|||| RENCONTRES INTERNATIONALES PARIS/BERLIN 2002

|||| <http://art-action.org>

|||| cinema_video_installation_performance_audio_multimedia

AUFRUF ZUR PRÄSENTATION: bis 30. Juni 2002

In Paris: Herbst 2002 / In Berlin: Frühling 2003

(SIE KÖNNEN DIESES DOKUMENT GERNE WEITER VERTEILEN)

Die Vorstellung der Internationalen Festspiele Paris/Berlin ist auf unserer Website abrufbar: <http://art-action.org> Für weitere Informationen können Sie sich per E-Mail an uns wenden.

Das Festival „Rencontres Internationales Paris/Berlin“ gestaltet sich als ein interdisziplinäres Ereignis, welches das zeitgenössische Schaffen in den Bereichen Film, Video, Installationen, Performances, Interaktives Schreiben sowie Formen einer Stimm- und Tonkunst wiedergeben soll.

Das Festival wird in Paris im Herbst 2002 und in Berlin im Frühling stattfinden. Dieses nicht gewerbliche wettbewerbsfreie Ereignis wird von roARaTorio, einem Idealverein mit kulturellem Ziel veranstaltet.

DIE PROGRAMMGESTALTUNG umfaßt Filmzyklen (35mm, 16mm, Super 8) und Videos - Gattung und Länge können frei bestimmt werden - Installationen, Performances, multimediale-Werke oder Formen einer Stimm- und Tonkunst. Vergessen sie nicht das ausgefüllte Vorschlagsformular beizulegen. DIE VORSCHLÄGE sind kostenfrei und unterliegen keiner Beschränkung des Entstehungsortes. Einzelne Personen, oder Organisationen/Verbände/Vereine kann/können einen oder mehrere Vorschläge zur Programmgestaltung der „Rencontres“ abgeben.

FILM- UND VIDEOZYKLEN

** Fiktion / Kurzfilme, Filme mittlerer Länge und Spielfilme - Alle Film- und

Videoträger

- ** Experimentalfilme - 35 mm, 16 mm, Super 8
- ** Experimentelle Videos / Videokunst - Alle Videoträger
- ** Dokumentarfilme - Alle Film- und Videoträger
- ** Trickfilme - Alle Film- und Videoträger

WEITER ZYKLEN

- ** Darbietungen - Performances, Film & Performances
- ** Installationen - Vertonte-, Video-, Multimedia-
- ** Interaktives Schreiben - Aktionen vor Ort, Online-Werke, net art, CD Rom
- ** Stimm- und Tonkunst - Lesungen, Laut Poesie, experimentelle Musik, Film & Konzert

DEADLINE für die Zusendung der Vorschläge : 30. Juni 2002.

Alle Vorschläge (VHS Video-Abzüge für die Kino- und Videovorschläge) mit dem ausgefüllten VORSCHLAGSFORMULAR müssen brieflich eingegangen sein, bis 30. JUNI 2002. Das Vorschlagsformular und auch alle Informationen über die Internationale Festspiele Paris/Berlin sind auf unserer Website verfügbar: <http://art-action.org> (mit diesem Link: "Aufruf zur Präsentation" – die Website ist auch in französisch, deutsch, englisch, spanisch), oder per email: [REDACTED] (auf Wunsch kann das Formular in die Meldung oder als Attachment beilegen werden).

DOWNLOAD

Vorschlagsformular PDF 310Ko (Deutsch, Englisch, Französisch):

http://www.art-action.org/entry_form_paris_berlin_2002.pdf

ODER

Vorschlagsformular HTML 19Ko (quick load):

auf Deutsch: <http://www.art-action.org/site/de/ripb/fiche.htm>

auf Französisch: <http://www.art-action.org/site/fr/ripb/fiche.htm>

auf Englisch: <http://www.art-action.org/site/en/ripb/fiche.htm>

auf Spanisch: <http://www.art-action.org/site/es/ripb/fiche.htm>

mit freundlichen Grüßen.

Für die Rencontres Internationales Paris/ Berlin

Nathalie Henon

___ roARaTorio

___ 51 rue Montorgueil

___ 75002 Paris - Frankreich

___ Tel: [REDACTED]

___ Fax: [REDACTED]

___ Web site: <http://art-action.org>

___ Email: [REDACTED]

"Rencontres Internationales Paris/Berlin" 2000-2001. Mit der Unterstützung von: dem Ministerium für Kultur und Kommunikation - DRAC Ile-de-France, dem Regionalrat Ile-de-France, des Stadt Paris, dem Kultursender Arte, der Hochschule für Industriedesign Ensci, der Hochschule der Bildenden Künste Ensba, dem Goethe-Institut, der Kanadischen Botschaft - Berlin, der Niederländischen Botschaft - Paris und Berlin, dem Flämischen Ministerium von Belgien, der Stiftung von Japan, Citroen, Philips France, Ratp. Die Rencontres finden sich unter der Patnerschaft dem Deutschen Botschaft Paris und der Unesco.

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163. **Landers, Susan**
NYC Reading and Call for Submissions

Tue 11 Jun 2002

Celebrate Pom2 Issue Two

Featuring: Sharon Mesmer, Sawako Nakayasu, Joan Retallack, Anne Tardos, Edwin Torres, Kevin Varrone, and music from Aaron Kiely. Plus, the 5-minute pom contest.

Monday, June 17 at 7:30 p.m. (PROMPT). Doors open at 7.

Bowery Poetry Club in NYC

308 Bowery

\$5'll get you in

\$8'll get you in plus a copy of issue #2

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

POM2 is accepting submissions for Issue 3 through August 15. POM2 publishes work that directly engages and responds to poems previously published in Pom2. (See examples at www.pompompress.com.) We encourage submissions from those who are willing to have their work altered, lifted, plagiarized or transformed in later issues. Contributors may respond to one poem, or several, from any issue. No previously published work will be considered.

Include with your submission: (1) title of "source" poem(s), (2) full contact information: phone, address, fax and e-mail, and (3) optional: a photograph of yourself.

Submit no more than 5 poems.

Electronically to:

██████████

Subject line: toast

PC or Mac attachments welcome

Or mail to:

Susan Landers, Pom2, 227 Prospect Ave. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11215

SASE required

[↑ Contents](#)

164. **Millie Niss**

Barrett Watten has content

Tue 11 Jun 2002

I am reading his *_Progress_* I did not make up the critical term "content, but I assert that his poem possesses it. (Web stes have content if there is text on them, whether or not it's vacuous. Presumably a poem only has content if it has some themes running through it or narrative structures or makes you see something or whatever... anyway, like Justisce Sterweart said, "I don't know what it is but I know it when I see it.")

I gather I was guilty of causing the following process (in the language of "Progress"

questions,
 before I understand.
Wraiths escape from a roof
To be recast in concrete
A clinical, moody, telepathy
 (p.46)

I am too scared to try to anyalyze the poem bit by bit but it seems as if several things are happening.:

0) there is a central argument about the act of writingg and its relation to the object written about whcih runs through the poem 1) perfectly clear things are being said through slighlty altered, disjointed language 2) apparently clear things are being said that don't mean what they say-- in this poem everything is an example of something, (is this the same as a metaphor for it?), so we don't think the narrator "really has" a snake and a vase in stanza one:

Relax,
 stand at attention, and.
Purple snake stands out on
Porcelain tiles.
Is the thing. Skewered by desaign...

One way contradictory use
is to specify empty

3) Sometimes there are fragments which I find more of in most other Language Poetry which seem unconnected to the main thrust of the poem and appear not to mean at all:

picture...
of price tags held up by strings.
to avoid bathos in England.
Cast trumpet on scores.

however I am not sure that this image doesn't support the running argument and certainly an argument could be made that it does. There is somewhere the suggestion of writing by collecting little yellow cards with pieces of language on them and putting them together. This seems constructed that way, almost, yet I hesitate to make guesses like that with Barrett hiding in the wings.

with trepidation,

Millie

[↑ Contents](#)

165. **Nate and Jane Dorward** *Memories of Cork*

Tue 11 Jun 2002

Here's my take on this year's Cork Festival--a month late, I'm afraid, but I hope still of interest. [PS: yes, the tardy _Gig_ 11 is almost out. Everything's set to go except the essay & a few reviews. Hopefully it'll be ready for printing within a week.] -- all best --N

The posters for the Cork Poetry Festival, held this year on May 10 and 11, pronounced it the "6th Annual" event, which is a slight fudge that is meant I think to be also a statement of determination: the 2001 event didn't really happen (what counts as the "5th Cork Poetry Festival" was a small poetry reading in Kinsale, since the main festival fell through that year), and this year's event happened only through the determination of Trevor Joyce and Matthew Geden. That, despite very last-minute organization and insecurities of funding, it was a notable and enjoyable event with a strong programme of readers and speakers is thus little short of remarkable, and I hope bodes well for future events.

The readings were booked into the Triskel Arts Centre. Due to the Centre's slip-up the main theatre was double-booked for the first night, so we were shunted into a harsh white cubicle through whose walls pounding dance music

occasionally intruded; but on the main day, the 11th, the readings were held in the originally booked space: a small but comfortable darkened theatre. (One pleasing thing I noticed about the festival, incidentally, was that the staff at Triskel seemed genuinely pleased to be holding the event, & were quite curious about the proceedings.)

I won't give a full account--I can't as I didn't take notes & don't have a good memory--but will try to at least touch on everything, & when I have copies of some of the work read I'll insert a sample.

The opening night featured Patrick Galvin, an older, more established poet, who read well from fairly conventional but well-written poems. (Don't take "conventional" as a shorthand term of criticism here: I do not believe in using the term "innovative" to mean "good", "conventional" to mean "bad".) - I was called upon on short notice to introduce the Welsh poet Ian Davidson: in doing so I tried to place his work in the context of the distinctive University of Essex poetry scene of the 1970s: with figures like Ted Berrigan, Ed Dorn & Tom Raworth frequently present, it was the breeding ground for writers like Douglas Oliver, Ralph Hawkins, Kelvin Corcoran, John Muckle, Charlie Ingham and Ian Davidson--proof that accounts of the UK modernist scene of the last few years would do well to get beyond clichés about "Cambridge" and "London" schools. Ian's work is pared-down, carefully observed, often funny, and increasingly assured: he hasn't published much (the only separate publication of his I have is the brief, Kelmanesque *Human to Begin With*, an 8pp publication from Peter Riley's *Poetical Histories*), but I've got a few things of his coming out in *The Gig*, several of which he read at Cork: I'll paste in a couple:

ASHES IN THE MOUTH

water runs through
many branching veins

afraid to stand I continued
drinking and eating
look around
sing to yourself

like when the welder
catches the arc
the past
through gritted eyes

MODE FREE

down the wires like liquid
the bubbled infospeak of

too old to be free of keys
for the longest time of clay
the sound of cutlery the
. . . of crockery
to get back to the matter in hand
of which the subject I
two trees in a field it were
as air was but solid like
appearing to flow uphill
having taken to the streets

Trevor Joyce gave a characteristically demanding, brisk and intense reading, the centrepiece of which was his first public performance of "Stillman." "Stillman" (so far not yet published in separate form; bits can be found in _Shearsman_ & the whole text is in an anthology edited by Bob Archambeau whose title escapes me at the moment) is a prose poem set out on the page in all-capitals, without punctuation, like an engraved memorial inscription; like most of Joyce's prose work, it is a collage of disparate source materials, though they are so interwoven and rewritten that the density and integrity of the text is formidable. It is relentless, disturbing work. One source, Trevor remarked in his introductory comments, was a scientific experiment to determine whether birdsong is innate or learned: young birds were exposed to recordings of birdsong from which the pauses for breath had been edited out. The birds would lose consciousness in attempting to imitate the songs without pausing to breathe. Here's part one of the text, which is in 12 (run-together) sections:

STILL THE HEART BEATS AS THE FIRST LIGHT BROACHES THE HORIZON
HUNDREDS OF BIRDS STRIKE UP THEIR TINY BODIES FILLING THE AIR
WITH FF MELODIES CUT WITH A SOLEMN OATH RECALL THE PATIENT
ONE OSCAR C THOUGH A BED FULL OF BONES HAD ALWAYS ENJOYED
EXCELLENT HEALTH PRESENTING NEVER BUT THE SHALLOWEST OF
MALADIES AND BEING NEITHER ALCOHOLIC NOR SYPHILITIC GREW INTO
A BRIGHT SHARP MAN POSSESSING THE THREE GIFTS OF HEARING
SEEING AND OF JUDGEMENT AND HAVING PERDURED LONG IN TEXTILES
HAD FOUND TRACTIBLE ONE GROUP OF BIRDS THAT EASED HIS LIVING
WEDDED BLISSFUL WITHOUT ISSUE WHILE THOSE TRAPPED VOICES
METICULOUSLY CAGED IN MULTISTORIED CONSTRUCTS ABOVE VAST
FLOORS BENEATH LOW BEAMS EXULTED AS HUMAN SINGERS CAN ONLY
DREAM THIS COUPLE EVEN BEING VERY CLOSE AND HIS WIFE SOME
YEARS THE YOUNGER VERY CULTIVATED TOO AND A PARTICULARLY
GIFTED MUSICIAN WHICH TASTES SHE HAS INSTILLED IN HIM AS BARLEY
ENGENDERS BARLEY THE LION A LION AND GOLD GOLD VIZ TWO VOICE

BOXES ALLOWING HIM FREQUENTLY TO PERFORM DEMANDING SCORES WITH HER IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH SUCH A CREATURE CAN DO TWO DIFFERENT THINGS AT ONCE WITH ITS THROAT EVEN SING A DUET WITH ITSELF AND WHETHER ALONE OR WITH HER HE IS WELL UP IN BOOKS MISSES NOTHING AT ALL AND IT'S OBVIOUS IN TALKING WITH HIM HOW THOSE LITTLE BIRDS PRODUCE SUCH BIG BEAUTIFUL SONGS WHEN THROUGHOUT THE AUTUMN MONTHS THE WHISPER OF THE WIND IN THE CORNFIELD IS FOREVER AUDIBLE AS THE GRAIN WHICH IS SOWN IN CORRUPTION BUT IS RAISED TO INCORRUPTION POURS INTO THE GIANT HOPPERS AND IS EXALTED FOR HE IS READ AND SENSIBLE WHAT INSTRUMENT CAN CRAFT SUCH MUSIC AT THE RATE OF SEVERAL THOUSAND BUSHELS AN HOUR AND THIS C HAS HAD EXCELLENT VISION ALWAYS SO THAT AGAINST THOSE MANY WHO WOULD ENTICE FRAIL BIRDS TO SING WITH FIBREOPTIC SCOPES DOWN THEIR SKINNY THROTTLES DURING HIS YEARS IN TEXTILES PURSUIT TURNED HABIT AS C MERELY DEMURRED YOU DO NOT RULE ME CLOUDS OF BLOOD WILL COME TO YOU THEN STRAINED HIS PEEPERS CONJURING NEW DESIGNS TO PLOT DOWN ON MM 2 GRAPH PAPER OR IN NUMBERING THE THREADS IN A FABRIC IN WHICH THE SHAPE OF THE MASS OF DAUGHTER CELLS THAT EMERGES IS USUALLY A BALL ALTHOUGH IN BIRDS SOMETIMES A SHEET AND HE HAD NEVER SUFFERED THE LEAST MIGRAINE THOUGH WITH UPPER VOCAL TRACT IMMOBILISED OR THE LEAST CEREBRAL PROBLEMS DISPASSIONATE EVEN IN AN EXPERIMENTAL AND WHOLLY ARTIFICIAL ATMOSPHERE BEFORE THAT FALL WHEN THEY PLOUGHED HIM DOWN AS MME C RELATED AND THE TASK OF TRANSLATION BEGAN

After a pause for dinner (mostly in liquid form) we returned for a second session that evening. It opened with a short paper by Alex Davis, which discussed the crucial parting of the ways in early 20th century Irish literary culture between nationalism and modernist writing, with Thomas MacGreevy as the pivotal figure. - I didn't have much time for Michael Begnal, a transplanted American poet living in Ireland who runs a magazine called *The Burning Bush*: I don't have any of his poetry to hand & can't in fact now remember a thing about it.... - Matthew Geden is from the UK, & is (as he later said in conversation), in transition from a "mainstream" poetic style which he feels he couldn't do much more in, to something drawing on more experimental poetries. I'll be curious to see where he goes, but didn't think the writing was there yet: still dependent on poeticisms and rather wordy & lacking in intensity. Oh well. The best piece was a tribute to Trevor Joyce which was basically a cento from his work.

Keith Tuma started off his reading with a mordant homage to Tom Leonard--a text that began with voluble self-dismissal then flipped over into tighlipped monosyllabic utterances, almost purely phatic. Keith, cris cheek and Bill Howe

have been at work on a collaborative text since last year: Critical Path, a travelogue through Bush's America that spits and crackles with anxiety and anger. Only Keith was present at Cork to perform the text, but he gave a finely judged, suitably abrasive and manyvoiced performance. Here's one passage from one recent "version" of the text (it's still very much in progress):

----You know they've got these wired restaurants called Ground Rounds and I had a friend in Maine who worked in one ATTA BOY - insert crackle or cackle CROP DUSTER for extra authenticity - yeah he worked at the Ground Round as a slowing-traffic-olive-garden-hollow-pike chef STUMPS. One of the things he told me about was an idiot guy who worked with him on a shift that he hated, he just hated it FEEDING WHILE FIRING but he was amusing once in a while because he'd do something extraordinarily stupid like- - HOPE OF STOMPING - - invariably he'd get really high before going to work, not my friend WHITE POWDER but this idiot guy, and one day he got really high like he usually did going to work and he CHICKEN went errrrr he was going across the kitchen tripped over errr his own feet HE SAID NUKES DAMN IT reached out to you know catch OSAMA himself with his hand and put his hand right down into the bottom of a THIS TEXT MELTED deep frier

Next day started at 10:30 with a trio of readings. I've been on record in my last account of the Cork Festival (in 1999) as expressing doubts about Geoffrey Squires' poetry. It's thus a pleasure to report that his reading on this occasion was much the strongest I've heard him do (the other occasion was New Hampshire in 1996): it was a very precise & compelling account of two quite disparate texts--his early book Drowned Stones (1975), which is a series of condensed, sometimes slightly twisted or broken-off scenes or anecdotes; & a recent untitled sequence which has only appeared so far partially in Shearsman 50, which is much more meditative and abstract in cast, constantly pausing to rephrase something just said or propose an alternative train of thought. Here's the opening section of the 1975 text & the 14th section of the new poem.

(And all the trouble to learn him, the
strangeness of another, his turnings)

it was good, it was as it should be, we lived
two miles from the town, quite isolated, no
car

didn't get the electric till 1953 and only got
it then because my mother had the sense to give
the engineer a cup of tea

well he said we might as well take it up the
hill when we're at it

Coast laced with islands the sea a deep deep blue
broken only by the small puckers of waves

as if from sleep or some other absence
as if it from sleep or some other absence

the mind is full of assertion and denial
which neither thing

and to get the right balance get the balance right

uninflected in any of the ways that it might
inclined turned neither towards one thing nor the other
one thing or another

there is not one moment but that something happens
body place light what else experience

Fergal Gaynor was a new name to me, a younger Irish poet, & of the younger poets present this year he's the one I got most out of--not "experimental writing" but well-turned short lyric, if I remember rightly (I have no texts of his). Michael Smith read from a set of translations of Lorca--without knowing the originals I can't of course judge them too knowledgably but they certainly came across well in his reading.

After a lunchbreak we came back for a short talk by Keith Tuma. Originally the idea was that he give a scaled-down version of a formal paper he'd delivered a few days before in London at Birkbeck; in the event, Keith decided to scrap the paper, instead informally discussing the book and making some pointed remarks about Edna Longley's *Bloodaxe* anthology. As he noted, Longley's book privileged out of all proportion the short, self-contained lyric, so by way of counterpoint he delivered readings of a number of short poems from the Oxford book, some of them decidedly nonlyrical (DH Lawrence's "Willy Wet-Leg"). He then had me make a few off-the-cuff remarks about my own role in the book as annotator. - Randolph Healy read the entirety of *_Arbor Vitae_*, which is for me one of the great poems of the 1990s, a passionate response to the history of the repression of sign language in Ireland which, true to its title, branches out to tackle many different issues: perhaps the ultimate theme is really human hubris and the limitations of human knowledge and agency. It was a pleasure to hear Randolph read the whole text (usually he just performs part 1), but it was not the strongest version I'd heard him deliver: that would be the memorable, visibly taxing reading of part 1 I witnessed at the 2000 CCCP. (The whole text is available on Trevor Joyce's Sound Eye website: http://indigo.ie/~tjac/Poets/Randolph_Healy/Arbor_Vitae/arbor_vitae.htm) It's a pity Randolph didn't also read some more recent work, as I've been quite

taken by his recent short poems. (He did give a sample on the previous night, as Trevor asked him & Raworth to give short "preview" readings on that occasion to round off the evening.)

Maggie O'Sullivan has family roots in Ireland, in Skibbereen, which is material drawn on in texts like *That Bread Should Be* (the reference is to the Irish Potato Famine: the phrase quoted is "That bread should be so dear and life so cheap"). She gave a typically forceful yet nuanced reading from a variety of texts-if memory serves at this late date, I think it was "Winter Ceremony" and/or "Waterfalls", "Ellen's Lament", & (the last text performed) *Red Shifts*, her new book from etruscan books. I won't quote any of the work here because it does present a considerable obstacle to reproduction in plaintext email: it often uses the page as a visual prosodic field, with eruptions of capitalization, underlining & boldface that are deployed like emphatic marks on a canvas. Or notes on a score? A friend commented afterwards: "You know it struck me in hearing Maggie read this time that she approaches the act more like a musician than anybody I've ever heard."

The final session of the event was from 3:30 to 5:00: the organizers had hoped to organize a further evening performance of traditional Irish music but this didn't take place. Maybe next year! Anyway, at this session, Maurice Scully performed selections from several books of his, all of which make up a single enormous interlinked project (*_Five Freedoms of Movement_*, *_Livelihood: The Set_*, *_Tig_*). I've heard Maurice read several times now (at the 1999 Cork Festival, & at the 1996 New Hampshire conference); this was definitely the best reading of his I've witnessed, a highly focussed performance which brought out the musicality & the restless permutations of the texts as they engage with the substance of daily life: family & professional routines, the natural world, boredom & frustration & delight. Again I'll skip typing in some of his poetry as there's some up online at Sound Eye:

http://indigo.ie/~tjac/Poets/Maurice_Scully/maurice_scully.htm

I'm not all that interested in the mix of confessional poetry, barefoot Earth-Mother persona, performance poetry & the odd bit of singing that was delivered by Maighread Medbh, mostly delivered straight at the audience from memory. That said, I was initially sympathetic enough, given my leanings towards an aesthetic pluralism, and since in the context of some of more demanding poetries on offer at the Cork conference, such a change of pace was actually rather welcome. But Medbh disposed of my goodwill by going on at enormous & self-indulgent length. She overshot her allotted time by about 20 minutes, I reckon, & as things wore on got increasingly self-parodic. A poem about lying down looking up, for instance, had to be *_read_* lying down.

Tom Raworth had asked me a few weeks before Cork if there was anything I'd like to hear him read: I'd mentioned that I'd never heard him read *_Ace_*. He very kindly fulfilled this request at Cork, giving a memorable performance of a text that presents considerable difficulties to reading: the earliest of his long poems, it is an unpunctuated column of words, mostly one to a line, which demands rapid and precise performance. Poet and audience are both placed under stress, both of them struggling to keep up with the text. Raworth overcame some respiratory difficulties at the end to deliver the entirety of the poem. He closed with a detoured version of Andrew Motion's poem for the Queen Mother (every noun was replaced with the name of an alcoholic drink). This was probably the best live performance I've seen Tom give in some time.

And that was Cork 2002, the 6th or 5th festival depending on who's counting. It was a mostly strong programme that threw up a number of truly fine readings, & I found the ambience & people very congenial. I was, in short, glad I was there.

Nate & Jane Dorward

██████████

THE GIG magazine: <http://pages.sprint.ca/ndorward/files/>

109 Hounslow Ave., Willowdale, ON, M2N 2B1, Canada

ph: ██████████

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166. **Pritchett, Patrick**
Re: A House White with Sorrow

Tue 11 Jun 2002

First published in 1996, Jennifer Heath's powerful novel, "A House White With Sorrow: Ballad for Afghanistan," has been re-issued in a striking new special edition that combines text with photographs to produce a haunting and compelling vision of that beleaguered nation. Not only a great novel, it is also a stunning piece of art in its own right -- a superlative example of photo-fiction.

Below is my original review of the book as it first appeared in the Boulder Daily Camera.

"A House White With Sorrow" may be purchased from SPD, or directly from the author, Jennifer Heath, by sending a check or credit card number to 1838 Pine Street, Boulder, CO, 80302. Price is \$20.00 (includes postage). To contact Heath, write to: <██████████>

Patrick Pritchett

A HOUSE WHITE WITH SORROW

by Jennifer Heath

Reviewed by: Patrick Pritchett

When the former Soviet Union confidently blundered its way into Afghanistan in 1979, a century-old process of political maneuvering known as the Great Game achieved its horrific culmination and the journalistic epithet "afghanistanism," formerly employed to denote the obscure and unimportant, acquired a new and dreadful meaning. "A House White With Sorrow," by Boulder novelist Jennifer Heath, is the story of that time and what led up to it. "House" is a harrowing and elegiac tale of two cultures and two families, one American, the other Afghan, and of their intertwined destinies. "What is a man without his clan?" this novel asks. For reply, it conducts us on a tour of life during wartime in which the narrowness of purely nationalist concerns is stripped away to reveal the deeper aspects of the human condition. Along the way, love is shattered and rebuilt; hope betrayed and renewed; families are sundered, then reunited, but not always in happiness. Heath, who spent her teenage years in Afghanistan as an "embassy brat," has achieved no mere distillate of autobiography here, but a rich, complex story in which the personal and the political are deftly juxtaposed. The novel unfolds in mosaic-like episodes, ala John Dos Passos' "U.S.A. Trilogy" and Sartre's "The Reprieve," criss-crossing back and forth in time between 1959 and the entry of the Sayyid family into Washington's diplomatic community, and the early 1980's, when Afghanistan struggles to expel the invading "Shovaree shayytans," the Russian devils, from their homeland. Across three decades, the eccentric, dysfunctional, charismatic Crowell family and the equally dynamic and divided Sayyids, progressive members of the ruling Pushtun clan, find themselves both making history and caught up in its unconscious undertow. In Heath's vision, history operates on two planes at once: as that which we shape, and as that which in turn shapes us. No grand synthesis emerges from this dialectic, though. Instead, what comes to occupy the median is the ability of human beings to choose, to exercise radical self-awareness in the crucible of extreme pressures. Out of existential crisis, personal transcendence may be born. A chorus of voices narrates the flow of feeling and action. Through them, we overhear the continual quarrel between hope and doubt, affirmation and negation, in short, the human conversation. There's Alauddin Sayyid, a Western-trained physician, who vacillates between his comfortable lifestyle far from grief, and the urgent call of his homeland for commitment. His on-again/off-again lover, Carey Crowell, daughter of an American consul, similarly struggles with her conscience as she seeks to come to grips with her feelings for Alauddin, and her ambivalent affections for her domineering mother Jeanette. It's Jeanette's voice which rings with the greatest panache. By turns irreverent, shrewish, comic, heroic and just giddily

drunk, in the end it is unfailingly decent, the moral pivot at the center of all the characters' tangled allegiances. Her strength is the strength which all mothers and great women share: elastic, yet unyielding, and tempered by a delightfully caustic wit, whether she is struggling against the Afghan custom of purdah (the separation of women from all men but their relatives), or smuggling diplomats' wives out of the country via an underground railway. The novel's structure obviates suspense. Linear time no longer plays its familiar role in revealing character and building theme and incident. Instead, Heath constructs another, subtler kind of tension, more psychological than dramatic. When we first meet Alauddin and Carey, for instance, they are husband and wife; he, following the mujahidin into battle as a field medic; she, nursing the wounded across the border in Pakistan. As we prepare to leave the lovers, they are caught up in the throes of deciding whether or not to marry. (In a grim yet poignant touch characteristic of the book, they communicate via the "Trauma Express," a courier system in which letters are transported through the bodies of the slain or wounded). Far from impeding our involvement with the characters, this fractured chronology deepens it. Memory, after all, is dyslexic. Identity is to be grasped as process, not product. In mapping the stratigraphy of self, one place is probably as good as any other in which to start. "House" is by no means a journey of wistful Proustian recall. It's packed with high drama. This is a story about war: its panics and alarms, its furious attacks and mad flights; its profound savagery, its even profounder compassion. For centuries, Afghanistan has hovered near the antipodes of Eurocentric thought, an exotic region populated by the racist, sexist and imperialist fantasies of Empire, whether British, Russian, or American. Jennifer Heath has rescued it from the miasma of misconception, telling the tale of its betrayal and dismemberment, both from within and without, with writing that is swift, sure and lyrical. Vivid, immediate and underscored by genuine pathos, "A House White With Sorrow" belongs to that rare species of the American novel, the kind that engage us not only emotionally, but ethically, too.

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167. **kari edwards**

Mixed Nuts: An Anthology of Mad, Queer Poetry

Tue 11 Jun 2002

PLEASE FORWARD

Mixed Nuts: An Anthology of Mad, Queer Poetry

We invite submissions of poetry of any form or length that addresses some issue related too queerness, madness, or preferably any combination of the two.

Please note that the editors are mad themselves, so we define these categories

differently on different days. Therefore, if you believe you have a poem (or several poems) that might even remotely be suited to this anthology, please send it (or them).

? Of course, poems should be typed. We would prefer that you use 12 point type, no smaller, no larger. ? Please enclose with your poetry a cover letter that includes all of your contact information: name, address, e-mail address, and phone number. ? Please also include in your cover letter a sentence or two that indicates why you believe that your poem is suited to the anthology. ? If you want your poem(s) returned after review, then please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for the return. ? If you submit your poem(s) via e-mail, which we encourage, please send to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. We are inclined to review only those poems that are sent to both addresses, so please send to both of us at once.

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168. **David Larsen**
Re: Handwriting Poets

Tue 11 Jun 2002

I'm not ready to let this question die yet. First I want to bring up a couple of writers who aren't generally recognized as writers at all (at least not by other writers): Jean-Michel Basquiat's drawings & canvases, but especially his drawings, are some of the greatest poetry produced in the 1980s. Maybe it's the hundreds of thousands they fetch that make them hard to recognize as "visual poetry" -- whatever the reason, they really are deserving of more "literary" attention. The best US poetry of the 1990s is in the books of Mark Gonzales, a world-renowned skateboarder and artist who is still producing photocopied books under the rubric "Non Stop Poetry/Cujo Arts and Literature." They're hard to find, but Printed Matter in NY carries them, & not too expensive. So often you hear of artists who "use texts" in their work, which is so absurd -- just because it's in magic marker or spray-paint and involves non-textual material shouldn't remove it from the realm of "poetry."

I'm glad Jerrold mentions Robert Grenier -- has anyone else wondered about Larry Eigner's influence on his turn to handwritten forms? I know they hung out a lot...

And finally I want to repeat my question to those poets who release their work exclusively in type. Is it for convenience? community? or do you feel that type is essentially the best vehicle for your written work? It might just be -- this is not some trap I'm setting -- but I want to hear it formulated & not simply assumed. Jerrold has tendon problems, and Jason Christie's handwriting was ruined by his "correction" class. There are a lot more of you out there, though, I've seen

your work. Jason rightly notes that the pen is no less a technological device than the typewriter or computer or any other instrument for producing written forms. Fine, but what why is type the unmarked inscriptive medium for poetry, and everything else gets marked as " 'visual' poetry"? Like type's not visual? Sorry to sound like such a hot-head but I am one LRSN

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169. **Duration Press**
Re: Handwriting Poets
Tue 11 Jun 2002

worth mentioning, as well, are Adolf Wolfli...take a look, also, at the recent Russian Avant-Garde Book exhibit at the MOMA (which Ron posted a link to a while back)...Niedecker's calender poem (reprinted in the recent collected)...

& since David brought up spray-paint, I should also point out that graffiti artists refer to themselves as "writers"...

----- Original Message -----

From: "David Larsen" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, June 11, 2002 5:41 PM

Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets

> I'm not ready to let this question die yet. First I want to bring up a
> couple of writers who aren't generally recognized as writers at all (at
> least not by other writers): Jean-Michel Basquiat's drawings & canvases,
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> sound like such a hot-head but I am one LRSN
>
>
>

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170. **Aaron Belz**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Tue 11 Jun 2002

And finally I want to repeat my question to those poets who release their work exclusively in type. Is it for convenience? community? or do you feel that type is essentially the best vehicle for your written work?

I would like it to be noted that I just sent a stack of poems to my friend Kevin, who makes comics, in the hope he might be able to "do something with" some of them, perhaps resulting in a collaborative book. I'd been thinking about this direction for awhile, having had no luck shopping my MS around a few presses, and actually being skeptical about traditionally printed poetry books anyway (of which there're so fucking many!), and also having moved toward dialog/episodiic narrative in my own work. But it feels more than a little narcissistic trying to populate another artist's imagination with my own texts, especially Kevin's which is so fertile already--

<http://www.usscatastrophe.com/kh/greentea.html>

An example of my work in dialogs is here--

<http://www.jacketmagazine.com/15/belz.html>

Admittedly it's not a perfect match, but dammit, I want to see little people speaking my lines! ! And handlettered in that cool comic-book style we've all come to trust.

Maybe I should turn to puppeteering or something. Or retelling Marx Brothers movie scenes as party anecdotes (a favorite art form of mine).

-Aaron Belz

P.S. As to the skepticism about books, or traditionally printed matter, what have you, that's a whole 'nother thread. I would like to be able to pick up a book or a printed journal and think, "Hmm, something new, something valuable," but so often just because of the white paper and black text and little page numbers and endpapers and precious blurbs and author photo and bio and "note on the type" and colophon and table of contents-- shit I've just seen so MANY BOOKS, reviewed so many, read so many as school assignments, picked up so many that looked interesting, stocked/inventoried so many for Shakespeare & Co back in the day, for Waldenbooks back in another life, wrote advertisements and planned marketing campaigns for so many, I feel kind of SUNBLINDED or something. Isn't there a psychological term for this? Like, having eaten too many candy bars, one forgets where to put the wrappers? I need a new high.

-A

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171. **Pam Brown**
Re: Poet Laureate

Tue 11 Jun 2002

This looks really odd to me in the context of the recent posts about the demise of small press poetry publishing in Canada.

Ho well - it's a wunnerful world innit...

Best wishes,

Pam Brown --- "K.Angelo Hehir" <[REDACTED]>

wrote: > Attention:

- > This notice came from the Library of Parliament,
- > Ottawa, Canada:
- > As you may be aware, Bill S-10 providing for a
- > Parliamentary Poet Laureate
- > was passed by the Senate and the House of Commons
- > and received Royal Assent
- > on December 21, 2001. The terms of the new 75.1(1)
- > of S.C.2001, c.36, added
- > to the "Parliament of Canada Act" stipulates that

- > the poet may:
- > * write poetry, especially for use in Parliament on
- > occasions of state;
- > * sponsor poetry readings
- > * give advice to the Parliamentary Librarian
- > regarding the collection
- > of the library and acquisitions to enrich its
- > cultural holdings; and
- > * perform such other related duties as are requested
- > by either Speaker
- > or the Parliamentary Librarian.
- >
- > This letter is to inform you that the Selection
- > Committee has been
- > established and would be happy to consider the
- > application of a qualified
- > candidate from your association/organization.
- > Please forward applications
- > before June 21, 2002 to the following address:
- > Mr. Richard Pare, Parliamentary Librarian
- > Library of Parliament
- > Room 668-S Centre Block,
- > Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0A9
- >
- > Applications may also be sent to the following
- > e-mail address:
- > [REDACTED] . Any material supporting a
- > candidate must be submitted in
- > text format.
- >
- > To meet the criteria established as part of the
- > selection process,
- > candidates must:
- > * have a substantial publication history (including
- > poetry) displaying
- > literacy excellence
- > * have made a contribution to the writing community
- > * be an accomplished writer who has influenced other
- > writers
- > * have written work reflecting Canada
- > * be a Canadian resident.
- >

- > As the Parliamentary poet Laureate may wish to play
- > an active role in
- > publicly promoting poetry to Canadian citizens, a
- > practical knowledge of
- > both official languages would be an asset.
- >
- > Literary artists working in oral traditions are also
- > eligible. They must be
- > recognized as professionals by their peers (artists
- > who work in the same
- > artistic tradition).
- >
- > The Selection Committee will review all applications
- > received from
- > parliamentarians, from various Canadian poets' and
- > writers' associations and
- > directly from interested candidates. The Selection
- > Committee will submit a
- > short list of three candidates to the Speaker of the
- > Senate and the Speaker
- > of the House of Commons who will then make the final
- > selection and will
- > officially announce the nomination of the first
- > Parliamentary Poet Laureate.
- > In order to ensure representation of both official
- > languages, the Speakers
- > will announce that the nomination of the Poet, in
- > successive years, will
- > alternate between French and English authorship.
- >
- > The Parliamentary Poet Laureate will receive, on a
- > yearly basis, \$12,000 as
- > a stipend (taxable) and a maximum of \$10,000 for
- > reimbursement of domestic
- > travel and living expenses.
- >
- > Should you require additional information about this
- > process, please contact
- > Richard Pare (pronounced Pa-ray) or his Executive
- > Assistant, Guylaine
- > Rondeau, at [REDACTED].

- Find yourself a bargain!

172. Alan Sondheim

radiations/postmodernity

Tue 11 Jun 2002

radiations/postmodernity\

\\ joints of infinity, bruised knuckles, atmospheric heat-death, i have known this, i have known among you, only i have known, nuclear winter of carcinogenic tumors, broken skin-trance-formation, dancing through LAST COMMUNIQUE-HOW-COULD-YOU, offing of politicians, corrosions::ran through such the city as such, desc. poles and polars - assessments from momentary topologies, isobar peripheries, askew-dna replications, each new for the cell, immune deficiencies coupled with viral particulations: we are the last among you, cloud-dispersal by a factor of cube-root density, unless: THAT CERTAIN FORCE enters into the equation, drunkman's walk, stochastic meandering (of the form of certain MEASURE GEOMETRIES i have invented coupled with wind-speed and turbulent attractors, strange phenomena in- deed), desc. cancers, contusions, bleeding from mouth, ears, anus, red urine, streets of skin-slough, slough-marsh desc. of future STAIN-RESIDUE: this is the LAST COMMUNIQUE-HOW-COULD-YOU, radiations among us, informa- tion implosions, expansions of tropospheres, ionospheric reflections, auroral glows among us::my dusts texts 1993 desc. postmodernity radia- tions: biospheres electromagnetic bandwidths, broadcastings, dispersions of plants/ animals - invasions, knowledge radiating, manageriality of knowledge-manage-ment, symbolic spews; heine's speaks of barthes' no-center in empire of signs, the signs are upon us, radiative bombing without cent- er, feather-dispersal mechanisms, cumulus intensities close on the ground, prayers on blasted knees: witness the high-speed-shutter accumulation of image-shifters, connect to desert doomsday scenarios:::

death texts salvaged by stainless-steel incision-inscription, teflon-coat- ed,
buried hard among you through my \\\W\\W\\W\\W\\W\\W\\W\\W\\W\\- \\W\\W\\W\\W\\W\\W\\W\\
\\W\\W\\W\\W\\ joints of infinity, bruised knuckles, atmospheric heat-death, i have
known this, i have known among you, only i have known, nuclear winter of car-
cinogenic tumors, broken skin-trance-formation, dancing through LAST
COMMUNIQUE-HOW-COULD-YOU, offing of politicians, corrosions::

173. **Barrett Watten**

Content declaration

Tue 11 Jun 2002

Thanks, Millie. I'd like to see that in headlines, in the kind of mock newspaper you get at anniversaries. A lot of a parodic nature could be done with it. Write such banners for FLP?

A propos different levels of statement that begin to refer to a common thread in *Progress*, I overheard a conversation in a restaurant today--tech people in the auto business, discussing a programming problem. There were "routines," "compilers," and "libraries" in this program. The senior technician figure (i.e. the dominant conversational partner) was laying out the function of the program and kept switching between nouns and verbs, components and their functions. Compilers compile, routines just sit there and do their routines (when called on), and "libraries library." There were a number of sentences in which something libaried something else or was libaried (similar to the ways compilers compiled). I'm interested in the gap between the grammatically normative construction (compilers compile) and the "deviant" but potentially acceptable formulation (libraries library) as it was being developed in the discussion. In linguistics, this distinction might be indicated by:

compilers compile

? libraries library

* routines routine (not said)

Now imagine this as a kind of paradigm for constructed sentences in a series. Some are very straightforward, have "content," grammatically organized. Some stretch the possibilities in some way. Some are deviant clinkers. I'm interested in the way the total discourse takes on meaning through these relations, and gives value to them.

Second question: what is the relation of the grammar of these sentences and the "state of affairs" they represent? How does the acceptability of "libraries library" depend on what a library is? Of course it does depend on what a library is, but precisely how? This was a faultline in linguistics circa 1980--between "context-independent" and "context-dependent" syntax.

You might say the poem itself is a kind of compiler, possibly a library, but not a routine (i.e., there were not "procedures" that generated what came next--it was written by a human hand, on an electric typewriter, 1981-82; I wasn't thinking of those devices).

Barrett

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174. **Camille Martin**
last call for poetry y'all

Tue 11 Jun 2002

I'm guest-editing a special section of the online journal HOW2 on WOMEN EXPERIMENTAL POETS OF THE SOUTH.

Submissions of 8-12 pages of poetry are welcome from women poets who live in Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Arkansas, or Tennessee.

The section will consist of my introductory essay and a collection of poetry with poets' statements and bios. Statements and bios will be requested from contributors at a later date.

The deadline for submissions has been extended to July 15.

Send work or queries to Camille Martin at:

██████████

OR

7725 Cohn St.
New Orleans, LA 70118
(enclose SASE)

Please include your physical address with your submission.

For submission guidelines, visit the HOW2 website:

http://www.departments.bucknell.edu/stadler_center/how2/announce.html For emailed submissions, please send, if possible, rtf or Microsoft Word file attachment. But sending work in the body of the message is ok, too. Remember to send submissions to me, not to HOW2.

Please pass this message to poets who might be interested in submitting work for this project.

Thank you!

Camille Martin
7725 Cohn St.
New Orleans, LA 70118
██████████

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175. **Alan Sondheim**

Of Chat

Wed 12 Jun 2002

Of Chat

Alan Sondheim>> this is the proof. i go to england...
Alan Sondheim>> and talk to myself.
Alan Sondheim>> no one is here to disturb me. a connection
Alan Sondheim>> moves across space through time in order
Alan Sondheim>> to bring me to myself. paths are taken, then
Alan Sondheim>> broken. packets are signed, delivered, according
to protocols
Alan Sondheim>> of address and in the future, urgency. there
is nothing urgent
Alan Sondheim>> about myself returning to myself, nothing imminent
Alan Sondheim>> about this capturing process. i would have assumed
i know
Alan Sondheim>> myself, no matter what the discourse emanating
Alan Sondheim>> from my body. now, however, i await my reply,
hoping
Alan Sondheim>> the connection holds. what is a proof without
witness.
Alan Sondheim>> what is a witness manque, through language, the thin
Alan Sondheim>> bandwidth all that is necessary
Alan Sondheim>> for my proof. here and there, a shattered mirror.
Alan Sondheim>> i am among us or myself. i can't carry this with
me. i am an other. i need
Alan Sondheim>> the machine. the machine.

—

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176. **Andrew Rathmann**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Wed 12 Jun 2002

A Quiz (apologies to Paul Hoover):

True or false?

1. Poetry predates writing and possibly the opposable thumb.
2. Language comes from lingua i.e. tongue, that thing in your mouth.
3. The "line" is not fundamental to poetry, being a printer's contrivance.

4. Olson wrote: "What we have suffered from, is manuscript..."
5. You could write out a Creeley poem breaking the lines any way you liked and the poem would lose none of its pleasure.
6. Dickinson wasn't sure which versions she liked better and didn't think she was under any pressure to decide, publication being the auction of the mind of man, etc.
7. Listening to The Waste Land is a greater experience than reading the poem.
8. A blind person could never be a first-rate poet.
9. Interest in handwriting possibly an expression of consumer nostalgia. Cf. Martha Stewart and <http://www.levenger.com/>

Cy Twombly is an example of a painter who incorporates handwritten poems (by Rilke & so weiter).

Susan Wood reproduces her notebooks in Source Codes (intended as a saucy gesture, I suppose -- yeah, whatever...).

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177. **Pam Brown**

New address for Pam Brown

Wed 12 Jun 2002

Apologies for cross-posting & anyone who does not want this information - please delete.

My new postal address is
5/1 Plumer Rd.,
Rose Bay
NSW 2029
Australia

New phone number: 61 - 2 - 9362 5892

email & day job contact details remain as is

=====

Web site/P.Brown - <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/>

<http://www.sold.com.au> - SOLD.com.au

- Find yourself a bargain!

[↑ Contents](#)

178. **richard.tylr**

Re: New address for Pam Brown

Wed 12 Jun 2002

Pam. There's some interesting stuff on this site and i had a quick look at some of the mags. The poems in Tinfish for eg were interesting. Jacket I've seen before and it is good: the discussion on The Big Smoke ws interesting... the point about Baxter I think that its true he needs a reevaluation: as unfortunately he has been liked almost "for the wrong reasons" (or liked by too many people!) so a lot of us have turned say to Kendrick Smithyman: that said he was a great poet of a kind...problem for me with him is that I hear so much about Baxter and have been reading him occasionally since I think 1969 when he wrote quite "intellectual" and very good poems: great in fact ... but The Big Smoke missed me out! Reason: I only published one thing in 1970 (the first thing I ever submitted and the last for many years).(Actually it was a story that began as a description of the freezing works where I worked some seasons in the sixties). BUT - What was the REAL tragedy of The Big Smoke story: that I didn't know I was going to become a book dealer! My friend Jim the Ant had a poem given to him (handwritten) by Baxter when we were on a "protest" jaunt to Wellington ... I forgot about it until I discovered latterly that such things have considerable fiscal value: but The Ant lost it! but I actually haven't read much of Baxter's poetry which is a bit silly as I don't really know if i like him! Some I remember as only conventionally good...(I realise that there's a hell of a lot more than things about Baxter et al in Jacket,...but didn't have time for those just yet: its obviously a good mag...)

So that's the great New Zealand Tragedy...joking of course: the review of Leggott...well she gets (rightly) accoladed every where..she must be one of the world's greatest poets..many others even "famous" poets we all know look weak side her...but any case that's an interesting site...your poems "aren't my style" overall (not saying they're 'bad") (I like to rave and "boom") but that said you have some good lines: and I liked the one with the fortune cookie: the light touch...also some of your poems with the australiasian tone I could relate to...some interesting stuff. Thanks again, Richard.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Pam Brown" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, June 12, 2002 10:13 PM

Subject: New address for Pam Brown

=====

> Web site/P.Brown - <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/>

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179. **Millie Niss**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Wed 12 Jun 2002

How about Kenneth Patchen as a Jandwriting poet? He painted poems. MOstly one liner, but also painted illustrations to large numbers of poems. There is a large format book calle What Shall We Do Without Us? Of of the big painted poems in color, and Wanderings and Double featues have dome paintings in them.

Millie

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180. **J. Kuszai**

Re: Writing Poets/Patchen

Wed 12 Jun 2002

speaking of Kenneth Patchen: his 1957 collaboration with Allyn Ferguson and the Chamber Jazz Sextet is now available online at Factory School's audio archive:

<http://www.factoryschool.org>

How about Kenneth Patchen as a Jandwriting poet? He painted poems. MOstly one liner, but also painted illustrations to large numbers of poems. There is a large format book calle What Shall We Do Without Us? Of of the big painted poems in color, and Wanderings and Double featues have dome paintings in them.

Millie

--

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181. **Aaron Belz**

author photos

Wed 12 Jun 2002

"Why do you never pick up your socks??"

<http://www.versepress.org/sikelianos.html>

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182. **David Larsen**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Wed 12 Jun 2002

At 04:06 AM 6/12/02 -0600, "Andrew Rathman" wrote:

>Susan Wood reproduces her notebooks in Source Codes (intended as a saucy
>gesture, I suppose -- yeah, whatever...).

I think her name is Susan _Wheeler_. Don't you like sauce, Andrew? I get your point, about the essential orality of poetry. I don't buy it, though. Language comes from the tongue, and so has this essential somatic quality which transcends all written vehicles for it. Strange, then, that you would use the somatic trope of the "gesture" to dismiss Wheeler's reproduction of her notebooks in _Source Codes_, as if the gesture were some second-order signifier. Is speech not gestural? Isn't the tongue _moving around_ as it produces the verbal sign in collaboration w/ the lips & larynx? What about its important role in non-verbal gestures, like when we stick it out at each other? I don't think I need to point out the (material) gesturality of handwriting --it's the (metaphorical) gesturality of type I'm trying to get at. Maybe the question for Susan Wheeler should be what she meant by putting the handwritten versions of her poems at the end of her book, or why she chose to reproduce them in type at all.

One of the things I love about Brendan Lorber's magazine _Lungfull!_ is its the title's citation of the breath (more necessary than the tongue, I might contend, for oral communication and art), even as it presents all these handwritten compositions. The hand-bone's connected to the lung-bone, y'all. And the tongue-bone. I'd ask him why the qualifier "rough drafts" for the handwritten element, but I think everyone gets the picture LRSN

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183. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Wed 12 Jun 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV> <P>&lt;&lt; The hand-bone's  
connected to the lung-bone, y'all. And the tongue-bone. &gt;&gt;</P> <P>The  
tongue bone is measured in (metrical) feet, from the heel bone, which is di-  
rectly connected to the phallogocentric circumference defining the horizon of hu-  
man will; Achilles evidently&nbsp;couldn't come as readily from tongue to  
lung&nbsp;as&nbsp;tantric rail rider&nbsp;Hector, but he sure could kill down  
the merciless trail from the frontal lobe straight out to the knuckle,&nbsp;down  
the thick smoke of the lower arm, directly into flame.&nbsp; Writing is invento-  
rial; orality the hyper-sensitized de-emphasis of displaced eroticism, or "narra-  
tive"; both are joined&nbsp;in the de-tox box.&nbsp; Ie., Pandora's box = the
```

Promethean liver. Purification (teleology, in Qabbalistic and Isma'ili systems, or, the cessation of all movement, as Paradise): Salt water is to fresh as "world" is to "trope"; the leap is from "blood" to "neurology". Eat your mushrooms. Toxins make the world go 'round.

</P></DIV> <DIV></DIV> <DIV></DIV>>From: David Larsen <[REDACTED]><DIV></DIV>>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]><DIV></DIV>>To: [REDACTED] <DIV></DIV>>Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets <DIV></DIV>>Date: Wed, 12 Jun 2002 12:31:36 -0700 <DIV></DIV>> <DIV></DIV>>At 04:06 AM 6/12/02 -0600, "Andrew Rathman" wrote: <DIV></DIV>> >Susan Wood reproduces her notebooks in Source Codes (intended as a saucy <DIV></DIV>> >gesture, I suppose -- yeah, whatever...). <DIV></DIV>> <DIV></DIV>>I think her name is Susan_Wheeler_. Don't you like sauce, Andrew? I get <DIV></DIV>>your point, about the essential orality of poetry. I don't buy it, though. <DIV></DIV>>Language comes from the tongue, and so has this essential somatic quality <DIV></DIV>>which transcends all written vehicles for it. Strange, then, that you would <DIV></DIV>>use the somatic trope of the "gesture" to dismiss Wheeler's reproduction of <DIV></DIV>>her notebooks in _Source Codes_, as if the gesture were some second-order <DIV></DIV>>signifier. Is speech not gestural? Isn't the tongue _moving around_ as it <DIV></DIV>>produces the verbal sign in collaboration w/ the lips & larynx? What about <DIV></DIV>>its important role in non-verbal gestures, like when we stick it out at <DIV></DIV>>each other? I don't think I need to point out the (material) gesturality of <DIV></DIV>>handwriting --it's the (metaphorical) gesturality of type I'm trying to get <DIV></DIV>>at. Maybe the question for Susan Wheeler should be what she meant by <DIV></DIV>>putting the handwritten versions of her poems at the end of her book, or <DIV></DIV>>why she chose to reproduce them in type at all. <DIV></DIV>> <DIV></DIV>>One of the things I love about Brendan Lorber's magazine _Lungfull!_ is its <DIV></DIV>>the title's citation of the breath (more necessary than the tongue, I might <DIV></DIV>>contend, for oral communication and art), even as it presents all these <DIV></DIV> <BLOCKQUOTE> <P>>handwritten compositions. I'd ask him why the qualifier "rough drafts" </P></BLOCKQUOTE> <DIV></DIV>>for the handwritten element, but I think everyone gets the picture LRSN <DIV></DIV></div><br clear=all><hr>Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: Click Here
</html>

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184. **Sheila Massoni**
Re: Handwriting Poets
Wed 12 Jun 2002

yes me too i also think instead of copious footnotes to bulk up publication TS Eliot could've opted for inserting handwritten versions of his poems but hey i bet Viv wrote most of them and I'm busy worrying about my constitutional rights going up ashcroft's ass Sheila

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185. **Philip Nikolayev**
contact info
Wed 12 Jun 2002

I need Frank Kermode's email address -- please help!
Philip

[↑ Contents](#)

186. **Maria Damon**
Re: Handwriting Poets
Wed 12 Jun 2002

why do i keep reading this as handwringing poets?

[↑ Contents](#)

187. **Lawrence Upton**
Re: contact info
Wed 12 Jun 2002

recognising that you have the problem is part of the cure

L

----- Original Message -----

From: "Philip Nikolayev" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: 12 June 2002 23:02

Subject: contact info

I need Frank Kermode's email address -- please help!

Philip

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188. **Fargas Laura**

Re: contact info

Wed 12 Jun 2002

At 6:02 PM -0400 6/12/02, Philip Nikolayev wrote:

>I need Frank Kermode's email address -- please help!

>

>Philip

wow, i didn't know he was still alive. i thought i'd sensed his ending some time ago. >>

Through the Force?

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189. **Maria Damon**

Re: contact info

Wed 12 Jun 2002

At 6:02 PM -0400 6/12/02, Philip Nikolayev wrote:

>I need Frank Kermode's email address -- please help!

>

>Philip

wow, i didn't know he was still alive. i thought i'd sensed his ending some time ago.

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190. **Philip Nikolayev**

Re: contact info

Wed 12 Jun 2002

—

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191. **Alan Sondheim**

Mailman Postman Click Click Click

Wed 12 Jun 2002

Mailman Postman Click Click Click

: Mailman Postman Click Click Click::: : :

: Mailman Postman Click Click Click:: :. !!!

Your love . above my

: Mailman Postman Click Click Click:: !!!: Mail Man ~

Your mountains [] . is upon my there

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Your rivers is across my feet

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MailMan window 98,2000 . window XP
MailMan Click
PostMan
PostMan Click
.
[] .
Your love . above my
Your mountains [] . is upon my there
Your rivers is across my feet

—

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192. **Lawrence Upton**

Re: contact info

Wed 12 Jun 2002

No

I was being silly
Soon as I wrote it I decided not to and could have sworn I deleted the message!
I nearly wrote and said so, but that would have used up my 2nd message
Well, what the hell
I don't hate Frank Kermode
Just ignore me

L

----- Original Message -----

From: "Philip Nikolayev" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: 13 June 2002 01:26

Subject: Re: contact info

| Hmmmm, is Frank Kermode so hated these days? What he done?

|

| PN

|

|

[↑ Contents](#)

193. **Millie Niss**

Re: contact info

Wed 12 Jun 2002

He wrote a very good autobiography several years ago called "Not Entitled" which suggested he never thought he was any good at anything and was rather depressed. But the book made him sound like a thoroughly nice guy, so it was successful in promoting him despite the overt message...

Millie

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:[REDACTED]] On Behalf Of Philip Nikolayev

Sent: Wednesday, June 12, 2002 8:27 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: contact info

Hmmmm, is Frank Kermode so hated these days? What he done?

PN

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194. **Susan M. Schultz**

Re: Handwriting Poets

Wed 12 Jun 2002

What impresses me about Lungfull is that the cover is waterproof. I had no idea why until my 2-year old son brought a copy into the bathroom one day as I was drawing his bath!

sms

----- Original Message -----

From: "David Larsen" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, June 12, 2002 9:31 AM

Subject: Re: Handwriting Poets

> At 04:06 AM 6/12/02 -0600, "Andrew Rathman" wrote:

> > Susan Wood reproduces her notebooks in Source Codes (intended as a saucy

> > gesture, I suppose -- yeah, whatever...).

>

> I think her name is Susan _Wheeler_. Don't you like sauce, Andrew? I get

> your point, about the essential orality of poetry. I don't buy it, though.

> Language comes from the tongue, and so has this essential somatic quality

> which transcends all written vehicles for it. Strange, then, that you would

> use the somatic trope of the "gesture" to dismiss Wheeler's reproduction of

> her notebooks in _Source Codes_, as if the gesture were some second-order

> signifier. Is speech not gestural? Isn't the tongue _moving around_ as it

> produces the verbal sign in collaboration w/ the lips & larynx? What about

> its important role in non-verbal gestures, like when we stick it out at

> each other? I don't think I need to point out the (material) gesturality

of

> handwriting --it's the (metaphorical) gesturality of type I'm trying to

get

> at. Maybe the question for Susan Wheeler should be what she meant by

> putting the handwritten versions of her poems at the end of her book, or

> why she chose to reproduce them in type at all.

>

> One of the things I love about Brendan Lorber's magazine _Lungfull!_ is

its

> the title's citation of the breath (more necessary than the tongue, I

might

> contend, for oral communication and art), even as it presents all these
> handwritten compositions. The hand-bone's connected to the lung-bone,
> y'all. And the tongue-bone. I'd ask him why the qualifier "rough drafts"
> for the handwritten element, but I think everyone gets the picture LRSN

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195. **Pam Brown**

Re: New address for Pam Brown

Wed 12 Jun 2002

Hello Richard,

Thanks for your response.

Nice to hear from you.

I know only some things about NZ poetry - what I do
know tho, I enjoy.

Cheerio from Pam

--- "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]> wrote: >

Pam. There's some interesting stuff on this site and

> i had a quick look at

> some of the mags. The poems in Tinfish for eg were

> interesting. Jacket I've

> seen before and it is good: the discussion on The

> Big Smoke ws

> interesting... the point about Baxter I think that

> its true he needs a

> reevaluation: as unfortunatly he has been liked

> almost "for the wrong

> reasons" (or liked by too many people!) so a lot of

> us have turned say to

> Kendrick Smithyman: that said he was a great poet

> of a kind...problem for

> me with him is that I hear so much about Baxter and

> have been reading him

> occasionally sine I think 1969 when he wrote quite

> "intellectual" and very

> good poems: great in fact ... but The Big Smoke

> missed me out! Reason: I

> only published one thing in 1970 (the first thing I

> ever submitted an the

> last for many years).(Actaully it was a story that

> began as a description of

> the freezing works where I worked some seasons in

> the sixties). BUT - What
> was the REAL tragedy of The Big Smoke story: that I
> didnt know I was going
> to become a book dealer! My friend Jim the Ant had
> a poem given to him
> (handwritten) by Baxter when we were on a "protest"
> jaunt to Wellington ...
> I forgot about it until I discovered latterly that
> such things have
> considerable fiscal value: but The Ant lost it! but
> I actually havent read
> much of Baxter's poetry which is a bit silly as I
> dont really know if i like
> him! Some I remember as only conventially good...(I
> realise that there's a
> hell of a lot more than things about Baxter etal in
> Jacket,....but didnt
> have time for those just yet: its obviously a good
> mag...)
>
> So that's the great New Zealand Tragedy...joking of
> course: the review of
> Leggott...well she gets (rightly) accoladed every
> where..she must be one of
> the world's greatest poets..many others even
> "famous" poets we all know look
> weak side her...but any case that's an interesting
> site...your poems "aren't
> my style" overall (not saying they're 'bad") (I
> like to rave and "boom")
> but that said you have some good lines: and I liked
> the one with the fortune
> cooky: the light touch...also some of your poems
> with the australiasian tone
> I could relate to...some interesting stuff. Thanks
> again, Richard.
>
> ----- Original Message -----
>
> From: "Pam Brown" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Sent: Wednesday, June 12, 2002 10:13 PM

> Subject: New address for Pam Brown
>
>
> =====
> > Web site/P.Brown -
http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/

=====

Web site/P.Brown - http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/
http://www.sold.com.au - SOLD.com.au
- Find yourself a bargain!

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196. **Thomas Bell**

Fw: [ZAG] Meta-Analysis Shows Tegaserod Effective

Thu 13 Jun 2002

for george B

tom bell

----- Original Message -----

From: IBS Self Help Group

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Wednesday, June 12, 2002 7:52 PM

Subject: Re: [ZAG] Meta-Analysis Shows Tegaserod Effective

Yes, it was quite shocking that Canada beat the UK and US to Zelnorm.

Interesting. canada beats the UK to something.

tom

The Zelnorm Action Group website is
http://www.geocities.com/zelnormactiongroup

The Zelnorm (Zelmac) email watch list was organized by
members of the IBS Self Help Group. Visit the
discussion forum about Zelnorm at
http://www.ibsgroup.org/cgi-local/ubbcgi/Ultimate.cgi

You don't have to cope alone.

Your use of Yahoo! Groups is subject to the Yahoo! Terms of Service.

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197. **dcmb**

Re: Writing Poets/Patchen

Thu 13 Jun 2002

listmates, let me put in a word on this thread for Bob Grenier. I believe his somewhat encoded handwritings may be found at a website run by Karl Young? There is also a book of them from Simonr Fattal's press, a thing of beauty and, unfortunately, some cost--in excess of a hundred bucks, I believe. David

-----Original Message-----

From: J. Kuszai <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Wednesday, June 12, 2002 7:24 AM

Subject: Re: Writing Poets/Patchen

>speaking of Kenneth Patchen: his 1957 collaboration with Allyn
>Ferguson and the Chamber Jazz Sextet is now available online at
>Factory School's audio archive:

>

><http://www.factoryschool.org>

>

>

>

>>How about Kenneth Patchen as a Jandwriting poet? He painted poems.
Mostly

>>one liner, but also painted illustrations to large numbers of poems.

There

>>is a large format book calle What Shall We Do Without Us? Of of the big
>>painted poems in color, and Wanderings and Double featues have dome
>>paintings in them.

>>

>>Millie

>

>

>--

>

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198. **Duration Press**

Re: Grenier

Thu 13 Jun 2002

brought up grenier earlier...but here is a link to the site db mentions...

<http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/lighthom.htm>

there is also some work in one of the O Books anthologies

----- Original Message -----

From: "dcmb" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, June 13, 2002 1:24 AM

Subject: Re: Writing Poets/Patchen

> listmates, let me put in a word on this thread for Bob Grenier. I believe
> his somewhat encoded handwritings may be found at a website run by Karl
> Young? There is also a book of them from Simonr Fattal's press, a thing
of
> beauty and, unfortunately, some cost---in excess of a hundred bucks, I
> believe. David

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199. **Susan Wheeler**

Source Codes

Thu 13 Jun 2002

& David & Andrew especially -- The handwritten appendices are in there because SALT's books are at least 100 pages and I didn't have them. Someone suggested drafts, given the nature of the book, which I dismissed immediately, not wanting that sort of fetishizing, until the idea of a sandwiched appendix of HTML source code came up -- which I hoped would deflate the "gesture" of that other sourcing. Since the rest of the book was set up using a pattern of links between images and poems, which determined the sequencing of these, the appendices seemed to have an energy that worked along with this, as I played with the book's construction. Hope this clears this up.

Susan Wheeler

[↑ Contents](#)

200. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: Late For The Handwriting Poetry Party

Thu 13 Jun 2002

ah Jesse, why not an old style round robin via postal mail, no mechanical & electronic devices allowed. stir up those luddic impulses in preparation for the post-electronic era.

mIEKAL

jesse glass wrote:

Dear List Lovers:

I just got back from an extended tour of Asia, so I missed the Handwriting Poetry party. Did people say clever things? I really hope they did. Is there any wine and cheese left? Does anyone want to sum it all up and present it in twenty words or less?

Let's start a handwriting poetry club on Yahoo! and post (sparingly) about our handwritten efforts. Alan S. could be our mascot if he promises to change his ways and not write his complete collected works volume 23 on my hard drive. C'mon, let's start a movement. Love and kisses, Jesse

*About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.
<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>*

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201. **Maria Damon**

kermode

Thu 13 Jun 2002

At 7:22 PM -0400 6/12/02, Fargas Laura wrote:

>At 6:02 PM -0400 6/12/02, Philip Nikolayev wrote:

>>I need Frank Kermode's email address -- please help!

>>

>>Philip

>

>wow, i didn't know he was still alive. i thought i'd sensed his ending

>some time ago. >>

>

> Through the Force?

Musta Bin, Gunga Din.

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202. **Derek R**

How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

Thu 13 Jun 2002

http://www.digital-web.com/tutorials/tutorial_1999-12.shtml

please God, and thank you

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203. **cadaly**

Re: Late For The Handwriting Poetry Party

Thu 13 Jun 2002

Oh c'mon! can't we scan our poems?

Catherine Daly

██████████

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204. **Robert Corbett**

Re: How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

Thu 13 Jun 2002

I rather like writing at the top.

Also, I think it best to not use Outlook, at least with mailing lists. I hate having to do what I am about to do which is clip your (Derek R) address out of the To line, cut the Poetics out of the CC line, and then put in the To line. Give me a Reply-To, or give me...well.

Robert

-- Robert Corbett "I will discuss perfidy with scholars as ██████████
as if spurning kisses, I will sip Department of English the marble marrow
of empire. I want sugar University of Washington but I shall never wear
shame and if you call that sophistry then what is Love"
- Lisa Robertson

On Thu, 13 Jun 2002, Derek R wrote:

http://www.digital-web.com/tutorials/tutorial_1999-12.shtml

please God, and thank you

[↑ Contents](#)

205. **Millie Niss**

Re: How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

Thu 13 Jun 2002

I use outlook and don't have to do any such thing... and I didn't do anything soe-
cial, except maybe add the Poetics list as a contact

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of Robert Corbett

Sent: Thursday, June 13, 2002 12:34 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

I rather like writing at the top.

Also, I think it best to not use Outlook, at least with mailing lists. I hate having to do what I am about to do which is clip your (Derek R) address out of the To line, cut the Poetics out of the CC line, and then put in the To line. Give me a Reply-To, or give me...well.

Robert

-- Robert Corbett "I will discuss perfidy with scholars as [REDACTED]
as if spurning kisses, I will sip Department of English the marble marrow
of empire. I want sugar University of Washington but I shall never wear
shame and if you call that sophistry then what is Love"
- Lisa Robertson

On Thu, 13 Jun 2002, Derek R wrote:

http://www.digital-web.com/tutorials/tutorial_1999-12.shtml

please God, and thank you

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206. **oranget**
kermode

Thu 13 Jun 2002

my sense (possibly gleaned form lingua franca or some such thing) is that he's one of these folks who became disenchanted with theory, recanted on his earlier writings and started writing fiction (or autobiography as millie suggests)...

oops, no sorry, that's frank lentricchia i'm thinking of (see lingua france sept/oct 1996). but i gather kermode's take is not too different. see his essay "the academy vs. the humanities"

<http://www.theatlantic.com/issues/97aug/academy.htm>

tom orange

Date: Thu, 13 Jun 2002 08:07:05 -0600

From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>

Subject: kermode

At 7:22 PM -0400 6/12/02, Fargas Laura wrote:

>At 6:02 PM -0400 6/12/02, Philip Nikolayev wrote:

>>I need Frank Kermode's email address -- please help!
>>
>>Philip
>
>wow, i didn't know he was still alive. i thought i'd sensed his ending
>some time ago. >>
>
> Through the Force?
Musta Bin, Gunga Din.

[↑ Contents](#)

207. **Robert Corbett**

Re: How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

Thu 13 Jun 2002

Rephrasing of the problem. I use a unix-based email system. Typically, when I get an email from a listserv, it includes a Reply-To option, which allows me to send to the list only. But it seems to me when mail is sent to the list via Outlook, the message doesn't have that option for me. I'm pretty careful about double-sending, but I've seen other people tripped up.

I'm curious to know if this a fault of Outlook. Since I know my system sometimes gives me the Reply-To option, I know it exists in it. -- Robert Corbett
"I will discuss perfidy with scholars as [REDACTED] as if spurning kisses, I will
sip Department of English the marble marrow of empire. I want sugar
University of Washington but I shall never wear shame and if you
call that sophistry then what is Love" - Lisa
Robertson

On Thu, 13 Jun 2002, Millie Niss wrote:

*I use outlook and don't have to do any such thing... and I didn't do
anything soecial, except maybe add the Poetics list as a contact*

[↑ Contents](#)

208. **Thomas Bell**

The Other Hand Writing Poetry Party

Thu 13 Jun 2002

Ihave found that my left hand writes "better" poetry than my right hand did.
tom bell

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&cetera:

Poetry at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/publicat.html>

Gallery - Metaphor/Metonym for Health at

<http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/metapho.htm>

Health articles at <http://psychology.healingwell.com/>

Reviews at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/reviews.htm>

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209. **Derek R**

Re: How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

Thu 13 Jun 2002

| *I rather like writing at the top.*

Listen, I'm not Strunk & White, go nuts

| *I hate having to do what I am about to do
which is clip your (Derek R) address out of
the To line, cut the Poetics out of the CC line,
and then put in the To line.*

I don't know why you need to do this. This seems like a waste of time. To reply to a listserv message, simply select the "Reply" button, "Reply to All" button, or use the keyboard "Ctrl-R" w/ MS.

You can even "Forward" your messages back to the listserv for all I care.

| *I'm curious to know if this a fault of Outlook*

It certainly isn't the fault of the listserv or it's members. I would suggest archiving your Outlook files and contacts and uninstalling the application, then re-installing it. The "Reply" button should always do just that -- reply, but clearly you will have to correct your own implementation.

In all truthfulness, it is embarrassing for me to have to have to indicate to members of this list how to write, really fucking embarrassing.

"Rules" are for everyone's benefit and are not cast in stone. It is just pain-staking obvious to me that blindly-replying to a message without editing out the quoted material to a digestible size is, well, blind.

Is there even anyone brave enough, (or in this case stupid enough), to subscribe to the Digest version of this listserv?

I think putting everyone on digest-mode would demonstrate what I am trying to say pretty quickly. Sort-of like a Listserv Judgment Day, where everyone gets to reap what they've sown.

But the poets don't get it. This truly appears to be over-yr-head. And I must say that anyone who cannot figure out how to compose an email meant to be read (and understood) by others on a reading list is not much of a writer, and I would suggest those people get out of the word-business -- for behold, ye know not what ye do.

I would also like to make connections on this list to other (practical/real-world) lists of similar subject matter, and vice-versa. Of course, I feel this way because what the members of this list have to contribute is of great value, and should be shared (communicative).

However, currently the list is very difficult to read and a barrier to understanding. Pointing to it as a resource would not only undermine my credibility, but more importantly the list's as well. I would hope the point-of-discourse for members is not *to avoid* contact with the "real" world.

This solipsistic reliance on style over substance will come back to bite you in the ass.

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210. **Sheila Massoni**

Re: Late For The Handwriting Poetry Party

Thu 13 Jun 2002

jeez just why i needed to see scan scansion haha sm

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211. **Aaron Belz**

Re: How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

Thu 13 Jun 2002

In all truthfulness, it is embarrassing for me to have to have to indicate to members of this list how to write, really fucking embarrassing.

Derek,

You shouldn't try to *force* a behavior model on people; the trick is to know user behavior, and to take advantage of it (http://www.derekrogerson.com).

I'll register my small opinion that it's not hard to follow the discussions at UB Poetics. Aside from the occasional posturing and temper tantrums, it's a delightful list and I've learned a lot here.

Ciao,
Aaron

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212. **Sheila Massoni**

The Other Hand Writing Poetry Party

Thu 13 Jun 2002

Tom but which brain half does each hand use or do you vary the combos?

Sheila

[↑ Contents](#)

213. **Mark Weiss**

Re: The Other Hand Writing Poetry Party

Thu 13 Jun 2002

Right half contro9ls left side of body, etc, whatever your dominant half is. But the usual new-age right-left stuff switches--left handers use the right side of the brain for stuff that right handers use the left for. But there's a bit of claptrap in this--there appear to be tendencies associated with particular sides, but each hemisphere is capable of doing the whole thing, as it does in the brain-injured.

The only way to bypass the brain would be to rely on the autonomic nerve system, but I doubt that it's capable of words, or even letters. One can bypass in a limited way certain kinds of consciousness.

Why would one want to bypass the brain any more than one would wish to bypass the feet or the genitals?

Mark

At 04:35 PM 6/13/2002 -0500, you wrote:

>depends on whether you are left or right handed and male or female maybe
>but

>also the idea may be to bypass the brain if not confuse it?

>

>tom

>

>----- Original Message -----

>From: "Sheila Massoni" <[REDACTED]>

>To: <[REDACTED]>

>Sent: Thursday, June 13, 2002 2:41 PM

>Subject: The Other Hand Writing Poetry Party

>

>

> > Tom but which brain half does each hand use or do you vary the combos?

>Sheila

[↑ Contents](#)

214. **Duration Press**

Re: How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

Thu 13 Jun 2002

In all truthfulness, it is embarrassing for me to have to have to indicate to members of this list how to write, really fucking embarrassing.

derek...hate to take the wind out of your sails, but you're hardly telling anyone how to write...

"Rules" are for everyone's benefit and are not cast in stone. It is just pain-staking obvious to me that blindly-replying to a message without editing out the quoted material to a digestible size is, well, blind.

actually there are times where i prefer the complete text of the e-mail being replied to...the context of the replies, in this case, is not selective...we get the entire posts of both respondents...

Is there even anyone brave enough, (or in this case stupid enough), to subscribe to the Digest version of this listserv?

i do believe there are quite a few people subscribed in digest format...

But the poets don't get it. This truly appears to be over-yr-head. And I must say that anyone who cannot figure out how to compose an email meant to be read (and understood) by others on a reading list is not much of a writer, and I would suggest those people get out of the word-business -- for behold, ye know not what ye do.

so that's what writing is all about? the correct way to compose an e-mail being sent to a listserv? well, dammit...i've been going at this all wrong, then...

*However, currently the list is very difficult to read and a barrier to understanding. Pointing to it as a resource would not only undermine my credibility, but more importantly the list's as well. I would hope the point-of-discourse for members is not *to avoid* contact with the "real" world.*

seems quite easy to follow to me...has been for the past few years i've been on it anyway...

i think my next post will be a collection of derek r's writings on how to properly compose an e-mail being sent to a list...everyone can print it out & keep it on their shelves next to their mla handbooks...

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215. **Robin Hamilton**

Re: How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

Thu 13 Jun 2002

From: "Duration Press" <[REDACTED]> (quoting Derek Rogerson):

"Rules" are for everyone's benefit and are not cast in stone. It is just pain-staking obvious to me that blindly-replying to a message without editing out the quoted material to a digestible size is, well, blind.

actually there are times where i prefer the complete text of the e-mail being replied to...the context of the replies, in this case, is not selective...we get the entire posts of both respondents...

If the lists have open archives, or, more usually, where (as I do) you have the thread on a hard disk, snipping is a matter of focus.

There's a difference between this and (biased) selective quotation.

Argumentatively, the latter is a sure method of shooting oneself in the foot -- all the respondent has to do is retrieve the original context, or point to the complete post.

Horses for courses, surely.

Robin Hamilton

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216. **Thomas Bell**

Re: The Other Hand Writing Poetry Party

Thu 13 Jun 2002

depends on whether you are left or right handed and male or female maybe but also the idea may be to bypass the brain if not confuse it?

tom

----- Original Message -----

From: "Sheila Massoni" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, June 13, 2002 2:41 PM

Subject: The Other Hand Writing Poetry Party

> Tom but which brain half does each hand use or do you vary the combos?

Sheila

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217. **Andrew Rathmann**

Re: Source Codes

Thu 13 Jun 2002

Susan: Thanks for the behind-the-scenes info.

David: Erk, that was dumb of me. It was the sauce talking.

All:

Although I think Wheeler occasionally relies too much on the pose of girlish insouciance (to be distinguished from the boyish insouciance of, I don't know, some of Muldoon's poems), I find a lot to like in this book and hope others will check it out.

One poem was published earlier by Slate and can be seen here:

<http://slate.msn.com/?id=77409>

I think the strength of this poem is the way it explores a self-consciously middle-class, urban perspective on the rest of the country. In conspicuously figurative language, it describes looking out the window in the middle of a flight from SF to NYC. Wheeler's similes seem like arbitrary nuttiness until you realize that she is drawing on sights typical of city life: paintings in art museums, boutique chocolates, fabrics in catalogs, odd haircuts, basketball shoes, cats ("Abyssinian's / mussed fur post grooming's blue rinse"). So you've got an artsy, intellectual poet trying to describe the look of rural country from 30,000 feet, and falling back on the images she knows best. When she tries to imagine life down there in Nebraska, she only comes up with slightly cliched scenes of futility ("truant pouring cup of gin") which recall Hopper paintings or maybe naturalist novels. In the end, the country over which she is flying remains simply the "variegated field of what is between" i.e. between the cities on the two coasts, which, so the poem implies, is where the real life of the nation takes place.

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218. **Brandon Barr**

Re: How to Write Effective Mailing List Email

Thu 13 Jun 2002

At 03:22 PM 6/13/2002 -0400, Derek wrote:

>In all truthfulness, it is embarrassing for me to have to have to
>indicate to members of this list how to write, really fucking
>embarrassing.

there is no one way to write, dear boy. And, besides, how can something you do so voluntarily be so "embarrassing"?

"Rules" are for everyone's benefit and are not cast in stone. It is just pain-staking obvious to me that blindly-replying to a message without editing out the quoted material to a digestible size is, well, blind.

This is semantic BS. The term "blind-reply" was developed by people who don't like the practice to explain the practice. In other words, your logic is circular--a dangerous practice for someone who claims to be studied in it (<http://derekrogerson.com/>).

{deletia}

But the poets don't get it. This truly appears to be over-yr-head. And I must say that anyone who cannot figure out how to compose an email meant to be read (and understood) by others on a reading list is not much of a writer, and I would suggest those people get out of the word-business -- for behold, ye know not what ye do.

I would also like to make connections on this list to other (practical/real-world) lists of similar subject matter, and vice-versa. Of course, I feel this way because what the members of this list have to contribute is of great value, and should be shared (communicative).

Poets may not "get it," but they aren't SUPPOSED to. The poet's job is creation--working words. The archivist and the editor are perhaps what you are looking for. Like it or not, on an unmoderated, or lightly moderated, listserv, the computer is the only one in that role, posterity be damned. If you want stability and framework, you want another medium.

*However, currently the list is very difficult to read and a barrier to understanding. Pointing to it as a resource would not only undermine my credibility, but more importantly the list's as well. I would hope the point-of-discourse for members is not *to avoid* contact with the "real" world.*

Again, listservs are not designed with posterity in mind--they are an ad-hoc medium with improvisational organization. They are only "very difficult to read" in their archive form. If you participate in them daily, they make sense as conversation; they were not meant to be comprehended as an archive, though the archives can be read.

And if pointing to it as a resource would undermine your credibility, then why do you do so on <http://derekrogerson.com/> ?

This solipsistic reliance on style over substance will come back to bite you in the ass.

The constant yearning for order without content will too.

A listserv can exist without an archive, but the archive would be empty without the listserv's conversations.

Brandon

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219. **Alan Sondheim**

Click Click Love

Thu 13 Jun 2002

Click Click Love

1. -

2. -

3. -

4. -

5. -Loving you

6. -Love is blue

7. SES-Just a feeling

8. JTL-Enter the dragon

9. SES-Choose my life

10. -

, [] Click .

.

—

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220. **Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)**

Re: kermode

Thu 13 Jun 2002

tom, these are two very different people, with different histories vis a vis theory; Kermode of an earlier generation of British scholars and still, as always, someone to read. The most recent piece I recall being a review of Tom Paulin's latest in the LRB. Frank K. was 'sexy' briefly in the mid-sixties, when he almost transcended his Englishness. He's pre-theory, but that doesn't matter. Frank L. is younger, not pre-theory and American, more liable to zeitgeist mood-swings. wystan

-----Original Message-----

From: [REDACTED] [mailto:[REDACTED]]

Sent: Friday, 14 June 2002 5:29 a.m.

To: [REDACTED]
Subject: kermode

my sense (possibly gleaned from lingua franca or some such thing) is that he's one of these folks who became disenchanted with theory, recanted on his earlier writings and started writing fiction (or autobiography as millie suggests)...

oops, no sorry, that's Frank Lentricchia I'm thinking of (see Lingua Franca Sept/Oct 1996). but I gather Kermode's take is not too different. see his essay "the academy vs. the humanities"

<http://www.theatlantic.com/issues/97aug/academy.htm>

tom orange

Date: Thu, 13 Jun 2002 08:07:05 -0600
From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>
Subject: kermode

At 7:22 PM -0400 6/12/02, Fargas Laura wrote:

>At 6:02 PM -0400 6/12/02, Philip Nikolayev wrote:

>>I need Frank Kermode's email address -- please help!

>>

>>Philip

>

>wow, I didn't know he was still alive. I thought I'd sensed his ending

>some time ago. >>

>

> Through the Force?

Musta Bin, Gunga Din.

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221. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Thu 13 Jun 2002

Dear Mr. Glass,

We are sorry to hear that your delete key is malfunctioning. On most keyboards there is a key clearly marked "delete." Should this fail to function, contact your technical support representative immediately.

Seriously, don't even the most primitive mail clients support filters, in which you take perhaps two minutes to sit down and instruct your computer to consign all messages from Alan Sondheim directly to the bit bucket?

Personally, I find it refreshing to have some actual poetry, some honest-to-what-ever poetics being enacted, in between all the rhetorical puffery.

I like it when this list isn't merely announcements of this or that (although I keep a mail folder marked Books To Get), and I think Alan Sondheim's posts help make it so.

Signed, U.Y.F.D.K.

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222. **Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)**

Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Thu 13 Jun 2002

But Jesse, I think I do get you wrong.

Wystan

-----Original Message-----

From: jesse glass [mailto:████████]

Sent: Saturday, 15 June 2002 5:41 a.m.

To: ██████████

Subject: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Dear List Lovers,

Don't get me wrong.

1. I find some of what A.S. does of interest, but
2. I think that with the wealth of web and other magazines available and all that virgin webspace outside of this discussion list, A.S. should take pity on those who are not quite as taken with his work as others are and send links to his creative work instead of complete texts. He should also clearly identify his creative vs. discussion postings so that those who are less interested in his creative offerings may still take a look at what he says.
3. The last time this came up on the Poetics list I said nary a word. My computer was still young. But now I notice that Alan has taken up a considerable amount of space in my deleted files--pages and pages of space--of To Nikuko and Not To Nikuko and on and on and I really think that it's all a bit unfair. I didn't sign up to the A.S. list, I signed up to the Poetics List.
4. Yes, and the nay-sayers were shouted down more or less the last time. But please consider, A.S., before you bomb us with another To or Not to Nikuko that there are some people who are on this list for other reasons than reading your collected works.

5. I'm not attempting to bash anyone here, it's just a matter of a visitor at your electronic table who refuses to go away, refuses to take a break, and continues to play his two-stringed fiddle with very little variation on the tune. After awhile you begin to wish that one of those strings might break.

Jesse

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.

<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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223. **Alan Sondheim**
(no subject)

Thu 13 Jun 2002

Well, I send out maybe 350 texts/year, slightly less than one/day. The average line length is around 72 chars. If you hit the delete key once a day, that makes slightly less than five lines of text, which isn't much. I'm writing more to answer you now and none of them are deletes.

Please note first that Nikuko hasn't been around for quite a while. I don't know where she is, but she's not particularly present. Second, my work isn't poetry so much as poetics - that should be evident. The work resonates with the Net, with this email list, with the correspondents on this list. It contributes through example rather than critical discourse or direct discussion participation.

I apologize if you find it difficult to delete 1-2 posts a day (mostly 1, sometimes 2, sometimes none). There are people on all the lists I'm on who write more than I by a long shot, and I have no difficulty deleting them.

Alan

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224. **richard.tylr**
Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Thu 13 Jun 2002

I am glad that Alan is sending his work online: its cazy stuff and i like a lot of it: better than a lot of other stuff (better than so many boring announcements or who won what prize or what old dead balls died recently - given that many such announcements are requisite - but Allan's work I like to see on). At least he's MAKING...which is what a poet is, a maker, a DOER, a DARER, A CONSTRUCTOR... I think that Wystan is agreeing that this site is for theory and practice and as well as the discussion for eg on the merits of langpo, its difficulty (which spreads into the general question of difficulty and even into "what

is poetry") we have people send poems, quipping and other: so there's some phatic language and some poetry, as well as some theory and some announcements and links. Its good enough: very good. Richard. PS I delete a lot of stuff but I'm "collecting " Alan's work! Even if Alan is "bad" (if he is and who can tell?) I still like the idea of Alan! ----- Original Message ----- From: "Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Friday, June 14, 2002 2:02 PM Subject: Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

> But Jesse, I think I do get you wrong.

> Wystan

>

> -----Original Message-----

> From: jesse glass [mailto:[REDACTED]]

> Sent: Saturday, 15 June 2002 5:41 a.m.

> To: [REDACTED]

> Subject: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

>

>

> Dear List Lovers,

>

> Don't get me wrong.

>

> 1. I find some of what A.S. does of interest, but

>

> 2. I think that with the wealth of web and other magazines available and

> all that virgin webspace outside of this discussion list, A.S. should take

> pity on those who are not quite as taken with his work as others are and

> send links to his creative work instead of complete texts. He should also

> clearly identify his creative vs. discussion postings so that those who

are

> less interested in his creative offerings may still take a look at what he

> says.

>

> 3. The last time this came up on the Poetics list I said nary a word. My

> computer was still young. But now I notice that Alan has taken up a

> considerable amount of space in my deleted files--pages and pages of

> space--of To Nikuko and Not To Nikuko and on and on and I really think

that

> it's all a bit unfair. I didn't sign up to the A.S. list, I signed up to

> the Poetics List.

>

> 4. Yes, and the nay-sayers were shouted down more or less the last time.

> But please consider, A.S., before you bomb us with another To or Not to
> Nikuko that there are some people who are on this list for other reasons
> than reading your collected works.
>
> 5. I'm not attempting to bash anyone here, it's just a matter of a
visitor
> at your electronic table who refuses to go away, refuses to take a break,
> and continues to play his two-stringed fiddle with very little variation
on
> the tune. After awhile you begin to wish that one of those strings might
> break.
>
> Jesse
>
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>
>
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>
>
> About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.
> <http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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225. **Millie Niss**

Re: kermode

Fri 14 Jun 2002

The one who wrote the autobiography was from the Isle of Man and was very British and was a Shakespeare scholar, among other things...

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:] On Behalf Of Wystan Curnow
(FOA ENG)

Sent: Thursday, June 13, 2002 7:08 PM

To:

Subject: Re: kermode

tom, these are two very different people, with different histories vis a vis theory; Kermode of an earlier generation of British scholars and still, as always,

someone to read. The most recent piece I recall being a review of Tom Paulin's latest in the LRB. Frank K. was 'sexy' briefly in the mid-sixties, when he almost transcended his Englishness. He's pre-theory, but that doesn't matter. Frank L. is younger, not pre-theory and American, more liable to zeitgeist mood-swings. wylan

-----Original Message-----

From: [REDACTED] [mailto:[REDACTED]]

Sent: Friday, 14 June 2002 5:29 a.m.

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: kermode

my sense (possibly gleaned from lingua franca or some such thing) is that he's one of these folks who became disenchanted with theory, recanted on his earlier writings and started writing fiction (or autobiography as millie suggests)...

oops, no sorry, that's frank letrichia i'm thinking of (see lingua franca sept/oct 1996). but i gather kermode's take is not too different. see his essay "the academy vs. the humanities"

<http://www.theatlantic.com/issues/97aug/academy.htm>

tom orange

Date: Thu, 13 Jun 2002 08:07:05 -0600

From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>

Subject: kermode

At 7:22 PM -0400 6/12/02, Fargas Laura wrote:

>At 6:02 PM -0400 6/12/02, Philip Nikolayev wrote:

>>I need Frank Kermode's email address -- please help!

>>

>>Philip

>

>wow, i didn't know he was still alive. i thought i'd sensed his ending

>some time ago. >>

>

> Through the Force?

Musta Bin, Gunga Din.

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226. **Millie Niss**

Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Fri 14 Jun 2002

delete your deleted messages! They don't need to sit there taking up space if you're confident you don't want them! And with two messages a day, no one can post too much. think 2 messages a day is too harsh a limit myself.

Millie

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of jesse glass

Sent: Friday, June 14, 2002 1:41 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Dear List Lovers,

Don't get me wrong.

1. I find some of what A.S. does of interest, but
2. I think that with the wealth of web and other magazines available and all that virgin webspace outside of this discussion list, A.S. should take pity on those who are not quite as taken with his work as others are and send links to his creative work instead of complete texts. He should also clearly identify his creative vs. discussion postings so that those who are less interested in his creative offerings may still take a look at what he says.
3. The last time this came up on the Poetics list I said nary a word. My computer was still young. But now I notice that Alan has taken up a considerable amount of space in my deleted files--pages and pages of space--of To Nikuko and Not To Nikuko and on and on and I really think that it's all a bit unfair. I didn't sign up to the A.S. list, I signed up to the Poetics List.
4. Yes, and the nay-sayers were shouted down more or less the last time. But please consider, A.S., before you bomb us with another To or Not to Nikuko that there are some people who are on this list for other reasons than reading your collected works.
5. I'm not attempting to bash anyone here, it's just a matter of a visitor at your electronic table who refuses to go away, refuses to take a break, and continues to play his two-stringed fiddle with very little variation on the tune. After awhile you begin to wish that one of those strings might break.

Jesse

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.
<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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227. **Dan Machlin**

Futurepoem 1: SOME MANTIC DAEMONS by Garrett Kalleberg

Fri 14 Jun 2002

Futurepoem books announces our first publication, the release of:

SOME MANTIC DAEMONS

by Garrett Kalleberg

(perfect bound, 80 pgs. ISBN 0-9716800-0-0)

"A Prophetic ferocity joins visceral appetite in Garrett Kalleberg's powerful new collection, spirit and matter couple to spawn a ravishing anxiety, 'a beautiful disaster.' As if language were a skin wrapped around the world's body which ruptures and spills its will to be named." - Ann Lauterbach

"Drawing variously from the rhetorics of science, religion, psychology, and metaphysics, Kalleberg investigates the place where proof and belief overlap in a logical moire--" - Heather Ramsdell

"I found a book (The Monster Lives of Boys & Girls), learned the beloved's possible name, watched a 'body lost also in beauty, sadness, simple joys' and intellection..." - Eleni Sikelianos

Garrett Kalleberg is the author of Psychological Corporations (Spuyten Duyvil), Limbic Odes (Heart Hammer), and co-author of a forthcoming play "The Situation Room." His work has appeared in Talisman, Sulfur, Denver Quarterly, Mandorla, Poetry Project Newsletter, and in An Anthology of New (American) Poets. He publishes the online journal The Transcendental Friend (<http://www.morningred.com/friend>), and audio CD imprint immanent Audio.

TO ORDER:

To order copies email [REDACTED] (& will bill with shipment)
or send a check or money order payable to "Dan Machlin" to:

Futurepoem books
P.O. Box 34
New York, NY 10014

Price is

US \$14 (including postage) for individual orders.

Orders outside the US please add \$2.00 additional shipping for 1-3 books.
\$4.50 for 4 or more books. All monies will go to fund future book projects.

For bookstore discounts or other information please see
<http://www.futurepoem.com> or email [REDACTED].

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228. **Geoffrey Gatza**

ALan-UnLimited Drives Hard

Fri 14 Jun 2002

what is really weird and seems beyond rules !!!

Is the few days when Alan Sondheim was on the road

He sent no emails

There was nothing on 3 lists

Tumbleweeds

The day Alan when on Vacation

The poetry stopped

And I thought my computer was broken

Or worse

The internet had died

I love Alan

This is Alan's art - email

help him defend that right

Lower your Jolly Rodger

look through the Glass

My delete key is broken

My rules are for all to fear

You may have signed up for the UB Poetry for ninnies site

where one follows all the rules on writing and syntax

whose poems come in digest form

with the topic in the top line

and the verse is sparse
All hail the Jolly Rodger
Him know how one must writer
righter
him saving poetry hard driving fool
I like him
him no like me
I post poems
am I meat
as a flag in the cleat
As meat girls dance
Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza
editor BlazeVOX2k1
<http://vorplesword.com/>

—o
—\<—
(*)/ (*)

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:]On Behalf Of jesse glass
Sent: Friday, June 14, 2002 1:41 PM
To:
Subject: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Dear List Lovers,

Don't get me wrong.

1. I find some of what A.S. does of interest, but
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amount of space in my deleted files--pages and pages of space--of To Nikuko and Not To Nikuko and on and on and I really think that it's all a bit unfair. I didn't sign up to the A.S. list, I signed up to the Poetics List.

4. Yes, and the nay-sayers were shouted down more or less the last time. But please consider, A.S., before you bomb us with another To or Not to Nikuko that there are some people who are on this list for other reasons than reading your collected works.

5. I'm not attempting to bash anyone here, it's just a matter of a visitor at your electronic table who refuses to go away, refuses to take a break, and continues to play his two-stringed fiddle with very little variation on the tune. After awhile you begin to wish that one of those strings might break.

Jesse

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.
<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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229. **jesse glass**

Late For The Handwriting Poetry Party

Fri 14 Jun 2002

Dear List Lovers:

I just got back from an extended tour of Asia, so I missed the Handwriting Poetry party. Did people say clever things? I really hope they did. Is there any wine and cheese left? Does anyone want to sum it all up and present it in twenty words or less?

Let's start a handwriting poetry club on Yahoo! and post (sparingly) about our handwritten efforts. Alan S. could be our mascot if he promises to change his ways and not write his complete collected works volume 23 on my hard drive. C'mon, let's start a movement. Love and kisses, Jesse

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.
<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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230. **Leonard Brink**

Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Fri 14 Jun 2002

Alan's longstanding project of posting everything to the list that comes into his head is at least more interesting than Gwyn McVay's practice of posting nothing to the list but snotty remarks.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Gwyn McVay" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, June 13, 2002 6:55 PM

Subject: Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Dear Mr. Glass,

We are sorry to hear that your delete key is malfunctioning. On most keyboards there is a key clearly marked "delete." Should this fail to function, contact your technical support representative immediately.

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231. **Alan Sondheim**

what comes into my head Re:

Fri 14 Jun 2002

I want briefly to reply to the idea that I send out whatever comes into my head - First, any text of course has come into the head and left it, distorted or not, the coming and going far too complex to analyze here

In terms of my own writing, I reject more than half of it, send out work to other lists, not Poetics necessarily

There is always a matrix. For example, the past two days - the language is from Korean spam stripped of its 8th ascii bit, leaving only the residue behind. You might or might not recognize it, but certainly the Click pre- sents it in the context of email/hypertext. The texts are spaced as in the originals to some extent; the postman/mailman one, however, was also sent through a catalyst program in perl; the program had a mountains and rivers vocabulary - the email sent through routers, disturbances, returning with blanks, gaps, open or negative space. There are zen/ch'an references here which I've been exploring.

But so what? What is left in the residue of the spam in any case? For me an imaginary of transport and desire - disembodied, disarticulated mail- and postman, gendered within a fluid economy - the second Click Click Love bringing that home to the lineaments of desire.

And in terms of poetics/Poetics? Here is the (7-bit) surface of email, emptying out - transport/desire manifest in the residue of content and protocols.

I never felt the need to write the above; I'm doing it defensively as an indication that I'm neither fooling around with commands or writing the first thing that comes into my head - I see this whole 'period' of my work as dealing with codes, protocols, the phenomenology of approach -

Apologies for going on at |-----<| length here -

Alan

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232. **Sheila Massoni**

ALan-UnLimited Drives Hard

Fri 14 Jun 2002

oui oui oui all the way home alas allors por alain could not write and drive a skill you need to see Crash it is meet/meat and right/write to enjoy alain i see him as a cyborg of sorts appendage on keyboard messages spewing forth volcanically sm

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233. **Sheila Massoni**

Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Fri 14 Jun 2002

au contraire 1 is short other is sweet together they clean the plate feed my pate she is witty her is prolific sm

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234. **Ryan Whyte**

Re: what comes into my head Re:

Fri 14 Jun 2002

Hi Alan,

blanks, gaps, open or negative space. There are zen/ch'an references here which I've been exploring.

Can you say a little more about this? -- i.e. how do these resonances relate to the phenomenology of approach? Is it a way of situating loss/slippage/rupture, or 'maintaining' openness opened up in transmission etc...or ?

thanks, Ryan (and do keep posting to the list, of course! I wish more people would send their creative/theoretical texts)

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235. **Nick Piombino**

Content and its Discontents

Fri 14 Jun 2002

An otherwise quite interesting psychoanalyst, Christopher Bollas, in a somewhat pedestrian essay on poetics quotes Helen Vendler as follows: "Form, after

all, is nothing but content-as-arranged" (from-The Music of What Happens, 1988). The occasional efforts to house train Alan Sondheim on this list prove not only the unlikelihood of Vendler's quote, but, here, anyway, its veritable impossibility, eh Barrett? It's not only his forms or his contents, I suspect, that we un-neatfreaks like about Alan's presence here, but something which partakes of, but transcends both, I suspect. Something called -chops-. En tout cas, perhaps I've reached my anecdotage, but lately I enjoy most every discussion on this list, even the handwriting, or handwringing, ones Ms Damon, as the cases might be. Roll on Alan, list, caissons, digest lovers, reply button users, nay sayers, well wishers... And where might be Mr. Kazim Ali and Louis Cabri?

Nick

*Date: Fri, 14 Jun 2002 10:40:37 -0700
From: jesse glass <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives*

Dear List Lovers,

Don't get me wrong.

- 1. I find some of what A.S. does of interest, but*
- 2. I think that with the wealth of web and other magazines available and all that virgin webspace outside of this discussion list, A.S. should take pity on those who are not quite as taken with his work as others are and send links to his creative work instead of complete texts. He should also clearly identify his creative vs. discussion postings so that those who are less interested in his creative offerings may still take a look at what he says.*
- 3. The last time this came up on the Poetics list I said nary a word. My computer was still young. But now I notice that Alan has taken up a considerable amount of space in my deleted files--pages and pages of space--of To Nikuko and Not To Nikuko and on and on and I really think that it's all a bit unfair. I didn't sign up to the A.S. list, I signed up to the Poetics List.*
- 4. Yes, and the nay-sayers were shouted down more or less the last time. But please consider, A.S., before you bomb us with another To or Not to Nikuko that there are some people who are on this list for other reasons than reading your collected works.*
- 5. I'm not attempting to bash anyone here, it's just a matter of a visitor at your electronic table who refuses to go away, refuses to take a break, and continues to play his two-stringed fiddle with very little variation on the tune. After awhile you begin to wish that one of those strings might break.*

Jesse

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236. **roger.day**

Re: ALan-UnLimited Drives Hard

Fri 14 Jun 2002

and you can also set up a delete rule with most email clients so yr don't even know it existed in the first place.

if yr that bothered about it.

maybe we should have a homage a Sondheim? - yr know, each send a poem in the style of Alan.

At 14/06/2002 15:14:33, Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

sondheim rox!

if yr not inspired, delete. there are some folks who, like, i just see

their name in my in-box, i delete. sondheim's not one of them, but he can

be one of yours.

#

Roger

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237. **J Kuszai**

Re: ALan-UnLimited Drives Hard

Fri 14 Jun 2002

and you can also set up a delete rule with most email clients so yr don't even know it existed in the first place.

but that's a violation of the list rules 1.3.34f

i demand a special hearing to know who is in violation!

--

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238. **Barrett Watten**

Material

Fri 14 Jun 2002

Nick may be hinting at the usage in psychotherapy of "material" as that which is produced in the day in, day out dialogue of the sessions. Which of course is one way of thinking about the kind of "content" that is being produced here--we

have "databases," providing lots of neutralized information, and then the sediment of history, memory, affect, and projection that gives us what--? which arrives at the distinction between information and knowledge. If we start to think in terms of a phenomenology of information--the way information is "intended"--we are getting into an area of "part-voices" and "recombinant selves" that seems to be one way to process procedurally generated work. Here I'll shift from textual examples to an example from another media--Detroit techno. What's interesting about this work, when it is, is the surfacing of submerged "part-voices" and "recombinant selves" in the repetition and collision of polyrhythmic structures. What is the "content" of Detroit techno? Something's coming up, but from where? There is a kind of global preconscious at work in the form. Other genres of art that break down processing boundaries, of whatever sort--the lyric poem, the sentence, the morpheme, as well as various ways of recombining these broken down entities--allow the foregrounding of such "repressed" contents or unaccessible elements--as we see, for instance, in avant-garde film after Vertov. It's the degree to which these contents or elements compel recognition that interests me. It used to be that recognition was only compelled by identity statements or knowledge statements--"I know this" or "such is the case." But procedural form allows us to recognize the intentional states of partial representations. The question, then, is--what do we do with them? If these partial representations are also the case, "to what distinction"? I hope not merely aesthetic pleasure is the answer.

BW

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239. **Maria Damon**

Re: ALan-UnLimited Drives Hard

Fri 14 Jun 2002

sondheim rox! if yr not inspired, delete. there are some folks who, like, i just see their name in my in-box, i delete. sondheim's not one of them, but he can be one of yours.

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240. **Maria Damon**

Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Fri 14 Jun 2002

mcvay rox 2

At 11:15 PM -0700 6/13/02, Leonard Brink wrote:

>Alan's longstanding project of posting everything to the list that comes
>into his head is at least more interesting than Gwyn McVay's practice of

>posting nothing to the list but snotty remarks.

>

>----- Original Message -----

>From: "Gwyn McVay" <[REDACTED]>

>To: <[REDACTED]>

>Sent: Thursday, June 13, 2002 6:55 PM

>Subject: Re: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

>

>

>> Dear Mr. Glass,

>>

>> We are sorry to hear that your delete key is malfunctioning. On most

>> keyboards there is a key clearly marked "delete." Should this fail to

>> function, contact your technical support representative immediately.

>>

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241. **Millie Niss**

Re: Material

Fri 14 Jun 2002

What do you mean by you don't want merely to impart aesthetic pleasure? I can see that the word aesthetic may be wrong...it may be more the pleasure of thought, and intellectual tickling arising from issues raised in the poem, but do you really see poetry as having a (higher?) value other than imparting (whatever sort) of pleasure? Imparting pleasure is the basic reason d'être of all literature...it is only forced on people and studied in schools and turned into work out of fear that people will not have the ability to appreciate the literature without study, and society seems to think that it is worthwhile to make sure that there is always a small contingent of people who can analyze a poem or read Shakespeare or Beowulf or read Aristophanes and get the jokes. But literature in the academy seems to me like a protective card -- they are saving the literature for future generations, for instance so that I, when a seventeen year old student at college, could be made to read a semester's worth of Greek and Latin plays with a professor who had read and understood the originals. The knowledge and dare I say it pleasure and especially FUTURE pleasure I got from this was due to the continued study of literature throughout history. Future pleasure is the point, because the Classics were more fun because they opened the way to other literature and to using Classic elements in my own works than they were actually to read at the time, when I wasn't perhaps mature enough to enjoy them. So literature is about deferred pleasure...you study it and read books you don't enjoy at the time for the sake of the literature you will be able

to enjoy in the future because of your increased (cultural) literacy. But nonetheless, to me it seems to be about pleasure in some form.

I get the idea that you think that poetry actually makes progress in some field in which discoveries are called for. That we learn from poetry things particular to it that are useful beyond whatever pleasure they give, and I'm not sure I can follow you there. I mean, poetry teaches us some how our own minds work and that is progress in the field of cognitive science, I suppose, but it isn't codified in a usable way. So I don't think poetry has a purpose (except an extended pleasure-giving as above). I mean, it's possible that it has some moral value: that people who read poetry develop more subtle minds, become better people making finer judgments, and so on, but that sounds a lot like self-justification on the part of people who read and write poetry.

Mind you I think most things have little purpose other than the pleasure they give. I used to be in pre mathematics, and it is completely an aesthetic field. Moreover, it gives its practitioners about an equal measure of pain and pleasure, but the pleasure is highly addictive -- you can literally math yourself into insanity or death. I was told not to go to Princeton, where I was offered a fellowship, because all the students went crazy apparently (and the John Nash story was not current then), but by that point I had lost the edge anyway and couldn't have done the necessary math. But it was totally useless.

It is not surprising that many things are useless. After all we are on earth briefly and minus religion have no duties other than having fun and helping our fellow humans have fun. The reason this doesn't lead to total indulgence is that fun in the long term requires sacrifices in the short term. There was some philosopher who said "we work so as not to have to work." Helping others is a positive goal not based on self indulgence except that when one is successful at helping others there are internal (and often external) rewards.

Millie

P.S> Barrett or someone: could you forward this to poetics if it doesn't reach there. I probably used up my second one last night telling that person to just delete Alan's messages if he doesn't like them...

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:] On Behalf Of Barrett Watten

Sent: Friday, June 14, 2002 10:07 AM

To:

Subject: Material

Nick may be hinting at the usage in psychotherapy of "material" as that which is produced in the day in, day out dialogue of the sessions. Which of course is

one way of thinking about the kind of "content" that is being produced here--we have "databases," providing lots of neutralized information, and then the sediment of history, memory, affect, and projection that gives us what--? which arrives at the distinction between information and knowledge. If we start to think in terms of a phenomenology of information--the way information is "intended"--we are getting into an area of "part-voices" and "recombinant selves" that seems to be one way to process procedurally generated work. Here I'll shift from textual examples to an example from another media--Detroit techno. What's interesting about this work, when it is, is the surfacing of submerged "part-voices" and "recombinant selves" in the repetition and collision of polyrhythmic structures. What is the "content" of Detroit techno? Something's coming up, but from where? There is a kind of global preconscious at work in the form. Other genres of art that break down processing boundaries, of whatever sort--the lyric poem, the sentence, the morpheme, as well as various ways of recombining these broken down entities--allow the foregrounding of such "repressed" contents or unaccessible elements--as we see, for instance, in avant-garde film after Vertov. It's the degree to which these contents or elements compel recognition that interests me. It used to be that recognition was only compelled by identity statements or knowledge statements--"I know this" or "such is the case." But procedural form allows us to recognize the intentional states of partial representations. The question, then, is--what do we do with them? If these partial representations are also the case, "to what distinction"? I hope not merely aesthetic pleasure is the answer.

BW

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242. **Barrett Watten**

Recognition

Fri 14 Jun 2002

Good defense of pleasure, which like motherhood and apple pie, no one is going to seriously deny. However, let's begin with why your response picks up on the one sentence at the end of the post that deals with the limits of "aesthetic pleasure." What is it that motivates the fierce response--is it the idea that I would be taking something away, making it forbidden? You can't have that merely self-indulgent aesthetic pleasure, because I say so. Pushes a button--gets a response.

Here I would suggest that recognition is much more of a factor than pleasure, in life. "You are denying my pleasure--I want it back." I want pleasure to be recognized as a legitimate human goal, etc. The question is, is "recognition" itself--of pleasure, or identity, or whatever--a matter of pleasure entirely? Are we entirely pleased when we are recognized? Or is there something else going on

that has to do with the nature of the denial of recognition? In the end, I will claim that recognition is a much more important motivation than "mere aesthetic pleasure" in the arts.

Which leads to another form of pleasure, that is not "merely aesthetic." What about the pleasure that comes, for instance, in the resolution of a conflict? I remember going into a Sears Roebuck one day after a long and successful strike. The workers had won what they wanted. And I was looking at this lady at the jewelry counter, who seemed entirely transformed by this renewed contract, let's say, with the conditions of her employment. This is not aesthetic pleasure, and one of the uses of aesthetic pleasure has been to limit that which is legitimate as pleasure, in the arts, to that which is inutile, "does nothing." But winning a strike is not inutile, and is pleasurable.

Speaking of displeasure, nothing could be more inappropriate, seem to give more displeasure, than to talk labor politics in an art gallery. Almost worse than pornography in church. Where that isn't the case, that's the art gallery I want to go to.

To return to the thread, what about the other material on the table, besides the hit on pleasure?

BW

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243. **jesse glass**

Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives

Fri 14 Jun 2002

Dear List Lovers,

Don't get me wrong.

1. I find some of what A.S. does of interest, but
2. I think that with the wealth of web and other magazines available and all that virgin web space outside of this discussion list, A.S. should take pity on those who are not quite as taken with his work as others are and send links to his creative work instead of complete texts. He should also clearly identify his creative vs. discussion postings so that those who are less interested in his creative offerings may still take a look at what he says.
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4. Yes, and the nay-sayers were shouted down more or less the last time. But please consider, A.S., before you bomb us with another To or Not to Nikuko that there are some people who are on this list for other reasons than reading your collected works.

5. I'm not attempting to bash anyone here, it's just a matter of a visitor at your electronic table who refuses to go away, refuses to take a break, and continues to play his two-stringed fiddle with very little variation on the tune. After awhile you begin to wish that one of those strings might break.

Jesse

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.
<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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244. **K.Silem Mohammad**

Re: Material

Fri 14 Jun 2002

MATERIAL

--after Barrett Watten & Jean Passerat

What is the "content" of Detroit techno?
Something's coming up, but from where?
I hope not merely aesthetic pleasure.

What's interesting about this work when it is
Recombining these broken down entities?
What is the "content" of Detroit techno?

It used to be that recognition
Was only compelled by identity statements--
I hope not! Merely aesthetic pleasure....

We have "databases" providing neutralized information
Which is produced day in, day out:
What is the "content" of Detroit techno?

There is a kind of global preconscious;
The question, then, is what do we do?
I hope not merely aesthetic pleasure,

And then the sediment of history, memory, affect,
And projection that gives us what--?
What is the "content" of Detroit techno?
I hope not merely aesthetic pleasure.

~~~~~  
~  
K. Silem Mohammad  
Visiting Asst. Prof. of British & Anglophone Lit  
University of California Santa Cruz

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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245. **Thomas Bell**  
***Re: The Other Hand Writing Poetry Party***  
*Fri 14 Jun 2002*

---

[http://story.news.yahoo.com/news?tmpl=story&cid=594&ncid=751&e=2&u=/nm/20020611/hl\\_nm/brain\\_language\\_1](http://story.news.yahoo.com/news?tmpl=story&cid=594&ncid=751&e=2&u=/nm/20020611/hl_nm/brain_language_1)

to give the gut a chance to speak without the censors.

gut feelings do sound kind of sinister to most but the Johnson's cognitive stuff says othwise and in fact it looks like the gut, for example, might have a mind of it's own.

tom bell

----- Original Message -----

From: "Mark Weiss" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, June 13, 2002 3:02 PM

Subject: Re: The Other Hand Writing Poetry Party

> Right half contro9ls left side of body, etc, whatever your dominant half  
> is. But the usual new-age right-left stuff switches--left handers use the  
> right side of the brain for stuff that right handers use the left for. But  
> there's a bit of claptrap in this--there appear to be tendencies

associated

> with particular sides, but each hemisphere is capable of doing the whole  
> thing, as it does in the brain-injured.

>

> The only way to bypass the brain would be to rely on the autonomic nerve  
> system, but I doubt that it's capable of words, or even letters. One can  
> bypass in a limited way certain kinds of consciousness.

>

> Why would one want to bypass the brain any more than one would wish to  
> bypass the feet or the genitals?

>

> Ma

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&cetera:

Poetry at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/publicat.html>

Gallery - Metaphor/Metonym for Health at

<http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/metapho.htm>

Health articles at <http://psychology.healingwell.com/>

Reviews at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/reviews.htm>

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246. **J Kuszai**

***Re: Material***

*Fri 14 Jun 2002*

---

Barry, I had some thoughts/questions and wanted to reply. I was going to reply just to you, but then thought there might be at least a dozen or so people interested in this issue.

I'm wondering about your use of detroit techno. i understand you have an essay on this, and i'd like to get a copy of it. at one point i saw a reference to it, but have yet to dig it out -- so i hesitate to speak out/ask questions about something i might be able to find out about myself

partly, i'm wondering a couple of things. one has to do with music, generally. what do you mean by global unconscious, which seems odd to me. how is that different from, say, the ability to reference a sense of the global in certain modernist composers...and then the word unconscious here seems to invite response as well...while i'm not a music scholar, i do find this an interesting avenue to pursue. i'm wondering what is it about detroit techno that makes you say this most specifically.

do you mean derek may? When is the detroit electronic music festival? what do you mean by detroit techno.?

i'll never forget sitting in hamburger mary's in hillcrest with my parents, trying to explain to them the various genres of "electronic" or "techno" music. There are probably a half-dozen easy ones to define and lots of overlap and confusion. When I think of techno, or say derek may specifically, i think of "house" or dance music -- which is machinic like in its repetitive rhythmic structures -- as opposed to breakbeat, jungle, etc.etc. again--i'm not an expert and frankly the "electronica" scene in Tijuana is the only place where I've confronted the music in a "live" setting -- the Nortec Collective there (which is now getting international exposure) is an interesting case study. This community uses digital appropriation techniques to blend Norteña makes an interesting gallery scene: part

"rave" (read: party), part gallery scene (as there are often displays of graphic arts on the walls and in "galleries" adjacent to the music). meeting often in clubs or -- oddly -- the jai alai building in downtown tj, this community is not only musicians, but architects, artists, designers, poets, novelists, and the times i went to those events, with folks like heriberto yepez or carlos gutierrez vidal and bibiana padilla, you never saw a more coherent establishment of an "aesthetic" zone of mixed media, multi media, and etc. A show of their work at the downtown Contemporary Museum in san diego included a standing DJ, blue-prints, fashion design, as well as video and more traditional forms such as graphic design and photography. My point is that in this moment, to reference "Nortec" -- like Detroit techno -- is to sort of to make claims for regional specificity -- i'm interested in this regional specificity. The Nortec Collective for me is exemplary in this sense, since they've taken regional forms of the border region (especially the norteña music, but also what amounts to a sort of cowboy iconography common to that region) and then introduces a sort of 21st century design element. One could trace the commonalities between this sort of futuristic rave design language -- between the electronic arts community of areas like Tokyo, and Hamburg and places like that in Germany. The now new york based musician and writer Momus writes of what he calls the "cute formalism" of the german electronic community. For example, Mouse on Mars (a personal favorite of mine) as well as Scratch Pet Land--but there are many other examples. Anyhow-- those forms are not danceable-- though certain Mouse on Mars pieces are very much so--they're not machinic in quite the same way, in which case more related, say, to funk. As well, I'd relate them more explicitly to the tradition of electronic music which goes back to the tradition of folks like lejaren hiller and the like -- though I realize that young people today working in these media have access to all of it, as I do, sitting right at my computer.

But I'm wondering, aside from the actual digital nature of the compositions, what makes this different from what other composers have done now fifty and more years in the past?

relatedly (sort of) A few years ago I had the opportunity to see Austin Clarkson speak on Stefan Wolpe, and he linked one of the compositions that Wolpe had written to a specific meaning or content, in the way that one gets information about the personal impetus or value of an abstract work of art for the artist. Wolpe apparently had scribbled a sort of poem or notes in the margins of one of his compositions (which Clarkson had seen at the York Univ archives, where the Wolpe papers are housed). I realize that Clarkson's linking this writing to the "meaning" of the composition is entirely problematic. There were other things that came up in that talk, which I'll save--but if there is interest I will post the lecture (which I think I have on tape somewhere) on factory school. In any case, the nature of the meaning of the piece, then, was specifically linked to the

camps (I think in Poland, but it's been more than five years since this lecture). In any case, we listened to the piece--which I wish I would remember the name of (any help here anyone?). In any case, what interested me, and has ever since, is "what is the meaning" of a piece of music. Sure there is aesthetic pleasure in it -- but then I like a lot of things that no one else likes and, frankly, i've never seen a movie that I didn't enjoy, even really so-called bad movies. A year or so ago, I taught myself a sort of method for writing music using the computer and I had a series of revelations. The first was, wow, what an incredible waste of time -- and what an incredibly important waste of time. I thought, it takes a long time to do this -- and what does this mean? How could one spend his or her entire life doing this? And HOW could one do this? How? meaning -- How can I get to do this? It was a fascinating experience, and made me rethink my relation to poetry, which seemed to occupy a similar place -- it seemed an incredible luxury, like religious study, or college.

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247. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: Content and its Discontents***

*Fri 14 Jun 2002*

---

Nick,

Barrett brought a couple of things to the 'table' this morning. One is content as therapeutic material and the other is his use of 'procedural form'.

I tend to think of poetry as procedurerather than form and I thinkthat's in the experimental langpo way of thinking and I also think that there are many who don't grasp the idea that there are two things happening - I suspect due to the poverty of the English language (and its poetics and philosophical offshoots). The third way here (poetic procedure) might loosen some of the dilemmic dichotomous thinking that revolves around form/content blinders?

For example, I see investigative poetry as one form of poetic procedure, lagpo, webpoetry, visual poetry would be others - it's not the 'what' that's important but the 'how' and the form of a visual poem might be the way it looks on the page or the web but for me what matters is how it got there.

As you and I know there is an analogy to the therapeutic process in this. [By the way I have a copy of Lucy daniels' new bio and i find more of interest 'poetically' in Winnicott, Milner, etc., than Bolas, for example.] The 'material' of therapy is obviously of interest as the 'content' but what is important for me is the way someone 'handles' it - they learn a 'procedure' which helps them deal with itwhile the 'form' of therapy would be the type or school of therapy?

For example, someone's childhood issues can be resolved in hundreds of ways (or not resolved?). In the sameway the procedural in procedural form would be the way a poet lerans to massage his or her life or find the words or pictures to express?

rambling again, i fear.

tom bell

----- Original Message -----

From: "Nick Piombino" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 14, 2002 8:29 AM

Subject: Content and its Discontents

> An otherwise quite interesting psychoanalyst, Christopher Bollas, in a  
> somewhat pedestrian essay on poetics quotes Helen Vendler as follows:  
"Form,  
> after all, is nothing but content-as-arranged" (from-The Music of What  
> Happens, 1988). The occasional efforts to house train Alan Sondheim on  
this  
> list prove not only the unlikelihood of Vendler's quote, but, here,  
anyway,  
> its veritable impossibility, eh Barrett? It's not only his forms or his  
> contents, I suspect, that we unneatfreaks like about Alan's presence here,  
> but something which partakes of, but transcends both, I suspect. Something  
> called -chops-.  
> En tout cas, perhaps I've reached my anecdotage, but lately I enjoy most  
> every discussion on this list, even the handwriting, or handwringing, ones  
> Ms Damon, as the cases might be. Roll on Alan, list, caissons, digest  
> lovers, reply button users, nay sayers, well wishers... And where might be  
> Mr. Kazim Ali and Louis Cabri?  
>  
> Nick  
>  
>  
> > Date: Fri, 14 Jun 2002 10:40:37 -0700  
> > From: jesse glass <[REDACTED]>  
> > Subject: Over-Posting and Limited Hard Drives  
> >  
> > Dear List Lovers,  
> >  
> > Don't get me wrong.  
> >  
> > 1. I find some of what A.S. does of interest, but

> >  
> > 2. I think that with the wealth of web and other magazines available  
and  
> > all that virgin webspace outside of this discussion list, A.S. should  
take  
> > pity on those who are not quite as taken with his work as others are and  
> > send links to his creative work instead of complete texts. He should  
also  
> > clearly identify his creative vs. discussion postings so that those who  
are  
> > less interested in his creative offerings may still take a look at what  
he  
> > says.  
> >  
> > 3. The last time this came up on the Poetics list I said nary a word.  
My  
> > computer was still young. But now I notice that Alan has taken up a  
> > considerable amount of space in my deleted files--pages and pages of  
> > space--of To Nikuko and Not To Nikuko and on and on and I really think  
that  
> > it's all a bit unfair. I didn't sign up to the A.S. list, I signed up  
to  
> > the Poetics List.  
> >  
> > 4. Yes, and the nay-sayers were shouted down more or less the last  
time.  
> > But please consider, A.S., before you bomb us with another To or Not to  
> > Nikuko that there are some people who are on this list for other reasons  
> > than reading your collected works.  
> >  
> > 5. I'm not attempting to bash anyone here, it's just a matter of a  
visitor  
> > at your electronic table who refuses to go away, refuses to take a  
break,  
> > and continues to play his two-stringed fiddle with very little variation  
on  
> > the tune. After awhile you begin to wish that one of those strings  
might  
> > break.  
> >  
> > Jesse  
> >

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248. **Daniel Kane**  
***Harryette Mullen on WriteNet***

*Fri 14 Jun 2002*

---

This month on writenet, Harryette Mullen discusses Oulipo word games, the relationship between racial identity and innovative form, and a whole lot more.

To check it out, go to

<http://www.writenet.org/poetschat/poetschat.html>

and click on Harryette Mullen.

--daniel

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249. **Jim Behrle**  
***for Alan Sondheim***

*Fri 14 Jun 2002*

---

dnsfsdjlfkmsdlkfmnsdlkfnlksdnfl;ksdflkdsnlf;ksdlknfl  
dslfjldksjflksdjflksdjflkjdslfjdsfkjfkldsGET OFF OF  
HIS BACK asdxhfosjflkjsdlkfjlkfjlkdsjlkfjsdlkfjlkdsj

---

Chat with  
friends online, try MSN Messenger: <http://messenger.msn.com>

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250. **Alan Sondheim**  
***Re: Material***

*Fri 14 Jun 2002*

---

Perhaps all representations are partial-representations; I've often thought of my 'emanants' such as Nikuko as part-objects, partly present, partly phantom (as in `_limb_`), partly obscured. This goes back to the ding-an-sich in a way, although that might be a re(a)d herring. What's being investigated is the procurement and inscribing of things...

Re: Ryan - I've been thinking about mu/ma, nothing/interval and their relationship - their relation to visual contouring (see David Barr, Vision). We perceive I think by emphasizing (increasing contrast), circumscribing, inscribing, nomenclature, naming; intervals are defined as such from the chora (I'm making sense here but perhaps too tired to write clearly?), what we identify is always already emergent.

Beyond that, beyond the entity or process, there's repose, I'd associate this with the death drive or the mute- or practico-inert, however one wants to call it. This is the ability to see Han Shan in the midst of the red dust, to subtend or read beyond the chaos. -

In relation to the phenomenology of approach, on a practical level, one learns what to ignore of course; in the midst of the sawgrass prairie, one might notice a certain depression in the midst of it - this is foreground/ background stuff, so that entanglement and the 'mess' might in fact blank out as a result of clue, cue, anomaly.

Alan -

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251. **Mister Kazim Ali**  
***nerdy question (oh but i'm so serious)***

*Fri 14 Jun 2002*

---

so, i leave in the hinterlands of the hudson valley.  
every once in a while i go to nyc and while i'm there  
i go and visit st. mark's and pick up some books.  
(sorry i just can't get into the shop-on-line)--

so anyhow, i'm sort of on a budget but want to pick up  
one (or two) (or three) fabulous new books...but i  
(unlike most other times i go down there) don't have  
anything specific in mind.

here's your chance to pour food into the unblemished  
canvas (that would be me mixing my metaphors)--

no but i'm serious--maybe people can backchannel me  
some really good reading suggestions of books of poems  
released in the last year or so?

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting  
behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"  
--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

---

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup  
<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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252. **Aaron Belz**

***Re: Harryette Mullen on WriteNet***

*Fri 14 Jun 2002*

---

| *click on Harryette Mullen.*

Hairy N. Mullett is on wrongnet, by the way.

All kidding aside, my barber told me the other day that a guy came in to get his mullett trimmed, explaining it was "all business in the front, but the party's out back." Like a house or something, I guess.

-Aaron

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253. **D. Ross Priddle**

***thru the hotsync cradle straight to the motherboard***

*Sat 15 Jun 2002*

---

better not repeated, what is the  
purpose of this text, vacant  
paper, copy fire, the going one,  
paper versus silicon, blank  
purpose, g-train, big letter,  
still fresh, real-wise, post-text,  
oolyakoo! oolyakoo!, e-labour,  
time over time, trance feeding,  
pulped, co-choice, a pliers,  
framed nil, white by white,  
paraweb site, conscious of its  
own evolution and history,  
slice-of-art, three thirty-four  
am: birds start singing, usual  
dosage, a velvet dish, a  
previous zero, a future zero,  
pov! void, tea smoke, big city  
down town, fill in the void,  
kiss this information goodbye,  
the difference between  
advertising and  
advertizing, voidification,  
missing sound, machine  
genre, the day before the  
void, we are splitting into

us & them, still silent,  
yes or no?, human being  
human, hear these words?,  
pseudoinformation,  
imp e-dance, at merci,  
this is dying to be  
read, trance pond,  
ex-product, also being, [],

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## 254. **Alan Sondheim**

### ***Alan,Sondheim,by,Alan,Sondheim***

*Sat 15 Jun 2002*

---

Alan,Sondheim,by,Alan,Sondheim

40,yrs.,cards!,Unlimited,refills!:Subject:,Are,You,Single?:Nikuko:,>>>,I  
>>>,@a,=,qw(,time,space,Jennifer:,>>>,He,is,big,single,hole!,Jennifer:,>>>  
>>>,I,om,so,boulders,>>>,I,om,so,much,o,saxy,wyman!,,Nikuko:,>>>,oh,oh,o  
h  
FREE,premium,full-color,business,cards!,Unlimited,peckogo!,is,beneath,I,do  
want,3,Free,Men,Go,Oh,how,wonder,Alan,Peckard,PC,Security,Offer,here,I  
must,speak,Panties,>>>,Nikuko,you,do,be,my,trovol,peckogo!,Jennifer:,>>>  
Nikuko,you,do,be,my,Crazy,Over,You!,Subject:,Purchase,OR,Refinance,your  
Panties:Subject:,250,FREE,is,wonder,true,wonder!,much,o,saxy,wyman!,,Your  
Panty-Sondheim!,peckogo!,Jennifer:,Rates,in,wrists,homes,rains,much,o,saxy  
To,Make,Sexy,Women,Or,He,Get,3,arms,toes,feet,Sondheim.,I,do,love,Nikuko:  
Travel,Peckage,Subject:,place,Subject:,250,mountains,rivers,valleys,simple  
caverns,snows,clouds,legs,Sondheim,by,Alan,pebbles,reeks,caverns,)!do,be  
my,lakes,Jennifer:,>>>,Single?,Subject:,Claim,Your,home!,Lowest,Nikuko:,my  
trovol,hers,his,Nikuko:,>>>,Panties,Subject:,3,Free,full-color,business  
refills!,Subject:,3,Free,Free,Panties,at,Fredericks.com,Subject:,Learn,How  
there,yours,mine,ours,Subject:,,FREE,Shipping,on,om,so,him!,love,breasts  
tongues,fingers,hands,Subject:,Alan,,Hewlett,so!,Jennifer:,>>>,Nikuko,you  
wyman!,:Nikuko:,premium,Subject:,Are,You,Quicken,2002,Software!,trovol  
wyman!!

—

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255. **K.Silem Mohammad**  
**for Alan**

Sat 15 Jun 2002

---

golf script triumph / holiday pants / tailormade toy wilderness

You can see Verification. Yes we have winners. We are proud to bring you Word... Yes we have conducted. We are proud to bring you ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL. Yes we have t-shirts. We are proud to bring you Two and WHITEWATER. We are proud to bring you fax also Gymnasium also HAIR HEAD. Plus HEALTH. Plus Heavy... We are proud to bring you ALTER. See Budget. Yes we have Bus. We are proud to bring you CHOICE ... Yes we have city. We are proud to bring you Leather.

You can see Holidays. We are proud to bring you IRRESISTIBLE. Yes we have Italy and JAGUAR ... Yes we have shakespeare. We are proud to bring you Stick with Yaught. We have Books. Inside: Business also BY also drug... We are proud to bring you HEAD. See IS. Yes we have JENNIFER ... Yes we have alter. We are proud to bring you beach. We are proud to bring you zymol. Yes we have zymol. You can see zymol. Plus BLACK. Yes we have bed.

We have women. Plus Women. We are proud to bring you WOMEN. Yes we have WOMEN. We are proud to bring you WOMEN. Inside: WOMEN. We have WOMEN... Inside: adurt adurt. Yes we have Adurt. We are proud to bring you ADURT with ADURT. We are proud to bring you ADURT. We have ADURT... Yes we have two. We are proud to bring you ACCIDENT. See BEACH. Inside: Bed. You can see Biking also Bottom. Yes we have care. Yes we have detroit DIVING...

Plus Toy. Yes we have tune-up and vs also WATER. We are proud to bring you WRECKED. We have AN are. We are proud to bring you Manuals ... Plus camera and DATABASE. We are proud to bring you IRRESISTIBLE. Yes we have RETAIL... Yes we have Istanbul jaguar and KASHMIR. Yes we have over. We are proud to bring you petrochemical respraying ... We are proud to bring you INFO also MANUAL ... Plus High. We are proud to bring you INFORMATION.

Yes we have Instruction. We have Italy ... Plus Outfitter. Yes we have PREOWNED ... We are proud to bring you HOTEL. Yes we have india INNS with Internal revenue with Irc ... Yes we have Cat. We are proud to bring you CREDIT. Inside: Go. Yes we have MOTORCYCLES. Yes we have Tourism... Inside: dolphin. Inside: Gasoline. Yes we have himalayan. See JENNIFER... Yes we have underwear. Yes we have Babylon. Plus backpacking. Yes we have

THE. We are proud to bring you THE BIBLE ... Yes we have BOOK. We are proud to bring you ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL... We are proud to bring you Leathers. Yes we have TRAVELLING ...

Plus Solicitor. Yes we have tax. Yes we have The bible ... We are proud to bring you Package. See photograph ... We are proud to bring you GIRLS SHOWERS ... Yes we have Free naked indian. We are proud to bring you Fucking in boots.

We are proud to bring you TRIUMPH. Plus VEGAS. Plus STATE. Yes we have the bible. We are proud to bring you TIGER ... You can see flow also istanbul. Yes we have TATTOOS. You can see tax with Telephone and wax. Yes we have Wrecked. Yes we have zymol. We have ZYMOL. We are proud to bring you ZYMOL. Yes we have NASA also realty. We are proud to bring you santana high school shooting... See ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL. We are proud to bring you ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL.

We are proud to bring you WHISKEY. We are proud to bring you Dollar. Yes we have

duty ... Yes we have drug. Yes we have ZYMOL. You can see ZYMOL. We are proud

to bring you ZYMOL also ZYMOL and ZYMOL ... Yes we have Force. We are proud

to bring you GETAWAYS. Plus Health ... Plus Bosom. We are proud to bring you Boss.

Yes we have CAPE also CAR ... Yes we have neck with photo and race also recreation.

We are proud to bring you remain ... We are proud to bring you Home.

Inside: trucks. We are proud to bring you whitewater ... Plus grey. Yes we have hotels also Irresistible. We are proud to bring you JAPANESE and MOLLY and N SYNC. Yes we have Golf ... See FRIEND. See HANDBOOK. We are proud to bring you lawyer. Yes we have Maine ... We have ZYMOL and ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL. We are proud to bring you SUBARU and women Wreckers... Yes we have JENNIFER. We have GLOVES. We are proud to bring you history.

~~~~~  
~

K. Silem Mohammad

Visiting Asst. Prof. of British & Anglophone Lit

University of California Santa Cruz

MSN Photos is
the easiest way to share and print your photos:
<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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256. **Nick Piombino**

Material

Sat 15 Jun 2002

The

question, then, is--what do we do with them? If these partial representations are also the case, "to what distinction"? I hope not merely aesthetic pleasure is the answer. (B. Watten)

I tend to think of poetry as procedure rather than form and I think that's in the experimental langpo way of thinking and I also think that there are many who don't grasp the idea that there are two things happening - I suspect due to the poverty of the English language (and its poetics and philosophical offshoots). The third way here (poetic procedure) might loosen some of the dilemmic dichotomous thinking that revolves around form/content blinders? (T.Bell)

*poetry teaches us some how
our own minds work and that is progress in the field of cognitive science, I suppose, but it isn't codified in a usable way. (M.Niss)*

I want to suggest that until the thought process reaches the stage that it focuses on conflict and becomes anxious or agonistic, in its wandering, associating pre-articulated stage or stages it is mostly pleasurable; I feel this is the analogy to aesthetic pleasure, so-called. Names or categories for this experience are sought; for me the best one is reverie. What is the material of poetry if not the -musical stream- of thought? But to preserve and isolate this pleasurable and musical aspect of -verbal- thought is no small accomplishment; this kind of welding of pleasure to thought-music may be the foundation of most intellectual concentration, therefore learning and discovery. Then the distinctions are laboriously brought forth in the later articulated stages, perhaps still tinged with the earlier pleasures. As is oft repeated, Freud's ideas about free association were derived from an essay on aesthetics by F. Schiller, who recommended by-passing critical thought in order to free writing blocks. Barrett also mentions the issue of recognition. I think here he is talking about the kind of sorting and organizing processes involved with following the intertwining streams of thought that in the most exciting instances lead to memorable or notable connections, the basis for insights and discoveries. But here the important aspect is momentum. The critical process is also crucial in evolving this momentum. Thus the connection between prose and poetry, what Louis Cabri was talking about in his discussion of the Hausmanization of poetry. But this issue of momentum brings me back to what I was talking about as -chops- in Alan Sondheim's work. There is a kind of cascade of thinking that leads to links, connections, searches, that computer programs try to imitate, but perhaps music remains the much more powerful analogy. For me Alan Sondheim's work is virtually always reverie friendly; as is music that does not lead too insistently, maybe a

connection with electronic or techno music there? Certainly most of Debussy can still do this for me, and much other early music but also certain 'endless' rock riffs; but not Bach for me, though some of the most powerful for most music lovers. Tom Bell doesn't seem to like Christopher Bollas but in his book -the Shadow of the Object- he talks about a concept he calls the Unthought known, which has to do with inner experiences of a kind of knowledge that can remain for very long periods of time unarticulated. He feels- and I agree- that psychoanalysis is sometimes able to usefully bring such kinds of understanding into an articulated- and therefore, practically useful, form. In a more recent book-Being a Character- 1992-Hill and Wang- he tried to connect all this to poetry but not so successfully, although I'm now less than halfway through this book.

Mr Kazim Ali asks for book suggestions. For something unexpected he might have a look at -Reader's Block- and -This Is Not A Novel- by David Markson. Strong buy- Keith Waldrop -Semiramis If I Remember-Avec Books-; Oskar Pastior -Many Glove Compartments, selected poems-Burning Deck;Mac Wellman -Miniature- Roof Books;Kenneth Goldsmith -Head Citations- The Figures, Charles Bernstein's -With Strings-Chicago.

By the way, listees, for the brilliant ones receiving this not in Digest Form, Mr Kazim Ali reads tomorrow Sat June 15 at the Ear Inn 326 Spring Street 3 pm.

Nick

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257. **David Baratier**

re handwritten

Sat 15 Jun 2002

to follow up David B on handwritten work--

We still have a few copies of Bob Grenier's 12 from r h y m m s a handwritten, 4 color, unbound 14 page series, \$20, send checks to the address below

also there was O Books

transpiration / what I believe / transpiring

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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258. **Nick Piombino**

Summer reading

Sat 15 Jun 2002

Three more recommendations for Mr Kazim Ali:

The Mood Embosser- by Louis Cabri-Coach House

Eunoia-by Christian Bok-Coach House

Nova- by Standard Schaefer-Sun and Moon

Nick

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259. **Aaron Belz**

Re: for Alan

Sat 15 Jun 2002

K. Silem,

This poem "for Alan" is fan-fucking-tastic! Wait, for Alan who- Ginsberg? Not Sondheim surely. This reminds me of Howl. "We are proud to bring you history" indeed. Thank you.

-Aaron

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260. **Millie Niss**

suggestions for Kazim Ali

Sat 15 Jun 2002

Here are some suggestions for Kazim:

Charles Bernstein's *_With Strings_* (fakelangpo :-) ie fun language poetry although not all the poems are Language poetry-like

Dean Young's *_Skid_* (good, but a quick read)

Albert Goldbarth's *_Saving Lives_* (not avant garde but not ordinary either)

Geoffrey Hill *_The Orchards of Syon_* (a little incomprehensible and his other books may be better but this one is recent; I like *_The Triumph of Love_* which isn't what it sounds like, and *_Speech, Speech_* is also good)

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261. **K.Silem Mohammad**

Re: for Alan

Sat 15 Jun 2002

Thanks, Aaron. Yes, for Alan Sondheim! But Allen Ginsberg [heavenward gesture] can have some too.

I was disappointed that the formatting got screwed up in the posting process. It should optimally be viewed in unbroken six-line stanzas, sort of like a sestina.

Kasey

From: Aaron Belz <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: for Alan
Date: Sat, 15 Jun 2002 10:37:19 -0500

K. Silem,

This poem "for Alan" is fan-fucking-tastic! Wait, for Alan who- Ginsberg? Not Sondheim surely. This reminds me of Howl. "We are proud to bring you history" indeed. Thank you.

-Aaron

~~~~~  
~  
K. Silem Mohammad  
Visiting Asst. Prof. of British & Anglophone Lit  
University of California Santa Cruz

~~~~~ MSN Photos is  
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262. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Re: for Alan

Sat 15 Jun 2002

I think the poem is great too, Kasey. But I find it very intriguing how Alan Sondheim can generate such opposite emotions from our poets. I think the world of Alan and I hope you do too. But if you hate his work this too is ok. Its hard to think of another such person for whom this type of effort applies. Living poets or dead.

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza
editor BlazeVOX2k1
<http://vorplesword.com/>

o
_ \< _
(*)/ (*)

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:] On Behalf Of K.Silem Mohammad
Sent: Saturday, June 15, 2002 12:38 PM
To:
Subject: Re: for Alan

Thanks, Aaron. Yes, for Alan Sondheim! But Allen Ginsberg [heavenward gesture] can have some too.

I was disappointed that the formatting got screwed up in the posting process. It should optimally be viewed in unbroken six-line stanzas, sort of like a sestina.

Kasey

*From: Aaron Belz < >
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group < >
To:
Subject: Re: for Alan
Date: Sat, 15 Jun 2002 10:37:19 -0500*

K. Silem,

This poem "for Alan" is fan-fucking-tastic! Wait, for Alan who- Ginsberg? Not Sondheim surely. This reminds me of Howl. "We are proud to bring you history" indeed. Thank you.

-Aaron

~~~~~  
~

K. Silem Mohammad  
Visiting Asst. Prof. of British & Anglophone Lit  
University of California Santa Cruz

---

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<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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263. **Steven Shoemaker**

**Re: Material**

Sat 15 Jun 2002

---

I'm just back in town, so I'm not sure how this thread has played out, but Nick Piombino's recent post on "reverie" is definitely going in my "save" folder. Last summer I read Swann's Way for the first time, and now I'm a couple hundred pages into Within a Budding Grove. It seems to me that it's almost impossible to read Proust, to navigate those famously serpentine sentences, without surrendering to this sort of reverie--an opening and closing, folding and unfolding of syntax, like watching a time-lapse film of the life of a flower. Proust is also quite explicit at times about the "laborious" work of articulation, a great, indeed heroic (my word, not his) process always in danger of being interrupted, blocked, by laziness or distraction. That "heroism" is very moving to me, perhaps because I am so often distracted or lazy (a certain kind of laziness that involves always working, but not necessarily on the right stuff).

I also like very much the idea of the Unthought Known--for me, this is certainly something that seems central to poetry, or at least to my own process of writing poetry. I forget who it was (either Searle or Austen, i think) who said that the dictionary contains "all the distinctions we have cared to make." This is an interesting observation, but also strikes me as a bit of a lie, since it doesn't sufficiently take into account the strange--even magical--results of rubbing the words up against one another. Certainly \*poetry\* wants to work to get the most out of this friction--and is also driven by the desire to penetrate into that weird "unthought" territory.

steve

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264. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

**Re: for Alan**

Sat 15 Jun 2002

---

Geoffrey,

I think you are misreading the opposition to Alan. I don't think there are very few people on the list (including myself) who don't think Alan is very talented and absolutely dedicated and at times (for me) very interesting. The issue is with the enormous quantity of material he is sending, which I receive in doubles, in poetic list serve and in imitapoetic. Despite what Alan said last week (that he withholds half of his material), his writing appears to me completely unedited, almost always continuing more than it should (containing an assumption that the writer's mind/consciousness is one with the reader's, which isn't).

Of course, Alan is free to and should do what he wants. I think there is a second, deeper issue affecting the strong, contradictory responses to his work. In a poetry which embodies process (the word used in this list is procedure), is editing possible -doesn't editing interfere with the initial givens (in Alan's case some kind of computer code language beyond my understanding) of a process? If so, is editing then a kind of tabu, a reintroduction of the personality/person which the procedure is trying to escape?

My answer is that every system (from surrealists to Jackson maclow) cheats, edits; in fact, those "cheatings" (the compulsion, necessity to cheat) are what make a work interesting. Does that make the escape from the person (the human, the individual mind, whatever you want to call it) finally impossible, essentially a working hypothesis illusion to open new ways? I think so.

Alan has no theoretical objection to editing (he says he keeps half of what he writes out). In this case, the main affect of his writing, on me, is compulsion. Not that he wants to write, but he can not keep himself from writing. It is this element of compulsion which makes it hard for me to approach his text. Usually, i give a quick glance, to see if the piece has snagged something; if no combination of words capture my attention, I let it go.

I don't know if my reactions resonate with anybody else's on the list. I don't believe even the greatest admirer of Alan thinks everything he writes is of equal interest. Then the question remains: how much white space (noise) is tolerated in a procedural work. Of course, white space/noise is integral to such work. But is there a limit within which this noise/space may exist or is its presence absolute and limitless?

Murat

In a message dated 6/15/02 1:26:22 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

*I think the poem is great too, Kasey. But I find it very intriguing how*

*Alan Sondheim can generate such opposite emotions from our poets. I think*

*the world of Alan and I hope you do too. But if you hate his work this too*

*is ok. Its hard to think of another such person for whom this type of effort applies. Living poets or dead.*

Best, Geoffrey

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265. **K.Angelo Hehir**

**TORONTO POETS FOR PEACE - June 17, 2002 - The Victory Cafe**

Sat 15 Jun 2002

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POETS FOR PEACE

TOO MANY TARGETS - NOT ENOUGH POETS

A POETS FOR PEACE NIGHT

Monday

June 17th, 2002

8pm

The Victory Café

581 Markham

FREE

=====  
=====  
Hostilities are increasing in the world at a frightening pace, and theatres of conflict are springing up everywhere. Our own continent is suddenly vulnerable to devastating attacks, while within our own borders old and new hatreds are surfacing and paranoia is becoming legislation. People across the world are fearing for the safety of themselves and their families. In this climate of fear many people see military escalation as inevitable. Now, more than ever, we need creative minds to see other possibilities, to unravel and question the complex feelings of many sides in play, and to be communicators in a world needy for dialogue. Along with the announcements and vexations of news politicians, guerrillas and evening news pundits, we need the voices of thinkers, of writers, of poets. The coming event precedes a national gathering in Ottawa to oppose the war set for June 26 and 27. Poets for Peace will be one of the participating groups.  
=====  
=====

Featuring:

Poet, novelist, songwriter, and playwright ROBERT PRIEST Not only known for writing in nearly every genre, but awarded for nearly all of them. His publications and recordings are too numerous to mention. Known for caustic satire as

well as lyrical beauty, Robert Priest has frequently taken a populist stance on the page and in his direct, dynamic performances.

Writer and activist

BRIAN BURCH

His work has appeared in publications as diverse as Earth First! Journal, Peace News, and Catholic New Times, and in such anthologies as VISIONS OF POESEY: ANARCHIST POETS OF THE 20th CENTURY (Freedom Press). His next court appearance is October 16th.

Poet, novelist and human rights worker MAGGIE HELWIG A poet of stunning ability, Maggie has also published short fiction, essays, and her first novel, WHERE SHE WAS STANDING (ECW) , about East Timor. Along with her involvement with numerous human rights and peace organizations, Maggie co-organizes the Toronto Small Press Book Fair.

Writer and and reflexologist

GORDON GILHULY

In addition to two collections of poetry, Gordon has also been recognized for his short stories and a one-act play. In addition to parenting, therapeutic touch and film extra work, he facilitates for the Alternatives to Violence Program in prisons. He occasionally takes time to breathe.

Pitbull Poet WAKEFIELD BREWSTER A dynamic and prolific spoken word artist, Wakefield Brewster has toured and competed on stages across the country soon to appear in New York and Chicago. He is currently organizer of the Pitbull Poetry Series, the Spoken Word coordinator for the Red Salon at Toronto's historic Arts & Letters Club and lectures at York University on spoken word, expression and political science.

Poet and a novelist

SHEILA DALTON

She's worked for OWL Magazine, and Oxford University Press. Her Teen mystery, TRIAL BY FIRE, was shortlisted for the Arthur Ellis Award.

People's Poet

JEFF SEFINGA

Widely published and known, Jeff Sefinga is also active with the Tower Poetry Society, the People's Poetry Festival, and has been a long-time staple of the Hamilton literary scene.

=====

HOSTED BY STEPHEN HUMPHREY

=====

For more information call: [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

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266. **Ryan Whyte**

***Re: for Alan***

*Sat 15 Jun 2002*

---

Alan's work doesn't seem 'procedural' in the narrow sense that implies a single or self-contained mathematical/'mechanical' procedure -- which tends to a formalist dead-end when pursued \_as such\_: beyond that there are procedures, routines, citations, institutions, etc, in every kind of writing and reading.

It seems odd to think of the surrealists/Mac Low here. The insistence is rather on layers of procedures, protocols, editings, integrations and disintegrations, exhaustion, sexualities, the internet etc.. And there's a great deal of intertextuality/continuity that takes the work out of the realm of merely 'procedural' -- look at the avatars, the resonances with the video/music/photos etc -- all of which implies at the level of the text, in spite of your pathetic-fallacy reading, complex, involved and careful editing.

Ryan

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267. **Mister Kazim Ali**

***Re: suggestions for Kazim Ali***

*Sat 15 Jun 2002*

---

thanks everybody for all the suggestions.

in the end i betrayed my own rule (get a new book) and wound up the the collected books of Jack Spicer.

oh i got prickles all up and down my back. he's walking on my grave.

K

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting

behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"

--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

---

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup

<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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268. **Mister Kazim Ali**

***Re: Summer reading***

*Sat 15 Jun 2002*

---

but I will go through the list as my summer reading  
assignment!

K

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting

behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"

--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

---

Do You Yahoo!?

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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269. **Millie Niss**

***Bloomsday on Broadway***

*Sat 15 Jun 2002*

---

This is incredibly short notice, but is anyone interested in going to the  
marathon Ulysses celebration at Symphony Space in NYC tomorrow? It tradi-  
tionally ends with a full dramatic reading of Molly Bloom's soliloquy at the end  
of the book, read by a really good actress. I can't seem to get the actual sched-  
ule for the even online this years, but the announcement is at

<http://www.symphonyspace.org/genres/seriesPage.php?>

[genreId=4&seriesId=18](http://www.symphonyspace.org/genres/seriesPage.php?genreId=4&seriesId=18) This is truncated from previous years-- it used to be  
from noon to midnight and you'd walk in and out, but now it is 7pm to midnight  
(I hope you can still walk in and out because that is still very long!). But the  
end is worth hearing and I only went to the beginning before. (It also used to  
be free, I think, and now it is pretty expensive...) I wonder if you can get in for  
less at the time if they haven't sold all the tickets...

Millie

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270. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**

**Re: Source Codes**

Sat 15 Jun 2002

---

does this make anybody else think of that talking heads song?

Andrew Rathmann wrote:

*Susan: Thanks for the behind-the-scenes info.*

*David: Erk, that was dumb of me. It was the sauce talking.*

*All:*

*Although I think Wheeler occasionally relies too much on the pose of girlish insouciance (to be distinguished from the boyish insouciance of, I don't know, some of Muldoon's poems), I find a lot to like in this book and hope others will check it out.*

*One poem was published earlier by Slate and can be seen here:*

*<http://slate.msn.com/?id=77409>*

*I think the strength of this poem is the way it explores a self-consciously middle-class, urban perspective on the rest of the country. In conspicuously figurative language, it describes looking out the window in the middle of a flight from SF to NYC. Wheeler's similes seem like arbitrary nuttiness until you realize that she is drawing on sights typical of city life: paintings in art museums, boutique chocolates, fabrics in catalogs, odd haircuts, basketball shoes, cats ("Abyssinian's / mused fur post grooming's blue rinse"). So you've got an artsy, intellectual poet trying to describe the look of rural country from 30,000 feet, and falling back on the images she knows best. When she tries to imagine life down there in Nebraska, she only comes up with slightly cliched scenes of futility ("truant pouring cup of gin") which recall Hopper paintings or maybe naturalist novels. In the end, the country over which she is flying remains simply the "variegated field of what is between" i.e. between the cities on the two coasts, which, so the poem implies, is where the real life of the nation takes place.*

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271. **Leonard Brink**

**Craig Watson**

Sat 15 Jun 2002

---

Before I go I'd like to announce this summer's Instance Press publication:

TRUE NEWS by Craig Watson, 80 pages, ISBN 0-9679854-2-0 (10 bucks)

Ted Pearson writes:

In *\_Free Will\_*, Watson's previous book, the final curtain falls on "an opera of unrepentant days." In the darkened theater of ideology's "simple grammar and private perjuries," it is the burden and singular achievement of his new work to "divide the crisis we cultivate from the crisis we advertise and thereby know when to worship the dead and when to eat them." Here, now, and for the foreseeable future, *\_True News\_* is essential reading. --TP

If you'd like to order in advance, or believe that we should give you a review copy, write to:

Leonard Brink  
327 Cleveland Ave.  
Santa Cruz, CA  
95060

(Don't post requests to the list, as none of us are there)

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272. **Leonard Brink**

*prose poetry*

*Sat 15 Jun 2002*

---

Untitled, Volume 3, will soon be available for \$8

It will feature 142 pages of prose poetry by:

John Olson, Laynie Browne, Craig Watson, E.M. Schorb, Rupert Loydell, Roberta Olson, Lesle Lewis, Carol Reef and Susan Gevirtz with collaborations by Eric Baus & George Kalamaras, Jack Kimball & Kent Johnson, and David Baratier and Sheila E. Murphy.

Checks to:

Leonard Brink  
327 Cleveland Ave.  
Santa Cruz, CA  
95060

And with that, I bid the BuffPo list a fond adieu. Peace & Love.

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273. **Alan Sondheim**

***Sex with Terrorists: Alan Sondheim's Skein & Theory at Furtherfield.org (fwd)***

Sat 15 Jun 2002

---

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Fri, 14 Jun 2002 07:51:53 -0700 (PDT)

From: lewis lacook <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Sex with Terrorists: Alan Sondheim's Skein & Theory at Furtherfield.org

<http://www.suite101.com/article.cfm/15239/92725>

Sex with Terrorists: Alan Sondheim's Skein & Theory at Furtherfield.org

<http://www.lewislacook.com/selections.html>

Personal Site\\e-books and web

art(<http://www.geocities.com/llacook/index.html>)

-----  
Do You Yahoo!?

Sign-up for Video Highlights of 2002 FIFA World Cup

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274. **Barrett Watten**

***Techno***

Sat 15 Jun 2002

---

Joel Kuszai wrote:

>>>I'm wondering about your use of detroit techno. i understand you have an essay on this, and i'd like to get a copy of it. at one point i saw a reference to it, but have yet to dig it out -- so i hesitate to speak out/ask questions about something i might be able to find out about myself

Qui Parle, vol. 11, no. 1; forthcoming in The Constructivist Moment, from Wesleyan.

>>>partly, i'm wondering a couple of things. one has to do with music, generally. what doyou mean by global unconscious, which seems odd to me.

Jameson's Political Unconscious always seemed to have a spatial orientation of "down" or "below," above which ideological consciousness rests. What about a spatial orientation toward "out" or "around"?

>>>how is that different from, say, the ability to reference a sense of the global in certain modernist composers...and then the word unconscious here seems to invite response as well...while i'm not a music scholar, i do find this an interesting avenue to pursue. i'm wondering what is it about detroit techno that makes you say this most specifically.

In Detroit techno, through the overlapping of multiple rhythms and samples, you get strange "voicing" effects--suddenly, it's Chinese, or Native American. And these truly are the effects of procedures, but they are preserved, meditated on, danced to--

>>>do you mean derek may? When is the detroit electronic music festival? what do you mean by detroit techno.?

Derek May is one of the pioneers but is not as productive as others right now, such as Carl Craig. There's a rather substantial lore about the founding of techno, its "generational" waves, and so forth. The Detroit Metro Times web site has a history of techno in its archives, by Hobey Echlin, that will fill you in. Also accounts of the DEMF, the third installment of which just happened.

>>>i'll never forget sitting in hamburger mary's in hillcrest with my parents, trying to explain to them the various genres of "electronic" or "techno" music. There are probably a half-dozen easy ones to define and lots of overlap and confusion. When I think of techno, or say derek may specifically, i think of "house" or dance music -- which is machinic like in its repetitive rhythmic structures -- as opposed to breakbeat, jungle, etc.etc. again--i'm not an expert and frankly the "electronica" scene in Tijuana is the only place where I've confronted the music in a "live" setting -- the Nortec Collective there (which is now getting international exposure) is an interesting case study. This community uses digital appropriation techniques to blend Norteña makes an interesting gallery scene: part "rave" (read: party), part gallery scene (as there are often displays of graphic arts on the walls in "galleries" adjacent to the music). meeting often in clubs or -- oddly -- the jai alai building in downtown tj, this community is not only musicians, but architects, artists, designers, poets, novelists, and the times i went to those events, with folks like heriberto yepes or carlos gutierrez vidal and bibiana padilla, you never saw a more coherent establishment of an "aesthetic" zone of mixed media, multi media, and etc. A show of their work at the downtown Contemporary Museum in san diego included a standing DJ, blue-prints, fashion design, as well as video and more traditional forms such as graphic design and photography. My point is

that in this moment, to reference "Nortec" -- like Detroit techno -- is to sort of to make claims for regional specificity -- i'm interested in this regional specificity. The Nortec Collective for me is exemplary in this sense, since they've taken regional forms of the border region (especially the norteña music, but also what amounts to a sort of cowboy iconography common to that region) and then introduces a sort of 21st century design element. One could trace the commonalities between this sort of futuristic rave design language -- between the electronic arts community of areas like Tokyo, and Hamburg and places like that in Germany.

I'm interested in this "border electronica" you describe.

>>>The now new york based musician and writer Momus writes of what he calls the "cute formalism" of the german electronic community. For example, Mouse on Mars (a personal favorite of mine) as well as Scratch Pet Land--but there are many other examples. Anyhow-- those forms are not danceable-- though certain Mouse on Mars pieces are very much so--they're not machinic in quite the same way, in which case more related, say, to funk. As well, I'd relate them more explicitly to the tradition of electronic music which goes back to the tradition of folks like lejaren hiller and the like -- though I realize that young people today working in these media have access to all of it, as I do, sitting right at my computer.

There are a lot of age-fascists out there, with proprietary claims to their taste.

>>>But I'm wondering, aside from the actual digital nature of the compositions, what makes this different from what other composers have done now fifty and more years in the past?

A lot of discussion about art gets hung up on description, as if that's the key to what it is. Describe in fifty words or less the differences between House and Techno, for instance. When the point is more that there are somewhat different operating principles or shared assumptions between these genres. How is a genre productive? In other words, once a genre defines its stylistic limits, it still has to annex new meaning and continue to "reproduce" itself. Techno is highly reproductive; it feeds on a certain repertoire of music, and interprets itself in terms of its sources. It is not simply dance music, of course. There's an interesting relation between "knowing" the sources and codes and then suspending them in the effect, in a kind trancelike non-knowing.

>>>relatedly (sort of)

A few years ago I had the opportunity to see Austin Clarkson speak on Stefan Wolpe, and he linked one of the compositions that Wolpe had

written to a specific meaning or content, in the way that one gets information about the personal impetus or value of an abstract work of art for the artist. Wolpe apparently had scribbled a sort of poem or notes in the margins of one of his compositions (which Clarkson had seen at the York Univ archives, where the Wolpe papers are housed). I realize that Clarkson's linking this writing to the "meaning" of the composition is entirely problematic. There were other things that came up in that talk, which I'll save--but if there is interest I will post the lecture (which I think I have on tape somewhere) on factory school. In any case, the nature of the meaning of the piece, then, was specifically linked to the camps (I think in Poland, but it's been more than five years since this lecture). In any case, we listened to the piece--which I wish I would remember the name of (any help here anyone?). In any case, what interested me, and has ever since, is "what is the meaning" of a piece of music. Sure there is aesthetic pleasure in it -- but then I like a lot of things that no one else likes and, frankly, i've never seen a movie that I didn't enjoy, even really so-called bad movies. A year or so ago, I taught myself a sort of method for writing music using the computer and I had a series of revelations. The first was, wow, what an incredible waste of time -- and what an incredibly important waste of time. I thought, it takes a long time to do this -- and what does this mean? How could one spend his or her entire life doing this? And HOW could one do this? How? meaning -- How can I get to do this? It was a fascinating experience, and made me rethink my relation to poetry, which seemed to occupy a similar place -- it seemed an incredible luxury, like religious study, or college.

Never seeing a movie one doesn't like seems like a kind of limit experience in terms of aesthetics. And then there's always seeing what confirms "me and my destiny," my personal set of sources and codes.

BW

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275. **Millie Niss**

***FW: Rejected posting to*** 

*Sun 16 Jun 2002*

---

Is Jack Spicer a fake poet? There is something subtly (or not so subtly) bogus about him, as if he were some extremely talented poet's joke... Or am I just obsessed with fakeness?

Speaking of which, I showed my father (not a modern poetry person AT ALL, but he likes literature that is pre 20th C) Bernstein's *\_With Strings\_* (or maybe it was McCaffery's *\_The Cheat of Words\_*) and he said "this can't be serious" and I wondered if he was right at some level...I mean, it's funny and supposed to be funny, but my father's immediate reaction was that it couldn't be taken seriously as poetry-- yet for me it seemed perfectly believable as serious poetry, because I've read what happened in between the 19th C and the 21st and my father hasn't. But it's always interesting what a truly naive person will say.

Millie

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## 276. **Duration Press**

**Re: FW: Rejected posting to** [REDACTED]

Sun 16 Jun 2002

---

*But it's always interesting what  
a truly naive person will say.*

such as...

*Is Jack Spicer a fake poet? There is something subtly (or not so subtly)  
bogus about him, as if he were some extremely talented poet's joke...*

?

perhaps, tho i think that maybe spicer is having a poet's joke on you...just a thought...

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## 277. **Duration Press**

**new & forthcoming from duration press**

Sun 16 Jun 2002

---

a couple of belated announcements...

new pdf e-books:

Rachel Levitsky, *Realism*

Brian Strang, *machinations*

Elizabeth Treadwell, *LILYFOIL*

Rick Snyder, *Forecast Memorial*

[www.durationpress.com/bookstore](http://www.durationpress.com/bookstore)

two new chapbooks from etherdome press:

*passing world pictures*, Valerie Coulton

*Summoned to the Fences*, Erica Carpenter

[www.durationpress.com/etherdome](http://www.durationpress.com/etherdome)

a list of out of print first editions from burning deck press  
www.burningdeck.com

& durationpress.com is once again offering virtual web-hosting services.  
www.durationpress.org

forthcoming:

be on the lookout for a new Tuumba Press website @durationpress.com

Patterns / Contexts / Time, ed. Charles Bernstein & Phillip Foss as part of durationpress.com's out of print archive

Jerrold Shiroma, director  
duration press  
www.durationpress.com

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278. **Alan Sondheim**  
***the dead camera***

Sun 16 Jun 2002

---

the dead camera

Protect Your Child for \$1\* (private parts please) Win Cash Playing Free Games  
Alan, Real Drugs-Viagra and Phentrimine, blind Azure and blind Alan

:we were robbed of the event, elsewhere,\*\* not with this atmospheric exhaustion, air-bones, some pose with certain image, some move on\*\*\* :circling wtc. across then over almost behind southern junction, near greenwich, then towards the western shore, around inner palm court, north on western side of west-side highway, east across down to chambers, over to reade, down reade, south again, on the eastern edge, seventy images lost in camera failure,\*\*\*\*\* south-side hair-dressers,\*\*\*\* our marriage routes,\*\*\*\*\* always out of the way, thinned, we were gone for it, force of great atmosphere evident everywhere :susanne jennifer stefan:the bruntness of things. disturbance of doubled absence,\*\*\*\*\* missing syntax.\*\*\*\*\* nikuko has lost all eyes. blind jennifer follows pigeons on hole rim. we were late in war, uncanny peace. ground zero for world-vor- tex.\*\*\*\*\* body parts in nearby buildings. world's enormous curtains, distraught. [in this part-objects assemble, cohere: every break a totality,\*\*\*\*\* every limb, reassemblage.\*]:susanne jennifer stefan

her stefan

\*disaster brings totality. totality brings disaster. disaster of totality. \*\*\*\*\*images wouldn't transfer, flashcard went dead. totality of disaster. \*\*\*\*\*our first anniversary.

Alan, Why should men have all the fun? Try a Virtual Date! cAA0A\*CNAA /  
E'UCA+\*oio,oi m.mm'uAU!![+\*oi] Do You Dream of a Debt Free Life? blind  
Nikuko and blind Jennifer

-

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279. **George Bowering**  
**Re: Comments on Eunoia**

Sun 16 Jun 2002

---

> If anyone would like a copy of my  
>500 word story using only the vowel 'A' just e-mail me.  
>  
>       Regards Tony Follari NZ Comedian,Artist,Poet  
>  
>

I am betting that is impossible. It would go on something like this:

a aa a aaaa aa a aaaa aa aaaaaa a

etc.

--

George Bowering  
Never been to Baltimore  
Fax XXXXXXXXXX

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280. **Tony Follari**  
**story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand**

Sun 16 Jun 2002

---

Dear George Bowering How wrong you are!,please observe the following text:

*Mars Attacks*

*At Mt. Ararat stands a war atlas,Asgard's Mask.A mask that was as  
vast  
as all man's past wars,as vast as all astral sagas. At dawn a  
Starcraft  
lands at a small kansas ranch.A palm branch sways.Macaws and mallards  
flap past barns.Shazam! a tall Alabaman lass gasps,"What was that?"  
Smash! glass astragals crack apart.Sharp parallax chasms draw far*

ajar.

Jacaranda plants sag. Canals and dams crack apart as lava and magma swamp fragrant grasslands. Mars scans Atlanta, Canada, Baghdad and Madagascar, and an attack plan fast adapts. Carl Sagan calls NASA, "That strata had a DNA strand, watch that starcraft!" Granada TV casts Casablanca, Dallas, Tarzan and Batman. A pravda scandal calls Karl Marx a charlatan. Wall St has a bad crash, Drachmas and Francs fall flat. Pan am and Qantas all crash. A tax hazard was a fatal flaw at Gatt talks.

Harvard awards Frank Capra a placard. Brash Vandals hack a Marc Chagall

canvass. P. Sampras stands as Grand slam champ. March 2, Rampant Anthrax attacks Jakarta, a yank had a nasal spasm. Zap! Mars attacks. Zap! Zap! thwack! plasma arcs at 10,000,000 farads char away radars. Crankshafts spark, dark gamma rays blast apart vacant hangars, cars and vans. Ash stacks

span many yards. Marshall Callaghan calls Darpa, "than war data was a standard fractal map, scan that warp mass at Ankara, and start a scalar tap asap!" Landsat scans a Balkan landmass, adamant naval marshalls

hatch a stalwart plan, as Sahara sands attract alpha rays.

F18's land at a panama tarmac. Tanks amass at Havana's war barracks as Satan's spawn damns Santa Barbara. Alaska falls. Japan and Malta clash. Saddam that smart bastard thwarts Callaghan, that madman sang as Mars sank Yachts and Catamarans. A gang brawl starts at Caracas. SAM's and a Phalanx blasts apart many astral starcraft. Carl Sagan was mad, was Mars that larval crap? wasn't man a gallant mammal that had class, drank'

and sang cantatas. Shall man adapt as fast as a star Draftsman? March 7

Arafat and Saddam ransack Ankara, Bankcards transact, cash swaps hands as

an awkward drama starts at Basra. Tanks flank an ALF swarm at Warsaw. Falkland crabs crawl backwards as hard basalt cracks apart. Mars Zaps a wharf at 5,000 rads. Plasma balls dart and dash, bang! bang! A Slav drags back a sandbag. Black asphalt shrank back. Marshall Callaghan charts a napalm flash, that flash was a madman's wrath, a grand cadastral

claw, Mars's claw. Alas, man was as gallant as a Tsar, a mammal that had

charm. As far as a mammal was, man was half as smart as an ALF, and that was a fact.

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*note: Story took 13 drafts and two weeks to write.  
Let me know how you liked it?*

---

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281. **richard.tylr**

***Re: Jack Lived and Died by the Word***

*Sun 16 Jun 2002*

---

jack is never a joke he's the man who said:

The ocean, humilaiting in its disguises.  
Tougher than anything.  
No one listens to poetry. The ocean  
doesnt mean to be listened to. A drop  
Or crash of water. It means  
Nothing.  
It  
Is bread and butter  
Pepper and salt. The death  
that young men hope for. Aimlessly

It pounds the shore. White and aimless signals. No  
One listens to poetry."

If I'm not wrong this poem is a favourite of Ron Silliman's: anyone  
Creeley and all those guys know about Spicer...But Spicer isn't being a  
nihilist here; note the way the poem "shifts" and the deceptive subtlety:  
he's bardic and romantic but also in his own way a revolutionary: he lived  
and died by and for The Word and booze and maybe love. Probably love but  
certainly the word energised. Richard Taylor

----- Original Message -----

From: "Duration Press" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, June 16, 2002 4:25 PM

Subject: Re: FW: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

> > But it's always interesting what

> > a truly naive person will say.

>

> such as...

>

> > Is Jack Spicer a fake poet? There is something subtly (or not so  
subtly)

> > bogus about him, as if he were some extremely talented poet's joke...

>

>

> ?

>

>

> perhaps, though I think that maybe Spicer is having a poet's joke on  
you...just

> a thought...

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282. **Tony Follari**

*reply to Richard's comments*

Sun 16 Jun 2002

---

This poem is nice, it reminds me of a Swinburne poem  
I read some time ago, about the dynamism of the sea.  
It is simple yet complex and contains a certain melancholy.

Tony Follari

From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>

Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: Re: Jack Lived and Died by the Word  
Date: Sun, 16 Jun 2002 21:41:15 +1200

*jack is never a joke he's the man who said:*

*The ocean, humilaiting in its disguises.  
Tougher than anything.  
No one listens to poetry. The ocean  
doesnt mean to be listened to. A drop  
Or crash of water. It means  
Nothing.  
It  
Is bread and butter  
Pepper and salt. The death  
that young men hope for. Aimlessly  
It pounds the shore. White and aimless signals. No  
One listens to poetry."*

*If I'm not wrong this poem is a favourite of Ron Silliman's: anycase  
Creeley and all those guys know about Spicer...But Spicer isn't being a  
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he's bardic and romantic but also in his own way a revolutionary: he lived  
and died by and for The Word and booze and maybe love. Probably love but  
ceratinly the word energised. Richard Taylor*

*----- Original Message -----*

*From: "Duration Press" <[REDACTED]>*

*To: <[REDACTED]>*

*Sent: Sunday, June 16, 2002 4:25 PM*

*Subject: Re: FW: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]*

*But it's always interesting what  
a truly naive person will say.*

*such as...*

*Is Jack Spicer a fake poet? There is something subtly (or not so  
subtly)  
bogus about him, as if he were some extremely talented poet's joke...*

*?*

*perhaps, tho i think that maybe spicer is having a poet's joke on  
you...just  
a thought...*

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283. **richard.tylr**

***Re: reply to Richard's comments***

*Sun 16 Jun 2002*

---

Swinburne is a great poet whose ability to note detail - especailly of the sea - as he was a great swimmer and out doors person (despite that he was also somewhat obsessed with "flogging" and matters strange and historical: I dont think he was gay per se...maybe he was...). He was also a champion of Victor Hugo (who knew of him) and Baudelaire, a major force then and still now: by coincidence in a poem series I took a whole lot of words (endings) from a Swinburne poem and placed them into one 'block' of a collagy or "statement-response" poem called "Chains". Then I dscovered that John Ahsbery had aslo put some at the ends of his "Flow Chart" (lines of) which is a (roughly ) 300 page poem book. Jean Overton Fuller writes a good bio of Swinburne: despite his reputation as a mellifluous spouter he was no mean tech and also she points out his acute eye (rivalling that of Gerald Manley Hopkins) of the natural world...he also is concerned with sound and 'music' but another thing is his interest in history and eg Queen Anne (the Scottish Queen who ran foul of Elizabeth). Critics are divided re Swinburne. Bernstein talks about him in "A Poetics" which is really worth a read. That "all 'a' " poem of yours must have given you a headache Tony. Its interesting: certainly it challenges. Plenty on the list could tell you about Jack Spicer: he did some brilliant poems...made a point of pointing out all the editors (eg Levertov) who didnt publish him!! So he published himself. Liked his booze a bit much but a majorly significant artist. Richard. ----- Original Message ----- From: "Tony Follari" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Sunday, June 16, 2002 10:27 PM Subject: reply to Richard's comments

> This poem is nice,it reminds me of a swindburne poem  
> I read some time ago, about the dynamism of the sea.  
> It is simple yet complex and contains a certain melancholy.

>

> Tony Follari

>

>

> >From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>

> >Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

> >To: [REDACTED]

> >Subject: Re: Jack Lived and Died by the Word

> >Date: Sun, 16 Jun 2002 21:41:15 +1200

> >  
> >jack is never a joke he's the man who said:  
> >  
> > The ocean, humilaiting in its disguises.  
> > Tougher than anything.  
> > No one listens to poetry. The ocean  
> > doesnt mean to be listened to. A drop  
> > Or crash of water. It means  
> > Nothing.  
> > It  
> > Is bread and butter  
> > Pepper and salt. The death  
> > that young men hope for. Aimlessly  
> > It pounds the shore. White and aimless signals. No  
> > One listens to poetry."  
> >  
> > If I'm not wrong this poem is a favourite of Ron Silliman's: anycase  
> >Creeley and all those guys know about Spicer...But Spicer isn't being a  
> >nihilist here; note the way the poem "shifts" and the deceptive subtlety:  
> >he's bardic and romantic but also in his own way a revolutionary: he  
lived  
> >and died by and for The Word and booze and maybe love. Probably love but  
> >ceratinly the word energised. Richard Taylor  
> >----- Original Message -----  
> >From: "Duration Press" <[REDACTED]>  
> >To: <[REDACTED]>  
> >Sent: Sunday, June 16, 2002 4:25 PM  
> >Subject: Re: FW: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]  
> >  
> >  
> > > >But it's always interesting what  
> > > >a truly naive person will say.  
> > >  
> > > such as...  
> > >  
> > > > Is Jack Spicer a fake poet? There is something subtly (or not so  
> >subtly)  
> > > > bogus about him, as if he were some extremely talented poet's  
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> > >  
> > >  
> > > ?

> > >  
> > >  
> > > perhaps, tho i think that maybe spicer is having a poet's joke on  
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> > > a thought...  
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284. **Halvard Johnson**

***Re: story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand***

*Sun 16 Jun 2002*

---

Even more challenging, Tony, would be a text of this length using only the /a/  
sound, rather than just sticking to the letter (<a>).

Hal            "Imagination is more important  
                 than knowledge."  
                 --Albert Einstein

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

{ >  
{ >  
{ >                    Mars Attacks  
{ >  
{ >  
{ > > > >At Mt. Ararat stands a war atlas,Asgard's Mask.A mask that was as  
{ >vast  
{ > > > >as all man's past wars,as vast as all astral sagas. At dawn a  
{ >Starcraft  
{ > > > >lands at a small kansas ranch.A palm branch sways.Macaws and  
mallards  
{ > > > >flap past barns.Shazam! a tall Alabaman lass gasps,"What was  
that?"  
{ > > > >Smash! glass astragals crack apart.Sharp parallax chasms draw far  
{ >ajar.  
{ > > > >Jacaranda plants sag.Canals and dams crack apart as lava and

magma  
{ > > > >swamp fragrant grasslands.Mars scans Atlanta,Canada,Baghdad  
and  
{ > > > >Madagascar,and an attack plan fast adapts. Carl Sagan calls  
NASA,"  
{ > > > >That strata had a DNA strand,watch that starcraft!" Granada TV  
casts  
{ > > > >Casablanca,Dallas,Tarzan and Batman.A pravda scandal calls Karl  
Marx  
{ > > > >a charlatan. Wall St has a bad crash,Drachmas and Francs fall flat.  
{ > > > >Pan am and Qantas all crash.A tax hazard was a fatal flaw at Gatt  
{ > > > >talks.  
{ > > > >Harvard awards Frank Capra a placard.Brash Vandals hack a Marc  
{ > > > >Chagall  
{ > > > >canvass.P.Sampras stands as Grand slam champ.March 2,Rampant  
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Zap!  
{ > > > >thwack! plasma arcs at 10,000,000 farads char awax  
radars.Crankshafts  
{ > > > >spark,dark gamma rays blast apart vacant hangars,cars and van-  
s.Ash  
{ > > > >stacks  
{ > > > >span many yards. Marshall Callaghan calls Darpa,"than war data  
{ > > > >was a standard fractal map,scan that warp mass at Ankara,and  
start a  
{ > > > >scalar tap asap!" Landsat scans a Balkan landmass,adamant naval  
{ > > > >marshalls  
{ > > > >hatch a stalwart plan,as Sahara sands attract alpha rays.  
{ > > > >F18's land at a panama tarmac.Tanks amass at Havana's war bar-  
racks as  
{ > > > >Satan's spawn damns Santa Barbara.Alaska falls. Japan and Malta  
clash  
{ > > > >.Saddam that smart bastard thwarts Callaghan,that madman sang  
as Mars  
{ > > > >sank Yatchs and Catamarans.A gang brawl starts at Caracas. SAM's  
and  
{ > > > >a Phalanx blasts apart many astral starcraft.Carl Sagan was  
mad,was  
{ > > > >Mars that larval crap? wasn't man a gallant mammal that had  
{ > > > >class,drank'  
{ > > > >and sang cantatas.Shall man adapt as fast as a star Draftsman?

March

{ >7  
{ > > > >Arafat and Saddam ransack Ankara,Bankcards transact,cash swaps  
hands

{ >as

{ > > > >an awkward drama starts at Basra. Tanks flank an ALF swarm at  
Warsaw.

{ > > > >Falkland crabs crawl backwards as hard basalt cracks apart.Mars  
Zaps

{ > > > >a wharf at 5,000 rads.Plasma balls dart and dash,bang! bang! A  
Slav

{ > > > >drags back a sandbag.Black asphalt shrank back.Marshall  
Callaghan

{ > > > >charts a napalm flash,that flash was a madman's wrath,a grand

{ >cadastral

{ > > > >claw,Mars's claw. Alas ,man was as gallant as a Tsar,a mammal  
that

{ >had

{ > > > >charm.As far as a mammal was,man was half as smart as an  
ALF,and that

{ > > > >was a fact.

{ > > > >

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{ > > > >note: Story took 13 drafts and two weeks to write.

{ > > > >Let me know how you liked it?

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## 285. **Nick Piombino**

### **For Alan**

Sun 16 Jun 2002

I enjoyed this piece very much as a tribute to Alan, as poetics, as poetry, as prose, as critique. A truly boundary breaking work. Well done, K.Silem Mohammad!

Nick Piombino

Date: Fri, 14 Jun 2002 23:08:41 -0700  
From: "K.Silem Mohammad" <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: for Alan

*golf script triumph / holiday pants / tailormade toy wilderness*

*You can see Verification. Yes we have winners. We are proud to bring you Word...  
Yes we have conducted. We are proud to bring you ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL.  
Yes we have t-shirts. We are proud to bring you Two and WHITEWATER. We are proud  
to bring you fax also Gymnasium also HAIR HEAD. Plus HEALTH. Plus Heavy...  
We are proud to bring you ALTER. See Budget. Yes we have Bus. We are proud to bring you CHOICE ... Yes we have city. We are proud to bring you Leather.*

*You can see Holidays. We are proud to bring you IRRESISTIBLE. Yes we have*

*Italy and JAGUAR ... Yes we have shakespeare. We are proud to bring you Stick with Yaught. We have Books. Inside: Business also BY also drug... We are proud to bring you HEAD. See IS. Yes we have JENNIFER ... Yes we have alter. We are proud to bring you beach. We are proud to bring you zymol. Yes we have zymol. You can see zymol. Plus BLACK. Yes we have bed.*

*We have women. Plus Women. We are proud to bring you WOMEN. Yes we have WOMEN.*

*We are proud to bring you WOMEN. Inside: WOMEN. We have WOMEN... Inside: adurt adurt. Yes we have Adurt. We are proud to bring you ADURT with ADURT. We are proud to bring you ADURT. We have ADURT... Yes we have two. We are proud to bring you ACCIDENT. See BEACH. Inside: Bed. You can see Biking also Bottom. Yes we have care. Yes we have detroit DIVING...*

*Plus Toy. Yes we have tune-up and vs also WATER. We are proud to bring you WRECKED. We have AN are. We are proud to bring you Manuals ... Plus camera and DATABASE. We are proud to bring you IRRESISTIBLE. Yes we have RETAIL... Yes we have Istanbul jaguar and KASHMIR. Yes we have over. We are proud to bring you petrochemical respraying ... We are proud to bring you INFO also MANUAL ... Plus High. We are proud to bring you INFORMATION.*

*Yes we have Instruction. We have Italy ... Plus Outfitter. Yes we have PREOWNED ... We are proud to bring you HOTEL. Yes we have india INNS with Internal revenue with Irc ... Yes we have Cat. We are proud to bring you CREDIT. Inside: Go. Yes we have MOTORCYCLES. Yes we have Tourism...*

*Inside: dolphin. Inside: Gasoline. Yes we have himalayan. See JENNIFER... Yes we have underwear. Yes we have Babylon. Plus backpacking. Yes we have*

*THE. We are proud to bring you THE BIBLE ... Yes we have BOOK. We are proud to bring you ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL...*

*We are proud to bring you Leathers. Yes we have TRAVELLING ... Plus Solicitor.*

*Yes we have tax. Yes we have The bible ... We are proud to bring you Package.*

*See photograph ... We are proud to bring you GIRLS SHOWERS ... Yes we have Free naked indian. We are proud to bring you Fucking in boots.*

*We are proud to bring you TRIUMPH. Plus VEGAS. Plus STATE. Yes we have the bible.*

*We are proud to bring you TIGER ... You can see flow also istanbul. Yes we have*

*TATTOOS. You can see tax with Telephone and wax. Yes we have Wrecked. Yes we have*

*zymol. We have ZYMOL. We are proud to bring you ZYMOL. Yes we have NASA also realty. We are proud to bring you santana high school shooting...*

*See ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL. We are proud to bring you ZYMOL. Yes we have ZYMOL.*

*We are proud to bring you WHISKEY. We are proud to bring you Dollar. Yes we have  
duty ... Yes we have drug. Yes we have ZYMOL. You can see ZYMOL. We are  
proud  
to bring you ZYMOL also ZYMOL and ZYMOL ... Yes we have Force. We are proud  
to bring you GETAWAYS. Plus Health ... Plus Bosom. We are proud to bring you  
Boss.  
Yes we have CAPE also CAR ... Yes we have neck with photo and race also  
recreation.  
We are proud to bring you remain ... We are proud to bring you Home.*

*Inside: trucks. We are proud to bring you whitewater ... Plus grey. Yes we  
have  
hotels also Irresistible. We are proud to bring you JAPANESE and MOLLY and N  
SYNC.  
Yes we have Golf ... See FRIEND. See HANDBOOK. We are proud  
to bring you lawyer. Yes we have Maine ... We have ZYMOL and ZYMOL. Yes we  
have  
ZYMOL. We are proud to bring you SUBARU and women Wreckers...  
Yes we have JENNIFER. We have GLOVES. We are proud to bring you history.*

~~~~~

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286. **Tracy Ruggles**

Re: story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand

Sun 16 Jun 2002

On 02.6.16 at 9:21 AM, Tony Follari () said:

*Dear George Bowering How wrong you are!,please observe the following text:
Mars Attacks*

*At Mt. Ararat stands a war atlas,Asgard's Mask.A mask that was as vast
as all man's past wars,as vast as all astral sagas. At dawn a Starcraft*

[snip]

a wharf at 5,000 rads.Plasma balls dart and dash,bang! bang! A Slav

You used 21 other letters in the alphabet and a bunch of punctuation. Not to mention that you use numbers in the story, wich if you are going to make the

distinction of using only the 'a' vowel, it fails by using 5,000 which employs a long 'i' and a short 'ou'. An engaging text that only used 'a' would truly be amazing.

--T

--

T r a c y S . R u g g l e s

: ████████ :

: http://www.reinventnow.com :

- - - - - i i - - - - -

// transmute the illimitable cell

// release the memory

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287. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Comments on Eunoia

Sun 16 Jun 2002

On Sun, 16 Jun 2002, George Bowering wrote:

*If anyone would like a copy of my
500 word story using only the vowel 'A' just e-mail me.*

I am betting that is impossible. It would go on something like this:

a aa a aaaa aa a aaaa aa aaaaaa a

etc.

--

George Bowering

Right. It's a stream-of-consciousness monologue about sex, kinda Molly-Bloomish but nonverbal. However, it signifies through, etc. </snottyremark>

Gwyn

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288. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: for Alan

Sun 16 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/15/02 4:14:12 PM, ████████ writes:

*Alan's work doesn't seem 'procedural' in the narrow sense that
implies a single or self-contained mathematical/'mechanical' procedure*

--

which tends to a formalist dead-end when pursued _as such_: beyond that

there are procedures, routines, citations, institutions, etc, in every kind of writing and reading.

What exactly is the difference between "procedural" and "procedural in the narrow sense." I was essentially referring to language Alan uses to describe his work. I never said or assumed that procedure implies necessarily formalism. In alan's case, it sure doesn't.

*.. And there's
a
great deal of intertextuality/continuity that takes the work out of the realm of merely 'procedural' -- look at the avatars, the resonances with the video/music/photos etc*

Once again, who said that poetry coming out of "procedures" can not have resonance? Maybe you think so when you say "merely procedural."

-- all of which implies at the level of the
>text, in spite of your pathetic-fallacy reading, complex, involved and
>careful editing.

I remember, pathetic fallacy was one of the no-nos, taboos of poetic criticism (in college, when in my time new criticism was dominant). I learnt how to dispense with these imaginary distinctions, which essentially are self-interested bans -by the established authority- on the freedom of reading.

Thanks for the response.

Murat

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289. **Mark Weiss**

Re: story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand

Sun 16 Jun 2002

Aside from a few breaches of your own rule (the y in many is a vowel, all of the numbers are cheating because they contain spoken vowels other than a, so are many of the abbreviations and acronyms--P. Sampras, DNA, F18, etc. And you use strata, the plural, as singular, to avoid stratum, which is the singular), I had a hard time staying awake through the whole thing. One never wonders about the purpose of an exercise unless it puts one to sleep.

Mark

At 09:21 AM 6/16/2002 +0000, you wrote:

>Dear George Bowering How wrong you are!,please observe the following text:
>
>>
>>

>> Mars Attacks
>>
>>
>> > > >At Mt. Ararat stands a war atlas,Asgard's Mask.A mask that was as
>>vast
>> > > >as all man's past wars,as vast as all astral sagas. At dawn a
>>Starcraft
>> > > >lands at a small kansas ranch.A palm branch sways.Macaws and mal-
lards
>> > > >flap past barns.Shazam! a tall Alabaman lass gasps,"What was that?"
>> > > >Smash! glass astragals crack apart.Sharp parallax chasms draw far
>>ajar.
>> > > >Jacaranda plants sag.Canals and dams crack apart as lava and
magma
>> > > >swamp fragrant grasslands.Mars scans Atlanta,Canada,Baghdad and
>> > > >Madagascar,and an attack plan fast adapts. Carl Sagan calls NASA,"
>> > > >That strata had a DNA strand,watch that starcraft!" Granada TV casts
>> > > >Casablanca,Dallas,Tarzan and Batman.A pravda scandal calls Karl
Marx
>> > > >a charlatan. Wall St has a bad crash,Drachmas and Francs fall flat.
>> > > >Pan am and Qantas all crash.A tax hazard was a fatal flaw at Gatt
>> >talks.
>> > > >Harvard awards Frank Capra a placard.Brash Vandals hack a Marc
>>Chagall
>> > > >canvass.P.Sampras stands as Grand slam champ.March 2,Rampant
Anthrax
>> > > >attacks jakarta,a yank had a nasal spasm.Zap! Mars attacks. Zap!
Zap!
>> > > >thwack! plasma arcs at 10,000,000 farads char awax
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>> > > >spark,dark gamma rays blast apart vacant hangars,cars and vans.Ash
>> >stacks
>> > > >span many yards. Marshall Callaghan calls Darpa,"than war data
>> > > >was a standard fractal map,scan that warp mass at Ankara,and start a
>> > > >scalar tap asap!" Landsat scans a Balkan landmass,adamant naval
>> >marshalls
>> > > >hatch a stalwart plan,as Sahara sands attract alpha rays.
>> > > >F18's land at a panama tarmac.Tanks amass at Havana's war bar-
racks as
>> > > >Satan's spawn damns Santa Barbara.Alaska falls. Japan and Malta
clash
>> > > >.Saddam that smart bastard thwarts Callaghan,that madman sang as

Mars

>> > > >sank Yatchs and Catamarans.A gang brawl starts at Caracas. SAM's
and
>> > > >a Phalanx blasts apart many astral starcraft.Carl Sagan was mad,was
>> > > >Mars that larval crap? wasn't man a gallant mammal that had
>> >class,drank'
>> > > >and sang cantatas.Shall man adapt as fast as a star Draftsman?

March

>>7
>> > > >Arafat and Saddam ransack Ankara,Bankcards transact,cash swaps
hands
>>as
>> > > >an awkward drama starts at Basra. Tanks flank an ALF swarm at
Warsaw.
>> > > >Falkland crabs crawl backwards as hard basalt cracks apart.Mars
Zaps
>> > > >a wharf at 5,000 rads.Plasma balls dart and dash,bang! bang! A Slav
>> > > >drags back a sandbag.Black asphalt shrank back.Marshall Callaghan
>> > > >charts a napalm flash,that flash was a madman's wrath,a grand
>>cadastral
>> > > >claw,Mars's claw. Alas ,man was as gallant as a Tsar,a mammal that
>>had
>> > > >charm.As far as a mammal was,man was half as smart as an ALF,and
that
>> > > >was a fact.

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>> > > >

Story by Tony Follari (c) 2000
to copy or reprint this information
you must have Authors permission first.

>> > > >note: Story took 13 drafts and two weeks to write.

>> > > >Let me know how you liked it?

>> > > >

>> > > >

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>> > >
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290. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand

Sun 16 Jun 2002

Mark,

As flat as that was, that man had balls -- a grand alpha-attack. Has Mars plasma? That's what attracts. Ad astra!

GM

[↑ Contents](#)

291. **Millie Niss**

Spicer/ otyher books/crazy poetry

Sun 16 Jun 2002

I don't have a book of Spicer so can't respond properly, but some poems seemed like parodies of well-known poets' styles. That's why I asked... Perhaps at certain time everyone was writing in a particular way and what to me seemed like imitation was in fact just one equal expression of the zeitgeist, and the poets I knew better could equally be seen as imitating Spicer. But since I am bookless, I can't give an example... I have almost bought the complete Jack Spicer several times but always almost and never actually...

I went to the bookstore (Labyrinth for those of you from NYC) and bought some bargain books and picked up William Matthews Last Poems which is old-fashioned but surprisingly entertaining. He manages to say things in ordinary language that aren't sentimental or dreadfully predictable like so much free verse that eschews modernism and later techniques. I also got Midnight Salvage by Adrienne Rich -- she's never been a favorite of mine. I bought the book because it was hardback, new, and \$3.98, and contains the lines

You cannot eat an egg You don't know where it's been
even the ordinary body of the hen
vouchsafes no safety the countryside refuses to supply
Milk is powdered. meats are in both senses high

which drew me somehow.

Earlier I bought an Amy Clampitt book on the street, which probably is sentimental, but it contained some good poems about depression, in which I have a personal and professional interest (I teach poetry workshops to mental health consumers, and I try to collect poems about mental illness to have them read, especially ones not by Anne Sexton or Sylvia Plath, ie ones they won't know already.... If anyone knows any good examples, please let me know. I already know about Jane Kenyon's "Having it Out with Melancholy," everything by Lowell (because Lowell was an interest of mine), Ginsberg's Kaddish, etc., along with some little known contemporary things.

I also collect poems which sound mentally ill (like psychosis or mania) without being about mental illness-- for instance many of James Tate's early poems are paranoid or otherwise psychotic sounding. It's great to see what to us seems like both a problem AND a way of thinking that is natural and "right" for us, but considered to be "sick" into an art form that can win the Pulitzer. (Psychotic or manic rambling is natural for us and it doesn't always involve being actually ill -- one can have a psychotic style of thinking without clinical psychosis; I think it would be called a formal thought disorder but I sometimes reject that terminology of the person is not disabled by the mode of thinking: I'm talking about derailment, concreteness, and its opposite, attaching meaning to everything whether it has meaning or not (something often done in poetry), personalizing the impersonal="ideas or reference, free associating, etc.). Plus I can do this deliberately if I am in an elevated mood but one that is far too mildly elevated to actually cause me to think that way for real. And there is a particular sense of humor attached to having had the experience of mania which extends to periods when one isn't manic. People accused me of being manic with regard to fakelangelo, and I WAS pursuing a manic joke style, but I wasn't actually manic.

I read that it takes Tate three hours sometimes to come up with each line. This surprised me & my friends because if we were rambling on like that, the

thought process would be almost instantaneous-- in fact the problem would be to slow down enough to write down all the steps so that the ramble would appear to be self connected at all-- with tangential thinking, each thought follows from the previous one, but not necessarily from the one before that, and if you leave something out you get total nonsense rather than connected nonsense. The problem is that most psychotic rambling is not as funny or interesting as Tate's poems (not surprisingly) although it can be entertaining if you are not upset that the person you are talking to is losing it. For example, I was walking my ex to the local looney bin once, and I got close to him and he started saying "get away from me , you vegetable!" and I ascertained that he thought I was a pumpkin, so I said "Pumpkins can't talk" and he said "you're a talking pumpkin. I can't help that, can I" And then I said , "But pumpkins are completely round and don't have legs" and he said "you're a very exceptional pumpkin" And I said "Do I have a green stem at the top of me: pumpkins have stems." And he said "you're a really funny looking pumpkin. Maybe you are rotten inside. because you have this brown fibrous stuff coming out all over where the stem belongs" etc. And this would have been really funny had I not been upset that my boyfriend thought I was a pumpkin. I always used to think he was joking about stuff like that, but he never was. And yet it had to be connected to some primal humor center because he would invariably come up with funny delusions or funny ways of talking about them only he didn't get the joke.

Anyway if people have examples of this I'd be glad to see them, too. There are some in Berryman's Dream Songs (but he was likely clinically manic at times during the writing) but I find DS almost unreadable because of the spelled out "Black dialect" which aged very poorly. Berryman's sonnets are nonsense or nonsense seeming, some of them, but I don't think of them as mental illness-like-- just sort of muddy writing. On the other hand, some of his sonnets are really good...

Millie

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of richard.tylr

Sent: Sunday, June 16, 2002 5:41 AM

To:

Subject: Re: Jack Lived and Died by the Word

jack is never a joke he's the man who said:

The ocean, humilaiting in its disguises.

Tougher than anything.

No one listens to poetry. The ocean

doesnt mean to be listened to. A drop

Or crash of water. It means
Nothing.
It
Is bread and butter
Pepper and salt. The death
that young men hope for. Aimlessly
It pounds the shore. White and aimless signals. No
One listens to poetry."

If I'm not wrong this poem is a favourite of Ron Silliman's: anyone
Creeley and all those guys know about Spicer...But Spicer isn't being a
nihilist here; note the way the poem "shifts" and the deceptive subtlety:
he's bardic and romantic but also in his own way a revolutionary: he lived
and died by and for The Word and booze and maybe love. Probably love but
certainly the word energised. Richard Taylor

----- Original Message -----

From: "Duration Press" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, June 16, 2002 4:25 PM

Subject: Re: FW: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

> > But it's always interesting what
> > a truly naive person will say.
>
> such as...
>
> > Is Jack Spicer a fake poet? There is something subtly (or not so
subtly)
> > bogus about him, as if he were some extremely talented poet's joke...
>
>
> ?
>
>
> perhaps, though I think that maybe Spicer is having a poet's joke on
you...just
> a thought...

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292. **Tisa Bryant**

Soldier Passes On: June Jordan--Poet, Activist, Professor at UC Berkeley

Sun 16 Jun 2002

[San Francisco Chronicle]

June Jordan -- poet, activist, professor at UC Berkeley

Kelly St. John, Chronicle Staff Writer

Saturday, June 15, 2002

URL:

<http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/2002/06/15/B>

A29640.DTL

June Jordan of Berkeley, an award-winning poet and UC Berkeley professor who became one of the country's most prominent contemporary black women writers, died Friday.

Ms. Jordan died at her home after a nearly decadelong fight with breast cancer. She was 65.

Best known for her powerful and direct poems articulating struggles against racism, Ms. Jordan was a prolific author in many genres. She published 28 books of poems, political essays and children's fiction.

She also wrote a regular column for *The Progressive*, and wrote the libretto to the opera, *'I Was Looking at the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky,'* directed by Peter Sellars with music by John Adams.

Her career was once summed up by author and Nobel laureate Toni Morrison as:

"Forty years of tireless activism coupled with and fueled by flawless art."

Poet and friend Adrienne Rich said Ms. Jordan was endowed with a rare gift for using words with "elegance and precision."

"She had an extraordinary sense of language, and a very embracing sense of language," Rich said. "I believe she felt that she should use it wherever it was called for."

Ms. Jordan, who described herself as a "black radical," often said that writing poetry was a political act. And critics noted that her work skillfully captured moments where personal life and political struggle intertwine.

One oft-anthologized piece of hers, "Poem About My Rights," revealed her rage at racial discrimination:

@poet "We are the wrong people of
the wrong skin on the wrong continent. . . .
I am not wrong: Wrong is not my name
My name is my own my own my own
and I can't tell you who the hell set things up like this
but I can tell you that from now on my resistance
my simple and daily and nightly self-determination
may very well cost you your life."

This poem, she told *The Chronicle* in 1999, "brings you to a place of defiance that is completely serious . . . my nightly self-determination may very well cost you your life."

An activist in the progressive and civil rights movements, Ms. Jordan also spent a lifetime teaching and inspiring young people to write.

In 1990, a year after she joined the faculty of UC Berkeley's African American Studies Department, she founded "Poetry for the People," a popular undergraduate program that blends the study of poetry with political empowerment.

"I'm just trying to spawn as many poets as possible," she told *The Chronicle* in 1999.

Born in Harlem on July 9, 1936, Ms. Jordan was the child of West Indian immigrant parents. Her future was shaped, for better and for worse, by her relationship with a father who projected his ambitions onto her.

She described her childhood in her 1999 memoir, "Soldier: A Poet's Childhood."

Subjected to beatings by her father, Ms. Jordan was forced to read and recite from Shakespeare's plays, the Bible, and the poetry of Paul Lawrence Dunbar and Edgar Allan Poe -- all before she was 5 years old. By the time she was 7, she was writing poems herself.

In 1953, she entered Barnard College, where she met Michael Meyer, a white student. The two married in 1955, and had a son, Christopher, in 1958. The couple divorced in 1965.

From 1967 to 1978, she taught English at the City College of New York, Yale University, Sarah Lawrence College and Connecticut College. From 1978 to 1989 she taught at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, before coming to UC Berkeley.

Among other awards, she received a Rockefeller Grant for Creative Writing and special congressional recognition for her writing and work in the progressive and civil rights movements. >>

this is e-drum, a listserv providing information of interests to black writers and diverse supporters worldwide. e-drum is moderated by kalamu ya salaam ([REDACTED]).

[REDACTED]

to get off the e-drum listserv send a blank email to:

to read past messages or search the archives, go to:
<http://www.topica.com/lists/e-drum>

== ^ =====
===== This email was sent to: [REDACTED]

T O P I C A -- Register now to manage your mail!
<http://www.topica.com/partner/tag02/register>

== ^ =====
=====

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293. **Andrew Rathmann**
Close reading: Cabri, "Clone Jacking"
Sun 16 Jun 2002

Why has the pun become so ubiquitous a device among poets who locate themselves within an experimental tradition?

Yes, there's the example of Finnegans Wake. But as a contemporary form of comedy, the pun is hopelessly corny and out of date, bringing to mind the televised yucksters of the Eisenhower years, their gags and one-liners. Very square stuff, if not ghoulish: Bob Hope in Vietnam, etc. The geniuses of contemporary humor--Bernie Mac, for example--use language in very different ways. So the pun would seem to live only in experimental poetry. Maybe we can attribute this to a desire among younger poets to imitate Charles Bernstein, even though they lack his half-embarrassed awareness of their 50s-style schmaltziness.

Louis Cabri is a punster as well, though in his writing the pun has a different emotional valence, more aggressive than sociable. Here is "Clone Jacking" (included in The Mood Embosser):

<http://socrates.berkeley.edu/~moriarty/cabri.htm>

The aggression comes across in the strained willfulness of the punning and the somewhat brutal insistence that the reader be made not just to hear, but to see the homonyms. He does this two ways: with pointedly crude line breaks ("head on screen / saver it," "WE HAVE DOO / DLE") and creative misspellings ("con / ducked er," "X / pensive," "fang club"). Puns require a listener who is ready and able to perceive the double meaning. Cabri, though, will not allow his jokes to be missed. He is going to make sure that he's given credit for each witticism. This is in-your-face punning.

I don't know how self-conscious the poet is about this, or what he means really when he says "pun / drippings coat / tongues" (which could be a self-critical admission -- i.e., puns are grease -- maybe even schmaltz [goose fat]). But it does seem clear that the aggression of the style is connected to the poem's dominant mood: disgust and boredom directed at various familiar targets, such as advertising ("New!"), violence done to nature by consumption ("his / 'n' hers furs"), and the ideological sameness of contemporary politics (I interpret "Red Left / for Right" as another pun: *_read_ left for right*).

In this poem then, punning is fundamentally an expression of anger, perhaps even of anger at the reader.

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294. **Sheila Massoni**

story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand

Sun 16 Jun 2002

I've been had! the punch line of my favorite old Hs joke re granny's farm barn using only the vowel A will pull this stunt on my students tomorrow Sheila

[↑ Contents](#)

295. **Sheila Massoni**

reply to Richard's comments

Sun 16 Jun 2002

will i be thrown off list if i admit to quoting 'the little white hands' when I'm at the shore Sheila

[↑ Contents](#)

296. **J Kuszai**

june jordan

Sun 16 Jun 2002

in memoriam,

june jordan, "in memoriam martin luther king jr"

have a listen:

<http://www.factoryschool.org/content/poetry/jordan/jordan1.ram>

[↑ Contents](#)

297. **Tom Beckett**

Re: Close reading: Cabri, "Clone Jacking"

Sun 16 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/16/02 6:19:54 PM Eastern Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

Why has the pun become so ubiquitous a device among poets who locate themselves within an experimental tradition?

Puns are polysemic--polyseismic . They ain't the devil but often people seem bedeviled by them. The stiffs do, anywho. Puns show the way words splay along faultlines of denotation, connotation and fumbling desire. They're little temblors. I love 'em.

Tom Beckett

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298. **ryan fitzpatrick**

filling Station - call for submissions

Sun 16 Jun 2002

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

filling Station magazine is currently looking for submissions of exciting and innovative poetry to include in our upcoming issues. There is no type of poetry we will not consider. Past issues have featured many writers from the local Calgary literary community as well as from the national and international scenes including Fred Wah, Erin Mouré, Bruce Andrews, Roy Miki and Darren Wershler-Henry in recent issues.

Although submission normally isn't a good thing, this kind of submission is not just good but also necessary. So pull those poems out and send them to us:

DEADLINE JULY 31

filling Station

P.O. Box 22135

Bankers Hall, Calgary, AB

Canada
T2P 4J5

<http://www.fillingstation.ca>



Please include a short bio and a sase if you want a reply.

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299. **Bob Rose**

List serve

Sun 16 Jun 2002

as of tomoroow, June 17, I will be away for the next two months. Please do not send any emails from the Poetricks List serve until I return and give you the okay to re-subscribe. My computer is not capab of handling the number of messages that will arrive during my absence.

Thank you:

Bob Rose



----- Original Message -----

From: Vernon Frazer

Sent: Sunday, June 16, 2002 4:59 PM

To: 

Subject: Re: Puns

I think puns appear more frequently in experimental poetry that foregrounds language. Puns are a linguistic device. If an experimental poet wants to use humor, he or she will probably use puns because the other, non-linguistic devices for creating humor aren't available to them. If the language is in the foreground, the reader might have problems seeing the pratfalls in the background.

Vernon

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300. **jason christie**

Re: Puns

Sun 16 Jun 2002

some thoughts:

Puns also offer the insides of language. what is read is different than what is understood. in that space several things are possible (to occur): we see the ability of language to mislead (holbrook); the capitalist occupation of the informative sentence is raised/razed when sense is generated by a negation of operative efficiency; puns discover that the inside of reference is a vacuum, a black hole. not so much a dilemma, more a diffuse effect. something other than expected is not enviable when buying tennis shoes, grocery shopping, or attempting to program a vcr. puns are effective and also widely utilized because they inject an element of play into the value-ethic of language. you don't get what you pay for. play is a waste of time. time is money. play becomes a subversive act. puns play "very seriously". palindromes and anagrams et al. effect the same challenge to the value of language. they challenge the status of the event in language by negating the process of linear accumulation that accompanies a well constructed sentence, by literally turning the process back on itself.

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<http://www.hotmail.com>

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301. **derek beaulieu / housepress**
filling Station - call for submissions - please fwd
Sun 16 Jun 2002

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

filling Station magazine is currently looking for submissions of exciting and innovative poetry to include in our upcoming issues. Past issues have featured many writers from the local Calgary literary community as well as from the national and international scenes including Fred Wah, Erin Mouré, Bruce Andrews, Roy Miki and Darren Wershler-Henry in recent issues.

Although submission normally isn't a good thing, this kind of submission is not just good but also necessary. So pull those poems out and send them to us:

DEADLINE JULY 31

filling Station
P.O. Box 22135
Bankers Hall, Calgary, AB
Canada
T2P 4J5

<http://www.fillingstation.ca>



Please include a short bio and a sase if you want a reply.

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302. **Alan Sondheim**

Finishing it off: Samba 1.03 (Mac, 1993):

Sun 16 Jun 2002

Finishing it off: Samba 1.03 (Mac, 1993):

Where is the body in relation to protocol? Partial samba trace:

SGML: End </H1>

Unknown end tag

SGML: *** Unknown element LAYER

SGML: *** Unknown element BR

SGML: *** Unknown element BR

SGML: *** Unknown element CENTER

SGML: *** Unknown element STRIKE

SGML: *** Unknown element BR

Unknown end tag </STRIKE>

Unknown end tag </CENTER>

Unknown end tag </LAYER>

SGML: *** Unknown element BR

SGML: *** Unknown element BR

SGML: *** Unknown element BR

SGML: *** Unknown element BR

SGML: Start <H1>

SGML: *** Unknown element BR

SGML: End </H1>

Unknown end tag </MARQUEE>

Unknown end tag </BODY>

SGML: End </HTML>

HTTP: close socket 0.

HTAccess: `http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt/aaa.html' has been accessed.

/accessed, but inoperable; early html at a loss. the mirror has not yet been constructed; the elements are obtuse, unknown. inscription is never transparent, is always technological. if the browser-trace projects incomprehension, the message disappears, and another message takes its place. this is a message from nowhere: humanity unknown, the uncoding of woman, uncoding of man./

Subject: We Make Your Vitamins.

Subject: Alan, Only 83 Key chains left. Act Fast

Subject: College Scholarship Report for Alan

—

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303. **Jeff Hamilton**

(no subject)

Sun 16 Jun 2002

I tried to reach you per the address indicated in your directions but it was flipped back to me both times.

Please unsubscribe me to the list.

Jeff Hamilton

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304. **Jeffrey Jullich**

===== [*new e-journal: LOGOPOEIA*] =====

Sun 16 Jun 2002

<http://www.LOGOPOEIALOGOPOEIA.da.ru/>

take your laptop to the beach : perfect summer reading

LOGOPOEIA

starring

the first published work by DAVID MELNICK (legendary,
mysterious author of ~PCOET~ and ~Men in Aida~) seen
in 20 years

with an introduction by RON SILLIMAN

GRAHAM FOUST's merciless minimalism

LISA LUBASCH

"SO! Are you, or aren't you? / You aren't, are you /
not? Is that so? And / so. Here, there / you are."

GEOFFREY CRUICKSHANK-HAGENBUCKLE

"THERE ARE SOLOMONS THERE THEY DO SIGNS"

RACHEL BLAU DUPLESSIS

"between pink grey lavender yellow white and /
mackerel streaky patch flattened cumulus thunderhead
and fuzz"

MARK BIBBINS

"claimed / to have destroyed his sexuality / at the
age of 40 but of course everyone / was doing that
then"

STANDARD SCHAEFER

the missing secrets expurgated from his book, ~NOVA~

"Having seized the glass eye off the mantel, I rushed
toward the window to supervise the motions of the
anthill"

ANDREW FELSINGER & SAMANTHA GILES

"Like that. / yes, like that"

GARRETT KALLEBERG

"I take a draw on a cigarette / which pulls a young
Pakistani man's / hand holding an oiled cloth down the
length / of the barrel of a gun"

<http://www.LOGOPOEIALOGOPOEIA.da.ru/>

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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305. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: Puns

Sun 16 Jun 2002

I think puns appear more frequently in experimental poetry that foregrounds language. Puns are a linguistic device. If an experimental poet wants to use humor, he or she will probably use puns because the other, non-linguistic devices for creating humor aren't available to them. If the language is in the foreground, the reader might have problems seeing the pratfalls in the background.

Vernon

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306. **Michael Magee**
COMBO 10 -- PERFECT!!!

Mon 17 Jun 2002

COMBO 10 IS WITHin your reach! tell it you love it!! TAKE it HOME!!!

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YAGO SAID CURA LISA LUBASCH
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MARK WALLACE

ROMINA FRESCHI THOMAS SAYERS ELLIS

SARA M. LARSEN CARL LOMBARDI ALAN GILBERT

JESSICA CHIU ALBERT FLYNN DESILVER LYTTLE SHAW

KEITH WALDROP and an interview
w/ THOMAS SAYERS ELLIS

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www.combopoetry.com

That is all.

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307. **Millie Niss**

Re: Close reading: Cabri, "Clone Jacking"

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Poem with puns:

Misreadings

busy-ness suits only the man in suits
who suits himself with stocks and opt-
shuns the children leaves
that to wife
mean Fall for him is a dissent
(in value not
a drop of leaves
and a cool breeze
most unacceptable in wives
and offspring
who must obey the market forces
that bind him

....but this was just an experiment with a form that allows for reading in two different frames. I am not sure the technique can actually be used in a real, longer poem, except just for a couple of lines...

Millie

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of Andrew Rathmann

Sent: Sunday, June 16, 2002 7:14 PM

To:

Subject: Close reading: Cabri, "Clone Jacking"

Why has the pun become so ubiquitous a device among poets who locate themselves within an experimental tradition?

Yes, there's the example of Finnegans Wake. But as a contemporary form of comedy, the pun is hopelessly corny and out of date, bringing to mind the televised yucksters of the Eisenhower years, their gags and one-liners. Very square stuff, if not ghoulish: Bob Hope in Vietnam, etc. The geniuses of contemporary humor--Bernie Mac, for example--use language in very different ways. So the pun would seem to live only in experimental poetry. Maybe we can attribute this to a desire among younger poets to imitate Charles Bernstein, even though they lack his half-embarrassed awareness of their 50s-style schmaltziness.

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I don't know how self-conscious the poet is about this, or what he means really when he says "pun / drippings coat / tongues" (which could be a self-critical admission -- i.e., puns are grease -- maybe even schmaltz [goose fat]). But it does seem clear that the aggression of the style is connected to the poem's dominant mood: disgust and boredom directed at various familiar targets, such as advertising ("New!"), violence done to nature by consumption ("his / 'n' hers furs"), and the ideological sameness of contemporary politics (I interpret "Red Left / for Right" as another pun: *_read_ left for right*).

In this poem then, punning is fundamentally an expression of anger, perhaps even of anger at the reader.

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308. **George Bowering**

Re: story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Dear George Bowering How wrong you are!,please observe the following text:

Mars Attacks

> >At Mt. Ararat stands a war atlas,Asgard's Mask.A mask that was as vast

> >as all man's past wars,as vast as all astral sagas. At dawn a Starcraft

On the contrary: I am not wrong at all; you claimed to use "only the vowel a." In the first line alone I spot the consonant t, the consonant M, the consonant t again, and so on.

[↑ Contents](#)

Mon 17 Jun 2002

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310. **Tony Follari**

Reply to george

Mon 17 Jun 2002

obviously it is worthless to write something like aaa aa aaaa aa, what I was saying is all other vowels were missing ie.no 0,e,i,u etc and only the vowel 'a' is used,sorry for stating it wrong originally. the point is this type of writing is new territory in most literary circles and has not been explored fully.I hope other writers catch on.

From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand

Date: Sun, 16 Jun 2002 22:53:44 -0700

Dear George Bowering How wrong you are!,please observe the following text:

Mars Attacks

> >At Mt. Ararat stands a war atlas,Asgard's Mask.A mask that was as vast

> >as all man's past wars,as vast as all astral sagas. At dawn a Starcraft

On the contrary: I am not wrong at all; you claimed to use "only the vowel a." In the first line alone I spot the consonant t, the consonant M, the consonant t again, and so on.

--

George Bowering

On the wrong bus.

Fax [REDACTED]

MSN Photos is

the easiest way to share and print your photos:

<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

[↑ Contents](#)

311. **Tony Follari**

reply to richard

Mon 17 Jun 2002

What on earth was that Rich-hard?

a
a
a
a

a
a
a
a

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<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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312. **Mark Weiss**

Re: Reply to george

Mon 17 Jun 2002

People have been doing this since the 30s, I think. When did Perec do his stuff, I may be off a decade.

Mark

At 08:03 AM 6/17/2002 +0000, you wrote:

>obviously it is worthless to write something like aaa aa aaaa aa,
>what I was saying is all other vowels were missing ie.no 0,e,i,u etc and
>only the vowel 'a' is used,sorry for stating it wrong originally.
>the point is this type of writing is new territory in most literary circles
>and has not been
>explored fully.I hope other writers catch on.

>

>

>>From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

>>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

>>To: [REDACTED]

>>Subject: Re: story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand

>>Date: Sun, 16 Jun 2002 22:53:44 -0700

>>

>>>Dear George Bowering How wrong you are!,please observe the following text:

>>>

>>>>

>>>>

>>>>

Mars Attacks

>>>>

>>>>

>>>>> > >At Mt. Ararat stands a war atlas,Asgard's Mask.A mask that was as

>>>>>vast

>>>>> > >as all man's past wars,as vast as all astral sagas. At dawn a

>>>>>Starcraft

>>

>>On the contrary: I am not wrong at all; you claimed to use "only the
>>vowel a." In the first line alone I spot the consonant t, the
>>consonant M, the consonant t again, and so on.
>>--
>>George Bowering
>>On the wrong bus.
>>Fax [REDACTED]
>
>
>

>MSN Photos is the easiest way to share and print your photos:
><http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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313. **Duration Press**

Re: Reply to george

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Perec's La Disparition came out in 69...read Raymond Queneau's essay "Potential Literature" in *Oulipo*, ed. Warren Motte, for some historical mentions...

According to Queneau:

"Nestor of Laranda, in the third or fourth century, wrote a lipogrammatic Iliad: the letter A is absent from the first canto, etc....Pindar wrote an ode without the S, and Lope de Vega wrote five stories one without the A, the others without E, I, O, and U, respectively."

----- Original Message -----

From: "Mark Weiss" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, June 17, 2002 4:35 AM

Subject: Re: Reply to george

People have been doing this since the 30s, I think. When did Perec do his stuff, I may be off a decade.

Mark

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314. **richard.tylr**

Re: Content and its Discontents

Mon 17 Jun 2002

talking about wnkr: who restricted this ffng list to 2 a day it pisses me off....

----- Original Message -----

From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>
To: "UB Poetics discussion group" <[REDACTED]>
Sent: Monday, June 17, 2002 1:27 AM
Subject: Re: Content and its Discontents

> Listologist Nick & Etal.

>

> ----- Original Message -----

> From: "Nick Piombino" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Sent: Saturday, June 15, 2002 1:29 AM
> Subject: Content and its Discontents

>

>

> > An otherwise quite interesting psychoanalyst, Christopher Bollas, in a
> > somewhat pedestrian essay on poetics quotes Helen Vendler as follows:
> "Form,
> > after all, is nothing but content-as-arranged"

>

> Mostly the concept: form is content is on the right track: but maybe (it may

> not be Vendler's fault that book of hers is not bad its an antidote to
> Perloff (who is also good))...but in Allen's case the form could vary
> greatly and clearly content is paramount: yet in the "snaps" we get it
> appears that Alan is often just "playing": using repetition, a mix of
> langues or styles or "textures": various anxieties...personal or general,
> are generalised: politics, psychology, culture, sociology, philosophy, old
> Logos him/herself, pseudo or "real" tech jargon: a lot pours on: its
> "Language on Fire".....

>

> (from-The Music of What

> > Happens, 1988). The occasional efforts to house train Alan Sondheim on
> this

> > list prove not only the unlikelihood of Vendler's quote, but, here,

> anyway,

> > its veritable impossibility, eh Barrett? It's not only his forms or his

> > contents, I suspect, that we unneatfreaks like about Alan's presence here,
> > but something which partakes of, but transcends both, I suspect. Something
> > called -chops-.
> > En tout cas, perhaps I've reached my anecdotage, but lately I enjoy most
> > every discussion on this list, even the handwriting, or handwringing, ones
> > Ms Damon, as the cases might be. Roll on Alan, list, caissons, digest
> > lovers, reply button users, nay sayers, well wishers... And where might be
> > Mr. Kazim Ali and Louis Cabri?
>
> The hand writting one is interesting: I'm also interested in the entire
> process of a poem: in 1990 I saw a display showing many versions of Alan
> Curnow's poetry at the Auck Uni and reading thru those with the "errors"
> included was more fascinating than seeing the "perfect" poem at the end.
I
> believe in an infinite possibilities and also the crossings out, the
> writers hand writing, which maybe somewhat shows his soul: brings me closer
> to this question of "truth" that Alan mentioned: how we know things: there
> are great gulfs...I also see Alan's project as a projection of himself
(and
> all writing is in various degrees)..and he jars the language: his brain is
> on fire ... phenomena: that is what the artists /maker is and what is "out
> there" and Alan disturbs or irritates and digs and delves: the phenomena are
> waves of existence and they never stop. Or we feel that. And Alan "mimics"
> that: he struggles to say it all ...Ashbery couldnt decide to "put it all
in
> or leave it all out" (I dont think he was talking sex!) Maybe there is no
> "end" to Alan's transgressive struggle. I havent had time to "decipher"
the
> complexities of the discussions (theoretical) but it all looks lively and
> interesting, and I'm very intrigued by what Alan is doing. I delete a lot
> of other stuff and am "collecting" Alan's work!! I also have his CD ROM
> which all good Listees should obtain...but alas I havent had time to study
> it in depth. Cheers all.
>
> Richard.
>

> > Nick
>
> By the way I bought your (Nick's) book: I'd be interested in your critical
> book also.
>
> Richard. PS And of course Alan maybe one of civilisation's "dscontents"
> whose writng is full of Dis Content.
>
>

[↑ Contents](#)

315. **jason christie**

Re: story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand

Mon 17 Jun 2002

(placeholderpoem: sonnet for Z)

aaa aaaaaa aaaaaaa

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

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<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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316. **Mister Kazim Ali**

Re: Close reading: Cabri, "Clone Jacking"

Mon 17 Jun 2002

--- Andrew Rathmann <[REDACTED]>

wrote:

> Why has the pun become so ubiquitous a device among
> poets who locate
> themselves within an experimental tradition?

the one thing i can think of is that the word itself
is the moment when the "word" and "signified" lose
focus and shift into the other thing. it's "funny" but
also dramatic and "traumatic" to lose the expected
meaning and create the new association.

in that sense much of Susan Howe's work (etymological
sourcing on alternate meanings..."Emily" from

teutonic, etc. in My ED; meanings of "Mark" etc etc)
is a sophisticated form of punning.

one time i read a poem that used "landbridge" and
"language" interchangeably when narrating the
pilgrimage of nations from asia to america. does that
count as a pun?

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting
behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"
--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

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Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup
<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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317. **Mister Kazim Ali**

Re: FW: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Mon 17 Jun 2002

i thought his "fake" translations of lorca (complete
with fake preface by the man (long dead at that point,
i believe) himself would count here.

it reminded me of ted berrigan's "fake" interview with
John Cage (is that right?)

but he wasn't fake in the sense you mean. i mean he
was real.

but regarding your father and the "real naif" i don't
completely agree with you--i read some rosmarie
waldrop poems to friends in the bathroom at a rave
(yeah really) and they went bananas for it...my
freshmen composition class devoured (responded
intelligently in their essays) selections I gave them
from Susan Howe, Adeena Karasick, Michael Palmer, and
Edmond Jabes--

younger people (i mean even younger than me) i think
have much more facile understanding of intertextual,
hypertextual, and extra-textual work. it seemed
perfectly natural to them to read the "danish

notebook"--they didn't *see* that it had no conventional organization. they *liked* it's tasseographic organization--ditto for the lines of NC Memorial that are comprised solely of verbs, ("came saw went running told") etc.

--- Millie Niss <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Is Jack Spicer a fake poet? There is something
> subtly (or not so subtly)
> bogus about him, as if he were some extremely
> talented poet's joke... Or am
> I just obsessed with fakeness?
>

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting
behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"
--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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318. **Wanda Phipps**

SPEECH ACTS on about.com

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Hey:

Here's a report on about.com that I wrote about a poetry and performance event that happened a while ago at the Educational Alliance in NYC.

It was called SPEECH ACTS and was curated by Matvei Yankelevich featuring works by myself, Todd Colby, Marianne Vitale and Michael Portnoy (Yogurt Boys), Edwin Torres, Bill Luoma, David Shapiro, Filip Marinovic, Eugene Ostashevsky, Marc Sloan, Joel Schlemowitz, Nancy Cohen and Charles Bernstein as panel coach.

It also includes great links to work by the poets and various artists involved, bios. etc.

Check it out at:

<http://poetry.about.com/library/weekly/aa060502a.htm>

--

Wanda Phipps

Hey, don't forget to check out

my website MIND HONEY

<http://users.rcn.com/wanda.interport>

(and if you have already try it again)

poetry, music and more!

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319. **derek beaulieu / housepress**

new from housepress: Andrea Strudensky's "from apart from one"

Mon 17 Jun 2002

housepress is pleased to announce the release of:

"from apart from one"

a new chapbook by Andrea Strudensky.

Andrea Strudensky is the editor of "Broke" magazine and is a founding member of the Calgary Writers' House. She currently lives in Toronto, and is an MA student at the University of Calgary working on a creative thesis.

"from apart from one" is published in an edition of 60 handbound and numbered copies printed on 25% cotton fibre paper with a handprinted linocut cover by derek beaulieu.

copies are \$4.00 each

for more information , or to order copies, contact:

derek beaulieu at 

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320. **anastasios.kozaitis**

sad news

Mon 17 Jun 2002

June Jordan died of cancer this past Friday or Saturday.

Has anyone seen a obit?

--Anastasios

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322. **anastasios.kozaitis**

Re: sad news

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Thank you. I'm away in Vermont, and I haven't seen one, yet. I just searched the NYT website, and I found nothing.
I'll look on the LAT website.

Appreciatively.

Ak

At 01:07 PM 6/17/02 -0400, ALDON L NIELSEN wrote:

>It was Friday -- L.A. Times had an obit. on Saturday -- I know there was
>one in the Washington Post on Sunday -- There had to be one in San
>Francisco -- I've seen a NY Times obit on line, but it hasn't shown up in
>the national edition that I get on the west coast -- did it apper in the
>NY editions?

 $\succ$ $\succ$ $\succ$

>On Mon, 17 Jun 2002 12:01:30 -0400, [REDACTED] wrote:

 $\geq$

> > June Jordan died of cancer this past Friday or Saturday.

> > Has anyone seen a obit?

> >

> > --Anasetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

> > X-PH: [REDACTED]

> > From: [REDACTED]

> > Subject: sad news

> > To: [REDACTED]

> > In-Reply-To: <[REDACTED]>

> >

> > June Jordan died of cancer this past Friday or Saturday.

> > Has anyone seen a obit?

> >

 $\succ$ $\geq$ [illegible][illegible] $\succ$ $\geq$

> Tell Her, I only said -- the Syntax --

> And left the Verb and the Pronoun

> --Emily Dickinson

>
>
>Aldon L. Nielsen
>Kelly Professor of American Literature
>The Pennsylvania State University
>116 Burrowes
>University Park, PA 16802-6200
>
>[REDACTED]

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323. **kari edwards**
Re: call for submissions

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Judy Smith McDonough, editor, poetrynow ,

I am enclosing (below)two poems for your consideration for poetry now. here is my breif bio:

kari edwards is winner of New Langton Art's Bay Area Award in literature(2002), author of a day in the life of p. to be released by subpress collective (2002), a diary of lies - Belladonna #27 by Balladonna Books (2002) and post/(pink) (2001) (Scarlet Press). edwards¹ work can also be found in Blood and Tears (2000) an anthology on Matthew Shepard, (Painted leaf Press), Bombay Gin, Aufgabe, Fracture, Belight Fiction, In Posse, Mirage, Van Gogh's Ear, Puppy Flower, Avoid Strange Men, Nerve Lantern, FIR and The International Journal of Sexuality and Gender Studies.

heavens morn

migratory birds, nine beaks ten as the color flame which conveys the heavens green pool in countless inside mornings. the migration bird, nine beaks ten achievement conveys the heavens green basin in the countless inside morning color flame. migratory birds, nine spouts ten like the color flames that transport the green sky pond in the mornings of inner countless. the expansion bird, nine happening of spouts ten transports the green sky river basin in the inner flame countless of morning color. birds one moves, nine invoices as the color flame which is sky makes green puddle pool in the innumerable internal mornings official statement. the migration the bird, nine declarations of invoices transmits to basin greens in the color of morning innumerable internal flame to the moving sky the birds, nine casings ten that the color the flames which transport the pond of green sky in the morning of innumerable internal. the expansion bird, events of nine of the casings ten transport green sky river basin in the

innumerable internal flame of the birds of the morning color. migratory nine invoices ten as the color flame which it sky makes green puddle pool in the innumerable internal mornings official statement. the migration the bird, nine declarations of invoices ten transmits to basin greens in the color of morning innumerable internal flame to the moving sky the birds, nine casings ten that the color the flames which transport the pond of green sky in the morning of innumerable internal. the expansion bird, events of nine of the casings ten transport green sky river basin in the innumerable internal flame of the color of morning.

one but not

the rock which is not. the rock, which is not. the cliff, than is not. the cliff, that is not. the cliff is not that intelligence. the outlier is not this intelligence. is not the rock, is not the cliff rock, compare not the cliff, is not the cliff is not thing the intelligence periphery is not this intelligence. is not the cliff, there is not a rock where is not the rock, it sees intelligence the cliff which is not, that cliff information the outlier is not information, intelligence it is not. above this highland, is not the cliff rock and this highland, the cliff which is not under comparing the highland, by information periphery where is not the cliff does not. the rock, which is not the rock, which is not the rock that the rock is not, that not the rock is is not that intelligence does not attach it is this intelligence. the rock is not, is not the rock rock, does not compare the rock, is not the rock is not thing that the intelligence periphery is not this intelligence. the rock is not, it gives no rock, where the rock is not, it intelligence sees the rock, which is not that the rock information is not the appendix the information, intelligence that she is not. over this mountain the rock rock and this mountain, the rock, are not which is to be compared not under the mountain, by periphery of the information, where the rock is not not.

Ion 6/5/02 7:01 AM, Mcdonough, Judy S. at [REDACTED] wrote:

*poetrynow announces that submissions are now open
for poetry for the fall issue.*

*Please submit no more than 4 typed pages as the body of
an e-mail (not as an attachment) and include a brief
bio including publications to:*

[REDACTED]

Judy Smith McDonough, editor, poetrynow

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324. **kari edwards**
miss send

Mon 17 Jun 2002

I apologize for the miss send just now..

kari

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325. **oranget**
reading Alan

Mon 17 Jun 2002

alanophiles and misalanists alike:

if you have a hard time reading alan's writings as they are posted, let me suggest something i've done in the past which is to save them as they come in and then reading them all at once later. (you could do the same thing by searching the list archives for his email address and for, say, a month's stretch of time.) i've found this to create an intriguing cumulative kind of effect that encourages an absorption into his texts as they move and develop over the given period of time, something that's not quite discernable in the short/frequent bursts as posted.

bests,
tom orange

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326. **Kevin Gallagher**
David Meltzer

Mon 17 Jun 2002

| *If any of you have an email address for David Meltzer could you pass it on to me?*

--

Kevin Gallagher

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327. **Kimmelman, Burt**
Reid Ann Cottingham

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Hi,

If anyone knows how to contact Reid Ann Cottingham would you please let me know backchannel?

Thanks,

Burt Kimmelman

██████████

-----Original Message-----

From: kari edwards

To: ██████████

Sent: 6/17/02 2:02 PM

Subject: Re: call for submissions

Judy Smith McDonough, editor, poetrynow ,

I am enclosing (below)two poems for your consideration for poetry now.
here

is my breif bio:

kari edwards is winner of New Langton Art's Bay Area Award in literature(2002), author of a day in the life of p. to be released by subpress collective (2002), a diary of lies - Belladonna #27 by Balladonna Books (2002) and post/(pink) (2001) (Scarlet Press). edwards¹ work can also be found in Blood and Tears (2000) an anthology on Matthew Shepard, (Painted leaf Press), Bombay Gin, Aufgabe, Fracture, Belight Fiction, In Posse, Mirage, Van Gogh's Ear, Puppy Flower, Avoid Strange Men, Nerve Lantern, FIR and The International Journal of Sexuality and Gender Studies.

heavens morn

migratory birds, nine beaks ten as the color flame which conveys the
heavens

green pool in countless inside mornings. the migration bird, nine beaks
ten

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the
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ten
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one but not

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paring the highland, by information periphery where is not the cliff does not.
the rock, which is not the rock, which is not the rock that the rock is not, that
not the rock is is not that intelligence does not attach it is this intelligence. the
rock is not, is not the rock rock, does not compare the rock, is not the rock is
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Ion 6/5/02 7:01 AM, Mcdonough, Judy S. at [REDACTED] wrote:

*poetrynow announces that submissions are now open
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an e-mail (not as an attachment) and include a brief
bio including publications to:*

[REDACTED]

Judy Smith McDonough, editor, poetrynow

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328. **dana ward**

Cy Press Inaugural Chapbooks!

Mon 17 Jun 2002

This Announces

Cy Press Inaugural Chapbooks!!

32 Mgs.

by Susan Landers

illustrations by Gary Sullivan

"Doctor says sleep
lily crotch rocket
you are pretty

without urea masks.
Speak english please
doctor. King me."

Susan Landers is one of the editors of Pom2, and lives in Brooklyn, NY. She is a graduate of George Mason University's MFA program. "31 mgs." is an excerpt from a book-length poem currently titled (weighing in at) "285 mgs., a panic picnic," which was selected as a finalist in the 2002 National Poetry Series competition.

& . . .

Harry's Sonnet by Dana Ward

"there's a sound in this dredge of Elysium
where I drink to your fabulous dumbness
& giant anvils I mined in the clouds
elate at the thought of your heads"

from 'harry' sonnet'

Dana Ward has poems in PO-eP!, Puppyflowers, &
forthcoming in Range, Torch, & other places. He lives
in Cincinnati, & edits this, Cy Press.

Chapbooks are four dollars a piece or both for six
dollars.

please send checks or cash to

Cy Press
c/o Dana Ward
1118 Cypress St. Apt 3
Cincinnati, OH
45206

Please make checks payable to Dana Ward.
direct all questions to:

██████ or
██████████

Cy Press is a new small press publishing chapbooks &
Magazine Cypress, a poetry periodical.

forthcoming in August:

Magazine Cypress Issue 1

featuring: Landers/A. Berrigan/KS
Mohammed/Bordofsky/Magee/Weiser & many others!

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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329. **Kristen Gallagher**
address for Renee Gladman??

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Any one have Renee Gladman's SNAIL MAIL address? thanks.

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330. **Stephen Ellis**
Address query

Mon 17 Jun 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>Can someone backchannel me w/ email and/or postal addresses for Maggie
Zurawski and David Cameron?&nbspsp; Thanks.<BR><BR><BR></P></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV></div><br clear=all><hr>Join the world's largest e-mail service
with MSN Hotmail. <a href='http://g.msn.com/1HM505401/47'>Click Here</
a><br></html>
```

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331. **Alan Sondheim**
Re: discontent

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Perhaps what Ryan meant is that there are two modes (maybe) of procedural work - one in which the procedure is input/output or straightforward output: a. input => [procedure/filter] => output b. [procedure/lexicon/filter] => output and one in which there is a tangled holarchic skein of procedures, filters, re-workings, catalyst-programs, and so forth. My work is of the second; it doesn't sit well with idealized mathesis. To this extent if anything, it's a dirty or shameful procedure, binding the very ties that open the text elsewhere - Alan

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332. **Geoffrey Gatza**
Geoffrey Gatza Address Query

Mon 17 Jun 2002

If any of you have any URL addresses for Geoffrey Gatza could you pass it on to me?

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza
editor BlazeVOX2k1
<http://vorplesword.com/>

—^o
— \< , —
(*)/ (*)

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333. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Re: Geoffrey Gatza Address Query

Mon 17 Jun 2002

If any of you have any URL addresses for Geoffrey Gatza could you pass it on to me?

Well now that you asked

I have plenty of information for you.

Why? Because the official Geoffrey Gatza Automation Corp website has now launched.

See the premier on Entertainment Tonight as Mary Hart interviews Geoffrey Gatza live on video

What too much Geoffrey Gatza ???

How can there be too much Geoffrey Gatza anywhere???

I mean, I have been using Geoffrey Gatza Automation Corp every day for three weeks now

And my skin has never been so clear.

If it wasn't for Geoffrey Gatza I would never have the courage and confidents to walk out of the house

I feel like a new person and even after one try Geoffrey Gatza Automation Corp worked

made my fingers tingle

Now I take it with me where ever I go

Now I can leave the house knowing that I am a better person

But wait - send no money now!!!

That's right we'll send The Official Geoffrey Gatza Automation Corp Web Page for free

www.daemen.edu/pages/ggatza/gatza or <http://gatza.1a.ru>

Either one if free for you, and as a special gift, if you act right and promise to tell a friend

We'll give you and your friend the Official Geoffrey Gatza Automation Corp scented candle

Made by Kenning Kandle

That's right Kenning Kandle's in Kenningdale, NY have been making scented candles for years now

using their own special homemade candle flavor. Wait until you taste one. Mmmm.

Just like Grandma's candle's used to be

Now what you say to deal like that???

www.daemen.edu/pages/ggatz/gatza or <http://gatza.1a.ru>

We'll leave the light on for you

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza

editor BlazeVOX2k1

<http://vorplesword.com/>

_o
 _{- \< , -}
 (*)/ (*)

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of Geoffrey Gatza

Sent: Monday, June 17, 2002 5:03 PM

To:

Subject: Geoffrey Gatza Address Query

If any of you have any URL addresses for Geoffrey Gatza could you pass it on to me?

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza

editor BlazeVOX2k1

<http://vorplesword.com/>

_o
 _{- \< , -}
 (*)/ (*)

334. **Thomas Bell**

discontent

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Ryan wrote somewhere on these threads:

"Alan's work doesn't seem 'procedural' in the narrow sense that implies a single or self-contained mathematical/'mechanical' procedure --"

I think there is a tendency for many to read procedural, research. etc., somewhat myoptically and focus anti-scientifically as good humanist do on the smell of science and forget the scientist who is proceeding or researching.. I think the mention of MacLow in Ryan's pos puts the conversation here on these offshooting threads into the realm of the reverie Nick brings up along with play in an action sense. [Nick - I didn't intend to put Bollas down, only to suggest that Winnicott and others had more relence to play.

-not intending to single out Ryan in any way here-

put together some of these currents as they relate to investigative poetry at:
<http://www.metaphormetonym.com/notes.htm>

>

Investigative Notes on

Investigative Poetry

Start perhaps with Ed Sanders, perhaps, the poet.

Add some process or procedural action. David Antin is a good starting point here, especially the 'Interview with David Antin' that Charles Bernstein did via email (Review of Contemporary Fiction, Spring, 2001, Vol. XXI, No. 1). Harryette Mullen is another starting point and Daniel Kane's interview is a good takeoff point (http://www.writenet.org/poetschat/poetschat_h_mullen.html).

A search of the archives of POETICS should give you some leads

Another important element in the mix is play in the action sense rather merely play as following the rules of a game. Oulipo and langpo and other procedural roots figure in here but not the procedures themselves as much as the interaction with them. Fields of Play was an early collaborative piece in this vein.

Reverie is perhaps where we start

And end?

<

also found a fresh view on whatever you like
at:<http://www.clas.ufl.edu/ipsa/journal/2002/sarbit04.htm>

tom bell

[illegible]

Poetry at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/publicat.html>

Gallery - Metaphor/Metonym for Health at

<http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/metapho.htm>

Health articles at <http://psychology.healingwell.com/>

Reviews at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/reviews.htm>

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335. **Christine Palma**

Re: sad news - June Jordan - fwd

Mon 17 Jun 2002

Friday, June 14, 2002 (AP)

Poet, professor, activist June Jordan dies

(06-14) 16:19 PDT BERKELEY, Calif. (AP) --

Poet, activist and University of California, Berkeley professor June Jordan died Friday morning here. She was 65 and had struggled against breast cancer for several years. Born in Harlem, Jordan began writing poetry early in life and became involved in the civil rights movement while a student at Barnard College. Jordan published 26 books of poetry, political essays and children's fiction. Her memoir, "Soldier, A Poet's Childhood," was published in 1999. In a statement issued when that memoir was published, Nobel laureate Toni Morrison praised Jordan's "40 years of activism fueled by flawless art." Jordan also wrote the libretto to the opera, "I Was Looking at the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky," directed by Peter Sellars with music by John Adams. She also had several poems set to music. Jordan was a professor of African American Studies at Berkeley, where she began teaching in 1989. She previously taught at Yale University, Sarah Lawrence College and the State University of New York, Stony Brook. She received a Rockefeller Grant for Creative Writing and special congressional recognition for her writing and work in the progressive and civil rights movements.

----- Copyright 2002 AP

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336. **Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)**

REvenge of the content provider: story using only the "A" vowel.

Mon 17 Jun 2002

-----Original Message-----

From: jason christie [mailto:]

Sent: Monday, 17 June 2002 9:32 p.m.

To:

Subject: Re: story using only the "A" vowel. by Tony Follari of New Zealand

(placeholderpoem: sonnet for Z)

BEaM ME UP.CaNBERRa--IN a WORLD
BREaK THROUGH OUT OF THE REaLMS
OF STaR TREK, PHYSICISTS IN CaNBERRa
HaVE TELEPORTED a LaSER FROM ONE
SPOT TO aNOTHER IN a SPLIT SECOND

THE aUSTRaLIAN NaTIONaL UNIVERSITY
TEaM WHICH INCLUDES NEW ZEaLaNDERS
YESTERDaY aNNOUNCED THaT THEY HaD
SUCCESSFULLY DISEMBODIEDa LaSER BEaM
IN ONE LOCaTION aND REBUILT IT IN a
DIFFERENT SPOT aBOUT ONE METRE aWaY
IN a BLINK OF aN EYE aaaaa

PROJECT LEaDER DR PING KOY LaM
SaID THERE WaS a CLOSE RESEMBLaNCE
BATWaaN WHaT HIS TaaM HaD aCHIAVED
aND THE MOVaMaNT OF POaPLA IN THa
SCIANCE FICTION SaRIAS STaR TRaK
BaT BAAMING HaMaNS BaTWAAN LOCaTIONS
WaS STILL YaaRS aWaY 'AN THARAORY
THARA aS NOTHaNG STOPPANG US FROM
DOaNG aT BaT THa COMPLaXaTY OF THa
PROBLaM aS SO GRaaT THaT NO ONa aS
aaaaaaaaaaaaa

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

HawaVaR LaM SaaD SCaaNCa WaS
NaT Ta FaR FRaM BaNG aBLa Ta
TaLaPaRT SaLaD MaTTaR BaTWaaN
LaCaTaaNS 'Ma PRaDaCTaaN aS ...

aT WaLL Ba SaMaaNa aN THa NaXT
FaVa YaaRS--THaT aS THa TaLaPaRTaaN
aFa SaNGLa aTaM' aaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
eTH eeLRS aWS eoeDSTRYD uiDRNG
eeoiTLPRtNG aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

MSN Photos is
the easiest way to share and print your photos:
<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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337. **Sheila Massoni**

Reply to george

Mon 17 Jun 2002

not to a sheep b aaaaaaaaaaaaa sm

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338. **Sheila Massoni**

Re: FW: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Mon 17 Jun 2002

oh i get it like bush's fake winning of the election opine supine lupine sm

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339. **George Bowering**

Re: Reply to george

Mon 17 Jun 2002

*obviously it is worthless to write something like aaa aa aaaa aa,
what I was saying is all other vowels were missing ie.no 0,e,i,u etc and
only the vowel 'a' is used,sorry for stating it wrong originally.
the point is this type of writing is new territory in most literary circles
and has not been
explored fully.I hope other writers catch on.*

Ah. I think I know what has happened. What you think you were saying
is that the only vowel used was the vowel "a"; but what you said was
that "only the vowel "a" is used.

--

George Bowering

On the wrong bus.

Fax [REDACTED]

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340. **Andrew Rathmann**

Close reading: Wolff, "Lamb, Willow: An Arch Dolefulness Has Taken Me this Far"

Mon 17 Jun 2002

The works of a number of younger poets, especially post-MFA poets, reflect a desire to get out of the workshop mode. Ethically and aesthetically, the problem is to avoid giving the impression that your personal experience is inherently poignant--without giving up on personal experience as such. So you obscure the relation between your work and your life.

The poems in Rebecca Wolff's first book Manderley seem to fall in this camp, and while I don't think she has yet figured out how to make the best use of her strengths, some of the writing is quite memorable. She too works by ironizing the relationship between herself and her texts (with one or two _major_ exceptions). Most of her poems say, at some level, "Any resemblance to my real life is coincidental." Often this job is given to the opening line, which, by being rather acidly ironic, serves as a kind of self-indemnification for everything that follows: "These fakirs really know how to eat," "Beginning with a fantasy of abuse." If you begin like that, you inoculate yourself against the charge of straining for lyric sensitivity. "Pathos," she says, "is the domain of the rhetorician." So instead she keeps things ironic, even campy: "I've been / wearing a lot / of white lately" etc. Some statements veer close to pathos, but even these get a deflating pinprick: "we / kiss and kiss until the kiss / falls meaningless." This kind of writing may try to charm the reader, but it keeps its defenses up.

I think this more recent (?) poem by Wolff, "Lamb, Willow: An Arch Dolefulness Has Taken Me this Far," while still incredibly armored (and horribly titled), is nonetheless skillful, partly because it does actually try to grapple with personal experience:

<http://www.morningred.com/friend/2001/03/bone.html> (scroll down a bit)

This poem is obscure, but I read it as being at least in part about the limits of Wolff's style to date. It seems clear that it's set in a crypt. The title may refer to the poet's own "arch dolefulness," whereas "this far" may refer to the tomb or to her present condition in life (thinking about tombs). She seems therefore to be asking: How far will an arch style take you when dealing with ultimate questions of life? She writes: "Once more I am in the right place but with the wrong feelings." The "feelings" seem to be skeptical ones, and thus "wrong" given the solemnity and mystery of the situation (although no tourist, it is implied, could

really feel _right_ here). The poet's self-consciousness is mature, a product of time and thus in touch with mortality, unlike the "deep pathos of the infant cosmology" (religion? a child's point of view?). At the end of the poem, her tone becomes more doleful, for she acknowledges that being "rinsed clean" somehow "hardly matters," for she is still stuck "in the middle of fucking nowhere," between "camp and derangement." If she becomes more "song-like" it's because of the loss of anyplace to stand, however "figmented." I wonder if Wolff will become more song-like or less.

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341. **tisab**

Re: sad news

Mon 17 Jun 2002

I sent an obituary to the list on Sunday afternoon, which appeared in Saturday, 6/15 San Francisco Chronicle, and it hasn't been posted to the list yet.

Tisa

Original Message:

From: [REDACTED]
Date: Mon, 17 Jun 2002 13:37:27 -0400
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: sad news

Thank you. I'm away in Vermont, and I haven't seen one, yet. I just searched the NYT website, and I found nothing.
I'll look on the LAT website.

Appreciatively.

Ak

At 01:07 PM 6/17/02 -0400, ALDON L NIELSEN wrote:

>It was Friday -- L.A. Times had an obit. on Saturday -- I know there was
>one in the Washington Post on Sunday -- There had to be one in San
>Francisco -- I've seen a NY Times obit on line, but it hasn't shown up in
>the national edition that I get on the west coast -- did it apper in the
>NY editions?

>

>

>

>On Mon, 17 Jun 2002 12:01:30 -0400, [REDACTED] wrote:

>

> > June Jordan died of cancer this past Friday or Saturday.

[illegible]

mail2web - Check your email from the web at
<http://mail2web.com/> .

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342. **ALDON L NIELSEN**
elsewhere in the news
Mon 17 Jun 2002

I notice, while watching the World Cup, that soccer (OK, futbol) is actually played on a level playing field!

Aldon L. Nielsen
Kelly Professor of American Literature
The Pennsylvania State University
116 Burrowes
University Park, PA 16802-6200

343. **Heidi Peppermint**
Re: a brief hystery of the pun
 Mon 17 Jun 2002

It's in the context of nation-building, language standardization, and the pun's feminization that Jonathan Swift presents the first example of writing in English to use errant lexis for the explicit purpose of disrupting identity constructed through a normalized language use. Lewis Carroll also employs abundant word-play as a form of political dissidence. However, not until the twentieth-century,

and not coincidentally the beginning of post-colonialism, does a Western aesthetics that embraces the pun emerge. The twentieth-century produces many writers who engage in a politicized punning, for e.g., in Eugene Jolas's "transitions", writers embrace what Jolas called "an interpenetration of languages and other racial elements such as had never been attempted or dreamed of," a revolution of the word the ultimate manifestation of which is, of course, Finnegans Wake. Here, Joyce puns between languages, enacting an aesthetics of passivity and challenging nationalism and xenophobia.

Many lit theorists and other experimental and exploratory writers of the late twentieth century share the Modern emphasis on punning and creating new linguistic orders, however, contemporary punsters of the mid-to late twentieth century and forward remain wary of any new perfect order as imagined by the Moderns. Currently, an abundance of punsters -- Bernstein, Cixous, Derrida, Howe, McLow, Melnick, Mullen, etc. -- attempt linguistic systems of essential endemic disorder. These systems enact a set of relations that include the traditionally excluded. Wordplay and lexical errancy attempt a literature free of nationalist agendas that regulate and delimit identity and community. Noise, that is that which has been excluded as 'le autre', is the defining constitutive element of the abundantly punning text. Portmanteau, puns, neologisms, and the occasional ecstatic whirling gibberish provide sites of irreconcilable non-assimilable pluralities.

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344. **Michael Broder**
Ear Inn Readings--June 2002

Tue 18 Jun 2002

The Ear Inn Readings

Saturdays at 3:00

326 Spring Street (west of Greenwich Street)

New York City

FREE

Subway--N,R/Prince; C,E/Spring; 1,2/Canal

June 22

Erika DeRuth, Marj Hahne, Belinda Kremer plus open

June 29

Kevin Bartelme, Scott Campbell, Patrick Walsh plus open

For more information, contact Michael Broder at [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] or see our Web site:

<http://home.nyc.rr.com/earinnreadings>

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345. **jason christie**

Re: REvenge of the content provider/now we're cooking with fire

Tue 18 Jun 2002

(placeholderpoem: sonnet for Z)

NaXT NaXT

>SPOT TO aNOTHER IN > BATWaaN WHaT NaT Ta HaD > aT WaLL Ba

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

STaR TREK, PHYSICISTS TREK, PHYSICISTS

>aS ...

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

| aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

THa NaXT EYE aaaaa

TaLaPaRT SaLaD the easiest way

>aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

>

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa aS

| aaaaaaaaaaaaa

aT BaT THa

COMPLaXaTY LOCaTION

aND REBUILT HaMaNS LOCaTIONS

>WaS STILL GRaaT THaT NO FaVa SCaaNCa WaS

RESEMBLaNCE

> BATWaaN

> NaXT

'Ma PRaDaCTaaN aS ...

aBOUT > SPOT TO aNOTHER BaNG > TEaM WHICH INCLUDES >

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

>IN ONE aS SUCCESSFULLY

BaT BAAMING HaMaNS

FaR FRaM

BaNG > TEaM > ONE

>SPOT LaM SaaD

SCaaNCa

SaMaaNa

aN HawaVaR LaM SaaD SCaaNCa

SaMaaNa MSN aT BaT THa >

WaS STILL IN a SPLIT SECOND a

>IN a LaCaTaaNS 'Ma >

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

>

aWaY

>IN > SPLIT THa

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

>aT WaLL Ba > OF WaS

>

>aaaaaaaaaaaa aS ... aN

THa NaXT NaXT

| *BLINK OF eeiTLPRtNG*

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

LaM

>SaID THERE SaaD SCaaNCa

SaMaaNa

>NaXT

| *LaCaTaaNS 'Ma PRaDaCTaaN Ba SaMaaNa >*

| *SUCCESSFULLY SUCCESSFULLY*

DISEMBODIEDa LaSER

BEaM ONE LOCaTION aND

>LOCaTION aND REBUILT

HaMaNS BaT BAAMING HaMaNS BaT BEaM

THE REaLMS > OF aS ...

>aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

>

>SPLIT SECOND

>

SECOND a CLOSE WHaT

>LaCaTaaNS LOCaTION aND REBUILT TRaK

| aaaaaaaaaaaaaa aS aaaaaaaaaaaaaa aS ...

THa COMPLaXaTY OF a SaMaaNa
aN THa NaXT EYE aBLa Ta
>TaLaPaRT
'AN THARAORY
>WHICH INCLUDES aT WaLL MSN >
IN ONE share and >
BaT BAAMING aS ... aBOU
>
>NaXT FaVa BEaM

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

| aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

TaLaPaRT SaLaD SUCCESSFULLY >
IN ONE LOCaTION THa COMPLaXaTY
OF a SPLIT a aNOTHER IN LOCaTION
aND REBUILT HaMaNS BaTWAAN >
>BEaM ME LOCaTION aND REBUILT >
SUCCESSFULLY
DISEMBODIEDa
<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>
LaSER
>SCIANCE FICTION
GRaaT SUCCESSFULLY DISEMBODIEDa
LaSER BEaM >

SPOT POaPLA IN THa MSN aT BaT THa
aND REBUILT HaMaNS TREK, PHYSICISTS
>the easiest way
'AN THARAORY

> _____
PHYSICISTS
>IN

_____ Send and re-
ceive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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346. **Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)**

Re: REvenge of the content provider/now we're cooking with fire

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Jason,

"is that a real poem or did you just make it up"

Wystan

-----Original Message-----

From: jason christie [mailto:]

Sent: Tuesday, 18 June 2002 5:17 p.m.

To:

Subject: Re: REvenge of the content provider/now we're cooking with fire

(placeholderpoem: sonnet for Z)

NaXT NaXT

>SPOT TO aNOTHER IN > BATWaaN WHaT NaT Ta HaD > aT WaLL Ba

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

STaR TREK, PHYSICISTS TREK, PHYSICISTS

>aS ...

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

| aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

THa NaXT EYE aaaaa

TaLaPaRT SaLaD the easiest way

>aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

>

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa aS

| aaaaaaaaaaaaa

aT BaT THa

COMPLaXaTY LOCaTION

aND REBUILT HaMaNS LOCaTIONS

>WaS STILL GRaaT THaT NO FaVa SCaaNCa WaS

RESEMBLaNCE

> BATWaaN

> NaXT

'Ma PRaDaCTaaN aS ...

aBOUT > SPOT TO aNOTHER BaNG > TEaM WHICH INCLUDES >

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

>IN ONE aS SUCCESSFULLY
BaT BAAMING HaMaNS
FaR FRaM
BaNG > TEaM > ONE
>SPOT LaM SaaD

SCaaNCa
 SaMaaNa

aN HawaVaR LaM SaaD SCaaNCa
SaMaaNa MSN aT BaT THa >

WaS STILL IN a SPLIT SECOND a
>IN a LaCaTaaNS 'Ma >

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
>
aWaY
>IN > SPLIT THa

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
>aT WaLL Ba > OF WaS
>
>aaaaaaaaaaaa aS ... aN

THa NaXT NaXT
 | BLINK OF eeiTLPRtNG

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

LaM
>SaID THERE SaaD SCaaNCa
 SaMaaNa
>NaXT

 | LaCaTaaNS 'Ma PRaDaCTaaN Ba SaMaaNa >
 | SUCCESSFULLY SUCCESSFULLY

DISEMBODIEDa LaSER
BEaM ONE LOCaTION aND
>LOCaTION aND REBUILT

HaMaNS BaT BAAMING HaMaNS BaT BEaM
THE REaLMS > OF aS ...

>aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
>
>SPLIT SECOND
>

SECOND a CLOSE WHaT

>LaCaTaaNS LOCaTION aND REBUILT TRaK

| aaaaaaaaaaaaaa aS aaaaaaaaaaaaaa aS ...

THa COMPLaXaTY OF a SaMaaNa

aN THa NaXT EYE aBLa Ta

>TaLaPaRT

'AN THARAORY

>WHICH INCLUDES aT WaLL MSN >

IN ONE share and >

BaT BAAMING aS ... aBOU

>

>NaXT FaVa BEaM

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

| aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

TaLaPaRT SaLaD SUCCESSFULLY >

IN ONE LOCaTION THa COMPLaXaTY

OF a SPLIT a aNOTHER IN LOCaTION

aND REBUILT HaMaNS BaTWAAN >

>BEaM ME LOCaTION aND REBUILT >

SUCCESSFULLY

DISEMBODIEDa

<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

LaSER

>SCIANCE FICTION

GRaaT SUCCESSFULLY DISEMBODIEDa

LaSER BEaM >

SPOT POaPLA IN THa MSN aT BaT THa

aND REBUILT HaMaNS TREK, PHYSICISTS

>the easiest way

'AN THARAORY

>

PHYSICISTS

>IN

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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347. **Dan Machlin**

Futurepoem: SOME MANTIC DAEMONS - G. Kalleberg

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Futurepoem books announces our first publication, the release of:

SOME MANTIC DAEMONS

by Garrett Kalleberg

Softcover, (perfect bound, 80 pgs. ISBN 0-9716800-0-0)

"A Prophetic ferocity joins visceral appetite in Garrett Kalleberg's powerful new collection, spirit and matter couple to spawn a ravishing anxiety, 'a beautiful disaster.' As if language were a skin wrapped around the world's body which ruptures and spills its will to be named." - Ann Lauterbach

"Drawing variously from the rhetorics of science, religion, psychology, and metaphysics, Kalleberg investigates the place where proof and belief overlap in a logical moire--" - Heather Ramsdell

"I found a book (The Monster Lives of Boys & Girls), learned the beloved's possible name, watched a 'body lost also in beauty, sadness, simple joys' and intellection..." - Eleni Sikelianos

Garrett Kalleberg is the author of Psychological Corporations (Spuyten Duyvil), Limbic Odes (Heart Hammer), and co-author of a forthcoming play "The Situation Room." His work has appeared in Talisman, Sulfur, Denver Quarterly, Mandorla, Poetry Project Newsletter, and in An Anthology of New (American) Poets. He publishes the online journal The Transcendental Friend (<http://www.morningred.com/friend>), and audio CD imprint immanent Audio.

TO ORDER:

To order copies email [REDACTED] (& will bill with shipment)
or send a check or money order payable to "Dan Machlin" to:

Futurepoem books
P.O. Box 34
New York, NY 10014

Price is

US \$14 (including postage) for individual orders.

Orders outside the US please add \$2.00 additional shipping for 1-3 books.
\$4.50 for 4 or more books. All monies will go to fund future book projects.

For bookstore discounts or other information please see
<http://www.futurepoem.com> or email [REDACTED].

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348. **Alan Sondheim**
54.jpg/WTC/6.18.2002
Tue 18 Jun 2002

54.jpg/WTC/6.18.2002

G[e]t Pr.....nt[e]r Ink F[a]st & S[a]v[e] up t 80% JIMBO Al[a]n, W[e] F
und Y ur M n[e]y, Opr[a]h W.....nfr[e]y sh w HAIRSTYLE REG CUTS
COLOR RELAXER D STAIRS D wnl [a]d J hn Gr.....sh[a]m's n[e]w
b k "Th[e] Summ ns" n w. MATTRESS SHOWROOM SECOND
FLOOR 10 112 Op[e]n Any L ck w.....th Kw.....ck 114 LIBERTY LIBE ASK
FOR CURTIS P.....ck - On S[a]ll[e] T d[a]y! S m[e] n[e] Is Th[e]r[e]
F r Y u DONAVAN WE NEED THE DOC TO NY Al[a]n, Spy E[a]r Bl w
..... ut S[a]ll[e]! G[e]t 2000 r unds f g lf f r fr[e]ll[e]. 15 1.4 ____ 19.0
W[a]nt [a] Gold C[a]rd? BLDG ENTRANCE O OTHER SIDE G[e]t y urs t
d[a]y... New G[e]t P[a].....d t Sh p! G[e]t P[a].....d t E[a]t Out! FIRE
SECURED AREA DO NOT [STAY OUT Gu[a]r[a]nt[e]ll[e]d b[e]st m rtg[a]g[e]
r[a]t[e]s r \$500 c[a]sh b[a]ck Th[e] Sup[e]r SAN FRANCISCO SFFD FIRE
DEPARTMENTS Str b[e]-A-Th n! [w rk.....ng [a]ss[e]ts r[a]d.....]
d[a]ds [a]nd d[a]ught[e]rs AUTHORIZED PERSONEL ONLY. STAY OUT. NO
ADMISSION WITHOUT PROPEE I.D. ROOF CLOSED! THANK-YOU SORRY NO
PUBLIC RESTROOM WHEN CO T. TO REP. TURN NEAREST C[a]ll us, w[e]
c[a]n h[e]lp G[e]t [a] Digital Camera plus Camcorder f r \$29.95 EMPIRE
t d[a]y! Free s ftw[a]r[e]! C[a]sh ROSS POLICE Adv[a]nc[e] G[e]t
Pr.....nt[e]r Ink F[a]st CATF-7 9-10-01 0300 DUST GLASS O & S[a]v[e] up t
80% Al[a]n, W[e] F und Y ur M n[e]y, S. J. ELECTRIC INC. Opr[a]h
W.....nfr[e]y sh w WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER D wnl [a]d J hn
Gr.....sh[a]m's n[e]w b k "Th[e] Summ ns" n w.

—

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349. **richard.tylr**
Fw: call for submissions Kari's Poems and Its Raining
Tue 18 Jun 2002

> Kari. That first poem especially I think is quite beautiful and
> interesting. Hints of Stein etal? But whatever I like them both. You have
> some impressive creds. Regards, Richard

>
> I mean that sincerely: what follows is put there not as satire of you but
> because of the limitation (2) email rule.....
>
>
> PS I must send a couple: Bio: Richard Taylor was born in The Green Time,
> he is descended from the Big Bang as is related to everyone in the
Unviverse
> by molecular fact. His mind is like an Enormous Icecream about to be
> devoured. He just read a book about Dondi White which makes him look at
> local graffitti with renewed interest. Has published variously. (not
> vicariously) (and not too vivacioulsy) (but surely vipariously no no?) 1)
> Chap book "Singing in the Slaughter House" (so named because its author
> worked in the freezing works in the mid and late 60s while having a
nervous
> breakdown) (also there's one of his rare political poems in there) aw
shucks
> I think i'll just send some poems,he he! Currently I (he?) am/are apart
from
> sending lewd emails about things to the poetics brain box group reading a
> grubby \$1.00 paper back by LeRoi Jones which has some interesting lan-
guage
> (I didnt connect him with Baraka who said last year of my friend/poet Ron
> Riddell (ex owner of The Dead Poets Book Shop) at a poetry festival in
South
> America that he heard the best poetry and (turning to Ron: but yours is
the
> WORST performance!) then he apologised but I could tell Ron: he's too
scared
> to say "fuck" or other swear words, born with a silver spoon, not like
this
> tough guy...I've also got a book about Auden as I want to read The Orators
> and also some Pound and Nick Piombino's little book is there ready to be
> read: I just had some baked beans (the 1 1/2 points Weight Watchers can on
> toast without margarine or butter) its grey over here (just started
> drizzling no one's buying on abebooks everyone in the N Hemi are on
holiday
> or vacation) I'm now an abuelo of about 7 weeks the boy is called
Sebastian
> Richard Taylor my daughter wants to go to Japan I might follow: her
> boyfriend is an Austrian so I have to stop going around saying Heil Hitler
> to Germans tourists which saddens me somewhat: but as I said to a fellow

> poet at he Auckland art gallery where me daughter's friend was playing
some
> Philip Glass and they had an exhibition of Hoch, its a black joke, but
> Hitler proved with complete rigour that humans DO have to eat: of course
> that was a joke its raining now I dont seem to get the energy to send my
> poems anywhere I waste time on enormous emails that probably no one
reads:
> I'm also collecting old young Alan's poemes and I agree with Monsiuer
Orange that
> it is the accumulative effect most interesting Sonny has a big project
one
> of those that probably never can be "deciphered " even if you wanted
> to...have a bad habit (bad?) going from one book to another just borrowed
a
> (latest) book of Alice Notley's poems on Sunday (didnt realise she had so
> many books and had been nominated for the Pulitzer - associated her with
> Berrigan's "card" poems) and it was funny coming out of the library these
> Samoan or (polynesian (young) guys anyway) were waiting opposite one of
> those auto doors and laughing as everyone kept coming up against them and
> they werent opening and it was funny but a bit uncomfortable, for some
> reason I thought of Mr Sammler's Planet with the black guy showing his big
> fulla - threateningly - or at least meaningfully to Mr Sammler, the
Polish
> Jewish intellectual: but it was ok...oh well, have to dash: there's
nothing
> really I have to do (I dont really have to dash) its raining but I'll get
> back to listing books (I've fed the cat) and muttering to meself. Regards,
> all, Richard
> ----- Original Message -----
> From: "kari edwards" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Sent: Tuesday, June 18, 2002 6:02 AM
> Subject: Re: call for submissions
>
>
> Judy Smith McDonough, editor, poetrynow ,
>
>
> I am enclosing (below)two poems for your consideration for poetry now.
here
> is my breif bio:
>

> kari edwards is winner of New Langton Art's Bay Area Award in
> literature(2002), author of a day in the life of p. to be released by
> subpress collective (2002), a diary of lies - Belladonna #27 by Balladonna
> Books (2002) and post/(pink) (2001) (Scarlet Press). edwards¹ work can
also
> be found in Blood and Tears (2000) an anthology on Matthew Shepard,
(Painted
> leaf Press), Bombay Gin, Aufgabe, Fracture, Belight Fiction, In Posse,
> Mirage, Van Gogh's Ear, Puppy Flower, Avoid Strange Men, Nerve Lantern,
FIR
> and The International Journal of Sexuality and Gender Studies.
>
>
>
> _____
> heavens morn
>
> migratory birds, nine beaks ten as the color flame which conveys the
heavens
> green pool in countless inside mornings. the migration bird, nine beaks
ten
> achievement conveys the heavens green basin in the countless inside
morning
> color flame. migratory birds, nine spouts ten like the color flames that
> transport the green sky pond in the mornings of inner countless. the
> expansion bird, nine happening of spouts ten transports the green sky
river
> basin in the inner flame countless of morning color. birds one moves,
nine
> invoices as the color flame which is sky makes green puddle pool in the
> innumerable internal mornings official statement. the migration the bird,
> nine declarations of invoices transmits to basin greens in the color of
> morning innumerable internal flame to the moving sky the birds, nine
casings
> ten that the color the flames which transport the pond of green sky in the
> morning of innumerable internal. the expansion bird, events of nine of the
> casings ten transport green sky river basin in the innumerable internal
> flame of the birds of the morning color. migratory nine invoices ten as
the
> color flame which it sky makes green puddle pool in the innumerable intern
al
> mornings official statement. the migration the bird, nine declarations of

> invoices ten transmits to basin greens in the color of morning innumerable
> internal flame to the moving sky the birds, nine casings ten that the
color
> the flames which transport the pond of green sky in the morning of
> innumerable internal. the expansion bird, events of nine of the casings
ten
> transport green sky river basin in the innumerable internal flame of the
> color of morning.
>
> _____
> one but not
>
> the rock which is not. the rock, which is not. the cliff, than is not.
> the cliff, that is not. the cliff is not that intelligence. the outlier
is
> not this intelligence. is not the rock, is not the cliff rock, compare
not
> the cliff, is not the cliff is not thing the intelligence periphery is not
> this intelligence. is not the cliff, there is not a rock where is not
the
> rock, it sees intelligence the cliff which is not, that cliff information
> the outlier is not information, intelligence it is not. above this
> highland, is not the cliff rock and this highland, the cliff which is not
> under comparing the highland, by information periphery where is not the
> cliff does not. the rock, which is not the rock, which is not the rock
that
> the rock is not, that not the rock is is not that intelligence does not
> attach it is this intelligence. the rock is not, is not the rock rock,
does
> not compare the rock, is not the rock is not thing that the intelligence
> periphery is not this intelligence. the rock is not, it gives no rock,
> where the rock is not, it intelligence sees the rock, which is not that
the
> rock information is not the appendix the information, intelligence that
she
> is not. over this mountain the rock rock and this mountain, the rock, are
> not which is to be compared not under the mountain, by periphery of the
> information, where the rock is not not.
>
>
>
> Ion 6/5/02 7:01 AM, Mcdonough, Judy S. at [REDACTED] wrote:

>
> > poetrynow announces that submissions are now open
> > for poetry for the fall issue.
> >
> > Please submit no more than 4 typed pages as the body of
> > an e-mail (not as an attachment) and include a brief
> > bio including publications to:
> >
> > [REDACTED]
> >
> >
> > Judy Smith McDonough, editor, poetrynow
> >
>

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350. **jason christie**

Re: REvenge of the content provider/now we're cooking with fire

Tue 18 Jun 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>"Wystan",</P>
<P>&nbsp;</P>
<P>"Jason"<BR><BR></P></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>&gt;From: "Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)" <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>&gt;Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>&gt;To: [REDACTED]
<DIV></DIV>&gt;Subject: Re: REvenge of the content provider/now we're
cooking with fire
<DIV></DIV>&gt;Date: Tue, 18 Jun 2002 17:29:31 +1200
<DIV></DIV>&gt;
<DIV></DIV>&gt;Jason,
<DIV></DIV>&gt; "is that a real poem or did you just make it up"
<DIV></DIV>&gt; Wystan
<DIV></DIV>&gt;
<DIV></DIV>&gt;
<DIV></DIV>&gt;-----Original Message-----
<DIV></DIV>&gt;From: jason christie [mailto:[REDACTED]]
<DIV></DIV>&gt;Sent: Tuesday, 18 June 2002 5:17 p.m.
<DIV></DIV>&gt;To: [REDACTED]
<DIV></DIV>&gt;Subject: Re: REvenge of the content provider/now we're
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351. **Nick Piombino**
Content and Its Discontents

Tue 18 Jun 2002

For example, I see investigative poetry as one form of poetic procedure, lagpo, webpoetry, visual poetry would be others - it's not the 'what' that's important but the 'how' and the form of a visual poem might be the way it looks on the page or the web but for me what matters is how it got there. As you and I know there is an analogy to the therapeutic process in this. [By the way I have a copy of Lucy daniels' new bio and i find more of interest 'poetically' in Winnicott, Milner, etc., than Bolas, for example.] The 'material' of therapy is obviously of interest as the 'content' but what is important for me is the way someone 'handles' it - they learn a 'procedure' which helps them deal with itwhile the 'form' of therapy would be the type or school of therapy?

For example, someone's childhood issues can be resolved in hundreds of ways (or not resolved?). In the sameway the procedural in procedural form would be the way a poet lerans to massage his or her life or find the words or pictures to express? (T.Bell)

Nick may be hinting at the usage in psychotherapy of "material" as that which is produced in the day in, day out dialogue of the sessions. Which of course is one way of thinking about the kind of "content" that is being produced here--we have "databases," providing lots of neutralized information, and then the sediment of history, memory, affect, and projection that gives us what--? which arrives at the distinction between information and knowledge. If we start to think in terms of a phenomenology of information--the way information is "intended"--we are getting into an area of "part-voices" and "recombinant selves" that seems to be one way to process procedurally generated work. (B.Watten)

I want

pleasure to be recognized as a legitimate human goal, etc. The question is, is "recognition" itself--of pleasure, or identity, or whatever--a matter of pleasure entirely? Are we entirely pleased when we are recognized? Or is there something else going on that has to do with the nature of the denial of recognition? In the end, I will claim that recognition is a much more important motivation than "mere aesthetic pleasure" in the arts. (B.Watten)

Possibly the reason that music comes to mind as a good analogy to much contemporary writing can be seen in the contrast between Bach's contrapuntal forms (point and counterpoint in which set -arguments- have no choice but to entwine around each other again and again because themes had to be identifiably preserved throughout the text) and those of, say, Debussy, where the content of the thematic material is constantly mutating, and in some instances, may not even be clearly identified or stated in the first place. However, to my listening, in Debussy's most interesting work, for example-Nocturnes- this constant recourse to indeterminacy in no way limits the ability to depict or evoke nuances of emotion. I don't see an equivalent palate of emotion in Mozart, for example or even Webern, although much more emotional intensity in Webern. Now clearly Debussy is not employing any kind of set procedure; on the other hand, a case could be made for comparing the flow of Debussy to the flow of reverie in thought. I think a change takes place in what Tom Bell refers to as -investigation- when phenomenological investigation more and more comes to embrace all states of mind that could possibly be unearthed, imagined or suggested. This is in direct contradiction, of course, to the procedures, or rituals, of most formal religions, for example, a point that Freud was at pains to point out in such works as *The Future of An illusion*. (Strange that Freud was so uninterested in music). I think it leads to a distortion of psychoanalysis, however, to characterize it too strictly by specific procedures, though there are specific procedures that are recommended for both analysand and analyst. Since the unconscious can only be approached indirectly, and by approximation, the analyst must be prepared to improvise interventions in order to successfully track sources of unconscious deformations of reality. Barrett speaks interestingly of a phenomenology of information that relates to processing a sediment of -part

voices- and -recombinant selves-. In psychoanalysis this would have to do with unearthing memories. In psychoanalysis memories are frequently found to be frozen in unprocessed, unreflective, repetitive cycles of affects and clusters of anxious reactions. Barrett also talks about the crucial aspect of recognition in the arts, and that responses enhance identity feelings. I am interested in trying to weave some of these notions towards a clearer sense of recognizable textures of purpose, motivation and momentum, for example, specifically in poetic processes such as poetics. Wouldn't it be useful to understand why writing and publishing poetry creates such strong issues around recognition and response? I understand many of these issues cluster around hierarchy and career, canonization and assessments that have everything to do with the question of the evolutionary value of particular works. But I have a hunch there are actually more structure and process related issues having to do with the forms and procedures that contemporary poets feel driven to employ. I am in a relatively strong position to make some basic comparisons as I have been a practitioner in both psychoanalysis and poetry for some time. In the daily work of psychoanalysis, the material of the analysis is in relatively constant view of both the analyst and the analysand. In the daily work of the poet, there is no such analogical process. Frequently the poet has to wait for quite a long time to receive much, if any, response to specific works or any kind of objective- or even subjective- assessment of their effects or impacts on others or general applicability of particular procedures discovered in and by these works. As a result, the poet is thrown into the position of providing or mimicking this entire process internally. Here is where Barrett's part voices and recombinant selves may come in. These may consist of certain previous evaluative responses to certain aspects of the poet's specific works, themes or characters and or the poet's responses to aspects of such things in the the specific works of other poets and critical responses to their poetry. These are the part-voices and recombinant selves that people the poet's inner world of voices composed of the poet's continually deciphered, multiply interpreted and symbolically and formalistically transposed poetic references and their associations. Millie Niss may have been alluding to picking up on such a process in Jack Spicer. What she may be referring to as -fake- might be better understood as -mimed-. So the poet begins to identify mimed aspects in the works, all kinds of echoes and reverberations of important moments in the reception of heard and read poetry, music, works of visual art seen and processed, as well as music, and the synesthetic effects of the combined reception of all of these works. This is certainly why contemporary innovative poets are drawn to multi-media procedures which seem to offer a prospect of reflecting and transmuting such category- eroding experiences. But aren't these very exhaustive and exhausting efforts on the part of innovative contemporary poets to produce representative artistic responses to such complexly theorized interactions doomed internally to lead eventually to a personal cul-de-sac, not at all for

the combined efforts of the community of poets on the whole, but for the actual sense of accomplishment and progress - there's that word again- of any particular poet? And while much can be said for the benefits of poetic community and for the combined accomplishments of say, the L-A group, it seems that individual poets must still experience intense difficulties in finding momentum to continue to progress and move forward, when specific forms of recognition for specific individual projects are so slow in coming, if ever? As valuable as the outcomes of these agonistic struggles might be for their challenges to the innovative imaginations of individual poetic accomplishment, and as beneficial as these accomplishments might be to the combined community effort towards poetic discoveries as measurable by the focussed inquiries of sympathetic professional critics working within the academic community, it has always been my earnest hope that work in poetics might someday find ways to limit the necessity for so much hurt and displeasure and discontent, and the damage such experiences frequently wreak within the inner lives of some of the most creative minds in our culture. Yes, they are destroyed by madness, but even more by the frustrating, even sadistic indifference of mainstream culture and all too often, even by poets' self-created culture. The idea of a Baudlairian dandyism, bohemian or dressed-up masochism, bad boy and bad girl acting out and cursing out of mainstream culture, or sophisticated isolated jibing of it or mystification of it, even along with the support of sincere, sympathetic and even profound academic interpretation, none of it will for very long deflect the poet's inevitable, frightening momentum towards that cultural quicksand, the morass of cultural isolation and its accompanying bitterness. Always the practical issues with an infinity of poetic implications on every level of choice. Something else is needed. It has everything to do with content, progress, material, part-voices, investigation, recognition, childhood memories, recombinant selves, procedure, fakes, imitations, mimicry, handwritten poetry, visual poetry, sound poetry, web poetry, langpo, psychoanalysis, knowledge, dialogue, databases, pleasure, projection and more. I'm looking to poetics

Nick Piombino

"Famous poets are not famous."

John Ashbery

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352. **Sheila Massoni**

Re: a brief hystery of the pun

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Heidi thanks fro this most informative post my husband puns on me a lot usually when I'm talking seriously it always makes me murderously enraged and

know i have the intellectual reason why the next time he does it I'll drop kick him thanks Sheila

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353. **kari edwards**

Re: call for submissions Kari's Poems and Its Raining

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Richard

k not K in kari

>>

>> I mean that sincerely: what follows is put there not as satire of you

but it was..

kari

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354. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**

Re: a brief hystery of the pun

Tue 18 Jun 2002

And Dr. Samuel Johnson said the pun was Shakespeare's "fatal Cleopatra"...

c

Heidi Peppermint wrote:

To pun, especially to pun abundantly, is an anti-imperialist act with a long tradition. A genealogy of the pun reveals its politicization, feminization, and demonization in Western Europe beginning with the nation building projects of the seventeenth century.

During the Middle-English period, the English language underwent revolutionary changes that brought a wealth of synonyms and an increasing differentiation in usage as well as in meaning and connotation, which was favorable to punning, verbal ambiguity and malapropisms (see Redfern's <Puns>. Despite these resources, English literature developed into a tradition valuing precision more than possibility and, developing this tradition, the nation-building colonial agendas lie at the core. Because language played the most important role in forming national consciousness, due to the fact that the geography of Europe doesn't lend itself to obvious administrative or military boundaries (a point made by Harris and Taylor in one of their linguistic histories), nation-building required dictionaries, grammars and a repression of ambiguity in language use. Furthermore, the colonial project required an aesthetics of mastery and rejection of passivity and a refusal of difference generally.

It's in the context of nation-building, language standardization, and the pun's feminization that Jonathan Swift presents the first example of writing in English to use errant lexis for the explicit purpose of disrupting identity constructed through a normalized language use. Lewis Carroll also employs abundant wordplay as a form of political dissidence. However, not until the twentieth-century, and not coincidentally the beginning of post-colonialism, does a Western aesthetics that embraces the pun emerge. The twentieth-century produces many writers who engage in a politicized punning, for e.g., in Eugene Jolas's "transitions", writers embrace what Jolas called "an interpenetration of languages and other racial elements such as had never been attempted or dreamed of," a revolution of the word the ultimate manifestation of which is, of course, Finnegans Wake. Here, Joyce puns between languages, enacting an aesthetics of passivity and challenging nationalism and xenophobia.

Many lit theorists and other experimental and exploratory writers of the late twentieth century share the Modern emphasis on punning and creating new linguistic orders, however, contemporary punsters of the mid-to late twentieth century and forward remain wary of any new perfect order as imagined by the Moderns. Currently, an abundance of punsters -- Bernstein, Cixous, Derrida, Howe, McLow, Melnick, Mullen, etc. -- attempt linguistic systems of essential endemic disorder. These systems enact a set of relations that include the traditionally excluded. Wordplay and lexical errancy attempt a literature free of nationalist agendas that regulate and delimit identity and community. Noise, that is that which has been excluded as 'le autre', is the defining constitutive element of the abundantly punning text. Portmanteau, puns, neologisms, and the occasional ecstatic whirling gibberish provide sites of irreconcilable non-assimilable pluralities.

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355. **Joe Amato**

Re: Content and Its Discontents

Tue 18 Jun 2002

that's one helluva post, nick piombino...

best,

joe

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356. **Patrick F. Durgin**
Kenning 12 / WAY - update

Tue 18 Jun 2002

WAY / Kenning 12 - the audio edition - is now listed at Amazon.com under the "popular music" category. You save money in shipping by ordering through Small Press Distribution, although Amazon lists the item at 1 cent less than SPD - ?

As a reminder, subscriptions for Kenning 11-13 run \$25.00 - this would give you the following items: OFTEN, a play by Barbara Guest & Kevin Killian; WAY / Kenning 12, a double-CD with recordings of / by Leslie Scalapino, Edwin Torres, Eileen Myles, Anne-Marie Albiach, Nathaniel Mackey, and many others; Kenning 13, a "newsletter" issue featuring the column on 'critical paranoia' with Robert Creeley, Tom Orange and others. Kenning 13 also features new writing by Jesse Seldess, Nathaniel Tarn, Laura Elrick, Susan Schultz et al - and covers designed and printed by David Larsen. Due out first week of July.

Send subscription checks made out to Patrick F. Durgin to the address below.
Ciao -

K e n n i n g

[a newsletter of contemporary poetry, poetics, and nonfiction writing]

383 Summer Street (lower), Buffalo NY 14213, USA

www.durationpress.com/kenning

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357. **Mark Weiss**
Re: a brief hystery of the pun

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Don't believe everything you read, Heidi.

Mark

At 09:28 PM 6/17/2002 -0500, you wrote:

>To pun, especially to pun abundantly, is an anti-imperialist act with a
>long tradition. A genealogy of the pun reveals its politicization,
>feminization, and demonization in Western Europe beginning with the
>nation building projects of the seventeenth century.

>

>During the Middle-English period, the English language underwent
>revolutionary changes that brought a wealth of synonyms and an
>increasing differentiation in usage as well as in meaning and
>connotation, which was favorable to punning, verbal ambiguity and
>malapropisms (see Redfern's <Puns>. Despite these resources, English

>literature developed into a tradition valuing precision more than
>possibility and, developing this tradition, the nation-building colonial
>agendas lie at the core. Because language played the most important
>role in forming national consciousness, due to the fact that the
>geography of Europe doesn't lend itself to obvious administrative or
>military boundaries (a point made by Harris and Taylor in one of their
>linguistic histories), nation-building required dictionaries, grammars
>and a repression of ambiguity in language use. Furthermore, the
>colonial project required an aesthetics of mastery and rejection of
>passivity and a refusal of difference generally.

>

>It's in the context of nation-building, language standardization, and
>the pun's feminization that Jonathan Swift presents the first example of
>writing in English to use errant lexis for the explicit purpose of
>disrupting identity constructed through a normalized language use.
>Lewis Carroll also employs abundant wordplay as a form of political
>dissidence. However, not until the twentieth-century, and not
>coincidentally the beginning of post-colonialism, does a Western
>aesthetics that embraces the pun emerge. The twentieth-century produces
>many writers who engage in a politicized punning, for e.g., in Eugene
>Jolas's "transitions", writers embrace what Jolas called "an
>interpenetration of languages and other racial elements such as had
>never been attempted or dreamed of," a revolution of the word the
>ultimate manifestation of which is, of course, Finnegans Wake. Here,
>Joyce puns between languages, enacting an aesthetics of passivity and
>challenging nationalism and xenophobia.

>

>Many lit theorists and other experimental and exploratory writers of the
>late twentieth century share the Modern emphasis on punning and creating
>new linguistic orders, however, contemporary punsters of the mid-to late
>twentieth century and forward remain wary of any new perfect order as
>imagined by the Moderns. Currently, an abundance of punsters --
>Bernstein, Cixous, Derrida, Howe, McLow, Melnick, Mullen, etc. --
>attempt linguistic systems of essential endemic disorder. These systems
>enact a set of relations that include the traditionally excluded.
>Wordplay and lexical errancy attempt a literature free of nationalist
>agendas that regulate and delimit identity and community. Noise, that
>is that which has been excluded as 'le autre', is the defining
>constitutive element of the abundantly punning text. Portmanteau, puns,
>neologisms, and the occasional ecstatic whirling gibberish provide sites
>of irreconcilable non-assimilable pluralities.

[↑ Contents](#)

Mark

Well, he was BORN in the thirties. That is how he got to be a Jewish kid pretending not to be, and all that stuff.

The first book, Les choses, was published 1965. The last was Cantatrix sopranica L et autreds ecrits scientifiques, in 1991.

--

George Bowering
On the wrong bus.
Fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

360. **. sandra**
inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry

thank you
sandra guerreiro

[↑ Contents](#)

361. **Julie Kizershot**
Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

on 6/18/02 12:32 PM, . sandra at [REDACTED] wrote:

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry*

*thank you
sandra guerreiro*

check out Edwin Torres-- who at least performs multilingual work.

[↑ Contents](#)

362. **Philip Nikolayev**
Multilingual Poetry (Re: inquiry)
Tue 18 Jun 2002

on 6/18/02 12:32 PM, . sandra at [REDACTED] wrote:

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry*

*thank you
sandra guerreiro*

Do you mean poets who write in more than one language, or those write macaronic poetry? If the former, my wife Katia Kapovich writes very successfully in Russian and English. I too started out as a Russian poet and published a fair amount in Russian, but that was a while ago. I only write original verse in English these days, but I translate into Russian on occasion. Another example, our friend Alexander Stessin writes very well in English and Russian. And our friend Yunte Huang writes in English and Mandarin. Does this help at all?

Philip

[↑ Contents](#)

363. **George Bowering**
Re: fiction anthologies
Tue 18 Jun 2002

George,

*I'm so jealous of Canadian innovative prose writers--I can't even
imagine what it would feel like to live in a country where there is a
context and value for one's work. I know you're not in heaven, but
you folks are so lucky.*

*FYI: I did a search for "And Other Stories" on Amazon, and it came
up with 6599 results, ordered by Amazon sales ranking, number one
being The Sneetches and Other Stories Dr. Seuss.*

Hiya. Did anyone tell you about the new innovative fiction anthology
that Christian Bok is editing?

--

George Bowering
On the wrong bus.
Fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

364. **K.Angelo Hehir**
Re: fiction anthologies
Tue 18 Jun 2002

On Tue, 18 Jun 2002, George Bowering wrote:

> Hiya. Did anyone tell you about the new innovative fiction anthology
> that Christian Bok is editing?

actually, this is what this is originally referring to. it's on the anansi web-site
but has it actually been released? with the turmoil in canadian publishing right
now i'd be inclined to think not but my friend lisa moores' book Naked is
brand new and available.

has anyone seen Avant Guard for Thee yet?

bests,
kevin

--

Kevin Angelo Hehir Coordinator Shifting Practices Conference
June 28 - 30, 2002 Resource Centre for the Arts
3 Victoria St. Phone: [REDACTED]
St. John's, NF Fax: [REDACTED]
A1C 3V2 [REDACTED]
http://www.rca.nf.ca/

[↑ Contents](#)

365. **Geoffrey Gatza**
Re: inquiry
Tue 18 Jun 2002

Give Ezra Pound a try. The Cantos

And Pierre Joris does this a bit.

Best and good luck, Geoffrey

On Tue, 18 Jun 2002 14:32:26 -0400 ". sandra" wrote:

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry*

*thank you
sandra guerreiro*

This message powered by EMUMAIL. -- <http://www.EMUMAIL.com>

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366. **cadaly**

Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Cecilia Vicuna

on a more formal note, Aleida Rodriguez

Adeena Karasick?

some of the authors Tinfoil has just published write in pidgin & english

[↑ Contents](#)

367. **Philip Nikolayev**

Re: Multilingual Poetry (Re: inquiry)

Tue 18 Jun 2002

W.N.Herbert writes amazingly in English and Scots, often mixing the two.

[↑ Contents](#)

368. **Patrick F. Durgin**

inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Alfred Arteaga

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry*

*thank you
sandra guerreiro*

K e n n i n g

[a newsletter of contemporary poetry, poetics, and nonfiction writing]

383 Summer Street (lower), Buffalo NY 14213, USA

www.durationpress.com/kenning

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369. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/18/02 2:21:10 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual*

poetry

thank you

sandra guerreiro

Sandra, Here is a poem of mine based on the "translation" of different parts of the Turkish word "Ankara" (the capital of modern turkey). "Ankara: my kind hearted step mother" is a quote from the turkish poet Cemal Süreya.

An/kara: My Kind Hearted Step Mother

Ankara.

An--: moment, second.

kara: black.

Ankara:

Second black, not first.

An(a): mother.

kar: doing it.

kar: snow.

kar(a): to the snow.

kara: land.

kara: black.

K(i)r: prick.

kar(i): the snow.

kari: old crone.

Kirhane: prick house

next to our synagogue in Istanbul there was a prick house,

on wooden tables at the end of Yom Kippur

in the dark, in the intersection of our street and theirs,

the ladies of the night and their pimps left

glasses of water for us to drink

for free: Sebil.

Mysterious Cybil.

So civil-

Ized.

Realized.

thirty years later I went to the same spot.

the synagogue and its porch garden

(where I'd spent two evenings a year, the twinkling lights mixing with the stars through the

Succah)

was all in ruins,

the rusting gate ajar,

and a red rooster was strolling at home among the lunar mounds and weeds.
Red rooster: as in red light district?
Red: kizil.
(Kiz): virgin.
(Kiz): angry.
Yuzde yuz kiz: hundred percent virgin.
Yuz: hundred.
Yuz: face.
Yuz: swim.
Rooster: horoz.
Whore
and oz, as in the Wizard of O's.

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370. **Gary Sullivan**

Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Nada Gordon (English & Japanese), especially in _Foriegnn Bodie_.

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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371. **isat**

Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Russian emigre poet Konstantin Kuzminsky, who lives in upstate NY, has been writing "poetry in tongues," as he calls it, for 30 years now. His landmark one-page prose poem Leopold Havelka incorporates words and phrases from about 30 languages. Kuzminsky has written poems in most European languages, as well as in some most obscure African and Polyneasian langs. You can find the recent NY Times article about him here: <http://magazinnik.com/NYT.htm> There is also an entry on him in the 2nd edition of Dictionary of the Avant-Gardes (edited by R. Kostelanetz, Schirmer Press, 2001)

Best,
Igor S.

<<I was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry

thank you
sandra guerreiro>>

[↑ Contents](#)

372. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>Etel Adnan; David Avidon.<BR><BR></P></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>&gt;From: ". sandra" <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>&gt;Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>&gt;To: [REDACTED]
<DIV></DIV>&gt;Subject: inquiry
<DIV></DIV>&gt;Date: Tue, 18 Jun 2002 14:32:26 -0400
<DIV></DIV>&gt;
<DIV></DIV>&gt;i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
<DIV></DIV>&gt;apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that
write multilingual
<DIV></DIV>&gt;poetry
<DIV></DIV>&gt;
<DIV></DIV>&gt;thank you
<DIV></DIV>&gt;sandra guerreiro
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share and print your photos: <a href='http://g.msn.com/1HM505401/46'>Click
Here</a><br></html>
```

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373. **Maria Damon**

Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

edwin torres?
ezra pound?

At 2:32 PM -0400 6/18/02, . sandra wrote:

```
>i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
>apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
>poetry
>
>thank you
>sandra guerreiro
```

[↑ Contents](#)

374. **Sheila Massoni**

Close reading: Minnis, "A Speech About the Moon"

Tue 18 Jun 2002

5 thou am a sputter me an original me cute where send off for 5 thou PLS adv.
sm.

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375. **Kristin Dykstra**

multilingual

Tue 18 Jun 2002

multilingual, including or excluding bilingual?

some that come to mind --

Alurista

Omar Pérez is currently experimenting with English & Italian as well as his
usual Spanish

Cecilia Vicuña

--On Tuesday, June 18, 2002, 2:32 PM -0400 ". sandra"

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry*

*thank you
sandra guerreiro*

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376. **Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson**

Close reading: Minnis, "A Speech About the Moon"

Tue 18 Jun 2002

<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
The poem's histrionic quality is evident in the title: we're
hearing a
monologue, complete with stage directions ("I think..."
"Then I think..."
"Then I start to cry..."). Minnis is a performer, re-
ally, of her own
emotions, whose strangeness is evoked by the strange-
ness of the images that
come into her mind. Her thoughts are

indeed "like terrible ballet teachers
with canes" in the sense that they seem to be telling her things and making
demands that she doesn't quite grasp. (See, for example, her hilarious
"Report on the Babies," in which each infant the poet encounters seems to
be trying to communicate with her telepathically.)

<P>
What is sometimes hard to take is the self-conscious cuteness of her style.
Many readers will gag on lines like: "I want to wear hot pants," "I'm ready
to plunge into furs," and "A skull ring is actually a good complement to my
diabolical will." This is a particular kind of comic preciousity that women
poets can get away with. Basically, it's camp. Men who try it come off as
drag queens, which suggests that Minnis risks performing a stereotype of
femininity. I raise this point only because the poet won \$5,000, in part,
for being the right gender. I myself think her refusals of solemnity pay
off in many cases, and that the cuteness can't really be separated from her
individual style.</P>

<P> </P>

<P>Dear Andrew, I actually find the baby poem a bit harder to take. I am interested in your observation that women poets can get away with some kind of "comic preciousity" due to their (our) gender. Really? I don't think so, I think maybe she is using a humor or a state of mind that women might relate to more easily than men, whether it makes either gender gag or not. (Personally I wouldn't use the word gag in a close reading.) But what interests me the most is your mention of drag queens. Personally I have thought at times that drag queens are verging awfully close to blackface performers. But that is probably something I shouldn't say here or elsewhere. But I find it interesting that what is perhaps liberating to a man is seen as "comic" in a woman (not that you are saying this, but your argument seems predicated on it to me.)</P>

<P>
 </P>

Elizabeth Treadwell

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</html>

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377. **Andrew Rathmann**

Close reading: Minnis, "A Speech About the Moon"

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Who said the lyric speaker was dead? On the contrary, what we have in the case of Minnis is full-blown lyric exhibitionism, a mode in which in nothing is real but the personality and its inexplicable urges. Doesn't this show that Language writing's hostility to the "voice" is not really shared by all "formally innovative" younger poets?

Zirconia is one strange fit of passion after another. Keats asked, "Why did I laugh tonight?" That seems to be Minnis's question too, for her most characteristic stance is one of a passive sufferer of states of euphoria. Here is "A Speech to the Moon":

<http://www.fencemag.com/v1n2/work/chelseyminnis.html>

The poem's histrionic quality is evident in the title: we're hearing a monologue, complete with stage directions ("I think..." "Then I think..." "Then I start to cry..."). Minnis is a performer, really, of her own emotions, whose strangeness is evoked by the strangeness of the images that come into her mind. Her thoughts are indeed "like terrible ballet teachers with canes" in the sense that they seem to be telling her things and making demands that she doesn't quite grasp. (See, for example, her hilarious "Report on the Babies," in which each infant the poet encounters seems to be trying to communicate with her telepathically.)

What is sometimes hard to take is the self-conscious cuteness of her style. Many readers will gag on lines like: "I want to wear hot pants," "I'm ready to plunge into furs," and "A skull ring is actually a good complement to my diabolical will." This is a particular kind of comic preciousness that women poets can get away with. Basically, it's camp. Men who try it come off as drag queens, which suggests that Minnis risks performing a stereotype of femininity. I raise this point only because the poet won \$5,000, in part, for being the right gender. I myself think her refusals of solemnity pay off in many cases, and that the cuteness can't really be separated from her individual style.

[↑ Contents](#)

378. **Alan Sondheim**

Gauge, Apocalypse

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Gauge, Apocalypse

A absent across An and answered. are Astounded atmospheric bank becomes
behind beneath blasted bleak bloody brutal buildings, But cauterizing caverns

chaos collapsing constant covered cutting, dawns, day, dead. desert disappear-
ances. dissolved, distended. dominated Done, dusks, dust earth electric ene-
mies entire everyone. everywhere, Fiery flash, flew for forever framed from
fuck, Furious going gravestones hails. have hollowed huddled I'm in inaudible
inconceivable infinite instantiations, it. itself J. Jennifer; just language last left
Life lightnings. like Look, losing mouths mute. N. new night, Nikuko, No Noth-
ing nuclear O on once- one organs. our paragraphs. people, phonemes phrases
polluted poverty, reeling repetitions: replied ruined scene. screamed searched
seems sentences She shuddered. shut, silent. skyscrapers. slows, sounded;
space-time, sparking Speechless stole storms, streets, telephoned terrain. ter-
rorism's The these They things. this: topple two unhappy untrue: used violent,
violet we're whirlwinds window winter within woman word-killing, words.
worlds wounded You

Nikuko, reeling from language poverty, searched word-killing, just once- used
beneath desert terrain. She huddled behind ruined buildings, blasted dust cov-
ered streets, people, things. Astounded woman telephoned Jennifer; J. replied
inconceivable chaos everywhere, we're going mute. Nothing sounded; pho-
nemes dissolved, phrases distended. N. screamed I'm losing it. No one an-
swered. Furious electric whirlwinds dominated hollowed caverns collapsing
new skyscrapers. An atmospheric sparking stole sentences and paragraphs. The
earth itself shuddered. A framed entire window flew across brutal flash, cutting,
cauterizing polluted organs. Look, seems like this: You bank on infinite space-
time, constant words. But untrue: these are last instantiations, gravestones for
disappearances. Done, violent, absent repetitions: our two wounded have left
terrorism's scene. O unhappy day, night, bloody dawns, violet dusks, enemies
everyone. Speechless mouths forever shut, silent. Fiery worlds topple within
bleak storms, lightnings. Life slows, becomes inaudible in nuclear winter hails.
They fuck, dead.

—

[↑ Contents](#)

379. **Mister Kazim Ali**

Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

pierre joris' fabulous poem winnetou old (in poasis)
plus others in that same book

also joan retallack

*<<I was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos
that write multilingual*

poetry

thank you

sandra guerreiro>>

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting

behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"

--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

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Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup

<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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380. **ALDON L NIELSEN**

Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

On Tue, 18 Jun 2002 12:45:49 -0600, Julie Kizershot <[REDACTED]> wrote:

on 6/18/02 12:32 PM, . sandra at [REDACTED] wrote:

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry*

thank you

sandra guerreiro

Juan Felipe Herrera and Alfred Arteaga!

[illegible]

Tell Her -- the page I never wrote!
Tell Her, I only said -- the Syntax --
And left the Verb and the Pronoun -- out!
--Emily Dickinson

Aldon L. Nielsen

Kelly Professor of American Literature

The Pennsylvania State University

116 Burrowes

University Park, PA 16802-6200



[↑ Contents](#)

381. **Duration Press**

Re: inquiry

Tue 18 Jun 2002

Myung Mi Kim

> > on 6/18/02 12:32 PM, . sandra at [REDACTED] wrote:
> >
> > > i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
> > > apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write
multilingual
> > > poetry
> > >
> > > thank you
> > > sandra guerreiro

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382. **Clai Rice**

Re: Puns (also re: recognition)

Wed 19 Jun 2002

There is little chance of deploying a natural (human) language at all without the appearance of puns, broadly understood. The poster's terminology, that language poets "use" puns, follows the traditional view that puns are not really puns unless they contribute somehow to a coherent semantic trajectory in line with or resonating with other semantic trajectories of the poem. So the adjectival "still" 'motionless' is always a pun with adverbial "still" 'continuing', but it is not recognized as such until the poem sanctions both readings -- thou still unravished bride of quietness...forever warm and still to be enjoyed, for ever panting, and forever young...

When language poetry dispenses with the coherent semantic trajectory associated with the standard transparent sentence, it also thereby discards the mechanism by which polysemy, homophony, etc. are recognized as puns in the narrow sense. These points at which language depends on some kind of context for disambiguation become exactly the points at which language itself becomes the producer of meaning -- the writing appears as if meaning has emerged from the language itself rather than having been "used" by someone to achieve a particular goal. The pun becomes the type of all meaning production available to language -- accidental rather than intentional and cooperative rather than autocratic.

"A word is a bottomless pit" -hejinian, my life.

Clai Rice

[↑ Contents](#)

383. **Thomas Bell**

Close reading Content and its discontents

Wed 19 Jun 2002

I'm melding these threads as they do seem to come together for me.

I think Nick has voiced his search quite admirably but do have to question his goal of "I'm looking to poetics" as an end. To draw the analogy, it seems to me that in some ways this would be somewhat like looking to Freud and arguments about theory rath than arguments THROUGH practice as seen through practitioners 'doing therapy'. I have a feeling that Nick understands when I say that when I'm doing therapy it's based on bedrock of theory but the actualmpractice (what I say or don't say) is somewhat like a duet and my part is basedon my experience and my experiences of the client as they happen as we seek something that might be helpful. It's neither objective nor subjective to either.

I'm not sure what direction this leads toward, but do feel it's intertwined with something on the close reading thread here as seen in reflecting on biographical, lyric, and workshop work and the focus or anti-focus on the poet. One of the central things with all of these that I think is problematic is the narcissitic focus on the self of the poet (or the anti-narcisstic ploy that is sometimes played)

One of the ways I have been pursuing out of this trap is to try and bring into the poem itself some of the 'institutinal sclerosis' (Mez' great term) and I suspect the same is true for 'techno' work with the hope that with a little imagination the reader can allow herself to be within the institutional sclerosis.

I think another way out of the trap is to be found in the actual artist statements in _Homo Sonorus_ , especially those that take the stance of poem or artwork as 'experiment' and invite the reader to participate rather than proceeding in the artist as hero or heroine stance.

once again I am thinking as I write and jammed for time, but?

tom bell

----- Original Message -----

From: Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Tuesday, June 18, 2002 5:28 PM

Subject: Close reading: Minnis, "A Speech About the Moon"

The poem's histrionic quality is evident in the title: we're hearing a monologue, complete with stage directions ("I think..." "Then I think..." "Then I start to cry..."). Minnis is a performer, really, of her own emotions, whose strangeness is evoked by the strangeness of the images that come into her mind. Her thoughts are indeed "like terrible ballet teachers with canes" in the sense that they seem to be telling her things and making demands that she doesn't quite grasp. (See, for example, her hilarious "Report on the Babies," in which each infant the poet encounters seems to be trying to communicate with her telepathically.)

What is sometimes hard to take is the self-conscious cuteness of her style. Many readers will gag on lines like: "I want to wear hot pants," "I'm ready to plunge into furs," and "A skull ring is actually a good complement to my diabolical will." This is a particular kind of comic preciousness that women poets can get away with. Basically, it's camp. Men who try it come off as drag queens, which suggests that Minnis risks performing a stereotype of femininity. I raise this point only because the poet won \$5,000, in part, for being the right gender. I myself think her refusals of solemnity pay off in many cases, and that the cuteness can't really be separated from her individual style.

Dear Andrew, I actually find the baby poem a bit harder to take. I am interested in your observation that women poets can get away with some kind of "comic preciousness" due to their (our) gender. Really? I don't think so, I think maybe she is using a humor or a state of mind that women might relate to more easily than men, whether it makes either gender gag or not. (Personally I wouldn't use the word gag in a close reading.) But what interests me the most is your mention of drag queens. Personally I have thought at times that drag queens are verging awfully close to blackface performers. But that is probably something I shouldn't say here or elsewhere. But I find it interesting that what is perhaps liberating to a man is seen as "comic" in a woman (not that you are saying this, but your argument seems predicated on it to me.)

Elizabeth Treadwell

<http://www.durationpress.com/authors/treadwell/home.html>

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384. **Tisa Bryant**

More on June Jordan: Poetry for the People In Jeopardy

Wed 19 Jun 2002

More on the significance of June Jordan's passing to our poetry community....

Also, if you are in San Francisco, I've placed an altar in the window of Modern Times Bookstore. Feel free to stop by...

tisa

Breast Cancer Claims Life of 'Mother Poet' June Jordan
Jordan Started Poetry for the People at UC Berkeley

By VIRGINIA GRIFFEY
and PAUL THORNTON
Contributing Writers
Tuesday, June 18, 2002

"At least she was riding beside somebody going somewhere fast about love," award-winning poet June Jordan wrote about the death of Princess Diana in 1997.

Those whose lives were touched by Jordan, who died Friday of breast cancer, could say, "At least she died a 'fighter,' a 'mother poet' and someone who was 'always laughing.'"

She was the poet, activist and UC Berkeley professor who started the celebrated Poetry for the People program at UC Berkeley in 1990. She died at age 65.

In a column for The Progressive magazine last September, she described her background: "I am the daughter of peasants who begged and borrowed their way to these United States. They wanted an escape from no-shoes-no-drinkable-water poverty."

Marcos Ramírez, a UC Berkeley alumnus who first took the course in 1994, said Jordan's class was the most beautiful experience he has had.

"She's like a mother poet to a lot of students," Ramírez said. "I'll never, never forget that." He remembers Jordan as a teacher who spawned a deep interest in poetry in students who took her course.

"Without her I never would have become a poet," Ramírez said. "(Former students) come back to class and say, 'I started out here a stupid, blind fool, and now I have a book of my own.'"

Those she touched were not limited to those she taught.

"It's just such a huge loss because she was, on one level, a fighter," said Matthew Rothschild, editor of The Progressive. "She had such a fierce resistance to injustice. On the other hand, she had a real great sense of humor and a tenderness about her that was unique to her."

Jordan attended Barnard College and the University of Chicago but never earned a degree. She started writing poetry as a child, and her numerous honors and awards include a Rockefeller grant for creative writing and the Achievement Award for International Reporting from the National Association of Black Journalists.

"We were honored to have her write for (The Progressive), and many of the essays that she wrote for us in the last 12 years are gems," Rothschild said. "She opened my eyes to a whole range of issues and art. She turned me on to political poetry."

Poetry for the People is now in jeopardy. The class is not listed in the fall 2002 online schedule of classes, and because of a possible lack of funding from the Undergraduate Division of the College of Letters and Science, it may not be offered in the fall.

Jordan taught the course for its first 11 years and passed it on last semester to lecturer Junichi Semitsu. Jordan was on medical leave last semester.

With 110 students enrolled last semester, the course provided students with a forum to display their poetry and invited ethnic poets to discuss their experiences. Charles Henry, professor and chair of the Department of African American Studies, was unavailable to comment on the course's future. .

The course also provided poetry workshops at Berkeley High School, San Francisco's Glide Memorial Church and Dublin Women's Prison, which Ramírez said was part of Jordan's focus on building a "beloved community."

"I loved June," Ramírez said. "She was there for everybody. We went to New York with her on a book tour—the whole class. That's the kind of person she was."

A campus memorial service is planned tentatively for September, and there will be no formal funeral service, Henry said in a statement. Jordan is survived by her son.

"I can't imagine UC Berkeley without Poetry for the People and June Jordan," Ramírez said. "We have to carry the light for her."

(c) 2002
Berkeley, California
Email: [REDACTED]

Berkeley poet, professor, activist June Jordan dies Poet, activist and University of California, Berkeley professor June Jordan died Friday morning here. She was 65 and had struggled against breast cancer for several years. The full

article will be available on the Web for a limited time:

<http://www.bayarea.com/mld/bayarea/3472741.htm>

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MSN Photos is the easiest way to share and print your photos:
<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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385. **Nate and Jane Dorward**

The Gig #11 now out

Wed 19 Jun 2002

[Sorry for cross-posting. Contributors will see copies by the end of the month.]

T H E G I G # 1 1 (June 2002)

* poetry by Allen Fisher ("Volespin"), Rob MacKenzie, Jackson Mac Low (two poems from the *_Stein_* sequence), Ira Lightman, Frank Sherlock, Lance Phillips, Lissa Wolsak (4 poems from *_a defence of being_*) & Ian Davidson.

* an essay on the politics of macaronic verse by Rob MacKenzie

* reviews of Christian Bok's *_Eunoia_* and Shaw & Strang's *_Busted_* by Pete Smith; of Andrew Duncan by Peter Manson; and more.

The Gig appears three times a year; it publishes new poetry & criticism from the US, Canada, UK & Ireland. Issue #13/14 is forthcoming in 2003, a collection of essays on Tom Raworth (see details below). Backissues are still available, notably #4/5, a 232pp perfectbound collection of essays on the work of the UK poet Peter Riley. Regular issues are 60-64pp chapbooks: see the website at <http://pages.sprint.ca/ndorward/files/> for issue-by-issue listings of contents.

*

Rates for all issues except #4/5: within Canada: single issue: \$7 Cdn (\$12 for institutions); three-issue subscription (or set of three backissues): \$18 (institutions \$36). US subscription: \$14 US (institutions \$28 US). Overseas subscription: 10 pounds (institutions 20 pounds).

Rates for #4/5: within Canada: \$20 Cdn (institutions \$40); within US: \$15 US (institutions \$30); overseas: 11 pounds surfacemail, 13 pounds airmail (institutions 20 pounds). (NOTE: see the deal for a combined packet of the Raworth & Riley issues, below.)

All prices include postage. Make cheques out to "Nate Dorward". Write to: Nate Dorward, 109 Hounslow Ave., Willowdale, Ontario, M2N 2B1, Canada; e-mail:

<[REDACTED]>. Copies may be obtained within the UK through Peter Riley (Books), 27 Sturton Street, Cambridge, CB1 2QG; e-mail: <[REDACTED]>.

*

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Gig 13/14: a special issue on the work of Tom Raworth

A double-issue of _The Gig_ magazine is in preparation, to be published on April 1st, 2003. This will be a perfectbound book of essays on the work of Tom Raworth. Tom has published over 40 volumes of poetry and prose, and has been active for four decades as an editor, publisher, printer, visual artist, collaborator and translator; his books include _The Relation Ship_, _A Serial Biography_, _Moving_, _Act_, _Ace_, _Logbook_, _Writing_, _Clean & Well Lit_ and a selected poems, _Tottering State_ (now in its 3rd edition, from O Books). _The Gig_'s special issue will be the first substantial collection of criticism and commentary on a body of writing that has been widely influential and admired on both sides of the Atlantic and in many languages. The issue will be budgeted for 250-300pp. A tentative list of contributors: Nigel Alderman, Rae Armantrout, David Ball, John Barrell, cris cheek, Ian Davidson, Ken Edwards, Dominique Fourcade, Ben Friedlander, Lyn Hejinian, John Higgins, Anselm Hollo, Fanny Howe, JCC Mays, Anthony Mellors, Peter Middleton, Tyrus Miller, Drew Milne, Alan Munton, Ian Patterson, Marjorie Perloff, Simon Perril, Anne Portugal, Libbie Rifkin, Kit Robinson, Claude Royet-Journoud, Leslie Scalapino, Lytle Shaw, Ron Silliman, Keith Tuma, Geoff Ward, John Wilkinson and Tim Woods.

The Gig needs advance support to ensure the publication of this book. (It is a Canadian publication, and thus not eligible for public funding since its subject-matter is a British author.) The advance subscription price is \$20 Canadian dollars/\$15 US dollars (prices includes airmail within North America); or for overseas £13/\$28 Cdn (includes airmail overseas). This amount may of course be increased by anyone who wishes thus to support the venture, and such support will be acknowledged.

(NB: Copies of _The Gig_'s previous double-issue are still available, a 232pp volume of essays on the poetry of Peter Riley. Advance subscribers to the Raworth volume may additionally purchase the Riley volume for a specially reduced price of \$15 Cdn/\$10 US in North America, or £9/\$20 Cdn.)

Please make out payment to "Nate Dorward," and send to: _The Gig_, Nate Dorward, 109 Hounslow Ave., Willowdale, ON, M2N 2B1, Canada; ph: [REDACTED]; email: <[REDACTED]>.

*

Nate & Jane Dorward

██████████

THE GIG magazine: <http://pages.sprint.ca/ndorward/files/>

109 Hounslow Ave., Willowdale, ON, M2N 2B1, Canada

ph: ██████████

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386. **George Bowering**

Fwd: Rejected posting to ██████████

Wed 19 Jun 2002

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry*

*thank you
sandra guerreiro*

*Erin Moure does some of her work in Gallician. Gwen MacEwen actually
published some poems writ in Egyptian hieroglyphics.*

--

*George Bowering
On the wrong bus.
Fax ██████████*

--

George Bowering

On the wrong bus.

Fax ██████████

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387. **richard.tylr**

Re: call for submissions Kari's Poems and Its Raining

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Kari. NO. I made a sincere complement. I added the rest which is in the vein of my usual nochalant ravings which eg Alan Sondheim likes but maybe no one else its just what I do: in fact if I was satiriising anyone it was MYSELF.

THE REASON FOR INCLUDING IT WAS THAT I GET A BIT MIFFED AT THE FACT THAT THEY ONLY ALLOW TWO EMIALS PER DAY PER MEMBER.

So the message was 1) To kari edwards beautiful poems especially the first one. Brilliant work: I like that kind of writing you are doing. 2) Good

credentials. Then I added: The following is separate, IT IS NOT SATIRE OR ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOUR WORK OR BIO and that message was my usual rave: in fact it has some quotes from the back of my own book (my immortal "Singing in the Slaughterhouse" 1991, Auckland. ... if I do satirise Bios it is not serious:

I've sent bios and they usually say something like: Richard is New Zealand's most brilliant failure and has been known to move on occasion.(That was in Poetry New Zealand)(or something like it). My initial approach would be like yours of course, more respectful....

So: there were TWO very SEPARATE messages for the price of one.

I might be an idiot but I am not hurtful of people: or I try my best in my gloomed skull....

I say e leai (sorry in Samoan) for the confusion. Sincerely, yours

Richard von Taylor.

----- Original Message -----

From: "kari edwards" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 1:14 AM

Subject: Re: call for submissions Kari's Poems and Its Raining

Richard

k not K in kari

I mean that sincerely: what follows is put there not as satire of you

but it was..

kari

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388. **James Parr**

Summer poetics. Music. Pleasure.

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Can't get over seasons-- have read Foucault and such, and disciplined and punished frequently, maybe not enough, but I really like this list.

Mr. Watten gets to the heart of all these issues, and I can't help but relate them to the delete key-- read on, this is hardly an Eminemesque diss. We have time, we do things with it. Filters are far from obvious-- people like us (humanist

overstatement) read on lists like this because there might be something we can build on/respond to.

When I check email after a long day of grading papers, writing a pretty weak dissertation on 20th century poetry, drinking, whatever, the approaches to "intellectual stimulation" are based on:

- 1) Whether or not my computer science roommate is home listening to Candlebox and cooking instant waffles,
- 2) Whether or not I have a phone message from my dad who is getting older and close to dying,
- 3) Whether or not I want to read books or books about books or books about books about people reading books,
- 4) Whether or not my desire for something called "art" shall overcome/outweigh my desire to accomplish very simple, very "pleasurable" tasks like eating, fornicating, listening to the new Guided by Voices album, going to the local three-dollar movie theater even if they're showing crap films (which are kind of fun if you only have to pay three dollars).

My question-- is the critique of pleasure still possible? How does this relate to content, in both senses? It's kind of weird to discuss something like Detroit techno, which has been around for over ten years, when I have a crush on a girl who made fun of me for buying the last Dntel release, and for liking the third-to-last Squarepusher, when I should like the last one. She says.

My pleasure taken from UBPoetics is panning for wisdom between emails for "Fisting Fun" and "Credit Solutions for Life" and "Farm Girls Make the Animals Happy" and "You now own a car!" Simple humanist says, this is abhorrent victory of global capitalism, lil' French theorista says yes, you want this, humble wannabe-poet says go take walk and see how the crippled dog next door is doing and give it a pet around the ears.

Just as long as we're being honest-- are we failed for not being "political" enough when we read email and maybe a poem or a novel or the newspaper? I think pleasure is generally blank, as in-- I enjoyed something and I could tell you about it, but that's that. And I do take pleasure in things like labor strikes by graduate students at an overly-funded public university as well-- we generally go out afterwards and have beer and listen to "authentic" things like the Clash or the Ramones. And we pay for this fun, but we don't at the same time. What's beyond fun?

Content/indeed,

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389. **richard.tylr**

Re: Perec Rousell Robbett-Grillett Riddling Riddling Riddling A

Wed 19 Jun 2002

George Etal. I was alerted initially to Perec via I think either Tony or Scott Hamilton and then of course via Perloff's "Radical Artifice" which I mentioned to Tony last night at a reading here in Auckland. I actually have Les Choses in French (PB) (cant read it very well though if at all...) ...but Perec is a fascinating writer: my take on what I know of him is that eg A Void waas trying to show concretly something that possesed him then and the void an so on (the absence of "e" was it or "a" ?) and by "content" and once he'd doe that he did his puzzles nad so one and his "Life A User's Manual" which i've read part of: he must have been influenced by Robett-Grillet and maybe Raymond Rousell (J A's baby) R-B is a favourite writer of mine: but in regard to Perec I have a feeling that the fact that "Avoid" was in prose already "evens ' the language and the "tenor" of the work and I assume from what others have said it is the accumulative affect that is interesting and possibly quite powerful: I think what Tony is trying to do is good in its place (it would be good merely as a kind of "five finger exercise")but by restricting himself in this way any weaknesses become magnified: I myself find the repetition too cloying too much: but it doesnt mean that Tony's efforts are wasted (I know you havent said that)...it is true that "its been done before" but maybe by dint of effort Tony may get to something "rich and strange"...some of the lines are quite haunting: my problem with (not only Tonys is (if the writing doesnt seize me so to speak and that could be my fault) is I begin to question "why" although I've also asked that of my own writing and answer came there none....) Tony is young (comp. to me) and he may develop with study and good old Time...I feel he's going for something that is to Rousellian: too self enclosed may over Swinburnated... although whose to say what's "too" anything: that's my feeling:but maybe he'll burst thru into something new and precious, who knows... Auden with his formal experiments and usage usually has something to communicate and that impulse he passed on to a lot of younger writers.....nowadays we've moved right on. Just some thoughts. Perec's total ouevre I feel had a lot to do with riddling and his humour and maybe that sense of the Void:(I wish I could read French)...(eg his amusing post cards sent Calvino) and so on... Regards, Richard. ----- Original Message ----- From: "George Bowering" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 6:27 AM Subject: Fwd: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

> >"

> >

> >>People have been doing this since the 30s, I think. When did Perec do his

> >>stuff, I may be off a decade.

> >>
> >>Mark
> >
> >Well, he was BORN in the thirties. That is how he got to be a Jewish
> >kid pretending not to be, and all that stuff.
> >
> >The first book, Les choses, was published 1965. The last was
> >Cantatrix sopranica L et autres écrits scientifiques, in 1991.
>
> --
> George Bowering
> On the wrong bus.
> Fax [REDACTED]

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390. **David Baratier**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Ivan Arguelles

Sofia M. Starnes

John M. Bennett

Jimmy Santiago Baca

> > > i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
> > > apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write
multilingual
> > > poetry
> > >
> > > thank you
> > > sandra guerreiro

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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391. **austinwja**

Re: Multilingual Poetry (Re: inquiry)

Wed 19 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/18/02 2:58:28 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< > i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets

apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual poetry

thank you

sandra guerreiro

Konstantine Kuzminsky, the subject of a recent New York Times article (Metro section), might be of help to you. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

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392. **Mark DuCharme**

Re: Puns (also re: recognition)

Wed 19 Jun 2002

When language poetry dispenses with the coherent semantic trajectory associated with the standard transparent sentence, it also thereby discards the mechanism by which polysemy, homophony, etc. are recognized as puns in the narrow sense....

the

writing appears as if meaning has emerged from the language itself rather than having been "used" by someone to achieve a particular goal.

Which "language" poets are you referring to, who dispense "with the coherent semantic trajectory"? Certainly not Lyn Hejinian, whom you quote. Certainly not Ron Silliman, Bob Perelman, Carla Harryman, Rae Armantrout, Ray Di-Palma. These poets all dispense with coherent ~narrative~ trajectory-- but that is something else again. Well, yes there is also Bruce Andrews, whose works are often funnier (notice I didn't say "fun") than one might expect. Yet even he undoubtedly is "using" language to achieve his "goals."

(What is a ~semantic~ trajectory, anyway? Here I think you may mean grammatical trajectory, unless you are thinking of the connotations of words leading one to the other in an orderly fashion. All of these poets set meanings ricocheting-- but that is also true of many poets you wouldn't think of as langpos. Here we have to refer to semantic TRAJECTORIES in the sense of not being limited to one).

As for a "natural (human) language," I don't believe I have encountered that beast.

Mark DuCharme

'poetry because things say'

—Bernadette Mayer

<http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm>

<http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm>

MSN Photos is
the easiest way to share and print your photos:
<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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393. **Aaron Belz**

Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

here's an interesting but annoying feature in Microsoft Word. I just typed "April is the most depressing month," and up popped a little cartoon of Calliope with a talk balloon that said:

It looks like you're writing a poem.

Would you like to get help?

- o Get help with writing the poem
- o Just type the poem without help
- o Cancel

Has anyone else seen this??

-Aaron

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394. **Geoffrey Gatz**

Re: Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

When I do it I get a caricature cartoon of a very portly Ford Maddox Ford starting on how he, Elliot and Pound would go on over supper about the weather and how cruel that month was in London. He claims it was he and not Pound who edited the first line ... does anyone know how to shut this feature off??? I can't stand it anymore ... he keeps smacking his cartoon lips and is making me not want to eat lunch

Best, Geoffrey

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:] On Behalf Of Aaron Belz

Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 12:31 PM

To:

Subject: Microsoft Word

here's an interesting but annoying feature in Microsoft Word. I just typed "April is the most depressing month," and up popped a little cartoon of Calliope with a talk balloon that said:

It looks like you're writing a poem.

Would you like to get help?

- o Get help with writing the poem
- o Just type the poem without help
- o Cancel

Has anyone else seen this??

-Aaron

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395. **Camille Martin**

Re: multilingual poetry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

>i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets

>apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write >multilingual poetry

| thank you
| sandra guerreiro

Victor Hernandez Cruz (_By Lingual Wholes_, for example)

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396. **oranget**

inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

hi sandra,

add to the list (under the bilingual heading at least):

nicole crossard

erin moure

bests,

tom

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397. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

On Wed, 19 Jun 2002 [REDACTED] wrote:

> nicole crossard

> erin moure

>

I would like to use one of each member's allotted two posts per day to make a non-snotty remark (Sinuplex, it's great stuff) and say that these two poets totally, unequivocally rock. Such is my word. Moure, for example, has evolved into this incredible po-form that just makes you gasp. Everyone should read them both.

Gwyn (not paid to say this but would now consider free books)

[↑ Contents](#)

398. **Mister Kazim Ali**

Re: Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

one time in a fit of pique i called up my little

Microsoft "Helper" (Albert Einstein, sometimes holding
a coffee cup, sometimes not)

and typed "Why write"

he came back with (the comma splice in the last option is his, not mine!)

what do you want to do?

- type text
- type existing text
- automatically create a letter in Japanese
- use the Letter wizard to create a Japanese letter
- create a letter in English when you work in another language
- create a letter in Japanese
- create a letter
- get help for Visual Basic for Applications in Word
- obtain a digital certificate
- none of the above, look for more help on the web

--- Aaron Belz <[REDACTED]> wrote:
> here's an interesting but annoying feature in
> Microsoft Word. I just typed
> "April is the most depressing month," and up popped
> a little cartoon of
> Calliope with a talk balloon that said:
>
>
> It looks like you're writing a poem.
>
> Would you like to get help?
>
> o Get help with writing the poem
>
> o Just type the poem without help
>
> o Cancel
>
>
> Has anyone else seen this??
>
> -Aaron

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting
behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"

--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup

<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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399. **cadaly**

Re: Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Word asks me if I want to write a letter.

Catherine Daly



P.S. WordPerfect was developed by an LDS company which now owns? is owned by? (Canadian) Corel. Does this mean all letters, words, pictures, hierarchically related to an LDS member are Perfected?

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400. **Michael Magee**

Re: multilingual poetry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

According to Camille Martin:

>

> >i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets

> >apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write >multilingual

> poetry

>

> >thank you

> >sandra guerreiro

Two very interesting poets in the latest issue of COMBO (#10): Yago Said Cura and Romina Freschi - the poems include Spanish and English in very interesting ways. -m.

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401. **jason christie**

Re: Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

seems like there might be poetential there for a creative misuse of this feature... i wish i had it but am stuck in the world of wordperfect.

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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402. **jason christie**

YARD reading, JUNE 21st

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Not only is this Friday, June 21st, the summer solstice, there's going to be a reading in my backyard too. Not just my kneck of the woods, actually in my yard.

The lineup:

Nikki Reimer: Red-hot stone found mainly along 17th Ave SW under close scrutiny by several local geologists.

Tom Muir: Has been seen around town waving his fingers at the sides of his head, we believe he is a moose in human disguise. Further research pending.

Janet Neigh: If the future is an archive, then we are digitized only moments from now and the program will be unveiled, though not necessarily by Janet, and not necessarily in Calgary.

Ian Samuels: This web-like protocol understands the innate actions of the food-paths in and around Calgary's downtown core from studious observation of the subjects in their natural habitat. His mind keeps the buildings up.

Further notes:

Weather permitting. There is limited seating, so bring a chair, bring a blanket, some beverages, some food. And bring some writing as well. There will be an open mic for as long as the sun will allow. Please limit open mic time to one or two poems.

The details:

1340 19th Ave NW

Calgary, Alberta

T2M 1A5

7:00 PM

For information, or further details, please call [REDACTED] or email [REDACTED].

Hope to see you there.

<<Sorry if this is a repeat email>>

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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403. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/19/02 12:32:33 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

here's an interesting but annoying feature in Microsoft Word. I just typed "April is the most depressing month," and up popped a little cartoon of Calliope with a talk balloon that said:

It looks like you're writing a poem.

Would you like to get help?

o Get help with writing the poem

o Just type the poem without help

o Cancel

This itself is a poem.

Murat

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404. **Duration Press**

Re: Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

that's why i turn the helpers off...

turned it off after seeing clippy for the first time in office 2000...turned it off immediately when i upgraded to xp...

----- Original Message -----

From: "Aaron Belz" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 12:30 PM

Subject: Microsoft Word

> here's an interesting but annoying feature in Microsoft Word. I just typed
> "April is the most depressing month," and up popped a little cartoon of
> Calliope with a talk balloon that said:
>
>
> It looks like you're writing a poem.
>
> Would you like to get help?
>
> o Get help with writing the poem
>
> o Just type the poem without help
>
> o Cancel
>
>
> Has anyone else seen this??
>
> -Aaron
>
>
>

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405. **david.bircumshaw**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

I think the number of poets who have wrote well in different languages is minimal; Milton's Latin poems are second-rate, for example, as are Eliot's French pieces. I have no doubt that it is possible to do so, but the names that have been largely cited here have evinced in me a reaction that borders on 'yer wot?'. The ability to write in more than one tongue does not mean that the productions in second or third languages will be any good.

Any artist has to respect his/her material, in the case of poetry that material is simply and just language, pallid washes of other speech do not work. Period. They just bore.

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Leicester, England

Home Page

A Chide's Alphabet

Painting Without Numbers

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

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406. **Duration Press**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

seems, tho, that a great deal of the names cited here have english as their second language, & are, nonetheless very strong poets writing in english...

----- Original Message -----

From: "david.bircumshaw" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 3:00 PM

Subject: Re: inquiry

> I think the number of poets who have wrote well in different languages is
> minimal; Milton's Latin poems are second-rate, for example, as are Eliot's
> French pieces. I have no doubt that it is possible to do so, but the names
> that have been largely cited here have evinced in me a reaction that
borders

> on 'yer wot?'. The ability to write in more than one tongue does not mean
> that the productions in second or third languages will be any good.

>

> Any artist has to respect his/her material, in the case of poetry that
> material is simply and just language, pallid washes of other speech do not
> work. Period. They just bore.

>

> Best

>

> Dave

>

>

> David Bircumshaw

>

> Leicester, England
>
> Home Page
>
> A Chide's Alphabet
>
> Painting Without Numbers
>
> <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>
>
>
>

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407. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Then of course there's Chatterton -

Alan

Internet text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Partial at
http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html Trace Projects at
<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> CDROM of collected work
1994-2002 available: write [REDACTED]

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408. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Dave,

I think your argument misses the point. What we (at least myself) are talking about here is the simultaneous presence in two languages, more specifically, in the rift/break space between two languages - something Goddardian in poetry - a montage of breaks...

Murat

In a message dated 6/19/02 3:07:29 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

*I think the number of poets who have wrote well in different languages
is*

minimal; Milton's Latin poems are second-rate, for example, as are Eliot's French pieces. I have no doubt that it is possible to do so, but the names that have been largely cited here have evinced in me a reaction that borders on 'yer wot?'. The ability to write in more than one tongue does not mean that the productions in second or third languages will be any good.

Any artist has to respect his/her material, in the case of poetry that material is simply and just language, pallid washes of other speech do not work. Period. They just bore.

Best

Dav

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409. **J Gallaher**

Re: suggestions for Kazim Ali

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Kazim,

The Spicer book of books is a great read.

I would have suggested the new Collected Oppen, even though.

Or perhaps a couple POETICS LIST people: Maybe Susan Wheeler's *_Source Codes_* as it's been mentioned a bit recently. Or going back a couple years, Rachel Loden's *_Hotel Imperium_* remains one of my favorites.

Best,

JGallaher

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410. **Mark Weiss**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

How about an example? It's still not clear if you mean macaronics or say Charles d'Orleans.

At 03:25 PM 6/19/2002 -0400, you wrote:

>Dave,

>

>I think your argument misses the point. What we (at least myself) are talking
>about here is the simultaneous presence in two languages, more specifically,
>in the rift/break space between two languages - something Goddardian in
>poetry -a montage of breaks...

>

>Murat

>

>

>In a message dated 6/19/02 3:07:29 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

>

> >I think the number of poets who have wrote well in different languages
> >is

> >

> >minimal; Milton's Latin poems are second-rate, for example, as are Eliot's
> >

> >French pieces. I have no doubt that it is possible to do so, but the names
> >

> >that have been largely cited here have evinced in me a reaction that bor-
ders

> >

> >on 'yer wot?'. The ability to write in more than one tongue does not mean
> >

> >that the productions in second or third languages will be any good.

> >

> >

> >

> >Any artist has to respect his/her material, in the case of poetry that

> >

> >material is simply and just language, pallid washes of other speech do
> >not

> >

> >work. Period. They just bore.

> >

> >
> >
> >Best
> >
> >
> >
> >
> >Dav

[↑ Contents](#)

411. **david.bircumshaw**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Murat

like (I think) Mark, I'm not quite clear what point it is that I'm supposed to be missing. I can quite understand notions of bridging or opening the rifts between different languages but all I am saying is that is tremendously hard to do. Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake' has been cited on this thread, to my mind it is a failure, some bits work, but overall.... no!

What seems to be bubbling under the surface is unhappily English as everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a clamour of non-native speakers wanting to be recognised as poets in Lithuanian or Burmese for example. I don't deny for a moment that it's possible to write well in more than one language, but, gawd, it's hard.

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Leicester, England

Home Page

A Chide's Alphabet

Painting Without Numbers

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

----- Original Message -----

From: "Murat Nemet-Nejat" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 8:25 PM

Subject: Re: inquiry

Dave,

I think your argument misses the point. What we (at least myself) are talking about here is the simultaneous presence in two languages, more specifically, in the rift/break space between two languages - something Goddardian in poetry -a montage of breaks...

Murat

In a message dated 6/19/02 3:07:29 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

>I think the number of poets who have wrote well in different languages
>is
>
>minimal; Milton's Latin poems are second-rate, for example, as are Eliot's
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>French pieces. I have no doubt that it is possible to do so, but the names
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>that have been largely cited here have evinced in me a reaction that
borders
>
>on 'yer wot?'. The ability to write in more than one tongue does not mean
>
>that the productions in second or third languages will be any good.
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>Any artist has to respect his/her material, in the case of poetry that
>
>material is simply and just language, pallid washes of other speech do
>not
>
>work. Period. They just bore.
>
>
>
>Best
>
>
>
>Dav

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412. **J Gallaher**
Re: author photos
Wed 19 Jun 2002

Aaron captions this author photo:

"Why do you never pick up your socks?"
<http://www.versepress.org/sikelianos.html>

OK, now that's just plain funny . . . Aw shucks, author photos sure are difficult things to sit still for, aren't they?

This is, for me, the most interesting aspect of the POETICS list (here shone in its antic phase). How writing a poem or a book of poems is one thing, say maybe step one in a conversation of monologues . . . but the rest of the conversation around that poem or book goes on off stage. So the poet writes something and then poof it's gone. And people maybe talk or don't but the poet doesn't get to hear.

That's why I really liked how Susan Wheeler's *_Source Codes_* was talked about recently . . . and then how she joined the conversation. (too bad it didn't continue longer) Would that all books were brought up here in similar fashion.

As for author photos: Jorie Graham actually looks HAPPY in hers (On the back of "Never" at your local bookstore).

best,
JG

PS. And this one, though it's mercifully too small to actually see, John is thinking "um, uh, I should be making some sort of face shouldn't I". (And it was the best of the roll . . . gads)

<http://www.oranda.net/cgi-spuyten/spuyten/perlshop.cgi?ACTION=thispage&thispage=gallaher.html&ORDER_ID=126234093>

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413. **Stephen Ellis**
Re: Microsoft Word
Wed 19 Jun 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>&lt;&lt; Has anyone else seen this?? &gt;&gt;</P>
<DIV></DIV>
<P>Yeah, but Calliope?&nbsp; I thought all this time it was Dick
```

Cheney. You know, the guy who at the end of his interviews says to his probably taciturn hearers, "now turn off the tv before the terrorists see you . . . "

</P></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>>From: Aaron Belz <[REDACTED]>

<DIV></DIV>>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

<DIV></DIV>>To: [REDACTED]

<DIV></DIV>>Subject: Microsoft Word

<DIV></DIV>>Date: Wed, 19 Jun 2002 11:30:52 -0500

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>>here's an interesting but annoying feature in Microsoft Word. I just typed

<DIV></DIV>>"April is the most depressing month," and up popped a little cartoon of

<DIV></DIV>>Calliope with a talk balloon that said:

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>> It looks like you're writing a poem.

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>> Would you like to get help?

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>> o Get help with writing the poem

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>> o Just type the poem without help

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>> o Cancel

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>>Has anyone else seen this??

<DIV></DIV>>

<DIV></DIV>>-Aaron

<DIV></DIV></div><br clear=all><hr>Get your FREE download of MSN Explorer at http://explorer.msn.com.
</html>

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414. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

This Poem Wizard must be a new feature, one I'll no doubt find on the new computer I expect to receive next week. It doesn't happen on the Word 6.0 on my 1998 computer. But then, I use WordPerfect, which seems to be on one side of a sectarian split between Word and WordPerfect users.

While this might be a handy guide for a high school homework assignment, I'd feel insulted by The Inanimate (and Microsoft) if a little Wizard were to pop up and stick his nose into a poem I was writing. I've been writing poems long enough without help, thanks.

But incidents like this make me understand why Hunter Thompson and Elvis Presley shot their TV sets in their more twisted moments.

When the new computer arrives, I won't try to write a poem using Word. I don't want to go gonzo before I've even paid the bill. If I lapse, I'll try to keep a water pistol handy.

Thanks for the heads-up.

Vernon

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415. **Steven Shoemaker**

query on art and time

Wed 19 Jun 2002

I'm going to be teaching a course on "time and art" and would be interested in hearing suggestions about possible texts to use. It's a freshman writing course, so these texts will need to be relatively accessible. Right now, I'm thinking that one unit will center on poetry, one on painting and one on film (a fourth unit will be less text-based, more anthropological and investigative). The assumption of the course is that time is a fundamental human "problem"-so that literary and visual arts have evolved various strategies for controlling, regulating, and negotiating it. For the poetry unit, I'm thinking of using a few Shakespeare sonnets, some haiku, Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress," maybe also "Tintern Abbey." For film, I'm thinking of using Memento. For painting, I'm least decided, but know I'd like to do something with Cubism (and along with this, I want to introduce the ideas of space-time and relativity). Anyway, I'd love to hear further suggestions for any of these various "arts," and I also want to put together some essays (or excerpts) to use as well, so tips along these lines would be valuable too.

Thanks in advance,
Steve

PS.

It occurs to me that I didn't mention any *modern* poems above. Any ideas?

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416. **Libbie Rifkin**

Re: query on art and time

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Quickly, and perhaps too obvious: it seems like you might include some O'Hara or Berrigan or Raworth--poems that literally tell the time: "It's 8:54 a.m. in Brooklyn..."

-----Original Message-----

From: Steven Shoemaker [mailto:████████]

Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 4:43 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: query on art and time

I'm going to be teaching a course on "time and art" and would be interested in hearing suggestions about possible texts to use. It's a freshman writing course, so these texts will need to be relatively accessible. Right now, I'm thinking that one unit will center on poetry, one on painting and one on film (a fourth unit will be less text-based, more anthropological and investigative). The assumption of the course is that time is a fundamental human "problem"--so that literary and visual arts have evolved various strategies for controlling, regulating, and negotiating it. For the poetry unit, I'm thinking of using a few Shakespeare sonnets, some haiku, Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress," maybe also "Tintern Abbey." For film, I'm thinking of using Memento. For painting, I'm least decided, but know I'd like to do something with Cubism (and along with this, I want to introduce the ideas of space-time and relativity). Anyway, I'd love to hear further suggestions for any of these various "arts," and I also want to put together some essays (or excerpts) to use as well, so tips along these lines would be valuable too.

Thanks in advance,
Steve

PS.

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417. **Patrick F. Durgin**

call for work - Rod Smith author page at EPC

Wed 19 Jun 2002

All -

I'm creating / editing a new EPC author page for poet, publisher, etc Rod Smith. Currently I'm seeking critical responses to Smith's work, of various kinds, and would appreciate anyone who's written and / or published work on this poet's work to contact me. Not only am I building a bibliography to be published at the EPC, but I hope to publish a good amount of criticism on the site.

Please reply to [REDACTED] - and spread word to interested parties. Thanks -

Patrick F. Durgin

K e n n i n g

[a newsletter of contemporary poetry, poetics, and nonfiction writing]

383 Summer Street (lower), Buffalo NY 14213, USA

www.durationpress.com/kenning

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418. **Charlotte Mandel**

Re: June Jordan

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Thank you, Aldon, for June Jordan's delicate "Bus Window" - but I did appreciate that the NYTimes obit quoted one of the poems she read last November (so vivid it seems just a month or so ago) at the celebration of the Barnard Women's Center 30th anniversary. She was all charm, energy and feisty humor, and sparkled with unwavering sense of living political history. Charlotte

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419. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: query on art and time

Wed 19 Jun 2002

The Pedestrian: Lower West Side, New York

At six thirty every night
he walks down Bleecker Street
stopping to look at a print
in a shop window: The Last Judgement.

At six thirty-eight he crosses
Bedford Street, going towards

St Luke's, stops at the corner
to stare intently
at rush-hour traffic.

Then he slips into Wendy's
and points to a Coke, but
they won't let him have it,
every day, no day.

At six fifty he falls to his knees
at the corner of Hudson and Clarkson
in front of the sidewalk signboard
for Spicer's Pet Shop
(Dogs, Cats, Aquarium Accessories).

For twenty minutes,
hands crossed on his chest,
he prays, either to Spicer,
or to the dogs,
or to the cats,
or to the fish,
or to New York,
or to the giant mouse of darkness
which has ten thousand eyes
in twenty-eight floors.

At seven fifteen,
soul purified,
he returns to his hotel,
where blue roses bloom on the walls
like blows from fists,
and Ra, the Egyptian god,
wearing the head of a jackal,
stares down from overhead.

--Miroslav Holub

[from *Vanishing Lung Syndrome*, 1990;
trans. David Young and Dana Habova]

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: 

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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420. **cadaly**

Re: query on art and time

Wed 19 Jun 2002

#2 post o' the day

It is interesting to me that the overly-specific place and time titles are romantic.

What about thinking of time in a variety of ways?

Music and time?

Shakespeare's plays not sonnets?

Memento is about memory-and-time. What about simultaneity? Split screen? Campy lack of tracking (often involving clocks in lower budget movies)? Teleporting? Lost time in science fiction? "Lost weekends"?

Time and grammar and tense? Ways that questions / the interrogative and answers take place in time? Interstices?

Then a jillion poems come to mind.

Sounds like a cool class.

Be well,

Catherine Daly



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421. **Fargas Laura**

Re: query on art and time

Wed 19 Jun 2002

There's the "a los cinco de la tarde" in "Llanto por Ignacio Sanchez Mejias" --

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422. **Joel Weishaus**

Re: Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

When I do it I get a caricature cartoon of a very portly Ford Maddox Ford starting on how he, Elliot and Pound would go on over supper about the weather and how cruel that month was in London. He claims it was he and not Pound who edited the first line ... does anyone know how to shut this feature off??? I can't stand it anymore ... he keeps smacking his cartoon lips and is making me not want to eat lunch

| Best, Geoffrey

I'm using Word and I don't get popups.
One way to turn it off would be to plagiarize me.

-Joel

Joel Weishaus
Center for Excellence in Writing
Portland State University
Portland, Oregon
<http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282>

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423. **Maria Damon**

Re: query on art and time

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Johannes FABian, Time and the Other
film: Trinh Minh Ha, Living is Round
anything by Proust

-----Original Message-----

From: Steven Shoemaker [mailto:██████████]

Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 4:43 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: query on art and time

I'm going to be teaching a course on "time and art" and would be interested in hearing suggestions about possible texts to use. It's a freshman writing course, so these texts will need to be relatively accessible. Right now, I'm thinking that one unit will center on poetry, one on painting and one on film (a fourth unit will be less text-based, more anthropological and investigative). The assumption of the course is that time is a fundamental human "problem"-so that literary and visual arts have evolved various strategies for controlling, regulating, and negotiating it. For the poetry unit, I'm thinking of using a few Shakespeare sonnets, some haiku, Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress," maybe also "Tintern Abbey." For film, I'm thinking of using Memento. For painting, I'm least decided, but know I'd like to do something with Cubism (and along with this, I want to introduce the ideas of space-time and relativity). Anyway, I'd love to hear further suggestions for any of these various "arts," and I also want to put together some essays (or excerpts) to use as well, so tips along these lines would be valuable too.

Thanks in advance,

Steve

PS.

*It occurs to me that I didn't mention any *modern* poems above. Any ideas?*

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424. **komninos zervos**

Re: query on art and time

Wed 19 Jun 2002

much poetry/art is 'time mining'.

a book on theory of time which i found useful is deleuze's 'bergsonism' where he argues that time can be seen as a multiplicity or singular, simultaneously. for really, the only time there is is the present moment, all the rest is memory of times past. so much poetry either recalls times past, or clashes memories from different time planes of the past. there is of course poetry that just creates an 'of the moment' experience which can not be compared to any past time but relies on a fresh interpretation and the creative imagination of the end-user. i find much langpo gives me this kind of experience, and much cyberpoetry (new media poetry, web poetry, digital poetry, e-poetry, and a million other names poetry written in a hypermedia system like the web)(dynamic texts, random generators, user input).

many members of the webartery email discussion list compose 'of the moment poetic experiences'. (<http://webartery.com/defib/webarterymembers.htm>) reiner strasser, peter howard, los glazier, myself and others are more 'time-miners', but the work of poets like jason nelson, jim rosenberg, mez breeze, are more of the moment experiences.

as for film, well, i use the movie 'sliding doors' to show parrallel timelines, and 'the matrix' plays with issues of reality/fantasy, and time.

then of course there is the whole 'timelessness' of the poetic/art experience, where the end-user becomes unaware of clock-time and is involved in the time-line/metaphorical space the piece induces.

komninos

--

komninos zervos bsc(hons) ma(creative writing)

http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/K_Zervos

Convenor

CyberStudies major

School of Arts

Griffith University
Gold Coast Campus
PMB 50 Gold Coast Mail Centre
Queensland 9726 Australia
tel: [REDACTED]
fax: [REDACTED]

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425. **Sheila Massoni**

Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

no haven't seen this but think might do something real bad to yes or computer screen if i had seen it sm

[↑ Contents](#)

426. **Sheila Massoni**

Re: author photos

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Joie is happy Kay probably left her a few bucks sm.

[↑ Contents](#)

427. **Lawrence Upton**

(no subject)

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Joshua 6

1 Now Jericho was tightly shut up because of the Israelites. No one went out and no one came in.

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428. **Andrew Rathmann**

Close reading: O'Leary, "Elijah; or, At the Mouth of Fire"

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Heidegger says something to the effect that when people begin talking about their religious experiences, it means they've lost their gods. Which has a certain wicked appeal, for it cuts through the crap of so much contemporary "spirituality." But poets' reluctance to deal with religion has not necessarily been good for the art. The romantics could still claim obscure intimations of the supernatural, but only the rare poet like Duncan or Merrill wanted to persist along that line. And, on the other side of the coin, neither do we see much

satire of belief as practiced by Dickinson, Hardy, and Frost. When poets write about religion, they tend to stick to their own misty experiences, not wanting to appear in bad taste. Pound, by contrast, could insist that the gods simply are there. Who among us is willing to make that kind of assertion?

Peter O'Leary might be willing (I'm not sure), but in any case his predilection is to write about the gods objectively rather than traffic in squishy "spirituality." He writes as objectively as possible by sticking to certain texts, traditions, monuments, and artifacts, whose power he tries to extract or in some way borrow and illumine. That the power of these icons is primarily aesthetic rather than dogmatic can be seen in his style, which is lush, lucid, and unpredictable. Here is "Elijah; or, At the Mouth of Fire" (published shortly after the release of *Watchfulness*, his first book):

<http://www.culturalsociety.org/elijah.html>

Though based on the repetitive style of the scriptural narrative which it "translates," the poem also exhibits a modernist desire for economy, hardness, and, above all, vocality. This is poetry that wants to be read aloud ("What gold balm was agonistic orison in Elijah's mouth"). Although a kind of dogma is hinted at in the opening line ("This is a lesson"), the poem's focus is overwhelmingly on the immediate physicality of speech, the "mouth / fanged with brass ash." The physicality of the writing--both as sound and description--suggests the vaguely heretical view that spirit is part of the life of the flesh. Elijah is above all active and intense, a kind of artist even, suffering and creating. The otherworldly "without" is less prominent than the terrestrial goings-on.

The obvious risk of O'Leary's style is that it will seem either too eccentric or perhaps too derivative (since it wears its influences rather openly: Yeats, Bunting, Duncan, Ronald Johnson). But given the timidity of so much contemporary poetry, and poets' reluctance to confront some of the art's most crucial subjects, that kind of risk is always worth taking.

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429. **bpopken**

Hot Nite @Cafe Nuba!

Wed 19 Jun 2002

██████ has invited you to "Hot Nite @Cafe Nuba!".

Click below to visit Evite for more information about the event and also to RSVP. <http://www.evite.com/r?iid=EBKUVTJAKINOWVMVLBR>

This invitation was sent to you by ██████ using Evite. To remove yourself from this guest list please click on the link above.

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Perhaps your email program doesn't recognize the Web address as an active link. To view your invitation, copy the entire URL and paste it into your browser.

If you would like further assistance, please send email to [REDACTED]

* Updated 03/15/01.

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430. **Mark DuCharme**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake' has been cited on this thread, to my mind it is a failure

Well, I'd like to have a "failure" like that.

What seems to be bubbling under the surface is unhappily English as everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a clamour of non-native speakers wanting to be recognised as poets in Lithuanian or Burmese for example. I don't deny for a moment that it's possible to write well in more than one language, but, gawd, it's hard.

Yes, I think it must be very hard. I respect anyone who can do it.

Would it sadden you less if English-language poets were the ones "crossing" to other languages?

A fascinating list can be made of "second-language" writers. For starters...

English was Louis Zukofsky's second language. Yiddish was his first. (Aren't there other Jewish-American writers that was also true of? What about Stein? Reznikoff? Anybody have any information?)

I believe English was Anselm Hollo's third or fourth language. (Anselm, correct me if I'm wrong!)

Samuel Beckett.

Vladimir Nabokov.

Does anyone know if French was Wilhelm de Kostrowitsky's (a.k.a. Guillaume Apollinaire's) first language? The biographical information I have at hand says he was born in Rome of Polish & Italian parents, received a French education in Monaco & worked as a tutor in Germany before moving to Paris, but it doesn't say what his first language was.

And let's not forget the Transylvanian-born NPR commentator, Andrei Codrescu.

I'm not a big fan of his work, but I suppose I should also mention Joseph Brodsky.

I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's all I can think of at the moment.

Mark DuCharme

'poetry because things say'

—Bernadette Mayer

<http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm>

<http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm>

Get your FREE download of MSN Explorer at <http://explorer.msn.com/intl.asp>.

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431. **Tom Beckett**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/19/02 8:43:14 PM Eastern Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's all I can think of at the moment.

Wasn't William Carlos Williams first a speaker of Spanish?

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432. **Mark Weiss**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Yeah, I read Charles Bernstein's essay, too, but some of this really pushes the edges a bit. One can say that Williams' very early childhood was bilingual, but he never had adult, or even latency-age, Spanish. This is a pretty common phenomenon among first and second generation immigrants. Few of them are competent to write poetry in both languages, which may be why Rezzie, Williams, Zukofsky stuck to English, as opposed to say Glatsteyn, who spoke English but wasn't competent to write poetry in it. At the time there was a pretty lively market for Yidish poetry, not to speak of Spanish. Most Latin American poets, by the way, think of chicano poetry as subliterate--more accurate would be that the language is a new invention. I participated as translator in a reading in a chicano coffee shop in LA by some Mexican poets. Many of the clientele afterwards told me that they couldn't have followed the Spanish without my English.

Stein--very unlikely she spoke Yidish. Few secular Jews of German descent do. But I'd be happy to be corrected.

With those capable of switch-hitting, whether out of an extraordinary linguistic ability or a profound immersion in both languages from birth and thereafter, the interesting question is choice. Sometimes the factors are clear--Armand Schwerner's French was no more peculiar than his English--he was profoundly capable in both but spoke in both his own dialect. He chose to write in English, surrounded as he was by the American environment. Beckett wrote equally well in each but chose both exile and French. Picasso wrote some things in French, some in Spanish. Celan, who spoke and wrote elegant French and lived in Paris, chose to write poetry in German, altho he had Roumanian and Yidish available. Perhaps, after the holocaust, he chose to conquer Germany the only way he could.

At 09:19 PM 6/19/2002 -0400, you wrote:

>In a message dated 6/19/02 8:43:14 PM Eastern Daylight Time,

> [REDACTED] writes:

>

>

> > I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's all I
> > can think of at the moment.

> >

> >

>

>Wasn't William Carlos Williams first a speaker of Spanish?

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433. **david.bircumshaw**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

'Finnegans Wake' is a disaster. Possibly the most gifted English language writer of the last century spent 20 years of his life writing a book that even he had forgot the meaning of in parts. There are occasional brilliancy's but most of it is literally unreadable, believe me, I've tried. I've never met anyone who has actually been able to read the book entire, some pretend they have, for the kudos, but it's very transparent when people do so.

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Leicester, England

Home Page

A Chide's Alphabet

Painting Without Numbers

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

----- Original Message -----

From: "Mark DuCharme" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, June 20, 2002 1:43 AM

Subject: Re: inquiry

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'poetry because things say'

-Bernadette Mayer

<http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm>

<http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm>

Get your FREE download of MSN Explorer at <http://explorer.msn.com/intl.asp>.

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434. **Komninos Zervos**

Re: query on art and time

Wed 19 Jun 2002

<underline><color><param>0000,8000,0000</param><bigger><http://www.heliozoa.com/lastmachine2.html></bigger></color></underline>

<underline><color><param>0000,8000,0000</param><bigger><http://www.heliozoa.com/play3.html></bigger></color></underline>

</underline><smaller>try these and get lost in time

komninos<underline><bigger>

<nofill>

komNinos zErvos cYberPoet lecTurer cyBerStudies

SchOol of aRts griFfith uniVerSity Gold coaSt cAmpuS

pmb 50 gold coast mail centre queensland 9726

tel [REDACTED] http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/K_Zervos

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435. **richard.tylr**

Re: Puns (also re: recognition)

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Mark I think its - to use a word - its a question of semantics - I agree with the first paragraph of IF we take one meaning of he previous writer that he/she means a "coherent narrative structure" ...now in that case polysemy, homophony, disjunction, ellipsis and so on is not as intensively foregrounded: whereas in language poetry and of those you mention there is mostly a coherence of semantic "information" as in the obvious example "My Life" by Hejinian or enen BART by Silliman or in Nick Piombino's latest work "Theoretical Objects" wherein Nick questions how procedure is to get going and uses puns eg the word "solution" has a double meaning and while his "manifestoes" are that: they are simultaneously poetic structures on their own accord and also there is the aspect of process and so on. Pun's can be "fun" but fun has unfortunate connotations: poetry as practiced by the Language and other even "normative" (so called) writers has a satisfaction, a stimulus, a depth of texture which is more than simplistic "fun"...the term is fraught: words slip slide to quote that bogey man T S Eliot...but I think the e-er probably meant your trajectories: one of the interesting things that language poetry and other more cutting stuff can do is simultaneously call language semantics and grammar etc into question AND use it as a means to somehow convey meaning: which harks back to what I understand of the contradiction in Derrida's philosophy ...not that I know much about him: puns are irritating or can be and yet the subtle "language slide" always heightens meaning: I think you are saying this also in a different way.

I think that often the effect of Language etc writing is that meaning has appeared or seemed to have emerged from the language itself: "appeared" being a key word: I thus think that there's room for writers who have very structured "boxes" of meaning and others who are kind of "pollockian" (although even Pollock had in his mind somewhere I suppose a 'structure', however strange or 'messy' that might appear to a viewer of his paintings), and others work somewhere modulated between very strict determinism and "random" or psuedo random. Regards, Richard

----- Original Message -----

From: "Mark DuCharme" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, June 20, 2002 4:23 AM

Subject: Re: Puns (also re: recognition)

> >When language poetry dispenses with the coherent semantic trajectory
> >associated with the standard transparent sentence, it also thereby
> >discards the mechanism by which polysemy, homophony, etc. are recog-
nized
> >as puns in the narrow sense....
>
> >the
> >writing appears as if meaning has emerged from the language itself rather
> >than having been "used" by someone to achieve a particular goal.
>
>
> Which "language" poets are you referring to, who dispense "with the
coherent
> semantic trajectory"? Certainly not Lyn Hejinian, whom you quote.
> Certainly not Ron Silliman, Bob Perelman, Carla Harryman, Rae Armantrout,
> Ray DiPalma. These poets all dispense with coherent ~narrative~
> trajectory-- but that is something else again. Well, yes there is also
> Bruce Andrews, whose works are often funnier (notice I didn't say "fun")
> than one might expect. Yet even he undoubtedly is "using" language to
> achieve his "goals."
>
> (What is a ~semantic~ trajectory, anyway? Here I think you may mean
> grammatical trajectory, unless you are thinking of the connotations of
words
> leading one to the other in an orderly fashion. All of these poets set
> meanings ricocheting-- but that is also true of many poets you wouldn't
> think of as langpos. Here we have to refer to semantic TRAJECTORIES in
the
> sense of not being limited to one).
>
> As for a "natural (human) language," I don't believe I have encountered
that
> beast.
>
> Mark DuCharme
>

>
>
>
>
>
>
> 'poetry because things say'
>
> -Bernadette Mayer
>
>
>
>
>
>
> http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm
>
>
>
> http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm
>
>
>
> _____
> MSN Photos is the easiest way to share and print your photos:
> http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx

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436. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: Microsoft Word

Wed 19 Jun 2002

A found object, at least.

| *It looks like you're writing a poem.*

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437. **schwartzgk**

Re: inquiry

Wed 19 Jun 2002

Pierre Joris

Cheers,

Gerald Schwartz

----- Original Message -----

From: "David Baratier" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>
Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 5:34 AM
Subject: Re: inquiry

*Ivan Arguelles
Sofia M. Starnes
John M. Bennett
Jimmy Santiago Baca*

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write
multilingual
poetry*

*thank you
sandra guerreiro*

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

*Pavement Saw Press
PO Box 6291
Columbus OH 43206
USA*

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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438. **Robert Kelly**

multilingual

Thu 20 Jun 2002

The young French poet Jennifer Cazenave has just finished a long poem, 'Un mat allonge' written in French and English, some sections in one, some in the other, register frictional against register. A powerful text, and I've never seen the like, with one language so to speak healing the other. A section or two in the recent Bard Papers.

Robert

=====
==

NOTE NEW HOME ADDRESS:

Robert Kelly
1266 River Road
Red Hook NY 12571

Office address remains:

Robert Kelly
The Writing Program
Bard College
Box 5000
Annandale-on-Hudson NY 12504
Voice Mail: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

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439. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: inquiry

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Specifically, I had mentioned my own poem, "Ankara: my Kind Hearted Step Mother," which I posted a few days ago here. More generally, in certain translations, two languages exist superceded on each other. Of course, that might require some explanation... Murat

In a message dated 6/19/02 3:40:02 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

How about an example? It's still not clear if you mean macaronics or say Charles d'Orleans.

[↑ Contents](#)

440. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: inquiry

Thu 20 Jun 2002

David,

I talk about this a lot in my essay "Questions of Accent." (I think available somewhere in the web and also in Black Sparrow Presses "Thus Spake the Corpse.") In it I say that American English acts as a step-mother tongue in American poetry into which poets inject their idiosyncratic sensibilities. An American poet -not necessarily an English poet- has to re-learn English as a foreign language.

Murat

In a message dated 6/19/02 4:03:47 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

What seems to be bubbling under the surface is unhappily English as everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a clamour of non-native speakers wanting to be recognised as poets in Lithuanian or Burmese for example. I don't deny for a moment that it's possible to write well in more than one language, but, gawd, it's hard.

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441. **dcmb**

Re: FW: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Millie, I think UC Bkly msy hvs film or videotape of Spicer reading in the summer of y65, just before he died. He wasnt bogus--wasnt even "bogus"--to me, he feels to be a rare instance of authenticity in the poetry oh my lifetime--David Bromige

-----Original Message-----

From: Millie Niss <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Saturday, June 15, 2002 9:16 PM

Subject: FW: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

>Is Jack Spicer a fake poet? There is something subtly (or not so subtly) >bogus about him, as if he were some extremely talented poet's joke... Or am

>I just obsessed with fakeness?

>

>Speaking of which, I showed my father (not a modern poetry person AT ALL,

>but he likes literature that is pre 20th C) Bernstein's *_With Strings_* (or

>maybe it was McCaffery's *_The Cheat of Words_*) and he said "this can't be

>serious" and I wondered if he was right at some level...I mean, it's funny

>and supposed to be funny, but my father's immediate reaction was that it

>couldn't be taken seriously as poetry-- yet for me it seemed perfectly

>believable as serious poetry, because I've read what happened in between

the

>19th C and the 21st and my father hasn't. But it's always interesting what

>a truly naive person will say.

>

>Millie

>

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442. **Alan Sondheim**

in america

Thu 20 Jun 2002

in america: when i had work = when i was academic = when we were human:

current tax preparation totals:

total computer equipment (PC / Mac)

plus optical equipment (camera / microscopy): \$ 4107.31

books (computer and otherwise): \$ 2462.58

moving expenses (New York / Miami): \$ 2824.99

computer consumable supplies (cdrom blanks etc.): \$ 664.79

hospital (overnight after panic attack): unknown medication: celexa,

lipitor, aciphex, 9 months: \$ 450.00 approx. medical insurance, azure and

myself, per month, 9 months, approx: \$ 109.00

not including charitable donations, postal costs, travel expenditures including
car repairs.

—

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443. **George Bowering**

Re: inquiry

Thu 20 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/19/02 8:43:14 PM Eastern Daylight Time,

[REDACTED] *writes:*

I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's all I

> can think of at the moment.

>

>

Wasn't William Carlos Williams first a speaker of Spanish?

He romanticized his Spanish-Jewish background, but He was not first a
Spanish speaker, or at least I dont think he was.

--

George Bowering

On the wrong bus.

Fax **[REDACTED]**

444. **David Baratier**

Re: query on art and time

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Steve--

I regularly teach a class similar to the one you are speaking of tho not first year & sans film, so some of these suggestions might not be applicable--

poetry & art-- the armory show folks WCWilliams, Stieglitz, Stevens, Marianne Moore, Davis, Kreyenborg DuChamp, #5 in gold & in red, etc.

action painting vs. ny school, o'hara, berrigan & other action types of poetry

Ad Reinhardt 12 rules for a new academy (& any section from Selected writings)- -vs Beckett, Camus, Sartre

Nam June Paik, Cage, Cunningham, & the RSVP structural book (a compositional creation of scores from an architects point of view for all forms of art) -- tho certain of Paik's essays might prove difficult

Earthworks-- from Schwitters to Alice Aycock & their bent on myth vs. John Clarke's notion of myth in From Feathers to Iron-- Clarke won't work for you here but the first half could be compared to current poem Generators, MacLow's or Cage's procedural explanation of poem creation, or dadaist methods

Russian futurists vs their actual creations. compare Marinetti vs any completed work, time here might not be obvious, the ? being what occurs if one follows thru their suggestions to conclusion--

books-- most are from UCal, I would chose one:

Stiles--theories & documents of contemporary art works well (Cage section is poop tho)

Joris & Rothenburg Poems for the new Millenium
might lean too hard on poems and higher vocab than 1st year
tho the Layout of Mallarme works extremely well & artcore kids love it

Fabozzi--Artists, Critics, Context-- the Cage, judy Chicago & Chomsky sections rock, but the use of beat poetry is real tedious in compares to the concepts presented--

There is one more, this is from memory, not in my office, drawing a blank--

---then add RSVP factor, or photocopies of it, The Stranger, No exit,
Moore's collected
& Reinhardt (I'd pair that down for them, 2 or 3 of these probably)

--hope that is of use

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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445. **Mark Weiss**

Re: Close reading: O'Leary, "Elijah; or, At the Mouth of Fire"

Thu 20 Jun 2002

I assume you're joking. This is rather tired Jungian analysis by way of Campbell.

That O'Leary's angel speaks latin is interesting. Does the appeal to a translation somehow elevate the words? Does it attempt to naturalize an artifact of a very different culture to western Europe by pretending that Latin is the original?

We have no record of any culture in which folks don't talk about their gods. So unless Heidegger is saying that all peoples everywhere have lost their gods he would seem to be overstepping.

Maybe it's neither timidity nor reluctance that keeps most contemporary poets from dealing with religion but a sense that religion as you appear to mean the word is irrelevant to them.

By the way, this scriptural narrative, like most of the prose in the old testament, isn't written in a repetitive style.

Mark

At 05:58 PM 6/19/2002 -0600, you wrote:

>Heidegger says something to the effect that when people begin talking about
>their religious experiences, it means they've lost their gods. Which has a
>certain wicked appeal, for it cuts through the crap of so much contemporary
>"spirituality." But poets' reluctance to deal with religion has not
>necessarily been good for the art. The romantics could still claim obscure
>intimations of the supernatural, but only the rare poet like Duncan or
>Merrill wanted to persist along that line. And, on the other side of the

>coin, neither do we see much satire of belief as practiced by Dickinson,
>Hardy, and Frost. When poets write about religion, they tend to stick to
>their own misty experiences, not wanting to appear in bad taste. Pound, by
>contrast, could insist that the gods simply _are there_. Who among us is
>willing to make that kind of assertion?

>

>Peter O'Leary might be willing (I'm not sure), but in any case his
>predilection is to write about the gods objectively rather than traffic in
>squishy "spirituality." He writes as objectively as possible by sticking
>to certain texts, traditions, monuments, and artifacts, whose power he
>tries to extract or in some way borrow and illumine. That the power of
>these icons is primarily aesthetic rather than dogmatic can be seen in his
>style, which is lush, lucid, and unpredictable. Here is "Elijah; or, At
>the Mouth of Fire" (published shortly after the release of *Watchfulness*,
>his first book):

>

><http://www.culturalsociety.org/elijah.html>

>

>Though based on the repetitive style of the scriptural narrative which it
>"translates," the poem also exhibits a modernist desire for economy,
>hardness, and, above all, vocality. This is poetry that wants to be read
>aloud ("What gold balm was agonistic orison in Elijah's mouth"). Although
>a kind of dogma is hinted at in the opening line ("This is a lesson"), the
>poem's focus is overwhelmingly on the immediate physicality of speech, the
>"mouth / fanged with brass ash." The physicality of the writing--both as
>sound and description--suggests the vaguely heretical view that spirit is
>part of the life of the flesh. Elijah is above all active and intense, a
>kind of artist even, suffering and creating. The otherworldly "without" is
>less prominent than the terrestrial goings-on.

>

>The obvious risk of O'Leary's style is that it will seem either too
>eccentric or perhaps too derivative (since it wears its influences rather
>openly: Yeats, Bunting, Duncan, Ronald Johnson). But given the timidity of
>so much contemporary poetry, and poets' reluctance to confront some of the
>art's most crucial subjects, that kind of risk is always worth taking.

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446. **Lawrence Upton**
(no subject)

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Joshua 6 1

Now Jericho was tightly shut up because of the Israelites. No one went out and no one came in.

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447. **B.E. Basan**

Re: query on art and time

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Hi Steven,

Octavio Paz's "Children of the Mire" might be good one. I'm reading it now and it's reasonably accessible. It's dealing, as I'm reading it, with Various Christian, neo-platonic, Eastern, Mayan and more concepts of time and their relationship to poetry (esp. his avant garde).

Also, to counter your course's assumption, you might pick a coupla pages from Lefebvre's *The Poetics of Space*. Basically argues that time exists in space rather than space in time.. and hey! it's a little revolutionary too.

BTW viz a viz Lefebvre, isn't that poem posted today by Halvard Johnson more about place and space rather than time.. seems to justify the above position..

Indeed does sound like an interesting course!

- Ben

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448. **Gary Sullivan**

Re: query on art and time

Thu 20 Jun 2002

John Yau's book on Andy Warhol (*In the Realm of Appearances*) has a passage or two about how Warhol's work is resistant to (or in denial of) time; contrasted with Jasper Johns' work, which Yau argues figures time into the mix. I don't have my copy any more, or I'd quote a little from it. But, it's pretty brilliant.

Gerald Burns' poetry (I think *_Shorter Poems_* and *_Longer Poems_* are both still in print) and essays (*_Toward a Phenomenology of Written Art_* and *_A Thing about Language_*).

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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449. **Patrick F. Durgin**

time and art

Thu 20 Jun 2002

time as a "human" problem leads to the problem, what is "a life" - or "life writing," in which case Hejinian's MY LIFE seems apt.

you might find Jackson Mac Low's "simultaneities" a good ice-breaker and consistent touchstone.

the collection BECOMINGS, Liz Grosz ed., and Deleuze's PURE IMMANENCE would be good for your purposes, but probably wrong for a freshman writing course.

Aristotle's PHYSICS (book IV) coupled with close listening / reading / "regarding" of Groundzero Telesonic Unit International's "Chapter Zero: coordinacion" (KENNING 12 / WAY - THE AUDIO EDITION) make a nice combo

Susan Gevartz's HOURGLASS TRANSCRIPTS

K e n n i n g

[a newsletter of contemporary poetry, poetics, and nonfiction writing]

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www.durationpress.com/kenning

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450. **jessica smith**

ñ (enye) MIÉRCOLES GIGANTE June 26, 8 p.m. Soundlab

Thu 20 Jun 2002

ñ (enye)

poesía, crítica, y arte

en la SUNY-Búfalo :

a non-unilingual series

presents

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at Soundlab

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A fast-paced and festive mix of poetry, prose, performance, and videos, followed by DANCING, lots of música, and chismecitos. Come welcome the summer ñ style (guayaberas and high heels optional.)

Featuring: Jorge Guitart, Roberto Tejada, Lorna Pérez, Peter Ramos, Doug Manson, Nick Lawrence, Tatiana de la Tierra, José Buscaglia, Luis Aguilar, and many others.

Free and open to the public.

Sponsored by the English Dept., the McNulty Chair, and the Dept. of Modern Languages and Literatures.

(please forward)

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451. **UbuWeb Editorial Staff**

FWD: Location Sound Sound Series

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Locust Music is seeking submissions its new Location Sound Sound Series.

Series one has as its focus the City and is called “Met Life”.

It’s basically pretty simple. Contributors are asked to field record a sound event of their choice within an Urban environment of a duration not more than 24 minutes and not less than 15. Contributors are then asked to come up with a sound response to the field recording. The response is stylistically open ended and left up to the will of the artist. No one should have any reason to feel compelled to work within any specific musical vocabulary or with a specific set of tools. There are no set rules of engagement other than the producer be residing within an urban environment. You may use this as an opportunity to reinforce a connection with the city, to resist a relationship to it or to act directly upon it. You might decide to remix some source material, sing a song, eat an apple. etc. In other words, do what you please. As with the original recording, the length should also fall between 15 and 24 minutes

The result of the two pieces will then be released on vinyl and cd. One side featuring “unadulterated” field recordings and the other featuring the “response”. There will be 12 Volumes binding this initial series.

The guiding idea behind this project is two sided. First, to pose a question, “How Does environment already shape the form of a work?” Second, as listeners, we often hear about the influence a place has on a production but seldom do we get access to the backstage of inspiration. In this regard, process is the operative word here.

Contributors are encouraged to submit something of another media as well: writing, photos, dirt, ephemera that pertains to the work and which can be reproduced in a booklet. But You are not discouraged from submitting nothing else.

To be considered, please send submissions to the address below by the end of September

2002. Email questions to

<mailto:[REDACTED]> [REDACTED]

FUTURE SERIES ARE PLANNED AROUND THESE THEMES: GARDENS, HOMES, ETC.....

<<http://www.locustmusic.com/>>WWW.LOCUSTMUSIC.COM

p.o. box 220426

Chicago, il. 60622

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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452. **UbuWeb Editorial Staff**

FWD: Object Improvisation Series

Thu 20 Jun 2002

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Locust Music is developing a new series of improvisation releases called the object improvisation series

The basic premise is::

There are objects which come to mind upon hearing sound. They may be thought to be objects which are suggestive of bearing sonic qualities or reveal an otherwise unclear relationship between improvised music and the sense of an object.

Each CD is uniformly packaged with cropped mug shots of the performers and images of objects which might be thought to suggest a relationship between sound and object...but this doesn't mean that the suggested tie has to make sense to anyone but the artists!

A mock template of the first of the series by Fred Lonberg-Holm / Axel Dorner is viewable at

<www.locustmusic.com/object.htm>www.locustmusic.com/object.htm.

There are no strict deadlines as this series is intended to be ongoing.

We encourage connections to be made after the fact or with great subtlety rather than making this theme a premeditated part of the improvisation.

Please send submissions to:

p.o. box 220426

Chicago, il. 60622

Address questions to <mailto: [REDACTED]> [REDACTED]

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453. **Steven Shoemaker**

time travel / paradox

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Hello All--Thanks for the good suggestions in response to my query on time (I'd love to have more!). I'm also wondering if anyone knows of interesting essays and/or short stories dealing with time travel paradoxes, multiple dimensions, and all that sort of thing. It occurs to me that I could use the old Star Trek episode "City on the Edge of Forever" where Kirk, having traveled back to 1930s Earth, must stand by as his true love (Joan Collins!) is killed in a car accident--in order to prevent the Third Reich from winning WWII (because in an alternate future, she becomes a peace activist who convinces FDR to delay entry into the war for too long). Anyone know of any particularly strong time travel episodes of STNG? I'm less familiar with that show, but seem to remember hearing there was a good "time" episode.

Steve

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454. **Steven Meyer**

Re: inquiry

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Well, another candidate is the remarkable poet Jay Wright, who often breaks into Spanish in his English-language verse and who, at different stages in his career, has also woven Dogon (Malian) and Nahuatl (Aztec) in. If you're not familiar with his work, you might want to take a look at the following review <<http://bostonreview.mit.edu/BR27.2/meyer.html>>

*i was wondering if some of you knew of any poets
apart from Theresa Hak Kyung Cha and Anne Tardos that write multilingual
poetry*

thank you
sandra guerreiroo

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455. **Camille Martin**
contact info for Lynn Martin?
Thu 20 Jun 2002

Hello, can anyone please backchannel Lynn Martin's email or phone number?
Thanks.

Camille

Camille Martin
7725 Cohn St.
New Orleans, LA 70118
[REDACTED]
<http://www.litcity.net>

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456. **Duration Press**
Tuumba Press
Thu 20 Jun 2002

durationpress.com is pleased to announce that a site for Tuumba Press is now online @durationpress.com.

About Tuumba Press

Tuumba Press was founded by Lyn Hejinian in 1976, and between then and 1984 Hejinian produced 50 handset letterpress chapbooks. Tuumba was revived in 1999 to publish (in conjunction with Leslie Scalapino's O Books) Uxudo, by Anne Tardos. Two other books, Red Car Goes By by Jack Collom and Orchid Jet-sam by Leslie Scalapino (writing under the name Dee Goda) followed.

Lyn Hejinian remains the editor; cover production and design is by Ree Katrak.
<http://www.durationpress.com/tuumba>

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457. **jason christie**
Re: query on art and time
Thu 20 Jun 2002

It is interesting to me that the overly-specific place and time titles are romantic.

could you explain this a little further?

Join the world's largest e-mail service with MSN Hotmail.
<http://www.hotmail.com>

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458. **Eileen Tabios**

Re: a brief hystery of the pun

Thu 20 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/17/2002 6:48:22 PM Pacific Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

To pun, especially to pun abundantly, is an anti-imperialist act with a long tradition. A genealogy of the pun reveals its politicization, feminization, and demonization in Western Europe beginning with the nation building projects of the seventeenth century.

And elsewhere. As in the Philippines, a former colony of Spain. 16th-century Tagalog speakers in the Philippines, forced to listen to friars' sermons in Spanish, would "fish" for words that they understood and later made up their own narratives using those words but with meanings quite unrelated to the friars' original intent. Tomas Pinpin was the first native to publish a book in the Philippines and "excelled in punning to simultaneously defer to and evade Spanish missionary expectations."

Today Filipinos are among the most adept punsters in the world, often "inter-prenetating" English, as befits its past as a former U.S. colony, through such examples as:

Tenacious: Before playing tennis I have to put on my tenacious.

Deduct, Defense, Defeat and Detail: De-duct jumped over de-fense. De-feat first, de-tail last.

Associate: I looked in the toilet and associate.

Penis: Before you go out, penis your homework.

Analyze and Anatomy: My analyze over the ocean, so bring back my anatomy.

Masturbation: Many third world countries are suffering from masturbation.

Protestant: I always get my apples from the protestant.

The above examples are frequently circulated in the Internet, but here's an original by Jose Aguirre and Dennis Damian of Piscataway, New Jersey -- about whom poet Patrick Rosal says, "please give them credit since they haven't gotten credit for much else in their lives except trouble"):

Use African, Iraq, Kuwait, Iran, Egypt, and Indonesia in the same sentence: A-freakin' guy threw I-raq. It was qu-ait big. So I-ran into E-jeept and hit him in-da-knees-yah?

Most significantly (to me), however, is the way Filipinos pun partly to appropriate the forms and usage of English in such a way that English-speakers can't understand. So the use of "pinoy puns" is our way of (according to scholar Rocio Davis) "seeing the "master language" and subverting it. As far as I'm concerned, some of the funniest and most successful puns are those that are bi- or trilingual. Filipinos get them, but only Filipinos get them."

An example is "I tried turning on the TV, but no matter how many times I try, it diniguan," with the pun comprehensible only to a (Filipino) reader familiar with the Filipino dish of dinuguan. A more politically-subversive example, however, is:

Question: What is the ugliest cow in the world?

Answer: Ikaw

The tagalog word "ikaw" obviously is a pun on "a cow." But "ikaw" also means "you."

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459. **Jocelyn Saidenberg** **KRUPSKAYA 2002 PUBLICATIONS**

Thu 20 Jun 2002

The publishing collective KRUPSKAYA announces our 2002 publications:

Arrival by Sarah Anne Cox

ISBN 1-928650-12-0

59 pages, \$11

Sarah Anne Cox has written a startlingly fine book, prompted from the investigating intelligence of a philosopher-poet unswerved by allegiance to system. Her questions-"clauses of effort and fear"-make immediate demands upon grammar's comfort and holding action, as they pry open the ear to a newly sounded scale of voice you may almost recognize. This is a visionary work, at once peripheral, diasporic, clustered, cocooned and exploded in its claim on our relation to contemporary hood-wink. -Kathleen Fraser

culture by Daniel Davidson

ISBN 1-928650-13-9

126 pages, \$11

Politics for Dan Davidson was a site-specific performance art. Not street theater, but the street theatricalized--except that "street" is too narrow, too nostalgic a word for the many places, both public and private, where he gave new

twists to an old plot. In stores and offices, factories and bedrooms, Dan found avenues for action undreamt by the revolutionaries he admired. Calling the plot culture, he originated a role I'll never forget, improvising an ending I'll never forgive. This book is his masterpiece. -Benjamin Friedlander

Sugar Pill by Drew Gardner
ISBN 1-928650-14-7
70 pages, \$11

c.c. by Tyrone Williams
ISBN 1-928650-15-5
95 pages, \$11

Tyrone Williams' intensely moving first book bridges more gaps than many words (and careers) thrice as long: quiet humor to quiet anger; weighty concerns (cybernetics, anthropology, astronomy) to formal invention; brilliant appropriation to startling beauty; street language to a full panoply of sophisticated theory; above all between African American concerns and those of the plain vanilla majority. The reference, as craft and time demand, is ever to mother language. This uncommon rapture, a burning repetition of home truths, in resolutely future tense, bears the profound political motto of "character as a function of work." Character survives. -Nathaniel Tarn

Forthcoming in the fall:
Scout by Norma Cole (CD-ROM)

All titles are available at Small Press Distribution in Berkeley
www.spdbooks.org



For more information about KRUPSKAYA please go to:
www.krupskayabooks.com

KRUPSKAYA
P.O. Box 420249
San Francisco, CA 94142-0249



www.KRUPSKAYABOOKS.com

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460. **Susan M. Schultz**

Re: inquiry

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Thanks, Kasia.

I wrote to David directly, I think (apologies if the list gets this twice):

Kathy Banggo

Lisa Kanae

Joe Balaz

Eric Chock

Kimo Armitage

Imaikalani Kalahale

Irene Cadelina

and others

all of whom have graced the pages of Tinfish., some of whom have chaps.

Susan

----- Original Message -----

From: "cadaly" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, June 18, 2002 9:55 AM

Subject: Re: inquiry

| Cecilia Vicuna

| on a more formal note, Aleida Rodriguez

| Adeena Karasick?

| some of the authors Tinfish has just published write in pidgin & english

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461. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: inquiry

Thu 20 Jun 2002

| Im

Im interested to know what languages Ann Tardos writes in & if they are languages that she is familiar with or if she is working with them in a more homophonic approach, which was my initial impression of a couple of her texts that Ive seen.

Im working on a multi-section visual verbal text called After Emmett... the first section is in english, second section is in bad french, the third in bad turkish &

now this new section is in indecipherable romanian. while Ive had the help of native speakers, Im less interested in in readability than in the sort of international gesturalism which is either evoked or the cause of a violent reaction. as kruchenykh says, "violent non-objectivity"...

I mean after all, realistically how many romanian readers will actually see this work.

& in answer to David B... there are a couple finnegan's wake traditions around these parts... WOODLAND PATTERNS, one of the world's epicenters of small press literature in Milw often (not sure if it is yearly) has a finneagan's wake reading marathon. also performance artist Marshall Weber who for a number of years was in Madison WI read finneagan's wake more than once in performance without stopping. it is afterall a measure of the probability & extent of the human thot stream.

mIEKAL

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462. **Andrew Rathmann**

Close reading: Spahr, "Switching"

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Language writing's censorship of the individual voice is usually justified as being good for "community" or at the very least "utopian." Submerge your voice within the general droning of the hive. This isn't as easy as it sounds, though, because everyone is in fact different from everyone else, and poets are more different than most, damn their I's.

A graduate of Buffalo, Juliana Spahr seems to have taken the collectivist imperative to heart, but her best poems betray an individual perspective. Her experiment in *_Fuck You-Aloha-I Love You_* is to see what happens when you substitute the pronoun "we" for "I." It's not as simple as that, however, because she must also grind down her representations of experience until they become interchangeable parts. Her method for achieving this experiential uniformity is to keep her style as commonplace as possible, which is surprising given her location in one of the most unique places on the planet. Consider: she goes from Buffalo (Buffalo!) to Hawaii yet begins her book by quoting Stein's quip about Oakland: there's no there there. Hawaii comes into a poem about a stream, but only as a setting for a dispute over land use. Nature is present only as a few proper nouns, culture as a few traces of pidgin. This is, to my mind, an *_amazing_* feat of discipline. Here is "Switching":

<http://www2.hawaii.edu/%7Espahr/syllabi/connects/switching.htm>

However anti-individualist or generic this poem wants to be, though, what it cannot explain is its own central "juxtaposition." The juxtaposition is there only because it "seems to make sense" to its "confused" author. It is thus a reminder of the poet's personality. It shifts our attention from the "we" back to the individual who speaks. And that's a good thing, for it improves the poem. Of course there is something odd about her apparent wish that intellectual exchanges could be more like fucking ("we need the leg of our thinking on one's shoulder..." etc). We know where Spahr is coming from when she says this (a rather benign and hippy-ish notion of human "connectedness"), but that is as nothing next to the kama-sutra-esque image that lingers in the mind. What is perhaps more interesting, however, is the reverse implication, which is that fucking should be more intellectual. This is backed up by the coldly rationalistic description of the lovers' limbs. The poet seems to want a kind of unprejudiced sexual rationality in which each method of coupling is merely one more permutation of the possible. But the line that sticks in your head is "This position does not even give the most pleasure." You immediately think: most pleasure _for whom_? Who is talking: "we" or an "I"? For a moment the poet seems to grant that sex locks one into a particular experience, a particular need which may be at cross-purposes with anything outside itself. Or, as she says at one point, "I am part of a we and then I am not part of a we." I think poetry is better served by Option #2.

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463. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: inquiry

Thu 20 Jun 2002

My father's read the entire book a couple of times, which might explain a lot - Alan

On Thu, 20 Jun 2002, david.bircumshaw wrote:

'Finnegans Wake' is a disaster. Possibly the most gifted English language writer of the last century spent 20 years of his life writing a book that even he had forgot the meaning of in parts. There are occasional brilliancy's but most of it is literally unreadable, believe me, I've tried. I've never met anyone who has actually been able to read the book entire, some pretend they have, for the kudos, but it's very transparent when people do so.

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Leicester, England

Home Page

A Chide's Alphabet

Painting Without Numbers

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

----- Original Message -----

From: "Mark DuCharme" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, June 20, 2002 1:43 AM

Subject: Re: inquiry

Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake' has been cited on this thread, to my mind it is a failure

Well, I'd like to have a "failure" like that.

What seems to be bubbling under the surface is unhappily English as everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a clamour of non-native speakers wanting to be recognised as poets in Lithuanian or Burmese for example. I don't deny for a moment that it's possible to write well in more than one language, but, gawd, it's hard.

Yes, I think it must be very hard. I respect anyone who can do it.

Would it sadden you less if English-language poets were the ones "crossing" to other languages?

A fascinating list can be made of "second-language" writers. For starters...

English was Louis Zukofsky's second language. Yiddish was his first. (Aren't there other Jewish-American writers that was also true of? What about Stein? Reznikoff? Anybody have any information?)

I believe English was Anselm Hollo's third or fourth language. (Anselm, correct me if I'm wrong!)

Samuel Beckett.

Vladimir Nabokov.

Does anyone know if French was Wilhelm de Kostrowitsky's (a.k.a. Guillaume Apollinaire's) first language? The biographical information I have at hand says he was born in Rome of Polish & Italian parents, received a French education in Monaco & worked as a tutor in Germany before moving to Paris, but it doesn't say what his first language was.

And let's not forget the Transylvanian-born NPR commentator, Andrei Codrescu.

I'm not a big fan of his work, but I suppose I should also mention Joseph Brodsky.

I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's all I can think of at the moment.

Mark DuCharme

'poetry because things say'

-Bernadette Mayer

<http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm>

<http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm>

Get your FREE download of MSN Explorer at <http://explorer.msn.com/intl.asp>.

Internet text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> CDROM of collected work 1994-2002 available: write XXXXXXXXXX

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464. **richard.tylr**

Re: inquiry

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Listees All. I heard, briefly, Joyce reading from it on an old recording: it came "alive", it was magical: in fact I would love to hear that record entire as that is the only way I'll probably ever read it....but have only read about 10 pages of it: its a garagntuan "failure" if it is. I, too, have no idea what its about and could only find out by reading "around" it: however i heard somewhere that Joyce recommended people to treat it as a kind of gigantic poem and not worry about ist "meaning" per se....its the magic of the words and so on, the music that matters, its apparently the dream of an Earwig who lived in a gold mine and had an ioslated Penis and is god and the devil and is also all human thoughts and a river of spume and love and fear and fire and so on sonos scrunched into the letter c: i think that sums it up but else I'm baffled.....Nothing is a failure, I mean the concept of failure is subjective except one might say that the guy who built the original Firth bridge "failed" in that task: HE himself wasnt a failure even though his bridge "failed", it sheared off and collapsed one night in a storm with a train going over it and all these Scottish fuckers drowned etc so he committed suicide: as long as Joyce got his jollies from writing F.W. and Alan's father can read it twice well and good and others get pleasure and so on its "good", better to write "Finnegans Wake" than to drink yourself to death I suppose. Joyce knew too much which is why he kept clear of the mafia: he he...Richard ----- Original Message ----- From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 1:02 PM Subject: Re: inquiry

> My father's read the entire book a couple of times, which might explain a
> lot - Alan

>

> On Thu, 20 Jun 2002, david.bircumshaw wrote:

>

> > 'Finnegans Wake' is a disaster. Possibly the most gifted English
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> > I've never met anyone who has actually been able to read the book
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> > some pretend they have, for the kudos, but it's very transparent when

people

> > do so.

> >

> > Best

> >

> > Dave

> >

> >

> > David Bircumshaw

> >

> > Leicester, England

> >

> > Home Page

> >

> > A Chide's Alphabet

> >

> > Painting Without Numbers

> >

> > <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

> > ----- Original Message -----

> > From: "Mark DuCharme" <[REDACTED]>

> > To: <[REDACTED]>

> > Sent: Thursday, June 20, 2002 1:43 AM

> > Subject: Re: inquiry

> >

> >

> > > Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake' has been cited on this

> > > thread, to my mind it is a failure

> >

> >

> > Well, I'd like to have a "failure" like that.

> >

> >

> > > What seems to be bubbling under the surface is unhappily English as

> > > everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a clamour
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> > > Burmese for example. I don't deny for a moment that it's possible to
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> > > well in more than one language, but, gawd, it's hard.

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> >

> > Yes, I think it must be very hard. I respect anyone who can do it.
> >
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> > to other languages?
> >
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> >
> > English was Louis Zukofsky's second language. Yiddish was his first.
> > (Aren't there other Jewish-American writers that was also true of? What
> > about Stein? Reznikoff? Anybody have any information?)
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> >
> > Samuel Beckett.
> >
> > Vladimir Nabokov.
> >
> > Does anyone know if French was Wilhelm de Kostrowitsky's (a.k.a.
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> > but it doesn't say what his first language was.
> >
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> >
> > I'm not a big fan of his work, but I suppose I should also mention
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> >
> > I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's all
I
> > can think of at the moment.
> >
> > Mark DuCharme
> >

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> > 'poetry because things say'
> >
> > -Bernadette Mayer
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> > http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm
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> > http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm
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> > _____
> > Get your FREE download of MSN Explorer at
http://explorer.msn.com/intl.asp.
> >
>
> Internet text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
> Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
> Trace Projects at http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm
> CDROM of collected work 1994-2002 available: write [REDACTED]

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465. **richard.tylr**

Re: Poetics List freed

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Freed by who? The CIA? Richard.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Charles Bernstein" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 12:34 PM

Subject: Poetics List freed

Date: Thu, 20 Jun 2002 20:31:59 -0400
From: "L-Soft list server at University at Buffalo (1.8d)"
<[REDACTED]>
Subject: Output of your job "bernstei"
To: Charles Bernstein <[REDACTED]>

free poetics
The POETICS list has been freed, 29 files have been released.

Summary of resource utilization

CPU time: 0.010 sec
Overhead CPU: 0.010 sec
CPU model: Ultra-2 (384M)
Job origin: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

466. **Mark DuCharme**

Re: inquiry

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Thanks for the elaboration. I'd forgotten about Celan, & somehow was unaware that Schwerner had French to that degree.

Other poets I forgot to mention-- Pierre Joris, Tristan Tzara.

Mark DuCharme

From: Mark Weiss <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: inquiry
Date: Wed, 19 Jun 2002 18:55:55 -0700

Yeah, I read Charles Bernstein's essay, too, but some of this really pushes the edges a bit. One can say that Williams' very early childhood was bilingual, but he never had adult, or even latency-age, Spanish. This is a pretty common phenomenon among first and second generation immigrants. Few of them are competent to write poetry in both languages, which may be why Rezzie, Williams, Zukofsky stuck to English, as opposed to say Glatsteyn, who spoke English but wasn't competent to write poetry in it. At the time there was a pretty lively market for Yidish poetry, not to speak of Spanish. Most Latin American poets, by the way, think of chicano poetry as subliterate--more accurate would be that the language is a new invention. I participated as translator in a reading in a chicano coffee shop in LA by some Mexican poets. Many of the clientele afterwards told me that they couldn't have followed the Spanish without my English.

Stein--very unlikely she spoke Yidish. Few secular Jews of German descent

do. But I'd be happy to be corrected.

With those capable of switch-hitting, whether out of an extraordinary linguistic ability or a profound immersion in both languages from birth and thereafter, the interesting question is choice. Sometimes the factors are clear--Armand Schwerner's French was no more peculiar than his English--he was profoundly capable in both but spoke in both his own dialect. He chose to write in English, surrounded as he was by the American environment. Beckett wrote equally well in each but chose both exile and French. Picasso wrote some things in French, some in Spanish. Celan, who spoke and wrote elegant French and lived in Paris, chose to write poetry in German, altho he had Roumanian and Yidish available. Perhaps, after the holocaust, he chose to conquer Germany the only way he could.

At 09:19 PM 6/19/2002 -0400, you wrote:

*In a message dated 6/19/02 8:43:14 PM Eastern Daylight Time,
[REDACTED] writes:*

*I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's all I
can think of at the moment.*

Wasn't William Carlos Williams first a speaker of Spanish?

'poetry because things say'

—Bernadette Mayer

<http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm>

<http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm>

Chat with
friends online, try MSN Messenger: <http://messenger.msn.com>

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467. **komninos zervos**

Re: time travel / paradox

Thu 20 Jun 2002

Hello All--Thanks for the good suggestions in response to my query on time (I'd love to have more!). I'm also wondering if anyone knows of interesting essays and/or short stories dealing with time travel paradoxes, multiple dimensions, and all that sort of thing. It occurs to me that I could use the old Star Trek episode "City on the Edge of Forever" where Kirk, having

traveled back to 1930s Earth, must stand by as his true love (Joan Collins!) is killed in a car accident--in order to prevent the Third Reich from winning WWII (because in an alternate future, she becomes a peace activist who convinces FDR to delay entry into the war for too long). Anyone know of any particularly strong time travel episodes of STNG? I'm less familiar with that show, but seem to remember hearing there was a good "time" episode.

Steve

what about the tv series 'sliders'. each week they travel to a parallel universe, or 'zena' episode where they kept waking to the same day till they got it right?

komninos

--

komninos zervos bsc(hons) ma(creative writing)

http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/K_Zervos

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CyberStudies major

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Queensland 9726 Australia

tel:



fax:



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468. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: time travel / paradox

Thu 20 Jun 2002

the classic of course is Alfred Jarry's "How to construct a time machine"....

komninos zervos wrote:

Hello All--Thanks for the good suggestions in response to my query on time (I'd love to have more!). I'm also wondering if anyone knows of interesting essays and/or short stories dealing with time travel paradoxes, multiple dimensions, and all that sort of thing. It occurs to me that I could use the old Star Trek episode "City on the Edge of Forever" where Kirk, having traveled back to 1930s Earth, must stand by as his true love (Joan Collins!) is killed in a car accident--in order to prevent the Third Reich from winning WWII (because in an alternate future, she becomes a peace activist who convinces FDR to delay entry into the war for too long). Anyone know of any particularly strong time travel episodes of STNG? I'm

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School of Arts

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Queensland 9726 Australia

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fax:

[↑ Contents](#)

469. **Maria Damon**

Re: multilingual

Fri 21 Jun 2002

hi everyone i just saw the most amazing book, L'Oiseau Schizophone, by Fran-
ketienne, co-founder of the Haitian literary movement Spiralisme, about which i
know nothing. it's kind of like Barabajan or conVERSations w nathaniel
mackey, but in french. lots of fabulous neologisms. it's a mindblower. pub-
lished by jeanmichelplace.

At 12:07 AM -0400 6/20/02, Robert Kelly wrote:

>The young French poet Jennifer Cazenave has just finished a long poem, Un
>mat allonge' written in French and English, some sections in one, some in
>the other, register frictional against register. A powerful text, and
>I've never seen the like, with one language so to speak healing the other.
>A section or two in the recent Bard Papers.

>

>Robert

>

>

>=====

==

>
>NOTE NEW HOME ADDRESS:
>
>Robert Kelly
>1266 River Road
>Red Hook NY 12571
>
>Office address remains:
>Robert Kelly
>The Writing Program
>Bard College
>Box 5000
>Annandale-on-Hudson NY 12504
>Voice Mail: [REDACTED]
>[REDACTED]

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470. **Maria Damon**

Re: time travel / paradox

Fri 21 Jun 2002

isn't there a famous cortazar story (or is it carlos fuentes? no, i'm sure it's cortazar) about a guy who is in the hospital for a motorcycle accident and time-travels back to aztec times and it turns out he's running away from folks who are going to sacrifice him...??? does tht ring a bell w/ the better-read-than-i? also, for another kind of time travel, "Incident at Owl Creek" is always a goodie, and there's an old movie of it that i saw when i was in high school, way back in the 70s. in terms of kids' books, there's always the awesome a wrinkle in time, but is that considered a "girls' book"??? you could get someone from eckancar to come talk to your class...that's their big thing...

At 3:01 PM -0400 6/20/02, Steven Shoemaker wrote:

>Hello All--Thanks for the good suggestions in response to my query on time
>(I'd love to have more!). I'm also wondering if anyone knows of
>interesting
>essays and/or short stories dealing with time travel paradoxes, multiple
>dimensions, and all that sort of thing. It occurs to me that I could use
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>activist who convinces FDR to delay entry into the war for too long).
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>less familiar with that show, but seem to remember hearing there was
>a good "time" episode.
>
>Steve

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471. **Alan Sondheim**
Alan, Free Credit Card
Fri 21 Jun 2002

Alan, Free Credit Card

Find homes 30-50% below value.

Re: Get FREE unlimited monthly phone calls

[working assets radio] loya jirga lowdown

Are HGH Supplements Good For You? Get The Facts

(xXx) Hardcore Outdoor d Fun

Over 100 Million EMAIL ADDRESSES *TARGETED* Only \$69

Do You Offer a Bi-Weekly Payment Option?

Do You Offer a Bi-Weekly Payment Option?

k5% do you need money

ksh: syntax error: `do' me do me

k6% i do need money

ksh: i: you do me hard

k7% do you want money

ksh: syntax error: `do' me do me

k8% i do want money

ksh: i: you do me hard

k9% do you have money

ksh: syntax error: `do' me do me

k10% i want your money

ksh: i: you do me hard

k11% do you love money

ksh: syntax error: `do' me do me

k12% i want your money

ksh: i: you do me hard

k13% do x & y

ksh: syntax error: `do' me do me

k14% do y & x

ksh: syntax error: `do' me do me

k15% i do your money

ksh: i: you do me hard

k16% you do my money

ksh: you: you do me hard
k17% you give me money
ksh: you: you do me hard
k18% "do me do me"
ksh: do me do me: you do me hard
k19% "money money money"
ksh: money money money: you do me hard
k20% do you need money
ksh: syntax error: `do' me do me
k21% i need your money
ksh: i: you do me hard

—

Your use of Yahoo! Groups is subject to <http://docs.yahoo.com/info/terms/>

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472. **Millie Niss**

The Finnegan's Wake Society has read FW!

Fri 21 Jun 2002

There is a Finnegan's Wake Society which meets once a month (or maybe even twice-- I lost their calendar; I think they meet on Tuesday nights, the second and the fourth Tuesdays maybe. The contact person is Murray Gross at [REDACTED] -- but you don't have to call first to attend and there is a poster about it in the bookshop downstairs (I think) and the workers at the bookshop certainly know when the meeting times are, so you can call the Gotham Bookstore if you don't want to call an individual stranger) above the Gotham bookstore in NYC on 47th Street, and they do a close reading of Finnegan's Wake for an hour and a half each meeting. I have attended two meetings so I can verify the truth of this. A bunch of people actually sit around doing a close reading of a literary text, for the fun of it, when in real life they are not scholars. Moreover, the room is usually packed. Everyone has a book and the group is at a certain place in the book and they slowly move forward. Since they are on their second time around and some members have been there the whole time, I can unequivocally assert that some people have not only read FW all the way through but have done a group close reading of it. It's a pretty amazing thing -- all these ordinary seeming people with ordinary jobs turn out to be extremely erudite and catch the most far-flung allusions, puns, patterns, etc. (They especially like pointing out and explaining the detailed sexual jokes, which amuse everyone but you act as if the amusement were purely literary...) I did not keep up with them but I highly recommend going at least once. They are very welcoming and will give you a special bookmark for your copy of FW which is ruled

so that you can determine what line a partiucular thing happens on, so you can call out, line 25, third through fifth words -- a reference to the tale of Cuchulain as a boy? or whatever.

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of david.bircumshaw

Sent: Wednesday, June 19, 2002 9:59 PM

To:

Subject: Re: inquiry

'Finnegans Wake' is a disaster. Possibly the most gifted English language writer of the last century spent 20 years of his life writing a book that even he had forgot the meaning of in parts. There are occasional brilliancy's but most of it is literally unreadable, believe me, I've tried. I've never met anyone who has actually been able to read the book entire, some pretend they have, for the kudos, but it's very transparent when people do so.

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Leicester, England

Home Page

A Chide's Alphabet

Painting Without Numbers

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

----- Original Message -----

From: "Mark DuCharme" < >

To: < >

Sent: Thursday, June 20, 2002 1:43 AM

Subject: Re: inquiry

Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake' has been cited on this thread, to my mind it is a failure

Well, I'd like to have a "failure" like that.

What seems to be bubbling under the surface is unhappily English as everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a clamour of non-native speakers wanting to be recognised as poets in Lithuanian or Burmese for example. I don't deny for a moment that it's possible to write well in more than one language, but, gawd, it's hard.

Yes, I think it must be very hard. I respect anyone who can do it.

Would it sadden you less if English-language poets were the ones "crossing" to other languages?

A fascinating list can be made of "second-language" writers. For starters...

English was Louis Zukofsky's second language. Yiddish was his first. (Aren't there other Jewish-American writers that was also true of? What about Stein? Reznikoff? Anybody have any information?)

I believe English was Anselm Hollo's third or fourth language. (Anselm, correct me if I'm wrong!)

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Does anyone know if French was Wilhelm de Kostrowitsky's (a.k.a. Guillaume Apollinaire's) first language? The biographical information I have at hand says he was born in Rome of Polish & Italian parents, received a French education in Monaco & worked as a tutor in Germany before moving to Paris, but it doesn't say what his first language was.

And let's not forget the Transylvanian-born NPR commentator, Andrei Codrescu.

I'm not a big fan of his work, but I suppose I should also mention Joseph Brodsky.

I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's all I can think of at the moment.

Mark DuCharme

'poetry because things say'

-Bernadette Mayer

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473. **Tony Follari**
Reply to milli Vanilli

Fri 21 Jun 2002

I have only read parts of Finnegans Wake or should I say Vinegar's cake I found it incredibly dry, and what on earth did the author intend to do by writing a

book that was not very understandable by the majority of us! We shouldn't have to take school lessons in order to understand joyce's writing.

Regards Tony Follari

From: Millie Niss <[REDACTED]>

Reply-To: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: The Finnegans Wake Society has read FW!

Date: Fri, 21 Jun 2002 03:05:35 -0400

There is a Finnegans Wake Society which meets once a month (or maybe even twice-- I lost their calendar; I think they meet on Tuesday nights, the second and the fourth Tuesdays maybe. The contact person is Murray Gross at [REDACTED] -- but you don't have to call first to attend and there is

a poster about it in the bookshop downstairs (I think) and the workers at the bookshop certainly know when the meeting times are, so you can call the Gotham Bookstore if you don't want to call an individual stranger) above the

Gotham bookstore in NYC on 47th Street, and they do a close reading of Finnegans Wake for an hour and a half each meeting. I have attended two meetings so I can verify the truth of this. A bunch of people actually sit around doing a close reading of a literary text, for the fun of it, when in real life they are not scholars. Moreover, the room is usually packed. Everyone has a book and the group is at a certain place in the book and they slowly move forward. Since they are on their second time around and some members have been there the whole time, I can unequivocally assert that

some people have not only read FW all the way through but have done a group close reading of it. It's a pretty amazing thing -- all these ordinary seeming people with ordinary jobs turn out to be extremely erudite and catch

the most far-flung allusions, puns, patterns, etc. (They especially like pointing out and explaining the detailed sexual jokes, which amuse everyone but you act as if the amusement were purely literary...) I did not keep up with them but I highly recommend going at least once. They are very welcoming and will give you a special bookmark for your copy of FW which is ruled so that you can determine what line a particular thing happens on, so

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474. **richard.tylr**

Re: The Finnegan's Wake Society has read FW!

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Millie and Udda Loistees. Voiry interesting wot u say. I've actually called into the Gotham Bookshop its famous: when I was in NY in 1993 and there I got a copy of the "poetry Calendar"...its on 47th street I think: my hotel was not too far on the same street. But of course many people have read FW - Dave was being a bit satirical I think: a lot probably pretend they have as its one of those vast tomes like War and Peace. As well as that there is actually a journal devoted exclusively to Pound and also one to Joyce: its all very well...but can become addictive I imagine: I met a bloke who'd got obsessed with FW for seven years...its a bit like "The Search for the Golden Hare" phenomenom ... old Joyce baby eh: he was a card: he liked his drink and his food and died of a stomach ulcer: he was born same day (of the month!) as yours truly...ah the marvel of life...actially there seemed to be a lot of fascinating stuff going on in NY as advertised in the Village Voice under "Cheap Thrills" and those were poetry and other things (like your readings) all for zero or a donation or \$5 max. Good the way people read like thhat: it shows that more people are "cultured" than we credit...and so on.

But as I explained FW is about an isolated Penis who wages war on Amoriga and spits in the Liffey thus giving birth to an eternal dream and it circumvolvulates and corruscates like a bubblingmoilby ball who sleepy slep slops underin Aham and Shem are shurelwoooley ashoimed me goin oi youd bay creekey ak ka doppldy doo and the dark man eek to frousome frieghty backk and doin w' ga t' gang in traumysidey: hey! doo. Roichaoisrd Toilloioiioyyiuiorrrar

----- Original Message -----

From: "Millie Niss" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 7:05 PM

Subject: The Finnegans Wake Society has read FW!

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> [mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of david.bircumshaw
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> Subject: Re: inquiry
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> Best
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> Dave
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> From: "Mark DuCharme" <██████████>
> To: <██████████>
> Sent: Thursday, June 20, 2002 1:43 AM
> Subject: Re: inquiry
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> >everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a clamour
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> Yes, I think it must be very hard. I respect anyone who can do it.
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> to other languages?
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> A fascinating list can be made of "second-language" writers. For
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> I'm not a big fan of his work, but I suppose I should also mention Joseph
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475. **richard.tylr**

Re: multilingual

Fri 21 Jun 2002

The point about Finnegans Wake is that I fell asleep readin' it!! Ha ha
ha!! Richard.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Maria Damon" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 4:09 PM

Subject: Re: multilingual

> hi everyone i just saw the most amazing book, L'Oiseau Schizophone, by
> Franketienne, co-founder of the Haitian literary movement Spiralisme,
about

> which i know nothing. it's kind of like Barabajan or conVERSations w
> nathaniel mackey, but in french. lots of fabulous neologisms. it's a
> mindblower. published by jeanmichelplace.

>

> At 12:07 AM -0400 6/20/02, Robert Kelly wrote:

> >The young French poet Jennifer Cazenave has just finished a long poem, Un
> >mat allonge' written in French and English, some sections in one, some in
> >the other, register frictional against register. A powerful text, and
> >I've never seen the like, with one language so to speak healing the
other.

> >A section or two in the recent Bard Papers.

> >

> >Robert

> >

> >

>

>=====

===

> >

> >NOTE NEW HOME ADDRESS:

> >

> >Robert Kelly

> >1266 River Road

> >Red Hook NY 12571

> >

> >Office address remains:

> >Robert Kelly

> >The Writing Program

> >Bard College
> >Box 5000
> >Annandale-on-Hudson NY 12504
> >Voice Mail: [REDACTED]
> > [REDACTED]

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476. **Millie Niss**

FW: Reply to milli Vanilli

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Actually some of it is quite funny. This comes out if you ghear it read aloud by somoene who gets it. I have a tape with two episodes from Finnegan's Wake on it and listening to the tape you could swear it makes perfect sense because your ear tricks your brain into understanding. Also, there is no law against a book bbeing difficult. It is whenb a minor book by a minor author is extremely difficult that we have a right to complain (somehow this ios only true in prose, not in poetry; society allows you to write arbitrarily difficult poetry and get awayt with it, even if you are a minor poet). If I wrote a novel as incom[prehensible as Finnegan's Wake it wouldn't get published and if by some miracle it did, people would have a right to be annoyed, since I'm a nobody. But Joyce had writ-ten Ulysses which is Portrait of the Artist of a Young Man (which itself is Dubliners on steroids) on stereoids and FW is Ulysses on steroids... He made a steady progression against narrative, for allusive open texts with multiplae meanings, multiple puns, muyupltiple chracaters who have many guises (like the way Anna Livia is the river Liffey).

I have not read it fully eaither. But I find a random page or two to be quite in-spiring and it can shake me into writing. In fact I write this as a result of read-ing Finnegan's Wake:

Reflections While Reading Finnegan's Wake in the Hospital
In a Room With An Old Lady Who Ate Only Burnt Toast

Here in the holly holy holspitall they pokety poke poke the bloody bodies of the impatient patients pointedly. Pilly pill pills pushed into dry pasty throats and oats with glue re-served at breakfast not too fast after and past the waking time when they come and squeeze sphygmometers around your no longer sleeping and weeping arm so no harm can come except the times times times when they are busily igsnoring the increasingly impatient patients with their painful pains and aching headaches and palpating palpitations and attacks of the heart and strokes of strokes and seizesful seizures while the nursely nurses burn toast for a leetle old lady with colic who asks often often for burnt toast burnt in the microwave which can' t burn toast without making it dryasdust

solid hardasarock crust of fake toast which is exactamente what the colicky old lady desires and so the nurses nurses are busy burning bread and the impatient patients are dying dying and the fire alarm is bring tringety ringing for the burning burning toast is flaming and smoke is blowing and the nursely nurse supervisoress says don't burn toast in the wavy wavy microwave because if the BIG fire alarm blang clangily goes off there'll be boiling burning hell to pay for the burning toast and we'll have to shove push move the impatient patients who are sick sick sick and might puke puke puke if we unsettle their tummies and then we'll have to send the mopsters to mop the floor and there'll be odorous smelly stinks while they belatedly delay and the impatient patients could slip on the vomit and break their creaky hips and there would be neggily gents suits and leetle nasty lawyers and we'd get fired fired so please please don't burn toast in the microwave any more.

-----Original Message-----

From: Tony Follari [mailto:██████████]

Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 4:21 AM

To: ██████████; ██████████

Subject: Reply to milli Vanilli

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477. **Mister Kazim Ali**

Re: The Finnegan's Wake Society has read FW!

Fri 21 Jun 2002

hmmm. it sounds like buffy the vampire slayer.

like in season three when buffy has a dream in which
faith says cryptically to her. "counting down from
7-3-0" and of course two years later (7-3-0 get it?)
buffy's dead.

(oh she doesn't stay dead, don't worry--)

*you can call out, line 25, third through fifth
words -- a reference to the
tale of Cuchulain as a boy? or whatever.*

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting
behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"
--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup
<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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478. **Gary Sullivan**
Contact info for Fraser and Mac Low?
Fri 21 Jun 2002

Could someone send along contact info for
Kathleen Fraser
and
Jackson Mac Low ...?
Many kind thanks in advance,
Gary

Send and re-
ceive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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479. **Nick Piombino**

Content and its Discontents

Fri 21 Jun 2002

It's very interesting to me that Tom picked up on the last line of my piece -I'm looking to poetics-. Ted Berrigan used to recommend eliminating the last line of a poem if there was any sense of discomfort about a poem as a whole. In this last line I was consciously trying to echo the last line of one of Barrett's postings on -content- "I return to the question of content." I thought of a few variations and came up with this one. It was 4 am and I wanted to get the posting out- but I admit I was quite tired as I had been working on the post for 6 hours straight at that point. Still, I think I can justify it in that I was not speaking so much about my own practice of poetics but the practice as a whole, the poetics list being one very good example of this practice. But I think Tom is right to specify narcissism as a crucial issue for the poet. It is important to underline in this context that there are both productive and unproductive aspects of narcissism. I sometimes use the comparison of cholesterol when I am thinking of narcissism. There is "good cholesterol" and "bad cholesterol", the HDL and the LDL. Good narcissism is the ability of the self-or a community- to feed back credit which is earned and appropriate in a self-assessment of one's accomplishments and failings or areas of needed improvement. Bad narcissism is when the system short-circuits and no amount of credit, internal or external serves an actual sense of a more or less accurate self-assessment. With bad narcissism the process of creating self-esteem becomes an end in itself, not as a balancing of assessments that come by way of others or the self, towards a rough and ready, but generally accurate view of movement towards one's goals, or the benefits of one's activities in terms of overall goals of a community. In my posting I was trying to specify some of these issues as they were emerging in the discussion of -Material- for poetry. In Tom's post, I got the feeling in the discussion of the artist statements of -Home Sonorus- and I'm not familiar with these- he was recommending particular content as a way of dealing with this issue. In my piece I was speaking about the value of response by poets about poets and poetry, moving towards the accumulation of generally useful theoretical concepts, that is poetics, as one way of dealing with the problems of narcissism for the poet which I am claiming are intrinsic to the community situation of the poet, not a result of the shortcomings of individual poets. I feel the situation of the contemporary poet intensifies narcissistic issues to a very painful degree for many and that poetics, that is, a community focusing on the problems of response and credit is very valuable activity for all concerned. A comparison might be made with psychoanalysis having to do with theory. Freud offered an excellent theoretical framework for discussions among psychoanalysts that helps move analysts away from arguing so much about who has accomplished

more with analysands rather than what underlying assumptions or overall practices related to these assumptions have been effective. This was in the face of endless splits which were happening as the field emerged, the temptation for individuals to present the effectiveness of forms of therapy related largely to themselves so that individual analysts might increase the numbers of their followers. On the whole I feel it was and is the effectiveness of the analytic community's ongoing discussion of psychoanalytic theory which has held the movement together and has given it some ideals to work towards, as well as some basic concepts to employ in common- the unconscious, transference, and narcissism to name a few. But I don't want to overemphasize the comparison. There are many things very different about psychoanalysis and poetry also. I like these differences, so that I am not particularly attracted to approaches like -poetry therapy- for example. There are poetic aspects of psychoanalysis and therapeutic aspects of poetry, but I say- vive la difference! as well. There is much else of value in Tom's response- his discussion of -institutional sclerosis- is also intriguing as well as the self focus of the typical workshop poem.

Nick Piombino

Date: Tue, 18 Jun 2002 23:07:29 -0500
From: Thomas Bell <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Close reading Content and its discontents

I'm melding these threads as they do seem to come together for me.

I think Nick has voiced his search quite admirably but do have to question his goal of "I'm looking to poetics" as an end. To draw the analogy, it seems to me that in some ways this would be somewhat like looking to Freud and arguments about theory rather than arguments THROUGH practice as seen through practitioners 'doing therapy'. I have a feeling that Nick understands when I say that when I'm doing therapy it's based on bedrock of theory but the actual practice (what I say or don't say) is somewhat like a duet and my part is based on my experience and my experiences of the client as they happen as we seek something that might be helpful. It's neither objective nor subjective to either.

I'm not sure what direction this leads toward, but do feel it's intertwined with something on the close reading thread here as seen in reflecting on biographical, lyric, and workshop work and the focus or anti-focus on the poet. One of the central things with all of these that I think is problematic is the narcissistic focus on the self of the poet (or the anti-narcissistic ploy that is sometimes played)

One of the ways I have been pursuing out of this trap is to try and bring into the poem itself some of the 'institutional sclerosis' (Mez' great term) and I suspect the same is true for 'techno' work with the hope that with a little imagination the reader can allow herself to be within the institutional

sclerosis.

I think another way out of the trap is to be found in the actual artist statements in _Homo Sonorus_, especially those that take the stance of poem or artwork as 'experiment' and invite the reader to participate rather than proceeding in the artist as hero or heroine stance.

once again I am thinking as I write and jammed for time, but?

tom bell

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480. **Ryan Whyte**

Re: query on art and time

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Micah Lexier, On Kawara, Douglas Gordon, Stan Douglas, Lygia Clark -

[↑ Contents](#)

481. **david.bircumshaw**

Re: inquiry

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Richard

the Joyce recording is of the opening section of 'Anna Livia Plurabelle'. It is magnificent, as are sections of the Wake. But overall

what hasn't been mentioned here is Lucia, whose illness was behind Joyce's desire to write The Ultimate Book. I'm a great fan of JJ, but FW I regard as the waste of a stupendous talent. It will always have a cult status, but that's all.

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Leicester, England

Home Page

A Chide's Alphabet

Painting Without Numbers

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

----- Original Message -----

From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 2:50 AM

Subject: Re: inquiry

Listees All. I heard, briefly, Joyce reading from it on an old recording: it came "alive", it was magical: in fact I would love to hear that record entire as that is the only way I'll probably ever read it....but have only read about 10 pages of it: its a garagntuan "failure" if it is. I, too, have no idea what its about and could only find out by reading "around" it: however i heard somewhere that Joyce recommended people to treat it as a kind of gigantic poem and not worry about ist "meaning" per se....its the magic of the words and so on, the music that matters, its apparently the dream of an Earwig who lived in a gold mine and had an ioslated Penis and is god and the devil and is also all human thoughts and a river of spume and love and fear and fire and so on sonos scrunched into the letter c: i think that sums it up but else I'm baffled.....Nothing is a failure, I mean the concept of failure is subjective except one might say that the guy who built the original Firth bridge "failed" in that task: HE himself wasnt a failure even though his bridge "failed", it sheared off and collapsed one night in a storm with a train going over it and all these Scottish fuckers drowned etc so he committed suicide: as long as Joyce got his jollies from writing F.W. and Alan's father can read it twice well and good and others get pleasure and so on its "good", better to write "Finnegans Wake" than to drink yourself to death I suppose. Joyce knew too much which is why he kept clear of the mafia: he he...Richard ----- Original Message ----- From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 1:02 PM Subject: Re: inquiry

> My father's read the entire book a couple of times, which might explain a
> lot - Alan
>
> On Thu, 20 Jun 2002, david.bircumshaw wrote:
>
> > 'Finnegans Wake' is a disaster. Possibly the most gifted English
language
> > writer of the last century spent 20 years of his life writing a book
that
> > even he had forgot the meaning of in parts. There are occasional
> > brilliancy's but most of it is literally unreadable, believe me, I've
tried.
> > I've never met anyone who has actually been able to read the book
entire,
> > some pretend they have, for the kudos, but it's very transparent when
people
> > do so.
> >

> > Best
> >
> > Dave
> >
> >
> > David Bircumshaw
> >
> > Leicester, England
> >
> > Home Page
> >
> > A Chide's Alphabet
> >
> > Painting Without Numbers
> >
> > <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>
> > ----- Original Message -----
> > From: "Mark DuCharme" <[REDACTED]>
> > To: <[REDACTED]>
> > Sent: Thursday, June 20, 2002 1:43 AM
> > Subject: Re: inquiry
> >
> >
> > > Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake' has been cited on this
> > > thread, to my mind it is a failure
> >
> >
> > Well, I'd like to have a "failure" like that.
> >
> >
> > > What seems to be bubbling under the surface is unhappily English as
> > > everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a clamour
of
> > > non-native speakers wanting to be recognised as poets in Lithuanian or
> > > Burmese for example. I don't deny for a moment that it's possible to
write
> > > well in more than one language, but, gawd, it's hard.
> >
> >
> > Yes, I think it must be very hard. I respect anyone who can do it.
> >
> > Would it sadden you less if English-language poets were the ones

"crossing"

> > to other languages?

> >

> > A fascinating list can be made of "second-language" writers. For
> > starters...

> >

> > English was Louis Zukofsky's second language. Yiddish was his first.

> > (Aren't there other Jewish-American writers that was also true of? What
> > about Stein? Reznikoff? Anybody have any information?)

> >

> > I believe English was Anselm Hollo's third or fourth language. (Anselm,
> > correct me if I'm wrong!)

> >

> > Samuel Beckett.

> >

> > Vladimir Nabokov.

> >

> > Does anyone know if French was Wilhelm de Kostrowitsky's (a.k.a.
Guillaume

> > Apollinaire's) first language? The biographical information I have at
hand

> > says he was born in Rome of Polish & Italian parents, received a French
> > education in Monaco & worked as a tutor in Germany before moving to
Paris,

> > but it doesn't say what his first language was.

> >

> > And let's not forget the Transylvanian-born NPR commentator, Andrei
> > Codrescu.

> >

> > I'm not a big fan of his work, but I suppose I should also mention

Joseph

> > Brodsky.

> >

> > I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's all
I

> > can think of at the moment.

> >

> > Mark DuCharme

> >

> >

> >

> >

> >
> >
> > 'poetry because things say'
> >
> > -Bernadette Mayer
> >
> >
> >
> >
> >
> > http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm
> >
> >
> >
> > http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm
> >
> >
> >
> >

> > Get your FREE download of MSN Explorer at
http://explorer.msn.com/intl.asp.
> >
>
> Internet text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
> Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
> Trace Projects at http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm
> CDROM of collected work 1994-2002 available: write [REDACTED]

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482. **Mister Kazim Ali**
Re: time travel / paradox

Fri 21 Jun 2002

there were several interesting "time" episodes in the new Star Trek.

one called "Yesterday's Enterprise" creates a whole new reality because of an event which changes in the past: in the new reality, formerly dead crew members are alive, the Federation is still at war with old enemies, etc.

very strange.

in another, "Time's Arrow" Data's dismembered head is excavated in San Francisco. it's been there for nearly 500 years! the crew finds a portal and goes back to SF of the 19th century. Not only is an Guinan--hundreds of years older than the other crew members--there as a young woman, but her best friend is Samuel Clemens.

in one which title I forget, the Enterprise is forced to relive the same 36 hours (in show time, it's the same ten minutes...replays six times) which in each case results in the Enterprise's destruction. as the timeline unfolds each time, the crew members slowly figure out what's happening and try to avoid the same fate. my favorite part of this is that there are *certain* things that happen *each* time no matter how one tries to avoid it: for example, Dr Crusher knocks over her glass and breaks it. in the final timeline, with insinctual memory she places the glass on her desk instead of her nightstand. but she still knocks it off the table as she rushes out of the cabin.

then there are several that involve shifting realities: in one Worf skips across variant timelines. in one he is married to Deanna Troi, in another the captain has been dead for many years, etc.

of course in the famous last episode, the all powerful Q takes Picard to three different points in his life to try to undo a mistake--interesting because it points to multiple causes of any effect. and in this case, the *effect* lies in the past, the *cause* in the future. there's a cute part in the beginning where Data is playing poker with holographic images of Stephen Hawking, Albert Einstein, and Isaac Newton--
Ok. I'm a big nerd.

--- Steven Shoemaker <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Anyone know of any particularly strong time travel episodes of STNG? I'm less familiar with that show, but seem to remember hearing there was a good "time" episode.

Steve

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting
behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"
--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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483. **Maria Damon**

Re: Content and its Discontents

Fri 21 Jun 2002

a quick note to say that in spite of my necessarily cursory reading of the list these days, i'm finding this thread very substantive and worthwhile.

At 11:32 AM -0400 6/21/02, Nick Piombino wrote:

>It's very interesting to me that Tom picked up on the last line of my piece
>-I'm looking to poetics-.Ted Berrigan used to recommend eliminating the last
>line of a poem if there was any sense of discomfort about a poem as a whole.
>In this last line I was consciously trying to echo the last line of one of
>Barrett's postings on -content- "I return to the question of content." I
>thought of a few variations and came up with this one. It was 4 am and I
>wanted to get the posting out- but I admit I was quite tired as I had been
>working on the post for 6 hours straight at that point. Still, I think I can
>justify it in that I was not speaking so much about my own practice of
>poetics but the practice as a whole, the poetics list being one very good
>example of this practice. But I think Tom is right to specify narcissism as
>a crucial issue for the poet. It is important to underline in this context
>that there are both productive and unproductive aspects of narcissism. I
>sometimes use the comparison of cholesterol when I am thinking of
>narcissism. There is "good cholesterol" and "bad cholesterol", the HDL and
>the LDL. Good narcissism is the ability of the self-or a community- to feed
>back credit which is earned and appropriate in a self-assessment of one's
>accomplishments and failings or areas of needed improvement. Bad narcissism
>is when the system short-circuits and no amount of credit, internal or
>external serves an actual sense of a more or less accurate self-assessment.
>With bad narcissism the process of creating self-esteem becomes an end in
>itself, not as a balancing of assessments that come by way of others or the
>self, towards a rough and ready, but generally accurate view of movement

>towards one's goals, or the benefits of one's activities in terms of overall
>goals of a community. In my posting I was trying to specify some of these
>issues as they were emerging in the discussion of -Material- for poetry. In
>Tom's post, I got the feeling in the discussion of the artist statements of
>-Home Sonorus- and I'm not familiar with these- he was recommending
>particular content as a way of dealing with this issue. In my piece I was
>speaking about the value of response by poets about poets and poetry, moving
>towards the accumulation of generally useful theoretical concepts, that is
>poetics, as one way of dealing with the problems of narcissism for the poet
>which I am claiming are intrinsic to the community situation of the poet,
>not a result of the shortcomings of individual poets. I feel the situation
>of the contemporary poet intensifies narcissistic issues to a very painful
>degree for many and that poetics, that is, a community focusing on the
>problems of response and credit is very valuable activity for all concerned.
>A comparison might be made with psychoanalysis having to do with theory.
>Freud offered an excellent theoretical framework for discussions among
>psychoanalysts that helps move analysts away from arguing so much about
who

>has accomplished more with analysands rather than what underlying
>assumptions or overall practices related to these assumptions have been
>effective. This was in the face of endless splits which were happening as
>the field emerged, the temptation for individuals to present the
>effectiveness of forms of therapy related largely to themselves so that
>individual analysts might increase the numbers of their followers. On the
>whole I feel it was and is the effectiveness of the analytic community's
>ongoing discussion of psychoanalytic theory which has held the movement
>together and has given it some ideals to work towards, as well as some
>basic concepts to employ in common- the unconscious, transference, and
>narcissism to name a few. But I don't want to overemphasize the comparison.
>There are many things very different about psychoanalysis and poetry also. I
>like these differences, so that I am not particularly attracted to
>approaches like -poetry therapy- for example. There are poetic aspects of
>psychoanalysis and therapeutic aspects of poetry, but I say- vive la
>difference! as well. There is much else of value in Tom's response- his
>discussion of -institutional sclerosis- is also intriguing as well as the
>self focus of the typical workshop poem.

>

>

>Nick Piombino

>

>> Date: Tue, 18 Jun 2002 23:07:29 -0500

>> From: Thomas Bell <[REDACTED]>

>> Subject: Close reading Content and its disconttents
>>
>> I'm melding these threads as they do seem to come together for me.
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>> I think Nick has voiced his search quite admirably but do have to
>>question his
>> goal of "I'm looking to poetics" as an end. To draw the analogy,
>>it seems to
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>> seek something that might be helpful. It's neither objective nor subjective
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>>intwined with
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>> biographical, lyric, and workshop work and the focus or anti-focus on the
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>>problematic
>> is the narcisstic focus on the self of the poet (or the anti-narcisstic ploy
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>> the poem itself some of the 'institutinal sclerosis' (Mez' great term) and I
>> suspect the same is true for 'techno' work with the hope that with a little
>> imagination the reader can allow herself to be within the institutional
>> sclerosis.
>>
>> I think another way out of the trap is to be found in the actual artist
>> statements in Homo Sonorus , especially those that take the stance of
poem
>> or artwork as 'experiment' and invite the reader to participate rather than
>> proceeding in the artist as hero or heroine stance.

>>
>> once again I am thinking as I write and jammed for time, but?
>>
>> tom bell
--

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484. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: inquiry

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Just like the other 99.99% of the literature produced in these time-space coordinates.

"david.bircumshaw" wrote:

*It will always have a cult status, but
that's all.*

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485. **Hilton Obenzinger**

Re: time travel / paradox

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Steven and all,

Consider Twain's Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, Bellamy's Looking Backward, HG Wells, and of course a whole range of films (Back to the Future, for example). However, I think one crucial text that no course as you describe should be without is The Book of Revelation. Crazy John from Patmos sets the basis for Western notions of time -- linear and veering off at a right angle (instead of cyclical or circular), telos, and able to be "read." Of all books it perhaps has done the most to stamp the notions of beginning and end into consciousness: the end is near, and out of the happy cataclysm comes the new, true beginning. I can hardly wait.

Hilton Obenzinger

At 03:01 PM 6/20/2002 -0400, Steven Shoemaker wrote:

>Hello All--Thanks for the good suggestions in response to my query on time
>(I'd love to have more!). I'm also wondering if anyone knows of
>interesting
>essays and/or short stories dealing with time travel paradoxes, multiple
>dimensions, and all that sort of thing. It occurs to me that I could use
>the old Star Trek episode "City on the Edge of Forever" where Kirk, having

>traveled back to 1930s Earth, must stand by as his true love (Joan
>Collins!) is killed in a car accident--in order to prevent the Third Reich
>from winning WWII (because in an alternate future, she becomes a peace
>activist who convinces FDR to delay entry into the war for too long).
>Anyone know of any particularly strong time travel episodes of STNG? I'm
>less familiar with that show, but seem to remember hearing there was
>a good "time" episode.
>
>Steve

Hilton Obenzinger, PhD.
Associate Director of Undergraduate Research Programs for Honors Writing
Lecturer, Department of English
Stanford University



Fax



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486. **Mark Weiss**

Re: time travel / paradox

Fri 21 Jun 2002

For that matter, the Popul Vuh would fit in nicely.

Mark

At 09:46 AM 6/21/2002 -0700, you wrote:

>Steven and all,
>
>Consider Twain's Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, Bellamy's
>Looking Backward, HG Wells, and of course a whole range of films (Back to
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>
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>>Collins!) is killed in a car accident--in order to prevent the Third Reich
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>>Anyone know of any particularly strong time travel episodes of STNG? I'm
>>less familiar with that show, but seem to remember hearing there was
>>a good "time" episode.

>>

>>Steve

>

>

>

>

>-----

>Hilton Obenzinger, PhD.

>Associate Director of Undergraduate Research Programs for Honors Writing

>Lecturer, Department of English

>Stanford University

> [REDACTED]

> [REDACTED] Fax

> [REDACTED]

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487. **Derek R**

Modernism in the service of understanding

Fri 21 Jun 2002

<http://loop.aiga.org/content.cfm?Alias=sutnaressay>

Good article on Ladislav Sutnar who understood practical function and the need to control and organize the plethora of information bombarding contemporary life.

"There is just one lesson from the past that should be learned for the benefit of the present -- that of the painstaking, refined craftsmanship -- which appears to be dying out."

"Design is evaluated as a process culminating in an entity which intensifies comprehension."

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488. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Re: Modernism in the service of understanding

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Hi Derek,

If you want fun weeding through information and trying to make a connection try Pynchon's Gravity's Rainbow. You'll either love it or it'll drive you insane. If the later throw it at a wall before page 400 and you might make it out in one piece :)

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza

editor BlazeVOX2k1

<http://vorplesword.com/>

—o
—\<—
(*)/ (*)

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of Derek R

Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 1:00 PM

To:

Subject: Modernism in the service of understanding

<http://loop.aiga.org/content.cfm?Alias=sutnaressay>

Good article on Ladislav Sutnar who understood practical function and the need to control and organize the plethora of information bombarding contemporary life.

"There is just one lesson from the past that should be learned for the benefit of the present -- that of the painstaking, refined craftsmanship -- which appears to be dying out."

"Design is evaluated as a process culminating in an entity which intensifies comprehension."

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489. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Content and its Discontents

Fri 21 Jun 2002

In a message dated 6/21/02 11:35:35 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

But I think Tom is right to specify narcissism as a crucial issue for the poet. It is important to underline in this context that there are both productive and unproductive aspects of narcissism. I sometimes use the comparison of cholesterol when I am thinking of narcissism. There is "good cholesterol" and "bad cholesterol", the HDL and the LDL. Good narcissism is the ability of the self-or a community- to feed back credit which is earned and appropriate in a self-assessment of one's accomplishments and failings or areas of needed improvement. Bad narcissism is when the system short-circuits and no amount of credit, internal or external serves an actual sense of a more or less accurate self-assessment. With bad narcissism the process of creating self-esteem becomes an end in itself...

Nick,

The basic question to me here is which community is doing the "feeding back." Is it one's friends, is it a publisher waiting for the poems to publish them, is it an institutional milieu like a university or even a poetic list like this?

Since, except for a very few poets or few occasions, no publisher is waiting on the sidelines or even interested friends, the process of writing (creation) essentially occurs prior to a "feeding back," is split apart from it. This has crucial consequences. To me writing poetry in America is like bad, not good cholesterol. This defines its radical essence. An American poem is not really a product (its activity is not "productive narcissism"), but an excessive consumption, a compulsive narcissistic act which creates the momentary illusion of power, infused with an aura of failure (I *play* at riches..." E. Dickinson). This aura of failure -inherent in the status of the American poem- decouples it from the economic (productive) system surrounding it, potentially becomes a counter system, the counter vision to it. Bad narcissism in poetry may be a very liberating thing. I discuss this idea in detail in my essay, "Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product?" which Gary Sullivan's Read Me published about a year ago. A poem/translation of mine, "souljam," which some of you may know, embody this idea in a poem.

Of course, this view of the American poem makes the position of the American poet, as a human being, in America very difficult and painful; but potentially liberating.

Murat

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490. **Wallis Leslie**

Re: time travel / paradox

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Steve Shoemaker asks for recommendations of works featuring time: John Donne's "A Lecture Upon the Shadow" exquisitely evokes a world outside of time possible only to true lovers, even if one of them is pompously confident in the right to lecture the other one.

Wallis Leslie

Do You Yahoo!?

Sign-up for Video Highlights of 2002 FIFA World Cup

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491. **Nada Gordon**

7/2: Joanna Sondheim & Alan Sondheim in Brooklyn

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Nada requests the pleasure of your company
at the Flying Saucer Cafe
494 Atlantic Avenue Brooklyn
on the evening of Tuesday July 2
at 8 pm

IS THERE A POETRY GENE????

*****JOANNA SONDHEIM & ALAN
SONDHEIM*****

Joanna Sondheim lives in Brooklyn. Her work has
appeared in Fishdrum, Transfer, Sugarmule, Vert,
Aporia and lower_limit_speech.

Alan Sondheim's books include the anthology Being on Line: Net Subjectivity (Lusitania, 1996), Disorders of the Real (Station Hill, 1988), and .echo (alt-X digital arts, 2001) as well as numerous other chapbooks, books and articles. His videos and films have been shown internationally. Sondheim co-moderates several email lists, including Cybermind, Cyberculture, and Wrying. For the past several years, he has been working on an "Internet Text," a continuous meditation on philosophy, psychology, language, body, sexuality, and virtuality. Sondheim lives in Brooklyn; he lectures and publishes widely on contemporary art

and Internet issues. In 1999, Sondheim was the second virtual writer-in-residence for the trAce (sic) online writing community, originating in Nottingham, England. He is currently Associate Editor of the online magazine Beehive, and assembled a special topic for the America Book Review on Codework. His video/soundwork has been recently screened at Millennium Film (NYC), as well as a number of universities and other venues. Sondheim teaches in the trAce online writing program, and last year was at Florida International University in Miami. He currently works in video, cdrom, performance, sound, and text, often in collaboration.

HOW TO GET THERE: Take the 2 or 3 or 4 or 5 or D or Q to the Atlantic Subway stop and walk underground to the Pacific Street exit (at the N or R or M Pacific Street Stop) or take the B or N or R or M - in any case, go out the Pacific Street Exit (right exit), take a right - at the end of the block you will be on Atlantic Ave. Take a left on Atlantic, and about two and a half blocks down, between Third and Nevins, you will find the Flying Saucer Cafe.

\$3 donation.

--

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492. **schwartzgk**

Re: time travel / paradox

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Also...consider Ronald Johnson's "Sweet Orange, Sour, Osage & Mock Orange", where he gives us the possibility to imagine how the perspective we held some two hundred years ago would view what we are now. How it gives us the opportunity to imagine how we would view some two hundred years hence. This ability to make a poem isolated outside our present means that whatever we do in the present can be tempered not only by Johnson's reading of William Bartram in his past, present and conception of a future, but also by our own acts of present, past and conceivable future. In short, the poem transcends the immediate...time/space traveling.

Anyone who takes it up can overcome the limited space-and-time perceptions of creatures such as Bartram's alligators. It is, in fact, Johnson's, and by turns, our means of breaking through the space/time barrier. The poem allows us also to be able to inhabit simultaneously the past (through legend, traditions and formal record), the present and the future (by means of declared ideal, projects and anticipations).

Poetry can be that aporetic space between time periods and those filling them. The call and response across the abyss, prolongs -- for all -- this feast of delight and ash...that paradox.

Gerald

----- Original Message -----

From: "Hilton Obenzinger" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 12:46 PM

Subject: Re: time travel / paradox

> Steven and all,

>

> Consider Twain's Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, Bellamy's

> Looking Backward, HG Wells, and of course a whole range of films (Back to

> the Future, for example). However, I think one crucial text that no

course

> as you describe should be without is The Book of Revelation. Crazy John

> from Patmos sets the basis for Western notions of time -- linear and

> veering off at a right angle (instead of cyclical or circular), telos, and

> able to be "read." Of all books it perhaps has done the most to stamp the

> notions of beginning and end into consciousness: the end is near, and out

> of the happy cataclysm comes the new, true beginning. I can hardly wait.

>

> Hilton Obenzinger

>

> At 03:01 PM 6/20/2002 -0400, Steven Shoemaker wrote:

> >Hello All--Thanks for the good suggestions in response to my query on
time

> >(I'd love to have more!). I'm also wondering if anyone knows of

> >interesting

> >essays and/or short stories dealing with time travel paradoxes, multiple

> >dimensions, and all that sort of thing. It occurs to me that I could use

> >the old Star Trek episode "City on the Edge of Forever" where Kirk,

having

> >traveled back to 1930s Earth, must stand by as his true love (Joan

> >Collins!) is killed in a car accident--in order to prevent the Third

Reich

> >from winning WWII (because in an alternate future, she becomes a peace

> >activist who convinces FDR to delay entry into the war for too long).

> >Anyone know of any particularly strong time travel episodes of STNG? I'm

> >less familiar with that show, but seem to remember hearing there was

> >a good "time" episode.

> >

> >Steve

>

>

>

>

> -----

> Hilton Obenzinger, PhD.

> Associate Director of Undergraduate Research Programs for Honors Writing

> Lecturer, Department of English

> Stanford University

> [REDACTED]

> [REDACTED] Fax

> [REDACTED]

>

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493. **kevinkillian**

time travel / paradox, and also, Eric Giraud?

Fri 21 Jun 2002

What about GROUNDHOG DAY with Bill Murray? I still can't figure that one out and I must have seen it four or five times. Maybe they explain it on the DVD.

PS, does anyone know how to get in touch with Eric Giraud the French poet, he called my apartment when I was out, leaving his e-mail address but his accent is too thick for me or any of my neighbors to figure out what he is trying to tell me, and so I'm missing significant portions of his e-mail address. Any replies appreciated, back channel.

Thanks everyone-- Kevin Killian

> At 03:01 PM 6/20/2002 -0400, Steven Shoemaker wrote:

> >Hello All--Thanks for the good suggestions in response to my query on time (I'd love to have more!). I'm also wondering if anyone knows of interesting essays and/or short stories dealing with time travel paradoxes, multiple dimensions, and all that sort of thing. It occurs to me that I could use the old Star Trek episode "City on the Edge of Forever" where Kirk, having traveled back to 1930s Earth, must stand by as his true love (Joan Collins!) is killed in a car accident--in order to prevent the Third Reich from winning WWII (because in an alternate future, she becomes a peace activist who convinces FDR to delay entry into the war for too long). Anyone know of any particularly strong time travel episodes of STNG? I'm less familiar with that show, but seem to remember hearing there was a good "time" episode.

Steve

mail2web - Check your email from the web at
<http://mail2web.com/> .

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494. **Robin Hamilton**
Re: time travel / paradox
Fri 21 Jun 2002

| Steve Shoemaker asks for recommendations of works featuring time ...

There's Edwin Morgan's "In Sobieski's Shield" and "From the Domain of Arnheim" (both originally published in *The Second Life*, and more recently in his *Selected and Collected*).

Robin Hamilton

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495. **Sheila Massoni**
Re: time travel / paradox
Fri 21 Jun 2002

old owl creek flick is the twilight zone version BCC where i toil sometimes for psss money as an adjunct has it my students often select viewing it as ancillary to the story also since i love James Joyce as much as i love my cats and all other animals remove me from list Sheila

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496. **Sheila Massoni**
Re: Modernism in the service of understanding
Fri 21 Jun 2002

yeah then do crying of lot 49

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497. **J Gallaher**
Elliptical Poets?
Fri 21 Jun 2002

I've been thinking about the Elliptical Poets lately. A few years back it seemed this term was everywhere, but I don't see it much anymore. So I was wondering: Is there anyone out there who considers her/himself one? Or, do any of you consider some poets "Elliptical"? If so, who are they?

Some poets considered Elliptical include(d) C.D. Wright, Susan Wheeler, Liam Rector, Lucie Brock-Broido, Rebecca Reynolds, August Kleinzahler, Thylias Moss, Killarney Clary, Forrest Gander, Karen Volkman, April Bernard, Alice Fulton, John Tranter, Mark Levine . . .

A reminder:

Stephen Burt, in his essay "Shearing Away" published in Poetry Review, describes several key moves, or attitudes, Elliptical poets carry to the poem: 1) Elliptical poets are always hinting, punning or swerving away from a never-quite-unfolded backstory. 2) Elliptical poets seek the authority of the rebellious; they want to challenge their readers, violate decorum, surprise or explode assumptions about what belongs in a poem, or what matters in life, and to do so while meeting traditional lyric goals. 3) They are uneasy about inherited elites and privileges, but they are not populists. 4) Their favorite attitudes are desperately extravagant, or tough-guy terse, or defiantly childish: they don't believe in, or seek, a judicious tone. 5) Elliptical poets create inversions, homages, takeoffs on old or "classic" poems; they also adapt old poetic subgenres.

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498. **George Bowering**

Re: FW: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Fri 21 Jun 2002

Millie, I think UC Bkly msy hve film or videotape of Spicer reading in the summer of y65, just before he died. He wasnt bogus--wasnt even "bogus"--to me, he feels to be a rare instance of authenticity in the poetry oh my lifetime--David Bromige
-----Original Message-----
From: Millie Niss <[REDACTED]>

I have to agree, as usual, with Bromige. A lot of us folks up here in Canada cannot figure out why the US hasnt figured out yet how good Spicer is. I have seen person after person snap to when they are exposed to Spicer, after letting their heads loll in the face of other stuff.

>Is Jack Spicer a fake poet? There is something subtly (or not so subtly) bogus about him, as if he were some extremely talented poet's joke... Or am I just obsessed with fakeness?

Speaking of which, I showed my father (not a modern poetry person AT ALL, but he likes literature that is pre 20th C) Bernstein's _With Strings_ (or maybe it was McCaffery's _The Cheat of Words_) and he said "this can't be serious" and I wondered if he was right at some level...I mean, it's funny and supposed to be funny, but my father's immediate reaction was that it

*couldn't be taken seriously as poetry-- yet for me it seemed perfectly
believable as serious poetry, because I've read what happened in between
the
19th C and the 21st and my father hasn't. But it's always interesting what
>a truly naive person will say.
>
>Millie
>*

--

George Bowering
On the wrong bus.
Fax [REDACTED]

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499. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Modernism in the service of understanding

Fri 21 Jun 2002

anything by Chris Marker

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500. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Content and its Discontents

Fri 21 Jun 2002

in regard to narcissism, there are poets writing outside the community, outside any community; there the matter of goals comes into play - if one publishes from outside, it is often self-publication, and this always threatens to topple; there are no guidelines, no stays. community support is crucial in relation to institutionalization - grants, conferences, readings, press publication - and outside it, good and bad narcissisms may well mix to the extent that the qualitative distinction becomes meaning- less.

- Alan (btw not referencing myself)

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501. **Nada Gordon**

Re: Elliptical Poets

Fri 21 Jun 2002

According to Stephen Burt's criteria, I would most definitely consider myself an "elliptical poet." A textbook case. Most evidently so in my forthcoming book, *_v. imp._*.

I would say that Chris Stroffolino is a decidedly elliptical poet, too. And K. Silem Mohammed. And, duh, Charles Bernstein.

But none of our poetries resembles that of any of the writers listed below.

Anyway, an interesting diagnosis. Tell me, can I get physical therapy for ellipticism?

Nada

--

I've been thinking about the Elliptical Poets lately. A few years back it seemed this term was everywhere, but I don't see it much anymore. So I was wondering: Is there anyone out there who considers her/himself one? Or, do any of you consider some poets "Elliptical"? If so, who are they?

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A reminder:

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1) Elliptical poets are always hinting, punning or swerving away from a never-quite-unfolded backstory.

2) Elliptical poets seek the authority of the rebellious; they want to challenge their readers, violate decorum, surprise or explode assumptions about what belongs in a poem, or what matters in life, and to do so while meeting traditional lyric goals. 3) They are uneasy about inherited elites and privileges, but they are not populists. 4) Their favorite attitudes are desperately extravagant, or tough-guy terse, or defiantly childish: they don't believe in, or seek, a judicious tone.

5) Elliptical poets create inversions, homages, takeoffs on old or "classic" poems; they also adapt old poetic subgenres.

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502. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**

Re: Modernism in the service of understanding

Fri 21 Jun 2002

poor little modernism---
it was just trying to make life simpler

for all the would be luddites
and look at the thanks it got---
(burn them at the stake!)

Derek R wrote:

<http://loop.aiga.org/content.cfm?Alias=sutnaressay>

Good article on Ladislav Sutnar who understood practical function and the need to control and organize the plethora of information bombarding contemporary life.

"There is just one lesson from the past that should be learned for the benefit of the present -- that of the painstaking, refined craftsmanship -- which appears to be dying out."

"Design is evaluated as a process culminating in an entity which intensifies comprehension."

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503. **R. Drake**

Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage

Fri 21 Jun 2002

kazim,

today at the borders outlet store i picked up a copy of "silence" for 4bucks... coincidence or chance operation, i suppose. (when i found it, i put back the lee renaldo book i'd found in the Poetry section. budgets & priorities). both cage's writing and music has been so important to me.

what are you listening to? i got to see a performance of the prepared piano pieces last year (from seats on the stage, behind the pianist), so i've been listening to those since. seems very accessible to me at this point, the structures & repetition. i also got to see him conduct atlas eclipticus (sp?), which changed every hearing of that piece i've had since. fond of cartridge music, too, but that's not everyone's cuppa...

was less enthused about the retallack book, or at least joan's parts of it. i kept feeling she was trying to prove something about cage's work (and/or about her own erudition?)... not that the claims she was making weren't valid, only that they didn't need to be made. it was as if she was fighting some "enemy" that might dismiss cage's work... while cage himself didn't seem that interested in engaging a fight. but maybe i'm romanticizing john's egolessness... or laying my own bias on him. but for me, the work is more about heart, retallack seemed to be coming more from head.

anyway, glad to hear you've found the works, still new to my ears after years.
& somehow, this echoes some of the recent discussion about the wake, how
many folks missed the music until they heard it allowed...

bests

luigi

on 6/22/02 7:09 PM, Mister Kazim Ali at [REDACTED] wrote:

*well i always found 4-33 conceptually and actually
brilliant (especially as performed so dramatically and
by a neurosurgeon no less at University of Buffalo in
fall of 1998) and always found Cage (and conversation
partner Joan Retallack) so charming, i had never
actually listened to Cage's music until today.*

well

*i can't say more than that but imagine that word in
its water-context and just say between my discovery of
Spicer last week and now this: Cage in a rainstorm:
I'm not drowning in the art, rather say i have again
(like my earliest embryonic incarnation) once again
learned how to breathe water.*

get you all to the music store.

Fuck you. Aloha. I love you.

Kazim.

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504. **mIEKAL aND**

[soundpoetry] SEEDSIGNS for Philadelpho

Sat 8 Sep 2001

F R I E N D S

After 3 aborted attempts I have finally completed the beta version of my tribute
to Philadelpho Menezes. I must confess that I knew very little of his art &

activities until receiving the announcement of his death over several of the mailing lists of which I am a member.

I was harvesting the seeds of False Blue Indigo (*Baptisia Australis*) that day & my immediate instinct was to form the newly harvested seed(signs) into the letters of his name & scan them into the computer.

Over the last year the intended tribute never really fell into place. When attending E-Poetry 2001 at SUNY-Buffalo, Wilton Azevedo presented an inspiring tribute to Menezes' work which more than anything informs my own attempts at an intersign tribute. Also meeting Brazilian poet/theorists Giselle Breugelmann & Lucio Agra at the festival insured that I had living contact with a body of work that until then had only been virtual.

SEEDSIGNS

for Philadelpho

by mIEKAL aND

Allegra Fi Wakest, voice

[flash, 517K]

<http://cla.umn.edu/joglars/SEEDSIGN/index.html>

for more information about the life & work of Philadelpho Menezes
visit this tribute page at the ELECTRONIC POETRY CENTER

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/menezes/>

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505. **Andrew Rathmann**

Location of poetry / location of poets

Fri 21 Jun 2002

I'll resume the close readings on Monday.

I've been thinking lately about the question of poetry's "location," partly because I'm impressed by the emergence of good literary magazines in cyberspace, and partly because I plan to move soon to a different city. It occurs to me, though, that magazines and cities already have something in common,

which is that each is a useful form of centralization. Politicians like to speak of "community," but centralization is a more accurate way to characterize the advantage of a city block or a table of contents. For what people want is not so much to see eye-to-eye with their neighbors as it is to have access to the widest range of whatever is going on, so that they as individuals can respond in whatever way they like. People don't move to big urban centers from small towns hoping to be part of a "community"; community was what they chose to leave behind. Instead they move in order to have a fuller sense of life. Now, the ink-and-paper variety of magazine has never done a very good job of giving the individual reader this kind of commanding perspective. Instead, the print magazine has tended to represent a constituency: more like a small town than a metropolis. Individual Web magazines do this too, but the Web as a whole promises something better, something like the centralized perspective of the city itself. The notion of "browsing" is actually quite apt as a metaphor (it seems originally to have meant grazing on the new shoots). Active readers of poetry tend to do a lot of skimming of ephemera, idly glancing at this text and that in the hope that a particular line or phrase will register. It's useful to be able to click "back" or "delete" and then move on to the next site or PDF file, without having to shell out \$10 for a publication that has the heft and seriousness of an anthology, but which is in fact a collection of work by the editor's friends (I wildly exaggerate, but you see my point). Formerly, browsing was available only to those who happened to live in places with good access to variety. Now, though, at least in terms of poetry, you can window shop from a desk chair in Des Moines or Honolulu. I think this is a good thing, but it raises my other dilemma, which is: where should the writer physically *be*? If the location of poetry is moving Web-ward, so that soon no one will be better situated than anyone else when it comes to seeing poetry whole, then is the question of physical location becoming moot? Or is it simply a question of assessing the location of poetry by other criteria than proximity to the centers of culture? Compare the situation of the poet with the situation of the academic: academic life is unapologetically rootless (though there is sometimes the pretense of cosmopolitanism), and though this fact may gnaw at younger academics, the profession as such does not regard rootlessness as a problem. Does the absence of geographical specificity in so much poetry reflect the dominance of the academy? But I'm losing my train of thought (3 hours of sleep between World Cup matches...) I suppose I'm just wondering whether anyone has tried to think through these questions in new ways.

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506. **cheryl doppler burket**

Re: time travel / paradox

Sat 22 Jun 2002

definitely check out Time, Space, and Knowledge by
Tarthang Tulku

Dharma Press, Berkeley

Also, for far out there stuff, type in "time travel"
on artbell.com; you can access past show archives. Art
loves time travel as a concept so discusses it alot

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507. **Jeffrey Jullich**

Location of poetry / location of poets

Sat 22 Jun 2002

Of course, "nomadic" has become a buzz-word.

But--- the disappearance of the subject logically
leads to the resurgence of ~place.~

Put differently: the elimination of the "I" still
leaves ~here.~ Even moreso.

(Lost subjectivity is overwritten by the photograph,
which occupies the same vantage point as the absented
subject.)

. . . Which may be evidence of the disingenuosness and
derivativeness of most innovative poetry ("the abence
of geographical specificity in so much poetry"):
poetry isn't as ~locative~ as reason would expect the
erased "I" to make it.

Or, on the other hand, the placelessness of most
poetry may, very simply, result from poets usually
writing ~indoors.~

And yet, think of how etherealized place is in, say,
Basho's travel diaries, where weather, season and
~time~ substitute for location.

Some of the most original investigation of place since Doug Crase's ~The Revisionist~ appears in Lytle Shaw's ~Cable Factory 20~ (Atelos, 1999), which depends liberally on Robert Smithson's notion of the ~non-site,~ and which seems to sublimate the autobiographical impulse of Shaw's having studied architecture at Cornell by externalizing it onto space, much of that enacted by the book's disruption of the page's quadrants with beautifully done collages of maps:

Continents connected, sea-floor cable. . . .
How to and the glamour of public transport.
 This way site would have
the broadest stretch.
 Drawing zig-zag brick pat-
terns and etched street designs in yet
to be watered suburbs. . . .
 Down at the bottom of the tank. . . .
 Mostly it's small displacements . . .
Which is exactly where, since maps
at once crease to opposites?
 Bits thread west . . .
But the grain of surrounding
 less resembles desert lakes.
And as surveyors break cloud level . . .
pressed under a new highway system . . .
 but the reality behind
 filters you to the Plain States
 just the same. . .

.

(Ellipses and compressions, my own.)

And which of Cole Swensen's books is it that has the urban planners plotting out the park?

I tried to get at this, in the highly condensed, almost axiomatic form necessitated by the editor's restrictions, in Fence's Symposium on Subjectivity and Style (v. 3, no. 2):

"Its only defense, the rooting of subject in ~cogito~ is typical of an academia sometimes lamented as 'innumerate' (mathematically illiterate): they know

Descartes only through his prose. Analysis of geometric structures by algebraic operations on variables defined in terms of ---and here's the frottage!--- position coordinates (let me repeat: position coordinates) was Descartes' real egotism."

The problem with believing that web will dispense with the decisive influence of actual (cultural) location is that television should then already have accomplished that tenfold as much by now, but it has not. No matter how ~educational~ the enhanced exposure to literature and information may be, being in "the wrong place" makes that like school without a syllabus: web does not clearly delineate its infiltration by ~power,~ and a frank, slack-jawed recognition of poetry's subordination to power is needed for both its interpretation and its execution.

"Community" is also an enemy palliative because of its jingoism: "community," in the same sense as AT&T's former slogan, "Reach out and touch someone" (made impossible by the very mechanism of the dictum).

You ask: "where should the writer physically _be_?"

Personally, I try never to travel, and to stay at home, leaving half the apartment unused and leaving my favorite room momentarily mainly only for another cup of Celestial Seasonings or bathroom. (...although, to be fair, I'm doing that in Manhattan, where my model is something like Raymond Roussel having a special mobile home designed for himself in the earliest years of automation, his "roulotte," which took him through Egypt and Tunisia, etc., but *where he never set food outside the roulotte,* and had his chauffeur bring him postcards along the way.) Oh, I'll get on the bus and go to the ballet in the spring now, the opera in the autumn and winter. But then where am I when I'm at ~Swan Lake~? I weigh over 600 lbs. and have to be pushed in a wheel barrow while I keep eating.

To stay home, like Howard Hughes, who had it in his power to go anywhere at any moment (financially), or like that other recluse Glenn Gould, who would have been whisked off to Tokyo or Leningrad, anywhere, if

he relented and consented to perform in recital.
Howard Hughes is the perfect martyr of location: he,
who, as an airplane record-setter, had traveled
further and faster than anyone. Having done that, he
sort of ~broke through~ the compulsion of relocation
and, by going nowhere, continued that momentum in the
only adequate way.

Location: That stage set of her bedroom, and (everyone
forgetting all the other choreography and talking
about only) Nijinsky's backward leap out the window in
~Spectre de la Rose.~

Travel is a governmental ~imperative~ for the populus.
Look at what happened in the first weeks after 9/11,
when "the President" got on TV and said: "Travel!" If
people don't travel, there's no recirculation of
capital. So, it clots.

The "leap of faith" was not a jump from one spot to
another, in the original Kierkegaard. It was how many
times the male ballerina, while suspended in air from
a vertical jump, could rapidly criss-cross his legs in
a scissoring motion before again touching ground.

My advice to a young poet: if your bed frame is not
high enough, raise it on dictionaries or
encyclopedias, and lie underneath the mattress with
weeks' supply of snack packets and bottled water.

~Go~ somewhere?! Indeed. "I really have to go" is an
idiom for needing to visit the bathroom.

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508. **Alan Sondheim**
DIVE THROUGH SPREAD LEGS
Sat 22 Jun 2002

DIVE THROUGH SPREAD LEGS

[Nikuko and I practice every day. We have much fun. Our legs open wide. We are up-side-down. We await our dive for each other. The dive is aerial dive.. We look down deep into new space. We look towards back of other then down of other then forward of other. Here is following description.]

[First, we must smile greatly at following description. We prepare by happy smile to fall across each other hole. We have steam-hole, geyser- hole. We look down with 10x tele-micro-scope. It is very beautiful in pink-brown color.]

[Why we speak this way. We seduct you with foreign language. We write in foreign language. You can hear us. You think you understand. You pay to watch DIVE THROUGH SPREAD LEGS.]

"No. 1, standing at the end of a row of mats, does a Headstand, and, when the balance is gained, straddles the legs wide sideward. No. 2, the diver, runs forward and upon reaching No. 1, springs from both feet and dives through the spread legs, finishing in a Forward Roll." [We read from wonderful stunting and tumbling book. We add No. 3, diving No. 1 and No. 2. We have many diver standing spread legs in long stunt and tumbling line.]

[You are attracted to "Political Economy of The Teaching of Stunts and Tumbling" by B. and D. Cotteral. You see much work and labor. You smell diver standing spread legs. You have happy smile. You want to fall across each other hole. We give you gift of 10x tele-micro-scope. This is beginning of gaze with purpose which is beginning of exchange. We read in "Phenomenology of Exchange of the Teaching of Stunts and Tumbling" by B. and D. Cotteral.]

[You are work for us. You are permit to look at our many hole of diver standing spread legs. You are very happy. Sometimes No. 1 or No. 3 diver finish in Forward Roll dive in you. You are push towards hole. You are sold to hole. Man, you are sold to hole. Woman, you are sold to hole.]

"About four yards behind each headstander stands a diver. At a signal, the divers run forward and dive through the legs of the headstanders and do a Forward Roll."

—

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509. **richard.tylr**

Re: inquiry

Sat 22 Jun 2002

David. I dont know enough: arent you getting into the area of why one writes and what is greatness? What is a waste? A waste of time? Can it be wasted: that said I know a bit about his daughter and that tragedy...well I think that

that leads into - or back around to questions of artistic orientation - I mean is Geoffrey Hill a greater writer than eg Caarla Harryman or is Robert Lowell the man or the so called Confessionals: and what about Baxter of NZ as you mentioned is he more /less important than our own Wystan or Michelle Leggott (who in many ways also involves her own life (the tragedy of coming blindness)) which poets are morally ethically and or aesthetically "correct" : am I right to claim I'm that I am one of the world's greatest poets? Obviously Joyce in terms of intelligence and so on and knowledge is a million miles from me: but is his *Finnegan's Wake* "better" than Blake's "Tyger" or Browning's "The Bishop Orders His Tomb..."? You're implying that maybe Joyce could have 'saved' himself and his daughter (that's what someone like (not as dark perhaps but someone serious and moral and religious)) or as Eliot or Hill or even Auden at his most "ethical" might say: I think Joyce was aware of one thing: the terribleness of his ethical-religious-moral-philosophical stance as in *Ulysses* when it is mentioned he has refused to pray etc for and with his mother in the Catholic or even any Christian or religious way when she was dying: how could his writings have been more "useful" ...I just ask these questions: I know what you are saying...the hype around Joyce conceals the man and maybe his own desire for "immortality" distorted him: and possibly it all greatly affected his daughter...but who knows...we are assuming then the greater importance of autobiography.... To switch I think your (dismissal?) of certain Langos maybe unfair eg looking at Nick Piombino his book I'm reading deals with some difficult issues of I'd say sincerity in writing, authority and authorship, what we are allowed to write - either satirically but the satire slides and we realise that it reflects a real difficulty of any writer (I'm taking about his "Manifestoes" which are also humorous on one level) the *raison d'etre* of writing...maybe more so than Joyce whose *FW* is very much as vast mind map: a waste of time? I "wasted time and now doth time waste me" (Rich II) But what is a waste: what should he have written: maybe his life and his writing, maybe none of it could have changed his daughter's...the tragedy of that: but I feel the moral urgency: moral urgency is a phrase I wouldn't have used even fairly recently...think of it as a model of the most complex entity in the universe: the human brain/mind..but I haven't read much of *FW*..but I'm glad of Joyce: look Joyce had a comic sense: that's what saves him: that adds or is part of his greatness: we can be comfortable with someone who "sees himself" (despite maybe his major ego) as against the great poet Geoffrey Hill who is so dark, so seemingly humourless: "God is distant, difficult" he says somewhere...true: but Joyce can say "the snot green sea" and so on. Richard (slightly ale inspired) Taylor.

To Derek: no I think I can only get two thru to the list its discrimination against mad Kiwis:very unfair...

----- Original Message -----

From: "david.bircumshaw" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 22, 2002 3:56 AM

Subject: Re: inquiry

> Richard

>

> the Joyce recording is of the opening section of 'Anna Livia Plurabelle'.

It

> is magnificent, as are sections of the Wake. But overall

>

> what hasn't been mentioned here is Lucia, whose illness was behind Joyce's

> desire to write The Ultimate Book. I'm a great fan of JJ, but FW I regard

as

> the waste of a stupendous talent. It will always have a cult status, but

> that's all.

>

> Best

>

> Dave

>

>

> David Bircumshaw

>

> Leicester, England

>

> Home Page

>

> A Chide's Alphabet

>

> Painting Without Numbers

>

> <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

> ----- Original Message -----

> From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>

> To: <[REDACTED]>

> Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 2:50 AM

> Subject: Re: inquiry

>

>

> Listees All. I heard, briefly, Joyce reading from it on an old recording:

> it came "alive", it was magical: in fact I would love to hear that record

> entire as that is the only way I'll probably ever read it....but have only
> read about 10 pages of it: its a garagntuan "failure" if it is. I, too,
have
> no idea what its about and could only find out by reading "around" it:
> however i heard somewhere that Joyce recommended people to treat it as a
> kind of gigantic poem and not worry about ist "meaning" per se....its the
> magic of the words and so on, the music that matters, its apparently the
> dream of an Earwig who lived in a gold mine and had an ioslated Penis and
is
> god and the devil and is also all human thoughts and a river of spume and
> love and fear and fire and so on sonos scrunched into the letter c: i
think
> that sums it up but else I'm baffled.....Nothing is a failure, I mean the
> concept of failure is subjective except one might say that the guy who
built
> the original Firth bridge "failed" in that task: HE himself wasnt a
failure
> even though his bridge "failed", it sheared off and collapsed one night in
a
> storm with a train going over it and all these Scottish fuckers drowned
> etc so he committed suicide: as long as Joyce got his jollies from writing
> F.W. and Alan's father can read it twice well and good and others get
> pleasure and so on its "good", better to write "Finnegans Wake" than to
> drink yourself to death I suppose. Joyce knew too much which is why he
kept
> clear of the mafia: he he...Richard
> ----- Original Message -----
> From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 1:02 PM
> Subject: Re: inquiry
>
>
> > My father's read the entire book a couple of times, which might explain
a
> > lot - Alan
> >
> > On Thu, 20 Jun 2002, david.bircumshaw wrote:
> >
> > > 'Finnegans Wake' is a disaster. Possibly the most gifted English
> > language
> > > writer of the last century spent 20 years of his life writing a book

> that
> > > even he had forgot the meaning of in parts. There are occasional
> > > brilliancy's but most of it is literally unreadable, believe me, I've
> tried.
> > > I've never met anyone who has actually been able to read the book
> entire,
> > > some pretend they have, for the kudos, but it's very transparent when
> people
> > > do so.
> > >
> > > Best
> > >
> > > Dave
> > >
> > >
> > > David Bircumshaw
> > >
> > > Leicester, England
> > >
> > > Home Page
> > >
> > > A Chide's Alphabet
> > >
> > > Painting Without Numbers
> > >
> > > <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>
> > > ----- Original Message -----
> > > From: "Mark DuCharme" <[REDACTED]>
> > > To: <[REDACTED]>
> > > Sent: Thursday, June 20, 2002 1:43 AM
> > > Subject: Re: inquiry
> > >
> > >
> > > > Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake' has been cited on this
> > > > thread, to my mind it is a failure
> > >
> > >
> > > Well, I'd like to have a "failure" like that.
> > >
> > >
> > > > What seems to be bubbling under the surface is unhappily English as
> > > > everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a

clamour

> of

> > > >non-native speakers wanting to be recognised as poets in Lithuanian or

> > > >Burmese for example. I don't deny for a moment that it's possible to
> write

> > > >well in more than one language, but, gawd, it's hard.

> > >

> > >

> > > Yes, I think it must be very hard. I respect anyone who can do it.

> > >

> > > Would it sadden you less if English-language poets were the ones
> "crossing"

> > > to other languages?

> > >

> > > A fascinating list can be made of "second-language" writers. For
> > > starters...

> > >

> > > English was Louis Zukofsky's second language. Yiddish was his first.

> > > (Aren't there other Jewish-American writers that was also true of?

What

> > > about Stein? Reznikoff? Anybody have any information?)

> > >

> > > I believe English was Anselm Hollo's third or fourth language.

(Anselm,

> > > correct me if I'm wrong!)

> > >

> > > Samuel Beckett.

> > >

> > > Vladimir Nabokov.

> > >

> > > Does anyone know if French was Wilhelm de Kostrowitsky's (a.k.a.
> Guillaume

> > > Apollinaire's) first language? The biographical information I have at
> hand

> > > says he was born in Rome of Polish & Italian parents, received a
French

> > > education in Monaco & worked as a tutor in Germany before moving to
> Paris,

> > > but it doesn't say what his first language was.

> > >

> > > And let's not forget the Transylvanian-born NPR commentator, Andrei

> > > Codrescu.
> > >
> > > I'm not a big fan of his work, but I suppose I should also mention
> Joseph
> > > Brodsky.
> > >
> > > I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's
all
> I
> > > can think of at the moment.
> > >
> > > Mark DuCharme
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > > 'poetry because things say'
> > >
> > > -Bernadette Mayer
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > > <http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm>
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > > <http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm>
> > >
> > >
> > > _____
> > > Get your FREE download of MSN Explorer at
> <http://explorer.msn.com/intl.asp>.
> > >
> >
> > Internet text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
> > Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
> > Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>
> > CDROM of collected work 1994-2002 available: write XXXXXXXXXX

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510. **Thomas Bell**
Content and its Discontents

Sat 22 Jun 2002

Intriguing essay, Murat. <http://home.jps.net/~nada/murat1.htm> , I particularly like "The poem ceases to be the end product, but becomes the process." One of your peice's virtues for me is that it brings some interesting ripples into the discussion here and moves it beyond the usual Anglo-Acad-Web-Have realm of discourse. I've cc'd this note to poetryetc as there is currently a discussion there of this issue that I think Chris kicked off.

Nick, to clarify things somewhat I hope it is this process that I was trying to get at with the poetry - therapy analogy - people are so easily put off by the thought of conjoining them in this way, probably by the history of poetry therapy. Perhaps a more appropriate phrasing would be 'poetry as therapy' or 'poetry as process'. Using myself as example (narcissist on top of narcissist!) I find that the struggle to put 'things' into words for a therapist is akin to the struggle to get them 'into' a poem.

Homo Sonorus is a Russian/English compendium of international sound/performance poets' statements put together by Dmitri Bulatov with 4 cds that sadly does not seem to be as readily available as it deserves.

I've been informed by Mez bc by the way that "institutional sclerosis" originated with Carolyn Guertin and not her by the way - the more I hear or see this phrase, the more enamored I become.

tom bell

&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&cetera:

Poetry at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/publicat.html>

Gallery - Metaphor/Metonym for Health at

<http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/metapho.htm>

Health articles at <http://psychology.healingwell.com/>

Reviews at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/reviews.htm>

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511. **Vernon Frazer**
Elliptical Poets

Sat 22 Jun 2002

Elliptical poets...never read em...Heard a few of the names before...my attitudes seems to fit...some of them...the description, anyway...I haven't read their work...curious now...maybe later...

512. **J Kuszai*****Re: Location of poetry / location of poets****Sat 22 Jun 2002*

the discussion of place/location seems especially crucial to me and I just wanted to take exception with some of what has been said here. First of all, if it takes losing sleep in order to lose the "train of thought," then I want to advocate a kind of sleeplessness as a means of escaping the singular avenue of exploration that trains and their "tracks" seem to engender. Losing one's train of thought seems like an important move, one that liberates an argument from the monomania of what gets called "academic" argumentation. And I want to bracket that right away, since the construction of such a sense of what constitutes "academic" is part of the issue here. But if course a singular train of thought is only a feature of the worst academic writing. I can remember in college how my friends and I used to make fun of our professors for requiring us to only write about "one thing" and "sticking to it" -- like some admonition to death til us part, no matter how bad it gets -- it seemed to me then and still does that such singularity really very upsetting. So, getting off track, as I am here, since I want to write about place. Tangents, derailments, disasters and accidents -- the train-wreck as analog for the kind of writing I want to do, perhaps -- seems more appropriate.

In any case, place, location, etc. This is an interesting place to be thinking about poetry, and I want to return to Juliana's book, which gets posed as being "without" in terms of its placement in Hawaii -- supposing that the author was living in Hawaii when the book was written and therefore the absence of meaningful engagement with the place is noticeable. I need to go back to the archive and redress how it reads, so I don't want to make really any claims about it, but it seems to me that such a claim about Peter O'Leary -- who presumably writes about Chicago, therefore, or somehow embodies such a sense of location in the poetry (though this is something I'd like to see for myself, since I've long been an admirer of Peter and find him to be one of the most interesting people I've ever met--dating back to when he first reported to me (in 1989) that his brother had found the entrance to Hell in the basement of a dorm at Kenyon College). Perhaps there is a significant reference to place in such poetry as the reviewer finds of value that making mention of its presence is "academic" -- I don't know. But it does seem to me that there is a prescriptive standard about what poetry should be that is being used against Juliana and not against other poets whom the reviewer likes. Does anyone find it problematic that there is this sense of what poets must or should be doing? Perhaps I've got it wrong, but I wonder about it.

I don't know if it has been said, since I can only read a fraction of what is written to this listserv, but I want to make sure that I cast a vote in support of this reviewer's work in close reading, and I wish I had the energy to sustain such an effort. In that sense, I really have to offer my praise for the activity, even if I find myself in disagreement with much of what is said. That, like any disagreement, can hopefully lead to productive dialog about the issues at stake.

Why are you leaving Chicago? I'm curious about the assumption about the rootlessness of academic life. While I'm likely to agree on the one hand, I'm also concerned, on the other, that such a move really lumps a vast diversity of folks together when such a fit might be untenable. Again, I think looking at a sort of neo-regionalism (and not of the sort, say, advocated by Thomas Hart Benton et al,) as a way of thinking about poetry. In this sense, place is crucial. Academics play a role in such a sense of the cultural topography, and often they are "rootless" or "de-institutionalized" -- think of adjunct workers for example. Not all of them are from out of town. Often adjuncts come from a local pool of workers. And I like to think of the issue of academic rootlessness as symptomatic of larger issues. Growing up in Michigan, where only the squirrels are native to the "place" -- the original mover was the auto industry. People follow the jobs. It seems a mistake to fault them for doing so. When I was in graduate school and job bitching seemed a way of avoiding a concern for ideas, I resolved to follow the advice of a family friend who I suggested that I find a place I wanted to live and move there, growing roots in a "community" (sorry, but I'm hoping to run for president of the desert and so "community" is the only floating signifier I can think of anymore). And I think you'll find a lot of "academics" (teachers of writing, esp) who are in particular locations for a variety of reasons. I was almost entombed, for example, in San Diego, where my particular situation came to involve a domestic situation in a very localized content, a small child, posed on the edge of Chula Vista. Academic rootlessness is a very painful thing, since like any transient workforce, the shifts seem imposed by those larger structural domains. As kind of capital, are shifted from box to box, and unless you want to "do something else" there is very little choice. I'm trying to rethink this for myself, since the end of the above domestic situation meant having certain emotional roots pulled from the soil (or, in that case, sand) and also a kind of casting of my lot in with the other transience. To follow Oppen in that sense of to "find a way" for myself.

To me the suggestion that where poetry ends, architecture begins, seems appropriate. Requiring poetry to embody a sense of location seems problematic, while wanting to rethink how poetry participates (not in terms of content but as a form of linguistic and social engineering) seems very important. How can this work? Does poetry have to be about place? How can it embody place without simplistic reference? For example, I think of Peter O'Leary as a Chicago poet:

but how does that work? What is it about his work, and that of his contemporaries in the city, that leads me to think about this in this way? There is something "happening" in Chicago and I'd like to be able to map it, tentatively, much like "detroit techno" or nortec in baja. I was shocked recently by my time in NYC, how unmarked the work there seemed by place. But I don't want poems about new york, or somehow to be simply using the materiality of the city as points of departure. I was shocked by the symptomatic nature of what was happening there; many amazing things with a very "cosmopolitan" (and therefore generic) sense of art and writing as activities. Has the internet destroyed possibility for such a local culture? Does one have to be unwired to find it? I don't want to think that such specificity is going to happen at the extreme subcultural level *only* but I am not sure that I am going to have any choice in thinking that. I can remember visiting my relatives in Delaware before cable tv and MTV bulldozed the sort of southern rock that was played in the bars -- thinking of rehoboth which is an hour from where my mother grew up -- and then going back after MTV and all that came along. The sense of place had been destroyed, replaced by a generic international style of hip-hop -- and by international I mean bi-coastal. Anyhow-- it isn't that I don't enjoy hip-hop, and I am actually very hopeful for the ability of poets, artists and musicians to constitute specific clusters around particular points of reference, geographic or theoretical. In that sense, what is happening in poetry in Buffalo is very interesting. The idea of an urban subculture, which began with certain undergraduate students of Charles Bernstein, and seems to have spiralled out into a music and art scene more generally (which was not the case when I was there), seems to be based "in Buffalo" as a place, and is rooted there very strongly. The idea that Buffalo is less interesting than Hawaii also seems mistaken: on what terms/grounds? Certainly, it's hard to argue that the geology of Buffalo is boring: try checking out the escarpment the next time you're in a space ship. Anyhow--

I'm sorry to go on at such length, but for me these posts have really resonated for me with what is I think one of the most important that we face. Place is part of it, but there is more to it. I want to find a way to construct something meaningful where I live, something sustainable and part of the ecological furniture, not an imposition on it. I'm not sure what to do, and I alternate between despair and euphoria about the possibilities.

I really love that piece in *Minima Moralia* called "Refuge for the Homeless":

Refuge for the homeless. - The predicament of private life today is shown by its arena. Dwelling, in the proper sense, is now impossible. The traditional residences we grew up in have grown intolerable: each trait of comfort in them is paid for with a betrayal of knowledge, each vestige of shelter with the musty pact of family interests. The functional modern habitations designed from a *tabula rasa*, are living-cases manufactured by experts for philistines, or factory

sites that have strayed into the consumption sphere, devoid of all relation to the occupant: in them even the nostalgia for independent existence, defunct in any case, is sent packing. Modern man wishes to sleep close to the ground like an animal, a German magazine decreed with prophetic masochism before Hitler, abolishing with the bed the threshold between waking and dreaming. The sleepless are on call at any hour, unresistingly ready for anything, alert and unconscious at once. Anyone seeking refuge in a genuine, but purchased, period-style house, embalms himself alive. The attempt to evade responsibility for one's residence by moving into a hotel or furnished rooms, makes the enforced conditions of emigration a wisely-chosen norm. The hardest hit, as everywhere, are those who have no choice. They live, if not in slums, in bungalows that by tomorrow may be leaf-huts, trailers, cars, camps, or the open air. The house is past. The bombings of European cities, as well as the labour and concentration camps, merely proceed as executors, with what the immanent development of technology had long decided was to be the fate of houses. These are now good only to be thrown away like old food cans. The possibility of residence is annihilated by that of socialist society, which, once missed, saps the foundations of bourgeois life. No individual can resist this process. He need only take an interest in furniture design or interior decoration to find himself developing the arty-crafty sensibilities of the bibliophile, however firmly he may oppose arts-and-crafts in the narrower sense. From a distance the difference between the Vienna Workshops and the Bauhaus is no longer so considerable. Purely functional curves, having broken free of their purpose, are now becoming just as ornamental as the basic structures of Cubism. The best mode of conduct, in face of all this, still seems an uncommitted, suspended one: to lead a private life, as far as the social order and one's own needs will tolerate nothing else, but not to attach weight to it as to something still socially substantial and individually appropriate. 'It is even part of my good fortune not to be a house-owner', Nietzsche already wrote in the *Gay Science*. Today we should have to add: it is part of morality not to be at home in one's home. This gives some indication of the difficult relationship in which the individual now stands to his property, as long as he still possesses anything at all. The trick is to keep in view, and to express, the fact that private property no longer belongs to one, in the sense that consumer goods have become potentially so abundant that no individual has the right to cling to the principle of their limitation; but that one must nevertheless have possessions, if one is not to sink into that dependence and need which serves the blind perpetuation of property relations. But the thesis of this paradox leads to destruction, a loveless disregard for things which necessarily turns against people too; and the antithesis, no sooner uttered, is an ideology for those wishing with a bad conscience to keep what they have. Wrong life cannot be lived rightly. (38-39)

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513. **J Gallaher**
Re: Elliptical Poets

Sat 22 Jun 2002

Nada says:

<Anyway, an interesting diagnosis. Tell me, can I get physical therapy for ellipticism?>

I Reply:

Yes, indeed you can! You could try an "Elliptical Glider". *_Consumer Reports_* describes them thusly: "Your feet, on pedals, move in flattened circles; your arms, grasping handlebars, move back and forth Elliptical exercise seems to have caught on: Ellipticals are among the most widely used machines . . ."

--Consumer Reports, March 2002

Hmm . . . best,

--JG

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514. **Alan Sondheim**
AZURENIKUKO WOMANPERSON

Sat 22 Jun 2002

AZURENIKUKO WOMANPERSON

\jjjj35.txt, \JJJJ07.txt, \JJJJ21.txt, \JJJJ28.txt, \JJJJ34.txt, \JJJJ36.txt, \JJJJ41.txt, \JJJJ42.txt, \jspread01.txt, \jspread05.txt, \kspread01.txt, \kspread06.txt, \kspread18.txt, \kspread20.txt, \kspread26.txt, \lll33.txt, \lll55.txt, \lll56.txt, \lll66.txt, \lll85.txt, \lsread105.txt, \lsread126.txt, \lsread144.txt, \lsread149.txt, \lsread150.txt, \lsread205.txt, \lsread252.txt, \lsread30.txt, \lsread31.txt, \lsread373.txt, \lsread396.txt, \lsread497.txt, \mmm09.txt, \mmm38.txt, \mmm39.txt, \mmm43.txt, \mmm61.txt, \mmm82.txt, \mmmmm02.txt, \mmmmm03.txt, \mmmmm05.txt, \mmmmm09.txt, \mmmmm13.txt, \mmmmm15.txt, \mmmmm16.txt, \mmmmm17.txt, \nnnn77.txt, \nnnnn09.txt, \nnnnn20.txt, Don't miss out on this opportunity to see how AZURENIKUKO can change your sex life, and she's absolutely free! no matter what your age, how much sex you want, what your partner is like, or your past sexual performance everyone wants to enhance their sexual experience. now you can do it all with AZURENIKUKO. AZURENIKUKO, an all-natural woman-person is designed to increase your desire, improve your performance, and magnify your sexual pleasure. This completely safe womanperson will bring

back your peak performance levels and supercharge your sexual responses all with no adverse side effects. Take advantage of this free AZURENIKUKO offer today and enjoy a whole new dimension to your sex life. subject: FREE ALL NATURAL SEXUAL STIMULANT SEXUAL ENHANCEMENT WOMANPERSON AZURENIKUKO. FREE WOMANPERSON AZURENIKUKO. FREE ALL WOMANPERSON. \nnnnn22.txt, \nspread105.txt, \nspread126.txt, \nspread144.txt, \nspread149.txt, \nspread150.txt, \nspread205.txt, \nspread252.txt, \nspread30.txt, \nspread31.txt, \nspread373.txt, \nspread396.txt, \nspread497.txt, \ooo05.txt, \ooo13.txt, \ooo19.txt, \ooo43.txt, \ooo45.txt, \ooo55.txt, \ooo79.txt, \ooo85.txt, \ooo92.txt, \ooo94.txt, \ospread05.txt, \ppp100.txt, \ppp30.txt, \ppp53.txt, \ppp57.txt, \ppp62.txt, \ppp79.txt, \qqq09.txt, \qqq19.txt, \rrr16.txt, \rrrr40.txt, \rrrrr37.txt, \rrrrr41.txt, \rrrrr42.txt, \rrrrr43.txt, \sss14.txt, \tspread118.txt, \tspread235.txt, \tspread46.txt, \tspread47.txt, \uspread118.txt, \uspread235.txt, \uspread46.txt, \uspread47.txt, \uuuu52.txt, \vsread05.txt, \vsread07.txt, \vsread08.txt, \vsread180.txt, \vsread183.txt, \vsread200.txt, \vsread219.txt, \yyyy14.txt, \yyyy19.txt, \yyyy20.txt, \yyyy27.txt, \yyyy28.txt, \yyyy31.txt, \yyyy32.txt, \yyyy34.txt, \yyyy42.txt, \yyyy53.txt, \yyyy56.txt, \yyyy59.txt, \yyyy60.txt, \yyyy72.txt, \yyyy76.txt, \yyyy77.txt

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515. **Marla Jernigan**

Finnegans Wake

Sat 22 Jun 2002

Dear Poetics List,

I've been oblivious to the list for months and months. Not really writing either. But this morning I started reading back through and was interested to see all the mention of Finnegans's Wake. I too thought of it as a stupendous joke as well as failure. But then when meeting with some poets here in Atlanta I was introduced to it through the ear (I wrote to the list about this, about how exciting it was). Everyone at that gathering took a turn or more at reading the wake aloud and it was really beautiful and funny and I loved it. Since then the book has travelled with me or lived beside my bed. & no, I have not finished it, but I will one day and when I do I intend to wrap that

final sentence and start over (I got this idea from a friend who's made a similar vow). My initial introduction to the book was so great, it stands out as one of the most compelling and delightful art-experiences I have ever had. Those who would dismiss the book are still welcome to do so, but I can't imagine feeling that way.

Sincerely,
M

Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup
<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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516. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**
Re: Location of poetry / location of poets
Sat 22 Jun 2002

Andrew,
A very interesting post.
Murat

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517. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**
Re: Elliptical Poets
Sat 22 Jun 2002

Nada---
Maybe you could start a "fake elliptical" web site....
love, chris

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518. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: location location location
Sat 22 Jun 2002

Susan, I was interested in your comments about "da kine" making its way into HI gay colloquialism as a sort of "friend of Dorothy," because I'm strongly guessing that "da kine" is also the origin of "kind bud," exceptionally good marijuana, which in turn crept into what passes for the hippie counterculture these

days as a generic reference to exceptionally good anything; in particular, at Grateful Dead shows, you could buy a "kind veggie burrito" in the parking lot outside, and see bumper stickers that used "the kind" in reference to good pot to give a new spin to their song lyric "What I want to know is are you kind?"

Oh hell, I feel an MLA paper coming on... Gwyn

[↑ Contents](#)

519. **Susan M. Schultz**
location location location

Sat 22 Jun 2002

To Andrew and Joel et al--

As someone who used to live near Palolo Stream in Honolulu I find it interesting, nay amusing, to hear Juliana's book (in which one finds a poem, "gathering palolo stream") described as not being about place, as possessing some odd discipline which means that Hawai`i is used only as the site of land issues (that's a VERY large "only" in these parts!) Take a passage like this one and show me how it does not address Hawai`i as place:

The stream is many things.

Is busted television and niu.

Is rat and ki.

Is mongoose and freshwater.

Is `awa and kukui.

The juxtapositions of, say, television and niu, mongoose and freshwater, are those of something indigenous (freshwater and niu--or ridge, valley--with something destructive brought in--television and mongoose). Mongooses were brought to HI to kill rats, but one animal living during the day and the other at night meant that they never met, so the mongooses proceeded to feast on the eggs of rare birds--and HI is, I should add, the extinction capital of the world.

I could go on about the local references in this poem--local both to HI and to the poem--but want to conclude by mentioning the note at the end of it, a note that talks about access rights to land. The note concludes, "A 1997 attempt by state legislators to regulate the law provoked large protests and was not passed. These rights, however, are constantly eroded by property owners who restrict physical access by fencing in areas, closing roads, diverting water, etc." That is what this poem addresses, in its juxtaposition of parking lot, fence, and stream, and its quite literal imaging of the sort of junk one sees in such streams.

As for the notion that little bits of pidgin are all that stand in for Hawai`i's culture in her book (again, posited oddly I think as a good thing in Andrew's post), let me say that a thorough and accurate definition of the phrase "da kine" would take pages. This is not a little bit of pidgin. One of the origins of "da kine" is in the talk story tradition of plantation workers who squatted in the fields, the better for their supervisors (lunas) not to hear them. "Da kine" is the perfect phrase for such secretive speech. It means "that sort of thing" quite literally, but the best explanation I've heard for the phrase is that it stands in for something you don't want to say but want to have understood. My students tell me how remarkable it is that such an apparently empty phrase is almost always understood to mean the same thing by both parties speaking. And, when a local gay magazine called DA KINE reviewed Lisa Kanae's Tinfish book, I learned that "da kine" is also used to refer to a gay person. "He's, you know, da kine."

I read Juliana's book as the ambivalent engagement of a white settler in a place where land issues are rife, and where the culture and its language is other than mainstream. "Main stream" might be taken apart and used in contrast to Palolo stream, which is a place where the mainstream and the indigenous meet, fractiously.

In that sense, the book is about not having the kind of community that members of this list often talk about having, or at least wanting. The tension between "we" and "I" is palpable, not so much as the emblem of a contrast between avant-garde and other poetries, but as a function of a rather larger social and cultural divide in the state of Hawai`i. That Juliana is trying to bring together her discussions of Hawai`i and of poetry more generally is to the good, seems to me, but I only wish more people understood the local references.

And I wish people in Hawai`i were paying attention to the book. I suspect that, aside from the fact that being an "academic poet" in this state marks you as something of a historical bad guy, the title of her book, with its "fuck you" before the "aloha" and the "love you," elicits an immediate negative reaction, rather than bringing the local reader into a rather profound discussion of issues that are in the newspaper here each and every morning and evening.

Susan

[↑ Contents](#)

520. **Andrew Felsinger**

+++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++

Sat 22 Jun 2002

#####

Submit your work for

VeRT's upcoming issue, #7 [http://www.litvert.com]

Themes include: imitation, homage,

& your very best "bad" poems

Drop dead date: August 4th

e-mit to: [REDACTED]

or send your ms:

VeRT
c/o Andrew Felsinger
1117 Library Lane
San Jose, CA 95116

Don't be bashful, and don't call me baby, baby...

#####

[↑ Contents](#)

521. **Susan M. Schultz**
Re: location location location

Sat 22 Jun 2002

Gwyn--I have no idea about da kine and pakalolo (marijuana), but I do feel a pun coming on between "palolo" and "pakalolo" so I'd better pun(t) while I can!

sms

----- Original Message -----

[↑ Contents](#)

522. **Tom Beckett**
Re: fuck you-aloha-I love you

Sat 22 Jun 2002

Beyond the audacity of the title
the courage of which is heartening
I see a phenomenology of attention
which might owe something to
Leslie Scalapino.

Switching is a key text
in this regard. Awkward sexual encounter
beautifully parsed.

Spahr's spare words spire toward Truth!

Tom Beckett

[↑ Contents](#)

523. **Mister Kazim Ali**
I'm trapped in the John-Cage
Sat 22 Jun 2002

well i always found 4-33 conceptually and actually brilliant (especially as performed so dramatically and by a neurosurgeon no less at University of Buffalo in fall of 1998) and always found Cage (and conversation partner Joan Retallack) so charming, i had never actually listened to Cage's music until today.

well

i can't say more than that but imagine that word in its water-context and just say between my discovery of Spicer last week and now this: Cage in a rainstorm: I'm not drowning in the art, rather say i have again (like my earliest embryonic incarnation) once again learned how to breathe water.

get you all to the music store.

Fuck you. Aloha. I love you.

Kazim.

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524. **Mister Kazim Ali**
Re: Elliptical Poets
Sat 22 Jun 2002

>Nada---

>Maybe you could start a "fake elliptical" web site....

| love, chris

dude, she'd never get "around" to it...

ouch.

OUCH!

sorry.

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[↑ Contents](#)

525. **schwartzgk**

Re: Finnegans Wake

Sat 22 Jun 2002

Marla, list,

On many occasions in the late eighties/early nineties in Albany we actually used it as a séance precipitant...producing -- at times-- amazing events filled with so many voices and stories.

Gerald

----- Original Message -----

From: "Marla Jernigan" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 22, 2002 12:44 PM

Subject: Finnegans Wake

Dear Poetics List,

I've been oblivious to the list for months and months. Not really writing either. But this morning I started reading back through and was interested to see all the mention of Finnegan's Wake. I too thought of it as a stupendous joke as well as failure. But then when meeting with some poets here in Atlanta I was introduced to it through the ear (I wrote to the list about this, about how exciting it was). Everyone at that gathering took a turn or more at reading the wake aloud and it was really beautiful and funny and I loved it. Since then the book has travelled with me or lived beside my bed. & no, I have not finished it, but I will one day and when I do I intend to wrap that final sentence and start over (I got this idea from a friend who's made a similar vow). My initial introduction to the book was so great, it stands out as one of the most compelling and delightful art-experiences I have ever had. Those who would dismiss the book are still welcome to do so, but I

can't imagine feeling that way.

Sincerely,
M

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526. **ALDON L NIELSEN**

Re: Cage's Wake

Sun 23 Jun 2002

Our two recent threads conjoin uproariously in Cage's ROARATORIO, which I commend to all close listeners and virtual respondents -- available on CD --

[illegible]

"So all rogues lean to rhyme."
--James Joyce

Aldon L. Nielsen
Kelly Professor of American Literature
The Pennsylvania State University
116 Burrowes
University Park, PA 16802-6200

[↑ Contents](#)

527. Herb Levy

Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage

Sun 23 Jun 2002

Luigi,

Some of what you're responding to in the Cage/Retallack book has to do with the (at least partial) rationale for the project as a discursive presentation of Cage's late ideas in the (at least partial) absence of the kind of writing Cage had done on his own about his earlier work. These earlier collected writings (in books like *Silence*, *A Year from Monday*, etc.) obviously inspired a ton of artists

in many fields, not just composers. But they also created an intellectual context for Cage's work both in and out of academic situations.

As Cage's writings about his work became formally more abstract (mesostic texts like I-VI are perhaps a good example of this) they ceased (easily) serving the function of presenting his ideas in a way that was useful to much of this non-artist audience.

Hence the desire for a book like the one you found to be too often posturing "against" an "enemy."

Cage's "egolessness" was not so extreme that he didn't want people to know what he (thought he) was doing. This was especially true regarding performers coming to his work for the first time, but certainly was not limited to that case.

Bests,

Herb

kazim,

today at the borders outlet store i picked up a copy of "silence" for 4bucks... coincidence or chance operation, i suppose. (when i found it, i put back the lee renaldo book i'd found in the Poetry section. budgets & priorities). both cage's writing and music has been so important to me.

what are you listening to? i got to see a performance of the prepared piano pieces last year (from seats on the stage, behind the pianist), so i've been listening to those since. seems very accessible to me at this point, the structures & repetition. i also got to see him conduct atlas eclipticus (sp?), which changed every hearing of that piece i've had since. fond of cartridge music, too, but that's not everyone's cuppa...

was less enthused about the retallack book, or at least joan's parts of it. i kept feeling she was trying to prove something about cage's work (and/or about her own erudition?)... not that the claims she was making weren't valid, only that they didn't need to be made. it was as if she was fighting some "enemy" that might dismiss cage's work... while cage himself didn't seem that interested in engaging a fight. but maybe i'm romanticizing john's egolessness... or laying my own bias on him. but for me, the work is more about heart, retallack seemed to be coming more from head.

anyway, glad to hear you've found the works, still new to my ears after years. & somehow, this echoes some of the recent discussion about the wake, how many folks missed the music until they heard it allowed...

*bests
luigi*

on 6/22/02 7:09 PM, Mister Kazim Ali at [REDACTED] wrote:

well i always found 4-33 conceptually and actually brilliant (especially as performed so dramatically and by a neurosurgeon no less at University of Buffalo in fall of 1998) and always found Cage (and conversation partner Joan Retallack) so charming, i had never actually listened to Cage's music until today.

well

i can't say more than that but imagine that word in its water-context and just say between my discovery of Spicer last week and now this: Cage in a rainstorm: I'm not drowning in the art, rather say i have again (like my earliest embryonic incarnation) once again learned how to breathe water.

get you all to the music store.

Fuck you. Aloha. I love you.

Kazim.

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--

Herb Levy
P O Box 9369
Fort Worth, TX 76147
[REDACTED]

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528. **jesse glass**
Tokyo Anthology
Sun 23 Jun 2002

Faces in the Crowds
Edited by Hillel Wright
Forward by Donald Richie

254 Pages Slick, 3-Color Cover.
\$25.00 from

Printed Matter Press
3-10-11 Azusawa, Itabashi-ku
Tokyo [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

A selection of poetry and prose from ex-pats who live in and around Planet Tokyo. Some people from this list included. The fireworks at Tokyo Disneyland were beautiful tonight. Wish you were here. Jesse

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.
<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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529. **Jim Clinefelter**
Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage
Sun 23 Jun 2002

Bob,
Have you heard Cage's Town Hall cd and/or seen the
Cage-Cunningham video? I have both and can copy for
you, if you wish....
bests,
Jim

--- "R. Drake" <[REDACTED]> wrote:
> kazim,
>
> today at the borders outlet store i picked up a copy
> of "silence" for
> 4bucks... coincidence or chance operation, i
> suppose. (when i found it, i
> put back the lee renaldo book i'd found in the
> Poetry section. budgets &
> priorities). both cage's writing and music has been
> so important to me.
>
> what are you listening to? i got to see a
> performance of the prepared piano
> pieces last year (from seats on the stage, behind
> the pianist), so i've been
> listening to those since. seems very accessible to
> me at this point, the

> structures & repetition. i also got to see him
> conduct atlas eclipticus
> (sp?), which changed every hearing of that piece
> i've had since. fond of
> cartridge music, too, but that's not everyone's
> cuppa...
>
> was less enthused about the retallack book, or at
> least joan's parts of it.
> i kept feeling she was trying to prove something
> about cage's work (and/or
> about her own erudition?)... not that the claims she
> was making weren't
> valid, only that they didn't need to be made. it
> was as if she was fighting
> some "enemy" that might dismiss cage's work... while
> cage himself didn't
> seem that interested in engaging a fight. but maybe
> i'm romanticizing
> john's egolessness... or laying my own bias on
> him. but for me, the work
> is more about heart, retallack seemed to be coming
> more from head.
>
> anyway, glad to hear you've found the works, still
> new to my ears after
> years. & somehow, this echoes some of the recent
> discussion about the wake,
> how many folks missed the music until they heard it
> allowed...
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>
> bests
> luigi
>
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> on 6/22/02 7:09 PM, Mister Kazim Ali at
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> > fall of 1998) and always found Cage (and
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> > partner Joan Retallack) so charming, i had never
> > actually listened to Cage's music until today.
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> > i can't say more than that but imagine that word
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> > its water-context and just say between my
> discovery of
> > Spicer last week and now this: Cage in a
> rainstorm:
> > I'm not drowning in the art, rather say i have
> again
> > (like my earliest embryonic incarnation) once
> again
> > learned how to breathe water.
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> > get you all to the music store.
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> > Fuck you. Aloha. I love you.
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> >
> > Kazim.
> >
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> >

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----- Original Message -----

From: "Vernon Frazer" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 22, 2002 11:15 PM

Subject: Elliptical Poets

Elliptical poets...never read em...Heard a few of the names before...my attitudes seems to fit...some of them...the description, anyway...I haven't read their work...curious now...maybe later...

[↑ Contents](#)

i've been listening to "music for prepared piano"
volume 2.

--- ALDON L NIELSEN <[REDACTED]> wrote:

 ∇ $\triangleright$ [illegible] $\geq$

> "So all rogues lean
> to rhyme."

> --James Joyce

 $\succ$ $\geq$

> Aldon L. Nielsen
> Kelly Professor of American Literature
> The Pennsylvania State University
> 116 Burrowes
> University Park, PA 16802-6200

 $\geq$ $\geq$

=====

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532. **Tony Follari**
Reply to richard taylor
Sun 23 Jun 2002

That looks like machine code richard.
Except maybe you downloaded your washingmachine on to the bulletin board
Ha ha ha ha ha....

Tony Follari

From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Elliptical Poets
Date: Sun, 23 Jun 2002 19:33:37 +1200

[illegible]

----- Original Message -----

From: "Vernon Frazer" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 22, 2002 11:15 PM

Subject: Elliptical Poets

Elliptical poets...never read em...Heard a few of the names before...my attitudes seems to fit...some of them...the description, anyway...I haven't read their work...curious now...maybe later...

Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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533. **richard.tylr**

Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage

Sun 23 Jun 2002

Until last about two years ago I hadn't heard any of the modern composers...well not knowingly...I did know of Stravinsky and had probably heard Bartok...I read a book on modern music ...actually I had heard a lot of contemporary New Zealand music but I got interested in the ideas of Cage without being any great expert on him.....I saw an interesting book: it looked fascinating (not his poem based on Finnegans Wake I don't think) at the Auck. Uni library and I'm interested in his broadening of the concept of music and specifically I liked his prepared piano and his toy piano pieces and also Cunningham: I must say that I find it hard now to listen to Cage but I like the idea of (what I know of) Cage's approach to music art and literature. Another composer I liked was Charles Ives. Others included Xenakis and Varese: I have to admit that music is for me (except at certain odd moments) mostly in the background as I'm reading and I even switch off music I like and read things out loud: how many people do that. Just sit and read things out loud : another thing...I copy passages out of books of all kinds..eg just been reading a book by Oliver Sachs (that guy is incredible to see live in his documentaries: he's so alive) and I'm reading thru The Orators which is a fascinating work by W H Auden (first edition) (fortunately I found I had a commentary while looking for my copy of FW which I still haven't read!) also I'm enjoying Nick Piombino's Book "Theoretical Objects"....I also want to engage more with some of the theorists ...well most people know the French and others and even Freud et al as....I think Tony is wrong...to some extent in some areas a lot of knowledge is required to read certain writers: or least to get a fuller "take" on them: I wouldn't read Finnegans Wake without also a commentary of some kind (so far all I've read is "Joy'sprick" by Anthony Burgess...which

I found helpful) Actaually I was readin that and going thru a book on modern art and one about Van Gogh with excellent repros of his work when I wrote a strange poem that I later read in New York in 1993 at the Nuyorican. I read it at a Grand Slam but didnt get many points! This guy (South African - Evert - was holding the night and he made me wince when he mentioned Dylan Thomas and James Joyce when I;d finish (I think he meant well) but he was close!! But I thought to myself: "I've lost the students, they all hate the over mellifluousenss of Thomas. and Joyce is one of those guys whom they think of as 'difficult' and academic..." (and although I knew Joyce I didnt know much of Finnegans Wake I just took things out of it - or picked up some what on the style)(even though they were most of them were at NY or I suppose Columbia or wherever!) (if Evert had said : "very Keraouacian" maybe I would have done better...oh dear oh dear!) (but it was a good excuse to read regardless of points)((proleptically) "I swear I had/will have nothing to do with the Trade Towers!! It wasnt/wont be me! Please officer, let me go! I'm NOT a terroist I'm just a little fat poet!" "A poet eh? they're the worst -take him in men and lock im up good!")

Richard Taylor

To Derek...what is "snow" ?? Noise? Part of the problem is that we are about 4 hours ahead into the day after whatever day it is over in the US and Britain is the same time but either PM when we are AM I know becuase I had problem "turning up" on time for matches on ICC (Chess Club) but now have an international time calculator: which I dont use ...anyway I'm never sure when the "day" ends..must keep an eye on the email times: I'll note this one....

----- Original Message -----

From: "R. Drake" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 22, 2002 1:41 PM

Subject: Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage

> kazim,

>

> today at the borders outlet store i picked up a copy of "silence" for
> 4bucks... coincidence or chance operation, i suppose. (when i found it, i
> put back the lee renaldo book i'd found in the Poetry section. budgets &
> priorities). both cage's writing and music has been so important to me.

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> what are you listening to? i got to see a performance of the prepared
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534. **derek beaulieu / housepress**
housepress subscriptions now available

Sun 23 Jun 2002

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for more information, or to subscribe to housepress contact

derek beaulieu



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535. **derek beaulieu / housepress**
new from housepress: rawlings, cain, hood, grumman and betts!

Sun 23 Jun 2002

housepress is pleased to announce the release of three new chapbooks:

_ {a,r}[s'c] _

by a.rawlings and Stephen Cain

syntax-challenging collaborative poems.

published in an edition of 60 handbound and numbered copies.
\$4.00

DIRGES

by Wharton Hood and Bob Grumman

surreal haiku and visual poetry

published in an edition of 80 handbound and numbered copies

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four anagrams

by Gregory Betts

a anagrammatic response to Steve McCaffery

published in an edition of 60 handbound and numbered copies

\$4.00

for more information , or to order copies, contact
derek beaulieu



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536. **Andrew Rathmann**

Re: Spahr & location

Sun 23 Jun 2002

When I wrote that Hawaii comes into Spahr's writing only as handful of nouns,
these are exactly the lines I had in mind:

The stream is many things.

Is busted television and niu.

Is rat and ki.

Is mongoose and freshwater.

Is `awa and kukui.

Though I enjoy the freshness of these juxtapositions, it seems important to note that, as an engagement with place, this is very thin writing. It is thin because Spahr works metonymically: she assumes that a few bare things will adequately stand for the multifarious whole. Perhaps these items evoke vast riches of significance to readers who know the region of Palolo. And, indeed, maybe such readers are Spahr's preferred audience, though I doubt it. To those of us who scratch our heads at "`awa" and "kukui," all these words communicate is that the poet prides herself on knowing a bit of the lingo. But they communicate

something else, too, which is more problematic. I _want_ to read the bilingual mixing as a simple recognition of Hawaii's heterogeneity, which means stressing the "and" in "rat and ki." But in that case, why is there no Japanese, Chinese, etc.? I suspect that the Hawaiian words are really intended to establish the poet's moral credentials. She doesn't want to be seen as someone who disrespects the "natives."

The problem is that this kind of naming, when it becomes merely respectful, begins to grant an aura of purity or primacy to the "indigenous." When language gets marked as native and non-native, it begins to underwrite notions of ethnic identity--always a bad outcome. I pose this as a danger, not as something that Spahr definitively does. "Switching," as I said, works in just the opposite direction: toward generic uniformity. Nonetheless, the danger can be seen in the troubling rhetoric that Susan Schultz employs when she refers to the poet as a "white settler." I hope Spahr would demur from such an identification.

As for the poem's treatment of land use, I do not see that it goes any further than suggesting that perhaps beautiful places should not be paved over. "Things" (the "Da Kine" poem) is a better work because it abstains from piety and is truer to the poet's own quirkiness. It makes the book take off.

As for the question of location generally, I am indebted to Jeffrey Jullich and J. Kuszai for their remarks, which were some of the best I've seen on this list. Those kinds of posts allow one to make headway. On the question of prescriptiveness, my view is that writers should always follow their inclinations and never worry about the reaction. I'm not calling for consciously picturesque writing, or anything like that. Write about what's outside your window, or don't.

[↑ Contents](#)

537. **Millie Niss**

Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++

Sun 23 Jun 2002

Will you take email submissions?

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:] On Behalf Of Andrew Felsinger

Sent: Saturday, June 22, 2002 4:04 PM

To:

Subject: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++

#####

Submit your work for

539. **david.bircumshaw**

Re: inquiry

Sun 23 Jun 2002

Heavens, Richard, I certainly don't want to get into those areas, if I have stumbled into them. I can't write much at the moment as I'm just recovering from an attack of conjunctivitis, so I'm peering at my pc screen like Charles Laughton in The Hunchback of Notre Dame. But re Joyce, and the Wake, I think the technique he used is sustainable for short poems, but not in long wedges of prose.

More later, when I can see properly!

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Leicester, England

Home Page

A Chide's Alphabet

Painting Without Numbers

<http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

----- Original Message -----

From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 22, 2002 8:38 AM

Subject: Re: inquiry

David. I dont know enough: arent you getting into the area of why one writes and what is greatness? What is a waste? A waste of time? Can it be wasted: that said I know a bit about his daughter and that tragedy...well I think that that leads into - or back around to questions of artitsic orientation - I mean is Geoffrey Hill a greater writer than eg Caarla Harryman or is Robert Lowell the man or the so called Confessionals: and what about Baxter of NZ as you mentioned is he more /less important than our own Wystan or Michelle Leggott (who in many ways also involves her own life (the tragedy of coming blindness)) which poets are morally ethically and or aesthetically "correct" : am I right to claim I'm that I am one of the world's greatest poets? Obviously Joyce in terms of intelligence and so on and knowledge is a milion miles from me: but is his Finnegan's Wake "better" than Blake's "Tyger" or Browning's "The Bishop Orders His Tomb..."? You'er implying that maybe Joyce could have 'saved' himself and his daughter (that's what someone _like_ (not as dark perhaps but someone serious and morral and religious)) or as Eliot or Hill or even Auden at his

most "ethical" might say: I think Joyce was aware of one thing: the terribleness of his ethical-religious-moral-philosophical stance as in Ulysses when it is mentioned he has refused to pray etc for and with his mother in the Catholic or even any Christian or religious way when she was dying: how could his writings have been more "useful" ...I just ask these questions: I know what you are saying...the hype around Joyce conceals the man and maybe his own desire for "immortality" distorted him: and possibly it all greatly affected his daughter...but who knows...we are assuming then the greater importance of autobiography.... To switch I think your (dismissal?) of certain Langos maybe unfair eg looking at Nick Piombino his book I'm reading deals with some difficult issues of I'd say sincerity in writing, authority and authorship, what we are allowed to write - either satirically but the satire slides and we realise that it reflects a real difficulty of any writer (I'm taking about his "Manifestoes" which are also humorous on one level) the raison d'etre of writting...maybe more so than Joyce whose FW is very much as vast mind map: a waste of time? I "wasted time and now doth time waste me" (Rich II) But what is a waste: what should he have written: maybe his life and his writing, maybe none of it could have changed his daughter's..the tragedy of that: but I feel the moral urgency: moral urgency is a phrase I wouldnt have used even fairly recently...think of it as a model of the most complex entity in the universe: the human brain/mind..but I havent read much of FW..but I'm glad of Joyce: look Joyce had a comic sense: that's what saves him: that adds or is part of his greatness: we can be comfortable with someone who "sees himself" (despite maybe his major ego) as against the great poet Geoffrey Hill who is so dark, so seemingly hummourless: "God is distant, difficult" he says somewhere...true: but Joyce can say "the snot green sea" and so on. Richard (slightly ale inspired) Taylor.

To Derek: no I think I can only get two thru to the list its discrimination against mad Kiwis:very unfair...

----- Original Message -----

From: "david.bircumshaw" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 22, 2002 3:56 AM

Subject: Re: inquiry

> Richard

>

> the Joyce recording is of the opening section of 'Anna Livia Plurabelle'.

It

> is magnificent, as are sections of the Wake. But overall

>

> what hasn't been mentioned here is Lucia, whose illness was behind Joyce's

> desire to write The Ultimate Book. I'm a great fan of JJ, but FW I regard

as

> the waste of a stupendous talent. It will always have a cult status, but
> that's all.

>

> Best

>

> Dave

>

>

> David Bircumshaw

>

> Leicester, England

>

> Home Page

>

> A Chide's Alphabet

>

> Painting Without Numbers

>

> <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>

> ----- Original Message -----

> From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>

> To: <[REDACTED]>

> Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 2:50 AM

> Subject: Re: inquiry

>

>

> Listees All. I heard, briefly, Joyce reading from it on an old recording:

> it came "alive", it was magical: in fact I would love to hear that record

> entire as that is the only way I'll probably ever read it....but have only

> read about 10 pages of it: its a garagntuan "failure" if it is. I, too,

have

> no idea what its about and could only find out by reading "around" it:

> however i heard somewhere that Joyce recommended people to treat it as a

> kind of gigantic poem and not worry about ist "meaning" per se....its the

> magic of the words and so on, the music that matters, its apparently the

> dream of an Earwig who lived in a gold mine and had an ioslated Penis and

is

> god and the devil and is also all human thoughts and a river of spume and

> love and fear and fire and so on sonos scrunched into the letter c: i

think

> that sums it up but else I'm baffled.....Nothing is a failure, I mean the

> concept of failure is subjective except one might say that the guy who
built
> the original Firth bridge "failed" in that task: HE himself wasn't a
failure
> even though his bridge "failed", it sheared off and collapsed one night in
a
> storm with a train going over it and all these Scottish fuckers drowned
> etc so he committed suicide: as long as Joyce got his jollies from writing
> F.W. and Alan's father can read it twice well and good and others get
> pleasure and so on its "good", better to write "Finnegans Wake" than to
> drink yourself to death I suppose. Joyce knew too much which is why he
kept
> clear of the mafia: he he...Richard
> ----- Original Message -----
> From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Sent: Friday, June 21, 2002 1:02 PM
> Subject: Re: inquiry
>
>
> > My father's read the entire book a couple of times, which might explain
a
> > lot - Alan
> >
> > On Thu, 20 Jun 2002, david.bircumshaw wrote:
> >
> > > 'Finnegans Wake' is a disaster. Possibly the most gifted English
> language
> > > writer of the last century spent 20 years of his life writing a book
> that
> > > even he had forgot the meaning of in parts. There are occasional
> > > brilliancy's but most of it is literally unreadable, believe me, I've
> tried.
> > > I've never met anyone who has actually been able to read the book
> entire,
> > > some pretend they have, for the kudos, but it's very transparent when
> people
> > > do so.
> > >
> > > Best
> > >
> > > Dave

> > >
> > >
> > > David Bircumshaw
> > >
> > > Leicester, England
> > >
> > > Home Page
> > >
> > > A Chide's Alphabet
> > >
> > > Painting Without Numbers
> > >
> > > <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/index.htm>
> > > ----- Original Message -----
> > > From: "Mark DuCharme" <[REDACTED]>
> > > To: <[REDACTED]>
> > > Sent: Thursday, June 20, 2002 1:43 AM
> > > Subject: Re: inquiry
> > >
> > >
> > > > Joyce's 'Finnegans Wake' has been cited on this
> > > > thread, to my mind it is a failure
> > >
> > >
> > > Well, I'd like to have a "failure" like that.
> > >
> > >
> > > > What seems to be bubbling under the surface is unhappily English as
> > > > everybody's second language, that saddens me, I can't imagine a
clamour
> of
> > > > non-native speakers wanting to be recognised as poets in Lithuanian
or
> > > > Burmese for example. I don't deny for a moment that it's possible to
> write
> > > > well in more than one language, but, gawd, it's hard.
> > >
> > >
> > > Yes, I think it must be very hard. I respect anyone who can do it.
> > >
> > > Would it sadden you less if English-language poets were the ones
> "crossing"

> > > to other languages?
> > >
> > > A fascinating list can be made of "second-language" writers. For
> > > starters...
> > >
> > > English was Louis Zukofsky's second language. Yiddish was his first.
> > > (Aren't there other Jewish-American writers that was also true of?
What
> > > about Stein? Reznikoff? Anybody have any information?)
> > >
> > > I believe English was Anselm Hollo's third or fourth language.
(Anselm,
> > > correct me if I'm wrong!)
> > >
> > > Samuel Beckett.
> > >
> > > Vladimir Nabokov.
> > >
> > > Does anyone know if French was Wilhelm de Kostrowitsky's (a.k.a.
> Guillaume
> > > Apollinaire's) first language? The biographical information I have at
> hand
> > > says he was born in Rome of Polish & Italian parents, received a
French
> > > education in Monaco & worked as a tutor in Germany before moving to
> Paris,
> > > but it doesn't say what his first language was.
> > >
> > > And let's not forget the Transylvanian-born NPR commentator, Andrei
> > > Codrescu.
> > >
> > > I'm not a big fan of his work, but I suppose I should also mention
> Joseph
> > > Brodsky.
> > >
> > > I'm sure there are other names we could add to this list, but that's
all
> I
> > > can think of at the moment.
> > >
> > > Mark DuCharme
> > >

> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > > 'poetry because things say'
> > >
> > > -Bernadette Mayer
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > > http://www.pavementsaw.org/cosmopolitan.htm
> > >
> > >
> > >
> > > http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/subpress/soc.htm
> > >
> > >
> > > _____
> > > Get your FREE download of MSN Explorer at
> http://explorer.msn.com/intl.asp.
> > >
> > >
> > Internet text at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
> > Partial at http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html
> > Trace Projects at http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm
> > CDROM of collected work 1994-2002 available: write [REDACTED]

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540. **Herb Levy**

Re: I'm trapped in the John-Cage

Sun 23 Jun 2002

*Richard -- Try out Nancarrow, Crumb (especially for prepared piano,
since you like that in Cage), Cowell, Oliveros*

and always, always Sun Ra!

(Hey -- does anybody on the list have the recording of Sun Ra and Cage???)

Aldon,

I haven't listened to it in a long time, but I remember that they don't perform together. It was made at a concert in NY where they each worked solo (piano by Ra, I think, text by Cage). The recording quality's not great and I wasn't all that excited by the performances either. I'll try to dig it up, and see if I think differently in retrospect.

Regardless as to the overall quality, as they say in the rare book biz, a fine association piece.

And I second all of the composers you cite.

--

Herb Levy
P O Box 9369
Fort Worth, TX 76147



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541. **Aaron Belz**

Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++

Sun 23 Jun 2002

| *Will you take email submissions?*

Millie,

I think that is what is meant by "e-mit to 

Which I suppose means that Andrew accepts e-missions.

Nocturnally,

-Aaron

[↑ Contents](#)

542. **Tom Beckett**

from _Maybe Dick_

Sun 23 Jun 2002

Call me Selfish Male...

Anyone care to continue this?

[↑ Contents](#)

543. **Andrew Felsing**

Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++

Sun 23 Jun 2002

Si! Send on with an attached doc, or in the body of an email-- if you think your work can stand the shifts in transit. Thanks, Aaron.

Best,

Andrew

VeRT

"I am finally entangled clear."

--Clark Coolidge

<http://www.litvert.com>

*From: Aaron Belz <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
Date: Sun, 23 Jun 2002 21:31:20 -0500
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++*

Will you take email submissions?

Millie,

I think that is what is meant by "e-mit to [REDACTED]"

Which I suppose means that Andrew accepts e-missions.

*Nocturnally,
-Aaron*

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544. **Alan Sondheim**

Need help, I don't know anything.

Mon 24 Jun 2002

Need help, I don't know anything.

I don't know why I find the defrag log interesting. Honestly, I don't. Some of the files held on to their partial status, refused to return whole, to their clean and

proper place in the magneto-social order. Others balked in general, and still others went along willingly.

What was it about the everglades.mov for example that insisted on a policy of strangulation, scattering its remains in 17 brutal pieces across god knows how many platters? And this, in the midst of purity, dissolution so small statistically that it doesn't even register in the larger order of things. (Continued below. I guess I needed space to present the file it- self, so you would understand what I'm talking about.)

Volume HPNOTEBOOK (C:)

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| Volume size | = 27.89 GB |
| Cluster size | = 4 KB |
| Used space | = 15.73 GB |
| Free space | = 12.16 GB |
| Percent free space | = 43 % |

Volume fragmentation

| | |
|--------------------------|-------|
| Total fragmentation | = 0 % |
| File fragmentation | = 0 % |
| Free space fragmentation | = 0 % |

File fragmentation

| | |
|----------------------------|----------|
| Total files | = 69,685 |
| Average file size | = 269 KB |
| Total fragmented files | = 22 |
| Total excess fragments | = 113 |
| Average fragments per file | = 1.00 |

Pagefile fragmentation

| | |
|-----------------|----------|
| Pagefile size | = 744 MB |
| Total fragments | = 1 |

Folder fragmentation

| | |
|-------------------------|---------|
| Total folders | = 4,402 |
| Fragmented folders | = 2 |
| Excess folder fragments | = 42 |

Master File Table (MFT) fragmentation

| | |
|---------------------|----------|
| Total MFT size | = 83 MB |
| MFT record count | = 74,127 |
| Percent MFT in use | = 87 % |
| Total MFT fragments | = 3 |

| Fragments | File Size | Files that cannot be defragmented |
|-----------|-----------|-----------------------------------|
|-----------|-----------|-----------------------------------|

```
2   16 KB   \WINDOWS\ModemLog_ESS SuperLink-M Data Fax Voice
        Modem.txt
3   10 KB   \WINDOWS\system32\wbem\Logs\wmiprov.log
2   16 KB   \WINDOWS\system32\CatRoot2\dberr.txt
2   64 KB   \WINDOWS\ocgen.log
4   125 KB  \WINDOWS\FaxSetup.log
2   6 KB    \Documents and Settings\Owner\Application
        Data\Microsoft\Windows\Themes\Custom.theme
2   492 KB  \Documents and Settings\All Users\Application Data\
        Microsoft\Media Index\wmplibrary_v_0_12.db
2   96 KB   \Program Files\WindowsUpdate
17  142 MB  \everglades\everglades.mov
6   90 KB   \Program Files\America Online 6.0\Global.stg
2   7 KB    \Program Files\America Online 6.0\idb\hints.ind
2   57 KB   \Program Files\America Online 6.0\idb\main.ind
42  168 KB  \System Volume Information\_restore
        {FE9C7AD2-91D5-4C9C-9C3A-1D5559EA1B8F}\RP30
2   12 KB   \maria\toronto
3   30 KB   \WINDOWS\system32\SymRedir.dll
2   14 KB   \WINDOWS\system32\drivers\SymReDrv.sys
6   155 KB  \WINDOWS\system32\drivers\SymTDI.sys
16  900 KB  \WINDOWS\ACD Wallpaper.bmp
2   13 KB   \archive\network\index.html
2   31 KB   \Documents and Settings\Owner\Desktop\Panix.ht
2   15 KB   \Documents and Settings\Owner\Application Data\
        Mozilla\Profiles\default\t8ug9ku4.slt\localstore.rdf
22  2 MB    \Program Files\America Online 6.0\Global.org
48  5 MB    \Program Files\America Online 6.0\idb\main.idx
2   5 KB    \Program Files\America Online 6.0\BetaLog.ini
```

I admire people who can read logs clearly, and understand all the file types. Really, there are so many of them, that an amateur can hardly keep track. Some, such as .ht, I recognize as a hypertext configuration file, but things like .idx leave me totally confused. And what is it about these particular files that makes them so resistive? I'm fascinated with ocgen.log.

I showed these files to M****. He's more of a neophyte than I am, which made me feel better. But still, when I've fragmented before, everything has gone through the mill. And this time, look what happens! - even though I've taken pains to close down all sorts of background processes.

Here's part of the ocgen.log:

[accessutil - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[commapps - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[multim - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[accessopt - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[pinball - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[mswordpad - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[wbem - OC_QUERY_STATE] - complete

Here's my favorite part:

[autoupdate - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[rootautoupdate - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[ieaccess - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[games - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[accessutil - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[commapps - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[multim - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[accessopt - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete

About to commit what? Perhaps to be committed, set-aside? The terrifying thing here is the fragmentation - what happened, what happened - why am I so curious - what strange beast slouches towards us - what horsemen, fury, apocalypse - metal fragment straight-jacket torn in 17 pieces - something moving in pieces - in the distance -

—

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545. **Susan M. Schultz**

Re: Spahr & location

Mon 24 Jun 2002

Andrew--the term "white settler" is hardly my own, nor do I endorse it as a value judgment. But living in a place like Hawai`i, one needs to acknowledge history as it's written not simply by *_us_*, but by those *_we_* have displaced. This isn't merely a p.c. move, either, since political correctness seems bankrupt as a concept where the usual majority is the minority. I was suggesting that Juliana is writing from that position, of white person, if you will--and others, too, of course. I agree with you that she's not writing for a local audience, one that's familiar with what you term the "lingo" (otherwise known as one of the official languages of the state), but then again, why not? And why not plunge the outside reader into a landscape whose names are unfamiliar? My tone here is not as unfriendly as I'm sure it sounds, Andrew, but why are you so certain of being a privileged reader of this book? I'm sure you'll ask me the same question back, but it's worth asking in any case. Literature in Hawai`i is necessarily

political, and the notion of there be privileged audiences is, while sometimes very troubling, always at play here. It's why, at this point in history, writers like Juliana don't get read here--university professors were the privileged readers and writers for a long time, and they put daffodils where there are none (as Ngugi wa Thiongo would say) and snow on the canefields (as Brathwaite puts it). So, for now, despite a rather radical shift in tone by said university professors and others, readers here read work by local writers, not writers who, cough, settle here. I'm thinking this will change, but I also suspect that Juliana disagrees with me (she tends to be more pessimistic about the place than I am).

About that Palolo Stream and those who know it. I remember my pleasant shock when I was driving through southern New Hampshire and actually saw West Running Brook, and more shocks when I drove through Ashbery's home town in the holy land of western New York State. Imagine what one might see at Atocha Station! I can see what you mean by the danger of using words to represent purity or the lack thereof, and the potential over-simplification of that use. But ethnic identity is a crucial concept here, and to dismiss it as a "bad outcome." The notion that one can do without ethnic identity is perhaps more problematic--not ideally, but practically speaking. You certainly wouldn't hear many non-white Americans make that assertion without many a caveat.

The poem may sound like it's written in opposition to paving over paradise, as Joni Mitchell would have it. But it's also about native Hawaiian land rights. Parts of the state university and much of the airport and a lot of the land held by the military (and shot at for practice) are actually Hawaiian lands. That's a problem, and it's a moral one. Moral problems do lend themselves to pieties, yes, but it's crucial to examine them, somehow, someway. So it's about paving over a beautiful place that most likely belongs to someone else, and that's a bit more complicated a narrative.

I've written elsewhere about trying to come to terms with being a postmodern soul in a location that is in some ways distinctly anti-postmodern (substitute any similar term you choose). It's definitely a problematic position to be in.

And Joel: I was addressing you simply because you were engaged in the conversation with Andrew.

Susan

----- Original Message -----

From: "Andrew Rathmann" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, June 23, 2002 12:45 PM

Subject: Re: Spahr & location

> When I wrote that Hawaii comes into Spahr's writing only as handful of
> nouns, these are exactly the lines I had in mind:
>
> >
> >The stream is many things.
> >
> >Is busted television and niu.
> >
> >Is rat and ki.
> >
> >Is mongoose and freshwater.
> >
> >Is `awa and kukui.
> >
>
> Though I enjoy the freshness of these juxtapositions, it seems important
to
> note that, as an engagement with place, this is very thin writing. It is
> thin because Spahr works metonymically: she assumes that a few bare things
> will adequately stand for the multifarious whole. Perhaps these items
> evoke vast riches of significance to readers who know the region of
Palolo.
> And, indeed, maybe such readers are Spahr's preferred audience, though I
> doubt it. To those of us who scratch our heads at "`awa" and "kukui," all
> these words communicate is that the poet prides herself on knowing a bit
of
> the lingo. But they communicate something else, too, which is more
> problematic. I _want_ to read the bilingual mixing as a simple
recognition
> of Hawaii's heterogeneity, which means stressing the "and" in "rat and
ki."
> But in that case, why is there no Japanese, Chinese, etc.? I suspect that
> the Hawaiian words are really intended to establish the poet's moral
> credentials. She doesn't want to be seen as someone who disrespects the
> "natives."
>
> The problem is that this kind of naming, when it becomes merely
respectful,
> begins to grant an aura of purity or primacy to the "indigenous." When
> language gets marked as native and non-native, it begins to underwrite
> notions of ethnic identity--always a bad outcome. I pose this as a
danger,

> not as something that Spahr definitively does. "Switching," as I said,
> works in just the opposite direction: toward generic uniformity.
> Nonetheless, the danger can be seen in the troubling rhetoric that Susan
> Schultz employs when she refers to the poet as a "white settler." I hope
> Spahr would demur from such an identification.
>
> As for the poem's treatment of land use, I do not see that it goes any
> further than suggesting that perhaps beautiful places should not be paved
> over. "Things" (the "Da Kine" poem) is a better work because it abstains
> from piety and is truer to the poet's own quirkiness. It makes the book
> take off.
>
> As for the question of location generally, I am indebted to Jeffrey
Jullich
> and J. Kuszai for their remarks, which were some of the best I've seen on
> this list. Those kinds of posts allow one to make headway. On the
> question of prescriptiveness, my view is that writers should always follow
> their inclinations and never worry about the reaction. I'm not calling
for
> consciously picturesque writing, or anything like that. Write about
what's
> outside your window, or don't.

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546. **Geoffrey Gatz**

Re: Spahr & location

Mon 24 Jun 2002

Hi,

Juliana Spahr Rocks the house!!!

Da Kine

//End transmission :

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatz

editor BlazeVOX2k1

<http://vorplesword.com/>

 _0
 <
(*)/ (*)

Geoffrey Gatza Automation Corp
<http://gatza.da.ru>

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:] On Behalf Of Susan M. Schultz
Sent: Monday, June 24, 2002 12:14 AM
To:
Subject: Re: Spahr & location

Andrew--the term "white settler" is hardly my own, nor do I endorse it as a value judgment. But living in a place like Hawai'i, one needs to acknowledge history as it's written not simply by us, but by those we have displaced. This isn't merely a p.c. move, either, since political correctness seems bankrupt as a concept where the usual majority is the minority. I was suggesting that Juliana is writing from that position, of white person, if you will--and others, too, of course. I agree with you that she's not writing for a local audience, one that's familiar with what you term the "lingo" (otherwise known as one of the official languages of the state), but then again, why not? And why not plunge the outside reader into a landscape whose names are unfamiliar? My tone here is not as unfriendly as I'm sure it sounds, Andrew, but why are you so certain of being a privileged reader of this book? I'm sure you'll ask me the same question back, but it's worth asking in any case. Literature in Hawai'i is necessarily political, and the notion of there be privileged audiences is, while sometimes very troubling, always at play here. It's why, at this point in history, writers like Juliana don't get read here--university professors were the privileged readers and writers for a long time, and they put daffodils where there are none (as Ngugi wa Thiongo would say) and snow on the canefields (as Brathwaite puts it). So, for now, despite a rather radical shift in tone by said university professors and others, readers here read work by local writers, not writers who, cough, settle here. I'm thinking this will change, but I also suspect that Juliana disagrees with me (she tends to be more pessimistic about the place than I am).

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that use. But ethnic identity is a crucial concept here, and to dismiss it

as a "bad outcome." The notion that one can do without ethnic identity is perhaps more problematic--not ideally, but practically speaking. You certainly wouldn't hear many non-white Americans make that assertion without many a caveat.

The poem may sound like it's written in opposition to paving over paradise, as Joni Mitchell would have it. But it's also about native Hawaiian land rights. Parts of the state university and much of the airport and a lot of the land held by the military (and shot at for practice) are actually Hawaiian lands. That's a problem, and it's a moral one. Moral problems do lend themselves to pieties, yes, but it's crucial to examine them, somehow, someway. So it's about paving over a beautiful place that most likely belongs to someone else, and that's a bit more complicated a narrative.

I've written elsewhere about trying to come to terms with being a postmodern soul in a location that is in some ways distinctly anti-postmodern (substitute any similar term you choose). It's definitely a problematic position to be in.

And Joel: I was addressing you simply because you were engaged in the conversation with Andrew.

Susan

----- Original Message -----

From: "Andrew Rathmann" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, June 23, 2002 12:45 PM

Subject: Re: Spahr & location

> When I wrote that Hawaii comes into Spahr's writing only as handful of
> nouns, these are exactly the lines I had in mind:

>

> >

> >The stream is many things.

> >

> >Is busted television and niu.

> >

> >Is rat and ki.

> >

> >Is mongoose and freshwater.
> >
> >Is `awa and kukui.
> >
>
> Though I enjoy the freshness of these juxtapositions, it seems important
to
> note that, as an engagement with place, this is very thin writing. It is
> thin because Spahr works metonymically: she assumes that a few bare things
> will adequately stand for the multifarious whole. Perhaps these items
> evoke vast riches of significance to readers who know the region of Palolo.
> And, indeed, maybe such readers are Spahr's preferred audience, though I
> doubt it. To those of us who scratch our heads at "`awa" and "kukui," all
> these words communicate is that the poet prides herself on knowing a bit
of
> the lingo. But they communicate something else, too, which is more
> problematic. I _want_ to read the bilingual mixing as a simple recognition
> of Hawaii's heterogeneity, which means stressing the "and" in "rat and ki."
> But in that case, why is there no Japanese, Chinese, etc.? I suspect that
> the Hawaiian words are really intended to establish the poet's moral
> credentials. She doesn't want to be seen as someone who disrespects the
> "natives."
>
> The problem is that this kind of naming, when it becomes merely respectful,
> begins to grant an aura of purity or primacy to the "indigenous." When
> language gets marked as native and non-native, it begins to underwrite
> notions of ethnic identity--always a bad outcome. I pose this as a danger,
> not as something that Spahr definitively does. "Switching," as I

said,

- > works in just the opposite direction: toward generic uniformity.
- > Nonetheless, the danger can be seen in the troubling rhetoric that Susan
- > Schultz employs when she refers to the poet as a "white settler." I hope
- > Spahr would demur from such an identification.
- >
- > As for the poem's treatment of land use, I do not see that it goes any
- > further than suggesting that perhaps beautiful places should not be paved
- > over. "Things" (the "Da Kine" poem) is a better work because it abstains
- > from piety and is truer to the poet's own quirkiness. It makes the book
- > take off.
- >
- > As for the question of location generally, I am indebted to Jeffrey Jullich
- > and J. Kuszai for their remarks, which were some of the best I've seen on
- > this list. Those kinds of posts allow one to make headway. On the
- > question of prescriptiveness, my view is that writers should always follow
- > their inclinations and never worry about the reaction. I'm not calling
- for
- > consciously picturesque writing, or anything like that. Write about what's
- > outside your window, or don't.

[↑ Contents](#)

547. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Location of poetry / location of poets

Mon 24 Jun 2002

Wrestling with a similar question myself, Andrew, it seems to me that there are really three questions here related at least tangentially to concerns recently raised on the list by Murat and Nick - the old economic bugaboo [peripherally speaking as I write what could be this generation's Woodstock, Bonnaroo, is 'happening' about thirty miles away but I fear it will be swallowed by commercialism].

The questions are 1. location to write poetry and 2. location to be a poet, and 3 writing poetry about a location - Rapping to or from a location is covered in an interesting thing on Nellyville in the NYTimes today that puts it into a techno perspective.

However, I think the relation of 1 and 2 (or lack thereof) is the more interesting question as it relates to net location as well as physical location. For example if one wanted a web location to locate venues and publish [be a poet] this list would seem ideal while I'm not sure what would be an ideal location on the web to write poetry unless it would be a workshop kind of elist but then I'm not sure whether that type of atmosphere is helpful or not? In times gone by wr-eye-tings had a fruitful atmosphere and the rengas here were 'inspiring' but I don't know whether that type of atmosphere exists on the net anywhere?

As far as 'real life' goes I know there are many locations where a lot of publishing is occurring but I'm not sure that makes them good locations to write poetry?

tom bell

[illegible]

Poetry at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/publicat.html>

Gallery - Metaphor/Metonym for Health at

<http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/metaphor/metapho.htm>

Health articles at <http://psychology.healingwell.com/>

Reviews at <http://members.tripod.com/~trbell/lifedesigns/reviews.htm>

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548. **richard.tylr**

Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT and Cage and Music and a Poem

Mon 24 Jun 2002

Andrew. "I'm preparing to begin again." (Quote from which poet?) or partial quote -easy one.)) Actually I was thinking of sending you 50,000 poems by email: one of them must be good. Ho! Ho! I jest my liege! In troth, I might send a few. Richard

----- Original Message -----

From: "Andrew Felsinger" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, June 24, 2002 3:11 PM

Subject: Re: +++Call for Submissions++VeRT Magazine+++

> Si! Send on with an attached doc, or in the body of an email-- if you think
> your work can stand the shifts in transit. Thanks, Aaron.

Message no. two:

Aldon. I hard nancarrow I might borrow it from the library again: and I've heard of Cowell but dont know the work. I've tape recorded masses of electronic music: one work I taped I wiped of unfortunately but (I think the composer was a NZr caled Cousins (and I cant get any info on him for now) but it was a strange thing in which teh composer was tinterviewing himself on tape (a kind of Krappian thing I suppose!) and then reverting but tehn he incorporates other voives things get faster and then a lot of strange msuic came out: it was brilliant as good as if not better than Cage etal (of course everyone is indebted conceptually etc to Cage): I also took off from an interveiw (with the then unknown composer John Psakis: (I think that's how hs name is spelled the first stanzas uses some phrases heb used in an interview when he was a student (Ididnt know him from Adam then) (there was also a woman student who did something with drums she had heard the Chinese poet (name I cant recall)...who had toured with Murray Edmond translating or at least reading the text)).....

Poem 29

The sounds were gritty, gratey, because
I got a herd of cows with cowbells
and their tinklings went thru an electronic gate. Pure
resonance and grainy grittiness. Then, by accident, a
fluctuating deries of harmonics, so that
the tips of these waves would trigger the sounds.

..... The Gate:
rushing into the storm of ideas: the electro-acoustic shattering-down-curve.
the tired, Metallic Beast, wounded, struggles in civilisation's mass: the Great
Moral Clamour: the scrappening awakening, where he is ...red-eyed with his
robotic sorrow.

.....
.....

How to inveigle the meaning, the concept blocks: the
wrigglewrithe - here - dab yellow, dab black. (Dab!)
Go back Thirteen Paces. The god of music spits
his teeth into the wind.

.....

What have we acheived?

.....

..... The children are surely safe: and the stories of the mangled
parabolas secrete inside themsleves.....

.....

.....

The blaxities charcoal soft swirls and the jaggeries, or
the Coiling Resplendence -

.....

.....

the bare, tapered bone, of intuition's precision.

[Originally the poem was one "solid block" but I just rearranged it....]

Cheers, Richard Taylor.

PS And now the "cut and paste" has reaarranged it again: ok so its a new poem.
(third of an infiinte series)

[↑ Contents](#)

549. **richard.tylr**

Re: Need help, I don't know anything.

Mon 24 Jun 2002

alan. You may be a de fragmented defrag frog foraging in a fog or a soomy
pond of diggy soup: beware the clasker knacker whose Vorpel sword doth
ppurple forth the windowed night my compish cpm. ah, the flips, the flops,
the flippy flops: the JKs and the Drams...aaahd geve eat arrll fo ahh craak
ahh whoiski woine oi wooddah oi ga eeat alll aeee wooodd: ha ha!
roichard..

----- Original Message -----

From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, June 24, 2002 4:06 PM

Subject: Need help, I don't know anything.

Need help, I don't know anything.

*I don't know why I find the defrag log interesting. Honestly, I don't.
Some of the files held on to their partial status, refused to return
whole, to their clean and proper place in the magneto-social order. Others
balked in general, and still others went along willingly.*

What was it about the everglades.mov for example that insisted on a policy of strangulation, scattering its remains in 17 brutal pieces across god knows how many platters? And this, in the midst of purity, dissolution so small statistically that it doesn't even register in the larger order of things. (Continued below. I guess I needed space to present the file itself, so you would understand what I'm talking about.)

Volume HPNOTEBOOK (C:)

Volume size = 27.89 GB
Cluster size = 4 KB
Used space = 15.73 GB
Free space = 12.16 GB
Percent free space = 43 %

Volume fragmentation

Total fragmentation = 0 %
File fragmentation = 0 %
Free space fragmentation = 0 %

File fragmentation

Total files = 69,685
Average file size = 269 KB
Total fragmented files = 22
Total excess fragments = 113
Average fragments per file = 1.00

Pagefile fragmentation

Pagefile size = 744 MB
Total fragments = 1

Folder fragmentation

Total folders = 4,402
Fragmented folders = 2
Excess folder fragments = 42

Master File Table (MFT) fragmentation

Total MFT size = 83 MB
MFT record count = 74,127
Percent MFT in use = 87 %
Total MFT fragments = 3

Fragments File Size Files that cannot be defragmented

2 16 KB \WINDOWS\ModemLog_ESS SuperLink-M Data Fax Voice
Modem.txt

```
3  10 KB  \WINDOWS\system32\wbem\Logs\wmiprov.log
2  16 KB  \WINDOWS\system32\CatRoot2\dberr.txt
2  64 KB  \WINDOWS\ocgen.log
4  125 KB \WINDOWS\FaxSetup.log
2   6 KB  \Documents and Settings\Owner\Application
      Data\Microsoft\Windows\Themes\Custom.theme
2  492 KB \Documents and Settings\All Users\Application Data\
      Microsoft\Media Index\wmplibrary_v_0_12.db
2  96 KB  \Program Files\WindowsUpdate
17 142 MB \everglades\everglades.mov
6   90 KB \Program Files\America Online 6.0\Global.stg
2   7 KB  \Program Files\America Online 6.0\idb\hints.ind
2  57 KB  \Program Files\America Online 6.0\idb\main.ind
42 168 KB \System Volume Information\_restore
      {FE9C7AD2-91D5-4C9C-9C3A-1D5559EA1B8F}\RP30
2   12 KB \maria\toronto
3   30 KB \WINDOWS\system32\SymRedir.dll
2   14 KB \WINDOWS\system32\drivers\SymReDrv.sys
6  155 KB \WINDOWS\system32\drivers\SymTDI.sys
16 900 KB \WINDOWS\ACD Wallpaper.bmp
2   13 KB \archive\network\index.html
2   31 KB \Documents and Settings\Owner\Desktop\Panix.ht
2   15 KB \Documents and Settings\Owner\Application Data\
      Mozilla\Profiles\default\t8ug9ku4.slt\localstore.rdf
22  2 MB  \Program Files\America Online 6.0\Global.org
48  5 MB  \Program Files\America Online 6.0\idb\main.idx
2   5 KB  \Program Files\America Online 6.0\BetaLog.ini
```

I admire people who can read logs clearly, and understand all the file types. Really, there are so many of them, that an amateur can hardly keep track. Some, such as .ht, I recognize as a hypertext configuration file, but things like .idx leave me totally confused. And what is it about these particular files that makes them so resistive? I'm fascinated with ocgen.log.

*I showed these files to M****. He's more of a neophyte than I am, which made me feel better. But still, when I've fragmented before, everything has gone through the mill. And this time, look what happens! - even though I've taken pains to close down all sorts of background processes.*

Here's part of the ocgen.log:

```
[accessutil - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[commapps - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[multim - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[accessopt - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[pinball - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
```

[mswordpad - OC_WIZARD_CREATED] - complete
[wbem - OC_QUERY_STATE] - complete

Here's my favorite part:

[autoupdate - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[rootautoupdate - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[ieaccess - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[games - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[accessutil - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[commapps - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[multim - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete
[accessopt - OC_ABOUT_TO_COMMIT_QUEUE] - complete

About to commit what? Perhaps to be committed, set-aside? The terrifying thing here is the fragmentation - what happened, what happened - why am I so curious - what strange beast slouches towards us - what horsemen, fury, apocalypse - metal fragment straight-jacket torn in 17 pieces - something moving in pieces - in the distance -

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550. **Ron**

Location -- in Dogtown

Mon 24 Jun 2002

Olson has always stuck me as the ultimate poet of location, certainly in my lifetime.

A couple of years ago, on the periodic trek we make to Brier Island off the coast of Nova Scotia, we stopped for a day in Gloucester, stayed at a beach motel, saw Olson's house, the cut (exactly what it says it is) and went up to Dogtown. I had not expected Dogtown to be what it turns out to be - a vastly overgrown area back on the far side of Gloucester, brush so dense that we were warned not to venture on foot further from the road than we could see our car without a compass. It turns out to have been a neighborhood once (200+ years ago) back before the inhabitants figured out that the sea would be their source of income, so that once they did figure this out Dogtown was pretty much abandoned, the houses used at first as a place where the widows could live rent-free. But now it's so over-grown that one can barely see the foundations, all that remains, open space as brier patch.

Ron

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551. **Nick Piombino**

Naming

Mon 24 Jun 2002

Date: Sun, 23 Jun 2002 16:45:03 -0600
From: Andrew Rathmann <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Spahr & location

The problem is that this kind of naming, when it becomes merely respectful, begins to grant an aura of purity or primacy to the "indigenous."

As for the question of location generally, I am indebted to Jeffrey Jullich and J. Kuszai for their remarks, which were some of the best I've seen on this list.

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552. **Joe Brennan**

Re: Finnegan's Wake

Mon 24 Jun 2002

In a message dated 06/22/2002 12:45:12 PM Eastern Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

Dear Poetics List,

I've been oblivious to the list for months and months. Not really writing either. But this morning I started reading back through and was interested to see all the mention of Finnegan's Wake. I too thought of it as a stupendous joke as well as failure. But then when meeting with some poets here in Atlanta I was introduced to it through the ear (I wrote to the list about this, about how exciting it was). Everyone at that gathering took a turn or more at reading the wake aloud and it was really beautiful and funny and I loved it. Since then the book has travelled with me or lived beside my bed. & no, I have not finished it, but I will one day and when I do I intend to wrap that final sentence and start over (I got this idea from a friend who's made a similar vow). My initial introduction to the book was so great, it stands out as one of the most compelling and delightful art-experiences I have ever had. Those who would dismiss the book are still welcome to do so, but I can't imagine feeling that way.

*Sincerely,
M*

Congratulations -- this is what happens when one is able to muster up the courage to get past the resistance of one's ignorance and the overwhelming diminishment that accompanies it. There's a lesson here for the Buffy crowd....

joe brennan

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553. **Aaron Belz**

Re: Location -- in Dogtown

Mon 24 Jun 2002

Ron wrote:

I had not expected Dogtown to be what it turns out to be - a vastly overgrown area back on the far side of Gloucester, brush so dense that we were warned not to venture on foot further from the road than we could see our car without a compass.

I question that this is what Dogtown turns out to be.

Try Dogtown, Missouri; it's much better. We have houses, water and electric service, paved roads, sidewalks everywhere. What a great little neighborhood to take a walk in at twilight-- to go garage saling on Saturday morning.

Salon columnist King Kaufman moved to (my) Dogtown last summer and wrote about it:

http://www.salon.com/mwt/feature/2001/08/08/moving_on/index.html

-Aaron

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554. **kathryn graham**

Anomaly No. 1 is now available

Mon 24 Jun 2002

Anomaly No. 1 (Spring/Summer 2002) is now available!
(Contributors copies will be mailed this week)

59 pages of new work from Washington, DC and elsewhere featuring:

POETRY by Tom Orange, Renee Angle, Jules Boykoff, W.B. Keckler, Susan Gardner-Dillon, P. Inman, Jessica Smith, and a collaboration Marcella Durand and Tina Darrah.

THEORETICAL OBJECTS and ESSAYS: Kaia Sand ponders "the unrequited gesture of the lyric," and Rod Smith

examines "What was Turtlism" and other important issues.

REVIEWS by Allison Cobb on Heather Fuller's Dovecote and David Annwn on Geraldine Monk's Noctovocations a DIALOGUE between Susan Landers and Dodie Bellamy on the subject of Cunt-ups

~~~~~

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Anomaly is a (roughly) biannual magazine of avant-garde/innovative/experimental writing, with a focus on poetry in the Washington, DC metropolitan area.

The goal of Anomaly is to be a means of creating dialogue, not only among writers in the DC area, but also between writers in DC and elsewhere. Thus, while a major focus of Anomaly is innovative poetry in the Washington, DC metropolitan region, Anomaly actively seeks contributions from writers throughout the United States and the world.

Each issue contains poetry, reviews, and at least one essay or theoretical object. Anomaly is interested in collaborations, interdisciplinary work, in any work that is a deviation from the normal form/order/rule (personal, academic, political, social, aesthetic, psychological...), and work that is irregular and difficult to classify.

~~~~~

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Donations are most gratefully accepted in any amount. Unfortunately, Anomaly is not (yet and may never be) tax exempt.

Please make checks or money orders out to Kathryn Lorraine Graham (use all three names) and not Anomaly.

~~~~~

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c/o K. Lorraine Graham

1401 N Street, NW

Apt. 601

Washington, DC 20005

email: [REDACTED]

URL: <http://www.geocities.com/anomalypress>

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as always apologies for necessary cross-posting

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555. **paula speck**

***Re: time travel / paradox***

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Maria and all--

The story is Julio Cortazar, and it's "La noche boca arriba" (Night face up). It was in his 1951 collection, \*Bestiario,\* (Bestiary), which I have as part of an omnibus volume, \*Relatos.\* I'm sure it's been widely translated. It's about a man who gets in a motorcycle accident, is taken to a hospital, develops a fever, and finds himself fleeing Aztec priests, captured, and carried "face up" to the sacrificial stone, where he will be flayed and have his heart cut out. He tries to wake up, but realizes that the sacrifice is the reality, his modern life the dream. So it's less a time travel story than a story questioning the distinction between "reality" and "dream" (illusion, imagination, art). It harks back to Lewis Carroll (is Alice dreaming about the White King, or is he dreaming about her?), Calderon's play \*Life is a Dream\* (La vida es sueno), lots of Borges.

Borges has written many stories with time paradoxes. "La otra muerte" (The Other Death) is about a coward who gets to go back in time on his death bed and die as a war hero; "El sur" (The South) is about a city nerd who gets a heroic death in a knife fight on the southern pampas in place of a death in a hospital (Cortazar's story has to be partly a homage to this one); "El milagro

secreto" is about a Talmudic scholar for whom god performs the miracle of freezing the bullets from a firing squad in midair so that he has years to mentally complete his great work; "El jardin de los senderos que bifurcan" (The Garden of Forking Paths) is about alternative time/story lines (people say it predicts hypertext), and a bunch of other stories all, for want of a better word, Borgesian. Some of the paradoxes seem facile or predictable to us today, but that's because Borges did them first; his imitators have made some of his insights into clichés retroactively. Come to think of it, that's a paradox in itself, and one he might have enjoyed.

Paula Speck

From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>  
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>  
To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: Re: time travel / paradox  
Date: Thu, 20 Jun 2002 22:18:27 -0600

*isn't there a famous cortazar story (or is it carlos fuentes? no, i'm sure it's cortazar) about a guy who is in the hospital for a motorcycle accident and time-travels back to aztec times and it turns out he's running away from folks who are going to sacrifice him...??? does tht ring a bell w/ the better-read-than-i? also, for another kind of time travel, "Incident at Owl Creek" is always a goodie, and there's an old movie of it that i saw when i was in high school, way back in the 70s. in terms of kids' books, there's always the awesome a wrinkle in time, but is that considered a "girls' book"??? you could get someone from eckancar to come talk to your class...that's their big thing...*

---

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556. **schwartzgk**  
**Re: time travel / paradox**  
Mon 24 Jun 2002

---

This is fascinating...and at an interesting moment in time since I just finished reading "At Midnight On The 31st Of March" -- Josephine Young Case's book-length, narrative poem (probably the only science fiction story that has appeared in blank verse?)...at midnight on the last day in March, the lights go suddenly out, the telephone is dead, "the road ain't there no more." Search parties report that civilization, human life, is nowhere to be found but in their own village of Saugersville. Those in the town are left (in timelessness) to fend for themselves, creating a new "life" from next to scratch.

(Also has an amazing feel close to *Our Town*, which incidentally was also published in '38.)

The poem's story's town was a thin disguise of the author's stomping grounds of Fort Plain on the Mohawk and Richfield Springs on the old Western Turnpike in Upstate New York. (And, to follow another thread, it's true to its sense of locality!)

Case, a prolific author in many forms: poetry, fiction, biography and on and on, seems sadly to have drawn very little in the way of recognition, let alone examination and appreciation.

Best, Gerald

> Maria and all--

>

> The story is Julio Cortazar, and it's "La noche boca arriba" (Night face  
> up). It was in his 1951 collection, *\*Bestiario\** (Bestiary), which I have  
> as part of an omnibus volume, *\*Relatos\**. I'm sure it's been widely  
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> captured, and carried "face up" to the sacrificial stone, where he will be  
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>

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>  
> Paula Speck  
>  
>  
> >From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>  
> >Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>  
> >To: [REDACTED]  
> >Subject: Re: time travel / paradox  
> >Date: Thu, 20 Jun 2002 22:18:27 -0600  
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> >"girls' book"??? you could get someone from eckancar to come talk to  
your  
> >class...that's their big thing...  
> >  
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Aldon L. Nielsen  
Kelly Professor of American Literature  
The Pennsylvania State University  
116 Burrowes  
University Park, PA 16802-6200

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559. **Aaron Belz**  
***Barthelme's "Heaven"***

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Did anyone this story in the June "Atlantic Monthly"?

-Aaron

+ + + + + + +

HEAVEN

A short story

by Steven Barthelme

.....

The poet delicately picks his nose while talking on my telephone, his old abraded sneakers up on my coffee table. This is authentic behavior: the poet is proving that he is a poet. At least I assume that's what he's doing. He glances up at me and then continues his picking and his conversation. "... in this country!" he shouts into the receiver. It's a joke; he is talking to a poet about a poet. Much laughter. He puts something in the ashtray.

Is he a good poet? He is thought by poetry authorities to be a good poet, but what do they know? I love him, but this does not blind me to the quality of his poetry. In the poem he wrote about me after my death, I wrote the only good line. He was quoting me, but the attribution was somewhat vague. I was dead twenty-one minutes before he got to the typewriter.

My sister, inexplicably, doesn't want to sleep with the poet, though I have offered him to her on several occasions. My sister said she'd design her own therapy, thank you. "He looks like he needs a bath," she said. "He looks a touch gamy<'gamy' is the word."

"Poets prize that look," I said. "He sleeps with women by the dozens," I said.

"Golly," she said.

"Poets get them down any way they can<liquor, B-pluses, enigmas."

"This isn't winning," she said.

"Making up for high school," I said.

Heaven. In heaven no hardwood floors and no baseball, and poets caught talking about sports get the rack. Yesterday I saw Jesus in a leather hat.

Here is what the poet is saying on the telephone: "... back together? Really? In Vermont she and Bruno and Tige got naked in the lake and alors, voilà ..."  
Another part of it is like this: "... and so her pants were on inside out, har har har ..." It's a long-distance call.

Here is what the poet says in the classroom: "Be inexplicable, but not inexplicable. Be emendatious but not cementatious." (Not in my dictionary; suspect that's a coinage.) "Be abominable yet abdominal. Make it newt." (I hear poorly, so this could have been "Make it new," although he loathes Pound; it may have been "Make a note"<sometimes he feigns a boffo French accent.) "Oh, and see me after class, Caitlin, Feta, Ang Li, Eschscholtzia, Daisy, Zinnia, Dahlia."

Before being admitted into heaven I suffered ninety days in purgatory, which is how I know he wrote a poem about me after I died. It was okay. Some people get the exercise bike. Apparently there's no hell.

The poet drives a Land Rover, of course. Loves his wife. Rubs dogs with great gusto.

In heaven Scotch is blessedly harmless, and my back has finally stopped hurting, and my body's really buffed. Didn't require crunches, either, which are what I got into poetry to avoid. But the poet has written, "All a poet really needs is a six-pack and a six-pack. Grolsch<and really ripped abs," he explained.

"But Grolsch is expensive!" I cried.

"In this country," he said.

Heaven resembles a very large Days Inn where God is always wandering around saying, "Have you seen Jesus? Have you seen Jesus?" They argue constantly. Jesus says, "'I will destroy the wisdom of the wise'?" alluding to something his Father said (First Corinthians<I looked it up), and snaps his fingers. "Fundamentally unserious, Dad."

"I guess I should frown more," his Father says, and gives a weary look. The building, heaven, goes on as far as the eye can see, into the clouds. In the lobby in the morning an enormously long white tablecloth appears, with coffee and one lemon Danish, which renews itself endlessly. Angels are everywhere, dancing.

The poet's life has been lived on the edge, in several countries, in his friends' apartments. The poet spent twelve years working for the John Deere Corporation, two weeks in law school in Boston, a night and day in jail on a vagrancy charge (inspiration for the poems, later, in *I Fought the Law*); he once played tambo in a rock band. The band got him started in poetry when he discovered deep feeling and first wore a perm. "Candy from a bébé," he says of that period.

"Only women understand me," he says. With the help of a wealthy coal widow he started The New Bituminous Review and filled it with uncanny and haunting work by the editors of other magazines. Then for three years he fearlessly walked up and down Sixth Avenue, filling out grant applications, winning nine. "It's a poet-eat-poet world out there," he says.

They don't only argue. Last week God and Jesus were in the main lobby, rolling on the carpet, laughing about hell. "Who could have known that they'd take that seriously?" God said. "They've been worrying about that for two thousand years!" He snorted and fell into convulsions of laughter.

"And<and<" Jesus said, wiping tears from his shining eyes, "and we were only kidding. God, they must think we're mean!" And they walked off slapping their foreheads and kneecaps, and Jesus' hat fell off. His eyes are intensely beautiful, blue. He is very tall.

The poet is thought to have a very good gamy look, I told my sister. One of the top five, among contemporary American poets. "His wife won't mind," I said, "because he's an artist."

"What is his poetry about?" she asked.

"Anguish," I said. "Black woe. Raw, unashamed passion. Black lung. A number of his newest poems shockingly unmask the pylorus, where a valve inextricably links man's stomach to his small intestine."

My death came about in this way: I poisoned myself, with loathing. And envy, there was some envy. Mostly loathing.

The poet is off the phone. He has a legal pad and a blue-and-black German pencil, working probably on "Reflux." It's a new one in the Los Angeles Lakers series. "Overweight and eager ..." the poem begins. He pauses, pencil to his lips. He is thinking. I ask if he will stay to dinner, and he slams the pencil down, enraged. "Oh, Christ," he says, "can't you see I'm working? What're you having? I'll invite Peesha, Pasha, and Tony. It's all ruined now," he says. The pencil is very beautiful. He picks up the telephone.

Jesus comes over to me when I'm out on a chaise beside one of the pools. He's holding a fat red notebook in one hand and two lemonade cans from the vending machine in the other. He hands me one. Frigid. All around us people are getting to their feet. Music is playing somewhere.

"A hat?" I say. "You're never in a hat in the pictures."

"I'm two thousand years old," Jesus says, and pats the leather hat. "I'll wear a hat if I feel like it." He gives a droll smile. "I have you down here for loathing and envy," he says, looking up from the red notebook. "You must forgive him."

"There's nothing to forgive," I say, and take a drink. It's Handel<the music.

"Bo, I'm Jesus. Why are you bothering to lie to me?"

"Yes, sorry, I forgot. Gosh, this lemonade is cold."

Jesus sighs. "That's a nice touch, that 'Gosh.' A little foolish, considering that you're already in heaven. Still, 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise'." He shrugs. "It's in First Corinthians."

"That'd be Chapter One," I say, "verse twenty-seven?"

He glances sharply at me for a second but recovers, nods, and slaps the red notebook on his pants. "You must forgive him."

"Okay. I forgive him."

Jesus looks at me with his brilliant eyes. It's the sort of long, theatrically patient look one gets not from a father but from a beloved older brother.

"Okay, I don't forgive him. Okay." The breeze in heaven is soft, sweet, smells delicately of oranges.

The poet wants to write good poetry, I know he does. He does not think of himself as a dull, careerist predator and sham. He could be a counterfeit and write great poetry at the same time, perhaps. He wants to know awe. He wants to have important things to say to his fellows, to make cold souls warm, to ease hurt, to praise love, to give hope to the despairing and companionship to the lonely, to hold the breath of wisdom in his hand for an instant, to add to what we have. He wants to see. Even a blind squirrel finds a ... No, never mind that.

"Jesus, this is hard. This is hard," I say, "Jesus."

His eyes are terrible.

<http://www.theatlantic.com/issues/2002/06/barthelme.htm>

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## 560. **UbuWeb Editorial Staff**

### ***Cage Meets Sun Ra on UbuWeb***

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

You can hear / download the Cage / Sun Ra collaboration in its MP3 entirety on UbuWeb:

[http://www.ubu.com/feature/sound/feature\\_cage.html](http://www.ubu.com/feature/sound/feature_cage.html)

9-10. From the album: John Cage Meets Sun Ra, Meltdown MPA-1 (1987). Alternates performances by Sun Ra-Yamaha DX-7; and John Cage-voc. Sideshows by the Sea, Coney Island, NY, 6/8/86. [Album jacket plus Andrejko]

Sideshows by the Sea was the last surviving freak show along the Coney Island boardwalk. Ra and Cage's appearance was duly announced by the barker

outside. Other portions of this concert, which included Pharaoh Abdullah processing and dancing, and Ra and Cage performing together, may have been recorded but haven't been issued.

UbuWeb

<http://www.ubu.com>

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561. **Hilton Obenzinger**

***Re: Finnegan's Wake***

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Marla and All,

There are varieties of literary pleasures and effects, varieties of taste. The question is, are there certain values placed on certain items of cultural capital. Must someone like or "appreciate" Finnegan's Wake? Also, I found the experience recounted here, along with the story in an earlier post about the reading group, examples of different modes of reading and engagement. The phenomenon of reading groups or clubs is widespread, as are cultish responses to literature (Jane Austin, Melville, etc.). Are there clubs reading experimental poetry and other literature? If so, where? If not, why? Finally, I am interested in the idea of "a stupendous joke and a failure." How much literature is either or both. What constitutes failure? Clearly, FW is not a failure, not if so many people can enjoy it so much -- and neither is the work of Christopher Smart or Tristan Tzara or Charles Reznikoff or Herman Melville or . . . -- but a lot of people would consider them to be. And they don't want to read it -- and the Lord said, "That is good." Some writing souls even aspire to failure, stupendous failure, and they too will get swallowed up with Kora, and the Lord said, "Enjoy the joke." Who makes the rules?

Hilton Obenzinger

At 09:44 AM 6/22/2002 -0700, Marla Jernigan wrote:

>Dear Poetics List,

>

>I've been oblivious to the list for months and months.

>Not really writing either. But this morning I started

>reading back through and was interested to see all the

>mention of Finnegan's Wake. I too thought of it as a

>stupendous joke as well as failure. But then when  
>meeting with some poets here in Atlanta I was  
>introduced to it through the ear (I wrote to the list  
>about this, about how exciting it was). Everyone at  
>that gathering took a turn or more at reading the wake  
>aloud and it was really beautiful and funny and I  
>loved it. Since then the book has travelled with me or  
>lived beside my bed. & no, I have not finished it, but  
>I will one day and when I do I intend to wrap that  
>final sentence and start over (I got this idea from a  
>friend who's made a similar vow). My initial  
>introduction to the book was so great, it stands out  
>as one of the most compelling and delightful  
>art-experiences I have ever had. Those who would  
>dismiss the book are still welcome to do so, but I  
>can't imagine feeling that way.

>

>Sincerely,

>M

>

>

>

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><http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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Hilton Obenzinger, PhD.

Associate Director of Undergraduate Research Programs for Honors Writing

Lecturer, Department of English

Stanford University

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Fax

[REDACTED]

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562. **UbuWeb Editorial Staff**

***Laughtears: A conversation on Roaratorio on UbuWeb***

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Laughtears: A conversation on Roaratorio (1976/79), John Cage with Klaus Schöning.

6. From the album: Roaratorio on Mode Records, John Cage, Klaus Schöning, speakers, Realization: John Cage, Klaus Schöning, First Transmission: 22 October 1979, WDR3-Hörspeilstudio

[http://www.ubu.com/feature/sound/feature\\_cage.html](http://www.ubu.com/feature/sound/feature_cage.html)

UbuWeb

<http://www.ubu.com>

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563. **schwartzgk**

**Re: Barthelme's "Heaven"**

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Yes, I did. And I was amazed at how (frighteningly)close in style, theme and overall atmosphere the piece was to Donald Barthelme's work, especially circa "Sadness", "City Life"...or even the stories collected in "Great Days".

Seems to be working the same corner without any new prospects.

Gerald Schwartz

----- Original Message -----

From: "Aaron Belz" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, June 24, 2002 1:46 PM

Subject: Barthelme's "Heaven"

Did anyone this story in the June "Atlantic Monthly"?

-Aaron

+ + + + +

HEAVEN

A short story

by Steven Barthelme

.....

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country!" he shouts into the receiver. It's a joke; he is talking to a poet about a poet. Much laughter. He puts something in the ashtray.

Is he a good poet? He is thought by poetry authorities to be a good poet, but what do they know? I love him, but this does not blind me to the quality of his poetry. In the poem he wrote about me after my death, I wrote the only good line. He was quoting me, but the attribution was somewhat vague. I was dead twenty-one minutes before he got to the typewriter.

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"There's nothing to forgive," I say, and take a drink. It's Handel music.

"Bo, I'm Jesus. Why are you bothering to lie to me?"

"Yes, sorry, I forgot. Gosh, this lemonade is cold."

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He glances sharply at me for a second but recovers, nods, and slaps the red notebook on his pants. "You must forgive him."

"Okay. I forgive him."

Jesus looks at me with his brilliant eyes. It's the sort of long, theatrically patient look one gets not from a father but from a beloved older brother.

"Okay, I don't forgive him. Okay." The breeze in heaven is soft, sweet, smells delicately of oranges.

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"Jesus, this is hard. This is hard," I say, "Jesus."

His eyes are terrible.

<http://www.theatlantic.com/issues/2002/06/barthelme.htm>

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564. **J Gallaher**  
***Re: Barthelme's "Heaven"***

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Aaron asks:

Did anyone this story in the June "Atlantic Monthly"?

I Reply:

Ah, it's like needles in my god-damned eyes, I tell ya. Needles. How will we sleep tonight, knowing this guy's onto us?

Best,

JGallaher

PS. Everybody, quick, act natural . . .

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565. **Sheila Massoni**  
***Re: Elliptical Poets***

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

yes who can forget the elliptical connection of s&g song shit giving my old age widow away Sheila

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566. **Steven Shoemaker**  
***nature and time***

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Actually, I don't want to try to connect nature and time here, although I'm sure that wld make an interesting subject. I just want to thank the folks who responded to the query on art and time. And then I want to ask whether anyone can clue me in to origins of the "nature poetry" thread a couple of months back. I missed this the first time around, and have now tried to follow it in the archive. But that subject header (nature poetry) doesn't take you back to the beginning of the thread, which seems to have started with/around something from Spahr (again!) dealing with flowers & politics/history.

Any tips on getting back to the source here are welcome.

Thanks,  
Steve

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567. **K.Angelo Hehir**

**ubu plug**

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Hello,

I invite you all to listen to a couple of my sound poems that have just been mounted on the ubu.com site.

In the sound section, of course.

yay!

Kevin

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568. **Mark Weiss**

**dogtown**

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Holy ground, nonetheless--where Merry met his end.

Marsden Hartley did a series of astonishing Dogtown paintings in the 30s and 40s.

Mark

At 07:09 AM 6/24/2002 -0400, you wrote:

Olson has always stuck me as the ultimate poet of location, certainly in my lifetime.

A couple of years ago, on the periodic trek we make to Brier Island off the coast of Nova Scotia, we stopped for a day in Gloucester, stayed at a beach motel, saw Olson's house, the cut (exactly what it says it is) and went up to Dogtown. I had not expected Dogtown to be what it turns out to be - a vastly overgrown area back on the far side of Gloucester, brush so dense that we were warned not to venture on foot further from the road than we could see our car without a compass. It turns out to have been a neighborhood once (200+ years ago) back before the inhabitants figured out that the sea would be their source of income, so that once they did figure this out Dogtown was pretty much abandoned, the houses used at first as a place where the widows could live rent-free. But now it's so over-grown that one can barely see the foundations, all that remains, open space as brier patch.

Ron

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569. **Mark Weiss**

*help*

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

anyone remember how to sign off for vacation?

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570. **Robert Corbett**

*Rick Snyder*

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Folks,

Please backchannel contact information for Rick Snyder. If Cello Entry is still a going concern, I would like to reup my sub.

thanks,

Robert

-- Robert Corbett                      "I will discuss perfidy with scholars as [REDACTED]  
as if spurning kisses, I will sip Department of English                      the marble marrow  
of empire. I want sugar University of Washington                      but I shall never wear  
shame and if you                      call that sophistry then what is Love"  
- Lisa Robertson

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571. **Andrew Rathmann**

*Close reading: Lu, "Pamela: A Novel"*

*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

While some of us were in graduate school being told that "Literature" doesn't exist, Pamela Lu was writing a novel. Or perhaps I should say, a "novel" (since it's actually an extended poetic meditation on personal identity.) The book is by no means a spellbinder. It is not even particularly well written, though it does have an appeal which, for me anyway, is undeniable but hard to specify. I think the appeal may have to do with a generational sensibility.

Many younger writers are reluctant to lean too heavily on personality in their writing. They are reluctant to self-dramatize. We sometimes assume that this tendency is an outcome of academic suspicion about the "subject." And, certainly, *Pamela* contains nontrivial amounts of academic residue, mostly of the

Death of the Subject, Waning of Affect, End of Style, Nostalgia for the Present varieties, which seemed so thrilling to bright undergraduates circa 1990.

I think, though, that Lu's book suggests that a tenuous identity, a weird sense of being alienated from one's thoughts and feelings, and so forth, might have more to do with being a member of the Scooby Doo generation than with academic discourse. She is good when it comes to pinpointing this impossible-to-pinpoint sort of experience, without self-pity or sentimentality. At one point the narrator speaks of a concept, perhaps borrowed from psychology, which she calls "tone": it's the "underlying yet coherent feeling that accompanies any experience and encapsulates some unplaceable essence of it." But the narrator and her friends decide that because tone is "everywhere all at once" it is thus "nowhere we could find it, point at it and call it a 'thing'..." Tones are replacing things: interesting. And the things that remain have a weird status. Later, for example, the narrator refers to their "clickability": she and her friends are never able to "dismiss the possibility of double-clicking" things in order to "open further revelations of their deep and vastly esoteric contests." In *\_Pamela\_*, unsayable emotional tones dominate the world of things, and things themselves are trapdoors opening into ever more "content." Thus the memory of Streisand singing a show tune can combine with the sight of barbecued meat in S.F.'s Little Saigon to give the narrator an "insight into the nature of Greek tragedy": "I remembered, down to its exact tonal frequency, the wail of Andromache in the pounded Trojan dust 1500 years ago as the butcher's knife sliced through a slab of roasted pork above my head." The essence of *\_Pamela\_* differs from, say, its surrealist predecessors because, as the book's epigraph from Patty Hearst suggests, the mysterious forces that flicker and insinuate themselves into personal experience may in fact be threatening rather than wondrous, yet there is "little one can do to prepare oneself adequately for the unknown." The book is comforting in its delineation of a generation's weirdness, yet unsettling in the way it leaves the reader with a more tenuous sense of his or her own identity, which is at the mercy of an experiential onrush.

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572. **Juliana Spahr**  
*switching, etc.*

Mon 24 Jun 2002

---

Andrew, etc.

Thanks for the reading of my poem. You read it in some ways I hadn't thought about before. Some of this makes me nervous but I'm learning from it also.

I want to start with the term "white settler." I have to admit that I have to accept the term. During orientation at my job here, someone got up and told all us

new faculty (a slightly multiracial bunch), here you've got three choices: you can be a haole, you can be a stupid haole, or you can be a stupid fucking haole. When running down the street, just as I turn when someone says "hey you," I turn to the terms settler, haole, stupid haole, and stupid fucking haole. To do otherwise would feel dishonest to me. A few years ago I started writing in my author bio's that I was a continental haole who currently lives in Honolulu. Someone, I can't remember who, told me that was stupid so I more or less stopped. But I think it is still true. Although for a few more months, I'm a continental haole who lives in Brooklyn.

I've got a few thoughts in response. They are the sort of details that I had in mind while writing this book. Not that author's intentionality matters all that much. But I think there are some other ways to read some of the poems. And, I confess, I just want to try and wriggle out of the noose.

First, the attention to collective that is part of Fuck You Aloha I Love You, to me, didn't come out of language writing. It was rather an attempt to think through the role of poetry in Hawai'i and the attention to collective, to community, that is a large part of the political discussion in Hawai'i. The reading of language writing as grassroots and attentive to collective was something I had trouble seeing until I went to Hawai'i (and the reading in Everybody's Autonomy on these issues is a sort of reverse vision--not that they aren't/weren't there but I wasn't smart enough to see them in the cold of Bluffalot).

And the quote that you say came from Stein, actually came from a personal email from Joan Retallack when she was basically telling me that what matters was to make there into here (not that there is no there there--the opposite rather--stop complaining about the dislocation and make it the location). I found this good advice. Advice I often get from Susan Schultz also. But it does echo Stein. But couldn't one read the Stein quote as perhaps good--there is no pre-tentious there? there are no hubristic claims of the sort that major metropolitan cities like to make?

The sexual position in switching is a deliberately impossible position meant not to illustrate connectedness, but its impossibility.

Where we disagree: I think though that poetry is better served by "part of a we" yet I have to admit, history proves you and not me right. But I have to keep on saying part of a we over and over.

Moving on to the issue of Hawaiian words and your second post...

The Hawaiian words in Palolo stream are all the names of plants (I'm pretty sure this true; I'm in California and I don't have a copy of the book with me). A few of the words that are in Hawaiian have English equivalents. But 'awa and kukui do not. ki does not. niu is coconut and it does (it might be the only one

that does). I can't remember the other words in this poem. There is no Japanese and Chinese b/c I do not know the Japanese and Chinese words for these plants and they aren't called that way conventionally. (I'm not even sure any of these plants have Japanese and Chinese words; they might not grow in places where Japanese and Chinese are the official languages.) What in this poem reads to you as "an aura of purity or primacy" is to me an everyday and I don't know any way around it. It is a list poem in the most literal sense. I walked down to Palolo stream, a half block from where I lived on Dole Street, and wrote down what I saw. I guess I could write the poem and only list plants that have English naming equivalents but I think that would be weirdly false. (I've written more on this issue of naming in Hawai`i in the essay Dole Street which I recently loaded at <http://www2.hawaii.edu/~spahr/subpoetics.htm>--there are a couple of link errors I've got to fix.)

The words are deliberately not marked as native and non-native (no italics, etc.). I wish I could convince you that they are inclusive gestures. Rather than find them annoying and off-putting, that you could see them as chances to briefly touch another language, perhaps to turn to the dictionary with pleasure, to call up your friend who knows Hawaiian, to learn about some new plants, etc.

"Gathering/Palolo Stream" is not a complaint about paving. It is a complaint about the restriction of basic land rights guaranteed to Hawaiians legally.

It is true, I don't really wish to be seen as someone who disrespects the "natives." Why should I? Why would anyone? Do you? But I've heard a complaint from others about the poems being too p.c. Is this what you mean? I don't know what to say about this. One of the reasons I tried to think about the collective and the individual in it (I prefer to think of both and not either), was to move the political poem away from accusation. (You know, that sort of poem that says I am the one who resists the [insert problem here], thus I am not part of the problem but you, dearest reader, are.)

There are many books I could recommend if you want poems that are more rooted in Hawai`i as place. I can't tell if that is what you want or not. But Huanani Kay Trask might be a good place for poems really rooted in place.

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573. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**  
**Re: Close reading: Lu, "Pamela: A Novel"**  
*Mon 24 Jun 2002*

---

Andrew---

just a quickie for now....

I'm really glad you chose to write about this book.....

I like your distinction between tone and things  
and the primacy of scooby doo over academic discourse....

Curious however why you would say  
"it is not even particularly well-written"  
and also why you see it as having  
"surrealist predecessors"

could you elaborate?

thanks, Chris

Andrew Rathmann wrote:

*While some of us were in graduate school being told that "Literature" doesn't exist, Pamela Lu was writing a novel. Or perhaps I should say, a "novel" (since it's actually an extended poetic meditation on personal identity.) The book is by no means a spellbinder. It is not even particularly well written, though it does have an appeal which, for me anyway, is undeniable but hard to specify. I think the appeal may have to do with a generational sensibility.*

*Many younger writers are reluctant to lean too heavily on personality in their writing. They are reluctant to self-dramatize. We sometimes assume that this tendency is an outcome of academic suspicion about the "subject." And, certainly, *Pamela* contains nontrivial amounts of academic residue, mostly of the *Death of the Subject*, *Waning of Affect*, *End of Style*, *Nostalgia for the Present varieties*, which seemed so thrilling to bright undergraduates circa 1990.*

*I think, though, that Lu's book suggests that a tenuous identity, a weird sense of being alienated from one's thoughts and feelings, and so forth, might have more to do with being a member of the Scooby Doo generation than with academic discourse. She is good when it comes to pinpointing this impossible-to-pinpoint sort of experience, without self-pity or sentimentality. At one point the narrator speaks of a concept, perhaps borrowed from psychology, which she calls "tone": it's the "underlying yet coherent feeling that accompanies any experience and encapsulates some unplaceable essence of it." But the narrator and her friends decide that because tone is "everywhere all at once" it is thus "nowhere we could find it, point at it and call it a 'thing'..." Tones are replacing things: interesting. And the things that remain have a weird status. Later, for example, the narrator refers to their "clickability": she and her friends are never able to "dismiss the possibility of double-clicking" things in order to "open further revelations of their deep and vastly esoteric contests." In *Pamela*, unsayable emotional tones dominate the world of things, and things themselves are trapdoors opening into ever more "content." Thus the memory of Streisand singing a show tune can combine with the sight of barbecued meat in S.F.'s Little Saigon to give the narrator an "insight into the nature of Greek tragedy": "I remembered, down*

*to its exact tonal frequency, the wail of Andromache in the pounded Trojan dust 1500 years ago as the butcher's knife sliced through a slab of roasted pork above my head." The essence of \_Pamela\_ differs from, say, its surrealist predecessors because, as the book's epigraph from Patty Hearst suggests, the mysterious forces that flicker and insinuate themselves into personal experience may in fact be threatening rather than wondrous, yet there is "little one can do to prepare oneself adequately for the unknown." The book is comforting in its delineation of a generation's weirdness, yet unsettling in the way it leaves the reader with a more tenuous sense of his or her own identity, which is at the mercy of an experiential onrush.*

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574. **Susan Wheeler**  
**Elizabeth Alexander**

Mon 24 Jun 2002

---

Does anyone perchance have the hard-copy sort of mailing address for Elizabeth?

Dues-paying Allusionist,  
Susan Wheeler

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575. **Alan Sondheim**  
**keiyoshi**

Tue 25 Jun 2002

---

keiyoshi

nakakaru no ro-karu no tasakaru no sikarube no nukarumi no jyakarut no  
arakarut no tasakaru no ikaruga no arakarut no enkaru no shikaru no tasakaru  
no usuakaru no sikarube no reaping no and no mowing no cutting no sawgrass  
no noun no nukarumi no ikaru no jyakkaru no tasakaru no sikarube no  
nukarumi no hikaruge no enkaru no karuhazu no nakakaru no nukarumi no  
arakarut no ikaru no shikaru no tasakaru

—

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576. **David Baratier**  
**The Ultimate Issue**

Tue 25 Jun 2002

---

A mild mannered reporter for WBUR in Boston, writing about birds and planes by day, by night he's --SuperSean Cole-- Our Feature.

!!!SUPERSEANCOLESUPERSAMPLE!!!

Variation on a Theme by Frank O'Hara.

Janet Reno has collapsed!

It was a gray day out our window  
and you said it was Gray Davis but  
he lives in California where it  
never rains so it was really gray  
and threatening to spray and my  
desk was an onion I kept crying over  
with you at my shoulder rushing me  
for information but the Internet was jammed  
and then suddenly this story from the AP  
appeared on the screen  
JANET RENO HAS COLLAPSED!  
there is no "U" in "New York"  
no bran in Massachusetts  
I've had to sit on the floor at a lot of press conferences  
but I've never actually fallen down  
oh Janet we want you for governor of Florida get up

---

--As found in--

Pavement Saw 7: THE ULTIMATE ISSUE

--BLAMMO-- a few key editorial paragraphs

The Ultimate issue not only sounds extremely important, but it is also where we can historically return to our roots and retell our story in a way that updates it for a whole new generation of audiences. In this we can have the I character throw in objects, phrases and important people which will show our newness and locate us in the USA at a trapped moment of what cannot be explained. Be clear and do not fear, faithful reader, Ultimate is here which does not mean the last issue, but rather the most important, the bomb. For those of you who degrade us through logic, yes, a thinly veiled problematic scattering of ideas splats here but keep in mind that is why Ultimate is capitalized, like Honor or Justice in the 1870's.

....UMMPH....

when we left off, we were making a metal plate to affix to the ground for free spray painted city wide advertising when the woman who knew how to do this deed disappeared leaving us ineptly anchored for such permanence. The staff and I were experiencing withdrawal from an unspecified daily consumption of caffinated mints which included full blown audio/visual hallucinations and

concluded with a Columbus visit from George Bush Jr. (see last ish—'nuf said—dashing Dave). Shortly after, there was a newfound profound interest in messing with the authors subjectivity all over again.

....URRRGHAH.....

Under a viking helmet, after raiding many fishing villages, Stephen Mainard appears from the appalachians, drunk, wearing a cod piece, and talking about it to interest the audience in staying for the major contents of this issue. To disrupt the silence, beyond the baudiness, he has just finished making an AM radio wire kit which were made illegal by the Federal Trade Commission shortly after they legitimized the only two (right wing) radio stations under the recent policy. While finishing a six-pack he slurs, "Whosoarfart Nautilus Preapple guy?" sputters "Chipolteandnicknolte" drinks three shots then spouts the final show stopping slinger "Shitsandfritzandsitsabits" You locals, steeped in a righteous indoor Nordic track tradition, say "Doesn't that niggling nerf-herder know eight is enough?"

While this poor pun would conclude the humeric content of most competing literary journals, we have more. As a strong member of a undervalued race with high tolerance distilled (& sold) for generations and a penchant for products that let air in (T-tops, tanktops, unscreened windows) Stephen returns— after being frozen and rendered ineffective by the application of momentary politically correct ethical standards to the timeless ideals of poetry— he is now ready for scuba lessons to patriotically stop any Arab looking Americans from lighting illegal firework displays near waterways.

....KAPLOOEY.....

Contributing his efforts for the war on terrorism, the editor has created a Dirty Poem which kills through the use of metonymic forms of radiation. Born in a city near a toxic superfund site, to a nuclear family which split, thereby creating a broken home which lead to a thermodynamic torching of morals, he is well qualified for this task. Baratier will be tailed by a Marine, as most American Indians who know codes during wartime are, and killed if he reveals his secret process.

---

Art :

Byrne  
Perez  
Dunlap  
Texiera

Script:

Abbott  
Andrews  
Arigo  
Bergmann  
Butscher  
Casey  
Daniels  
D'Arpino  
Heithaus  
Keene  
King  
Lombardo  
Lowery  
Magee  
Petkus  
Quasha  
Ragain  
Raven  
Sachs  
Strange  
Taksa  
Welsch  
Zimmerman

#7 The Ultimate issue is \$6 US to US locations including postage

6 Minty Fresh Pirate Issue \$6

5 Suicide Gun issue \$5

1-4 sold out

or subscribe, \$12 for 2 issues

( issue #8, as yet unnamed, has an exclusive first interview EVER with Peter O'Leary, work by Tyrone Williams, Guy Beining, and the world's most important living Greek poet Adrienne Kalfopoulou (due Jan 2003))

Add \$1 to CA, \$3 overseas

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Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

577. **Nick Piombino**  
***Content and Its Discontents***

Tue 25 Jun 2002

*Bad*

*narcissism in poetry may be a very liberating thing. I discuss this idea in detail in my essay, "Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product?" which Gary Sullivan's Read Me published about a year ago. A poem/translation of mine, "souljam," which some of you may know, embody this idea in a poem.*

*Of course, this view of the American poem makes the position of the American poet, as a human being, in America very difficult and painful; but potentially liberating.*

*Murat*

*Date: Fri, 21 Jun 2002 17:12:13 -0400*

*From: Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]>*

*Subject: Re: Content and its Discontents*

*in regard to narcissism, there are poets writing outside the community, outside any community; there the matter of goals comes into play - if one publishes from outside, it is often self-publication, and this always threatens to topple; there are no guidelines, no stays. community support is crucial in relation to institutionalization - grants, conferences, readings, press publication - and outside it, good and bad narcissisms may well mix to the extent that the qualitative distinction becomes meaningless.*

*- Alan (btw not referencing myself)*

- > The poet is an addictive consumer. Poetry is not leisure. A worker rests to
  - > become a better worker. Without limits, the poet keeps stealing time,
  - > undermining work to write his or her poems. Poem as process is profoundly
  - > disruptive to labor, and American poetry reflects that reality.
  - >
  - > Failure < or its vertiginous potential < is an aura in the American poem.
- (Murat Nemet-Nejat)

The idea that it is "liberating" for poets to accept an aura of failure seems counter-productive to me on the face of it. The same for poets accepting that because of social difficulties "good and bad narcissism may well mix" seems also to accept the social situation of the poet as it is in an unquestioning, possibly futile way. Murat Nemet-Nejat's point that "poem as process is profoundly disruptive to labor, and American poetry accepts that reality" I think points to a crucial contradictory element in the situation of poets. One of the reasons why I

am suggesting the importance of poetics in the practice of poets has to do with the way poets accept their roles and social situation with such passivity. There may have been a time when to identify so automatically with alienated labor seemed a convenient solution because it combined a marxist political approach so neatly and congruently with the problems of the poet. Workers are underpaid; poets are underpaid. Support the underpaid workers politically; intellectual problem solved- just plug in the appropriate left politics. But Murat Nemet-Hejat's point makes it clear that poets are not just alienated labor. Poets have more the situation of the unemployed, unless they happen to have a job. If not, a poet may be identified as part of the wage-driven labor force that they are part of. Poet as poet is left with few traditions to work with. One is the Baudelairean solution, the bohemian. Read Baudelaire's life and you find it is a variation of Orwell's *Down and Out In Paris and London*. Indeed a painful outcome. Another is that of Jack Kerouac. Location? The road, then home to mother; alcoholism, poverty, isolation. The other possibility is to accept the traditional bifurcation between critic and poet. Here the goal is to discover who the "good writers" are and support them with complex and profound intellectual arguments. Occasionally it may even be possible to build a kind of academic literary career around this. The result: you've possibly helped a few writers to give up entirely, maybe even commit suicide. Look at what the critics did for Hart Crane. On the other hand, in embracing and supporting the so-called good poets, you may even be assisting them in their careers. Meanwhile, by condemning some and encouraging others you've created a divide and conquer strategy which will be of eternal advantage to the critics and academics, and eternal disadvantage to the poets. The critics, by definition, are already divided because they disagree about which writers are good. However, they will remain in league together because they are a ready force guaranteeing with their accredited good judgment that the field of literature will be purged of numerous unnecessary failures. Also, how fortunate we are to have them to preserve the reputations of writers who otherwise might fall into oblivion. Where would we be without them? Blake forgotten, Byron despised, Gertrude Stein neglected and vulnerable to the ignorant jibes of the unlettered masses. How lucky we are to have these big brothers and big sisters to tell us what to read, and if we do read, how to like what we read and to know what is good about what we read. What does it matter if a few hundred or thousand well meaning but hopelessly untalented poets are shoved into literary oblivion? The problem is, even if you are one of the lucky poets who have been discovered by a brilliant and recognized critic, you are instantly the target for other brilliant and equally recognized critics who may try to undermine the poet's supposed gains. Now, certain writers seem to be hinting that all of this writing about poetics leads nowhere; we are told to stick to good old themes of location, good old values in analyzing themes and content, and especially clever critical analyses which will surely tell us why

one writer has everything to offer, while another one doesn't. I would like to suggest why poetics might possibly offer poets an alternative to this hopeless, vicious cycle of cultism, professional elitism and neglect or professional destruction of others. As contrasted with traditional criticism, poetics will not tell us who the good boys and the good girls are. Poetics might be able to present only in the form of hypothesis which the best works of writing might be. Sorry. But what it might do is offer poets a way of working together and not against one another. What it might do is put our energies towards discovering what makes certain approaches effective and others ineffective; each to be found in practically anybody's work. What it might do is get us off the endless lost roads of club-building and exclusionary practices, which bring thrills only by excluding some in contrast to the clever inclusion of someone's favorites. Can theorizing do all this? Here is where some comparisons to other fields might be useful. While there is not complete agreement in any field, most other fields at least try to focus on sharing information, exchanging theoretical ideas, and pointing to the areas where the most useful discoveries might exist, trying to explain why some techniques and approaches apparently work and others don't seem to and how these connect to effective or ineffective work throughout the ages. These are the magical "locations" that I believe poets envision: "where Alph, the sacred river ran, down to a sunless sea." The location needed is a place of poets working together as members of a kind of intellectual union and not against one another, where they can hopefully find a way of avoiding the divisive, depressing, rejecting values of traditional criticism. Poets of the world unite through poetics! You have nothing to lose but your chains to pretentious and self-aggrandizing traditional career-based, hopelessly archaic and outdated critical traditions and practices.

Nick Piombino

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578. **Derek R**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

And still there are others who have had exposure to what is called a paragraph

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579. **Kevin Gallagher**

***Re: dogtown***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Hartley's paintings are great. Milton Avery and Edward Hopper each have a painting a piece there. There is a new novel out by Francis Blessington called

"The Last Witch of Dogtown," that weaves an interesting tale in a well researched depiction of Dogtown in the 1800s. Other painters that did Gloucester, but not Dogtown, are Stuart Davis, John Sloan, Winslow Homer and Fritz Hugh Lane. I am yet to read the bios on Olson, so I'm ignorant of his personal life. But I find it interesting that, given that Olson lived in one of the most painted areas in the US, that none of his old Black Mountain painter friends came to visit and painted there. Anyone know the story about this?

Mark Weiss wrote:

*Holy ground, nonetheless--where Merry met his end.*

*Marsden Hartley did a series of astonishing Dogtown paintings in the 30s and 40s.*

Mark

*At 07:09 AM 6/24/2002 -0400, you wrote:*

*Olson has always stuck me as the ultimate poet of location, certainly in my lifetime.*

*A couple of years ago, on the periodic trek we make to Brier Island off the coast of Nova Scotia, we stopped for a day in Gloucester, stayed at a beach motel, saw Olson's house, the cut (exactly what it says it is) and went up to Dogtown. I had not expected Dogtown to be what it turns out to be - a vastly overgrown area back on the far side of Gloucester, brush so dense that we were warned not to venture on foot further from the road than we could see our car without a compass. It turns out to have been a neighborhood once (200+ years ago) back before the inhabitants figured out that the sea would be their source of income, so that once they did figure this out Dogtown was pretty much abandoned, the houses used at first as a place where the widows could live rent-free. But now it's so over-grown that one can barely see the foundations, all that remains, open space as brier patch.*

Ron

--

Kevin Gallagher  
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Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy  
Tufts University  
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f: [REDACTED]  
<http://ase.tufts.edu/gdae>

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580. **Derek R**

**Re: Spicer/ other books/crazy poetry**

Tue 25 Jun 2002

---

Millie:

*I try to collect poems about mental illness to have  
them read, especially ones not by anne sexton or  
sylvia plath, i.e. ones they won't know already....  
If anyone know any good examples*

Ever read Van Cleve?

The following is OCR'd from Adam Parfrey's book, "Apocalypse Culture." I would note, tho 'crazy,' this person still knows how to spell.

#### SCHIZOPHRENIC RESPONSES TO A MAD WORLD

Schizophrenic writing is not infrequently possessed of genius since it emerges from a dialogue between inner soul and outer surroundings unmediated by the burden of "correct" societal conduct. In the world of advertising and mass media, the post-hypnotic magic of the suggestive ad slogan or the metabolic programming of muzak blurs the distinction between the perceived and the perceiver. Vide the recent Citibank slogan: "We're thinking what you're thinking." The schizophrenic takes this sort of programming seriously enough to believe that he is being spoken to as an individual and might even reverse the syllogism to read, "I'm thinking what Citibank is thinking." Collected here is a recent example of an authentic schizophrenic writing. James Van Cleve's Love, Lithium, and the Loot of Lima is a monumental 700-page work of kabbalist-cryptic numerology combined with theories of advanced particle physics and a strange obsession with television personalities, Christ, the Marquis de Sade, and mass murderers such as Charles Starkweather and Caril Fugate. Van Cleve is in his late 70's (as of 1990 printing of this article) and is still institutionalized in a home in upstate New York.

Love, Lithium, and the Loot of Lima

-- James (Anubis) Van Cleve

LC=LEISURE CLASS

LC=LOWER CLASSES

LC=LOAD OF COME

LC=LAME CHRIST

LC=LITTLE CHILD

LC=LOW CUNT

LC=LAP CUNT

LC=LAW AND CHEMISTRY (SOCIALISTS ADVICE - DO NOT TEACH)

LC=LOCATE CLITORIS (FEMALE)

IN THE SENSE OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW MALE MASTURBATION IS A  
MOTION THAT  
MUST BE SECONDED BY INTIMATE SEX CONTACT WITH OTHERS  
OCCASIONALLY TO PUT  
IT TO A VOTE FOR SUPPORT AND VITAL SUCCESS FOR THE  
MASTURBATOR. IF THERE  
IS NO OCCASIONAL INTIMATE SEX CONTACT WITH OTHERS THE ML  
MASTURBATION  
LAW IS VIOLATED AND SOLO EJACULATION FALLS OFF IN RETALIATION,  
PROBABLY.

WITH POSSIBLE POPULAR PROMOTION OF EXHIBITIONISTIC  
MASTURBATION WITH OR  
WITHOUT RENEWED SOLO EJACULATION. THE MALE MASTURBATOR  
REMAINING MARRIED  
TO THE PEOPLE, HOWEVER, EVEN IF CRIPPLED BY OLD AGE AND MS  
MAGNETIC  
STRAIGHTJACKETING.

MS=MAIMED SAVANT

ML=MARRIAGE LICENSE

ML=MASTURBATION LAW

MS=MARQUIS DE SADE

SM=SACHER MASOCH

SM=SEX WITH NO MONEY

MS=MONEY WITH NO SEX

SM=STRIKING MASTURBATOR

I am studying the crucifixion of Christ the Cop by God the Copulation.  
C.F. Cum for Caril Fugate/Cynthia Lubesnik Lust Murder with a LM License  
to Marry. Christ the Cop is a Civilian Cop and needs a Press Card  
Marriage to Protect Him or Her from the Crucifixion by God the  
Copulation in Lust Murdering License Marriage. But this Card must be  
accompanied by a million dollars paid by Check (In Political Chess) to  
Prevent the Crucifixion Since He or She is Married to the People.

A GREEN ISLE IN THE SEA, LOVE,

A FOUNTAIN AND A SHRINE.

AND ALL MY NIGHTLY TRANCES

ARE WHERE THY GREY EYE GLEAMS

IN WHAT ETHEREAL DANCES,

BY WHAT ETHEREAL STREAMS.

The \*R\*elatively \*I\*nnocent \*B\*ystander=RIBAM'S RIB

The Jews use manic depressive psychophilosophy and associated Demential  
Praecox -- Paranoid Type for their pleasure not telling the People.

EO=Essential Onanism. Tea for Teacher Spring Sacrifice for Spilling

Seed/Mammalian. White Whale of Womanhood at work with the gift of a wristwatch.

DP=DIRTY PICTURES

DP $\bar{P}$ MENTIA PRAECOX

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY BUT WHERE IS THE FREE CUNT?

The cause of war is individual and collective maladjustment of men and women in social space. Release from Magnetic Straitjacket Seclusion by Gravity, Restriction, Vacuum, Constant Observation. They are free-showing me how cunt crushes communism.

NOSE OBSTRUCTION

NEVER LICENSED MARRIAGE

ECONOMIC PLAN AND WAVES

MARQUIS OF CLEVES

THIGH INJURY

LIFE WITHOUT PRIOR TRIAL

APPOINTED MASSIANIC HEAD OF STATE USA

EVANGELICAL SAVANT AND EVOLUTIONARY SCIENTIST

I NEED A GUN

DON'T WRITE ANY MORE LETTERS

DON'T EJACULATE

SAVE YOUR SIGNATURE AND YOU SAVE ALL

I FUCK LIKE A NIGGER AND THINK LIKE A JEW

THE SPIRIT OF THE PORNOGRAPHIC PICTURE

I AM BEING RAPED BY RADIO

JIM NABORS NOT ONE OF MY NEIGHBORS

DP=DUEL WITH PRESIDENT

DP=DUAL PERSONALITY

DP $\bar{P}$ AD PHAROAH

Society appears to be largely composed of extremists and habitual criminals not normal human animals subjects or citizens of respectable states.

SEX IS THE GRAVITATIONAL BONDING AGENT IN SOCIAL SPACE WORKING AGAINST

MAGNETIC ELECTROCUTION AND HANGING WITH THE POINT OF NO RETURN AND LIFE

IMPRISONMENT. THE POINT OF NO RETURN IS MAGNETIC ELECTROCUTION AND

HANGING ONLY BUFFERED BY LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

PRES. JAMES E. CARTER AS A THEATRICALY PROMOTED PLAY ACTOR ON A

SHAKESPEAREAN STAGE OF LIFE AS ENZYMATIC ACTIVITY PLANNING TO BE MADE

KING OF FRANCE IN A WORLD WHOREHOUSE COUNTER REVOLUTION.  
JESUS CHRIST IS JUNIOR CUNT. CHRIST THE FILIBUSTER. ASK FOR  
RELEASE FROM  
CHRIST THE CRIMINAL FUCK.

This magnetic phenomenon [Van Cleve is referring to his theory of  
"Cyclical Asymmetry"], not only to be viewed as the predisposing cause  
of war, may be considered likewise to qualify as a predisposing  
influence in the cause of cancer, an explanation of the "galactic hiss"  
noted by astronomers in extraterrestrial radio reception, the source of  
the "voices" complained of by patients in mental institutions and  
certainly the "magnetic straitjacket" painfully endured by all ordinary  
patients in such confinement, as well as many other distressing  
conditions and infirmities.

Shylocke (John Locke, M.D.) the Jew quotes Rene Descartes these days.  
Rene Descartes should have added to his claim that all men are mad  
That all women are whores fucking whores

Rockefeller Institute

66 St. or SEX TEA SEX STREET & ROUTE SEX TEA SEX

CHRIST IS AN IDEALIST, A ROMANTIC PYROMANIAC AND AN  
EXHIBITIONIST.

IF WE WERE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN, GERMAN OR OTHERWISE, NOW  
MORE HEAVILY

POPULATED, WE COULD CONSIDER HAVING SOME FUN. BUT THE COP ON  
THE CORNER

AT THE INTERSECTION OF THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT WITH THAT  
BOULEVARD OF

BROKEN DREAMS IS STILL THERE AS INDEED HE IS IN HELL. SO WE MUST  
TRY AND

BE REASONABLE WHEN WE CONSIDER DOING THINGS.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE FOLLOWERS  
OF LUCIFER

AND ANTICHRIST AND THE SOCIETY FOR LUCKY LAMBS.

The fuck is a friendly thing not a deadly weapon intended to put the  
atomic bomb out of business. Even a filthy fuck is a friendly fuck but  
the fuck with the foot is not friendly.

FF equals 66 equals Fuhrer's Face Fuck My Fist Finger Fuck. FFF equals  
18 equals age of consent. Find, Fuck and Forget. Point Counter Point. --

A. Huxley.

THE MARQUIS DE SADE WAS NEVER A MISER OR A MOTHERFUCKER. HE  
DIED IN A

LUNATIC ASYLUM.

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581. **Fargas Laura**

***Re: Spicer/ other books/crazy poetry***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Derek responded to Millie:

>>>Schizophrenic writing is not infrequently possessed of genius since it emerges from a dialogue between inner soul and outer surroundings unmediated by the burden of "correct" societal conduct. -- Adam Parfrey >>>

Not sure if this is what is wanted, but -- I used the responses of schizophrenics who were asked to explain such expressions as "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones" and "Don't cry over spilt milk" as a kind of refrain or counterpoint to the plain narrative elements of a poem, hoping to get across that the "real" story is fractured, weird, a little out of reach. I mimicked them in a couple places -- "they lost his mind out of a glass bottle" refers to the fact that President Kennedy's brain, which was preserved, has been lost or hidden.

Here it is:

JFK Fugue State

I lived in a glass house but all I did  
was wave. Flowers grew there, the noise  
drowned out the funeral sometimes. If  
the walls broke the black horses could  
carry you away. So never trust your life  
to anyone, that's how the smoke gets  
started. He knew how to strangle books,  
that's why they took him to Russia. And  
back. It was cold when the umbrella  
opened for the second time

\*

umbrella from the Zapruder film opened so hard  
it flapped inside out, like a crow too old to get it  
right. Everybody laughed, and the echo came off the  
hearing room's panelled walls like a slap. One of  
the Committee's investigators was my upstairs neighbor,  
had the President's shirt in his safe, the threads  
still sharp cut, you could see the haste, the way  
they'd razored it off

\*

and all  
the rain fell out. They lost his mind  
out of a glass bottle. Don't cry because  
then you can't gather your body. Milk  
doesn't and glass doesn't quietly.  
It was a movie about people crying. Some  
people are up in the air and some in  
society. People should always keep their  
decency about their living arrangements

\*

apartment alone with my Mom and in the new school  
less than a month. When I was six, Dad gave me a silver  
dollar for spelling 'Fitzgerald,' took me campaigning, let  
me explain the missile gap a few times. The final announce-  
ment came over the P.A. during lunch and the kid across the  
table from me, Reuben something, cracked he's long gone now.  
I hit him in the face with my plate, spaghetti hanging  
off his eyebrows, sauce sliding

\*

or  
they'll break the environment. Because  
the drums forced a bullet through and her  
dress was pink. It was folded and she kissed

\*

her first lover, she's saying, she fresh out of  
one of the Seven Sisters, he still a Senator then, still  
living in the little house on P Street, he loved her  
blonde hair. I'm thinking I do believe the stories about  
him using the Mafia to try to kill Castro. I drive by  
the house on P Street almost every day, its trees so much  
taller now than Mary describes

\*

them. Shouldn't forget who lives in stone  
houses. And shouldn't throw glass.

Laura Fargas

[↑ Contents](#)

582. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Nick,

Thank you for your thoughtful, insightful post. Here are just a few comments, maybe as the beginning of a longer discussion:

>The idea that it is "liberating" for poets to accept an aura of failure  
>  
>seems counter-productive to me on the face of it.... Murat Nemet-Nejat's point that "poem  
>  
>as process is profoundly disruptive to labor, and American poetry accepts  
>  
>that reality" I think points to a crucial contradictory element in the  
>  
>situation of poets....

I am trying to make a relatively simple point. When the American poem creates (enacts) a counter vision to social "reality" (and doing so implicitly critics, satirizes it, its value system), this is very much like an addictive drug experience. It has a similar rhythm: a momentary vision of great power, followed by the coming down to the world; and the experience (act) has to be repeated. The process is repetitive, circular, discontinuous. In the same way, the American poem (as counter vision) "falls flat" when it returns to the "reality" of the world because, by definition, it is counter to it. There, it doesn't exist. The poet has no option but to repeat the act. (The poem essentially is the process, the writing of it, and maybe the individual readings of it.) Its aura of failure is proportional to its subversive force -it undercuts "productiveness" as a positive value

It is this "addictive" rhythm of the poetic process which makes American poetry discontinuous, tradition which is a legitimate concept in other arts or literary traditions, an illusion. It puts the American poet as a human being in a very difficult, problematic situation. If one calls the poet's poem a product (which I don't and see it as an addictive process), then he/she is alienated from the fruits of his/her labor, even if "successful"; because a critic's function, as Nick says, is basically "domesticating" the poem, assigning it a tradition, violating, ultimately falsifying the very essence of a what American poem is. This contradiction is what puts a good deal of the talk of "innovative" poetry in a problematic, in a way mainstream conservative light.

If the poet is "unsuccessful," he/she is at least face to face with the basic nature of his/her activity, though as a human being he/she may find the situation excruciating.

The poet can only assert what he/she is doing, more or less disregarding the white noise of critical thought surrounding him/her (trying to find threads of connection to another poet's activity). Within that context, a list like this may be helpful, a kind of valuable community.

>But Murat Nemet-Hejat's point makes it clear that poets are not just alienated labor. Poets have

>

>more the situation of the unemployed...

Or that of a shirker.

Poet as poet is left with few traditions to work with.

>One

>

>is the Baudlairian solution, the bohemian. Read Baudelaire's life and you

>

>find it is a variation of Orwell's -Down and Out In Paris and London-.

>

>Indeed a painful outcome. Another is that of Jack Kerouac. Location? The

>

>road, then home to mother; alcoholism, poverty, isolation.

Nick, did you notice your references are to "Outside" American poetry. The influences of the American poetry come from outside (outside American poetry, or outside poetry altogether, e.g. New York School and painting and French poets, Kevin Killian and the director Argento, Gary Sullivan and Nada Gordon and the internet). That essentialness of outside in the American poem is the great insight of Jack Spicer. The issue of foreign born American poets relates to the same point.

Kerouac's "on the road" seems like a exception. But "the road" was "sold" as an odd ball prose piece. His "New Mexico Blues," to my mind one of the masterpieces of our time, if I am not wrong, had difficulty to be published first despite Allen Ginsberg's defence of it. Of course, both these works also come from outside: rhythms, phraseology of jazz.

*However, they will*

*remain in league together because they are are a ready force guaranteeing*

*with their accredited good judgment that the field of literature will be*

*purged of numerous unnecessary failures. Also, how fortunate we are to have them to preserve the reputations of writers who otherwise might fall into oblivion. Where would we be without them? Blake forgotten, Byron despised, Gertrude Stein neglected and vulnerable to the ignorant jibes of the unlettered masses.*

That's a terrible dilemma, isn't it? Yet, does a poet writing today have to think of the fortune which might have befallen Blake, etc., and just accept the reality of their visibility.

*Poetics might be able to present only in the form of hypothesis which the best works of writing might be. Sorry. But what it might do is offer poets a way of working together and not against one another.*

Nick, to me the essentially function of poetics is to justify what the poet has already done or is doing -the poet's attempt to "socialize" his/her work in his/her terms, as much as if at all possible, to preempt the critic. Poetics follows the creation of the poem and is supremely polemical, inventing the approach to a newly existing poem. On the other hand, the critical attitude is the reverse: one has the poetics first, and one writes poems within it, often called innovative poems. This is putting the cart before the horse.

*What it might do is put our energies towards discovering what makes certain approaches effective and others ineffective;*

I don't think the techniques used by one American poet has particular use for another American poet; this is a consequence of "discontinuity. That is why the inspiration to the poet mostly come from outside -outside language, outside medium, etc.

*Here is where some comparisons to other fields might be useful. While there is not complete agreement in any field, most other fields at least try to focus on sharing information, exchanging theoretical ideas, and pointing to the areas where the most useful discoveries might exist, trying*

*to explain why some techniques and approaches apparently work and others don't seem to and how these connect to effective or ineffective work throughout the ages.*

This can happen in other arts (music, cinema, even painting) or maybe poetry in another country (16th century english poetry?), because these arts have economic (even if very risky) viability. You can make, though very meager, a living out of it. Economics creates tradition -a collection of works "produced" in response to public needs. Craft involves a refinement, an increased efficiency of that response. Without tradition (a discontinuous poetry) craft, technique become somewhat deflated concepts. If you remember, in his Vancouver lectures, Spicer says outside has nothing to do with craft.

It was great responding to your post. Let's continue.

Murat

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583. **Alan Sondheim**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Nick - "The idea that it is "liberating" for poets to accept an aura of failure seems counter-productive to me on the face of it."

But in fact it's that hinge of failure that can be fascinating and producing; Flores and Winograd, working through Heidegger, speak about the positive asset of failure/disruption in artificial intelligence. It's at the boundary of failure - entering into the foray - that the most productive work might be done.

As far as "good and bad narcissism" - I'm not sure I even agree with the distinction; by emphasizing "mix" I also emphasize the dissolution or problematizing of such boundaries. Primary and secondary narcissism seem a bit more defensible, but only a bit.

I'd tend to speak of system resonance, feedback.

Alan

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584. **Stephen Ellis**

***Re: dogtown***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV></DIV></div><br
clear=all><hr>Chat with friends online, try MSN Messenger: <a
href='http://g.msn.com/1HM505401/43'>Click Here</a><br></html>
```

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585. **Robert Corbett**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Nick and Murat:

Very insightful posts. I especially like the explanations of Spicer's outside. You turn away from the Collected Works and Spicer's ferocious presence in american poetry dims. Perhaps this is because he was the most Outside of all.

Robert

-- Robert Corbett                      "I will discuss perfidy with scholars as             
as if spurning kisses, I will sip Department of English                      the marble marrow  
of empire. I want sugar University of Washington                      but I shall never wear  
shame and if you                      call that sophistry then what is Love"  
- Lisa Robertson

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586. **derek beaulieu / housepress**

***Invitation***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Announcing

"SCRATCH" by W. Mark Sutherland  
July 11 - September 27, 2002  
at The Koffler Gallery

Opening 6 - 8 pm Thursday, July 11, 2002

Following in the traditions of Duchamp, Schwitters, Cage, Beuys and Fluxus, the practice of Toronto artist W. Mark Sutherland explores the boundaries of different disciplines ó language, sound, images and objects. Sutherland relies on a strategy of displacement in the passage from one mode of expression to another. For example, his recent bookworks on display in the lobby showcase are predicated on the concretizing of visual poetry, while his series Objet

Sonique and Objet Poetique transform ready-mades into instrumental or sculptural forms, and found texts into sculptural objects.

Central to this exhibition are two interactive installations that explore the physical structure of language. Scratch (1998) comprises 300 signed and numbered vinyl records arranged on the gallery floor. The word "scratch" has been etched into the metal master and the records subsequently pressed from this master; the only sound is the physical text carved into the vinyl. The text, viewer-activated by an 1960's turn-table playing the record, translates as a variety of poly-rhythmic clicks. The physicality of the text/process is reiterated in the footsteps of the viewer as they walk on the records, further scratching the recordings, and in the sound produced by their footsteps on the vinyl.

Code X (2001) is a CD ROM "bookwork" which enables the audience to construct sound poems. The viewer essentially "plays" a computer keyboard selecting different letters which individually rebuild a self-referential paragraph of text. The corresponding sound leads to a layered vocalization with the computer when multiple letters are selected: a single letter produces a single sound; two letters form a duet; three letters form a trio, etc. By varying the density, duration and layering of sound, the viewer's improvisations evoke a range of phonic symphonies.

The Koffler Gallery  
4588 Bathurst Street  
Toronto, Ontario  
Tel (416) 636 - 1880 ext. 268  
www.bjcc.ca

Please circulate

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587. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**  
***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

In a message dated 6/25/02 12:05:21 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

*But in fact it's that hinge of failure that can be fascinating and  
producing; Flores and Winograd, working through Heidegger, speak about  
the positive asset of failure/disruption in artificial intelligence. It's  
at the boundary of failure - entering into the foray - that the most  
productive work might be done.*

Heidegger somewhere says the shape of the spirit is circular, repetitive; that's how failure connects as a positive to poetry.

Murat

588. **James W. Cook**

***Re: Location -- in Dogtown***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Other perspectives on Gloucester MA's Dogtown (and the Cut, mentioned by Ron) can be found in Polis 1.

Polis

c/o James Cook

10 River Road

Gloucester, MA 01930

(\$7)

In fact the entire magazine of memoir, essay, polemic, poetry, and graphic narrative takes on questions of polis and place.

As for Dogtown...

from Shep Abbott's "In the Woods" "We are what we are here, no less for Dogtown than for the magnificent harbor . . . But what is an ocean and what is cod-fishing to the milectro-millennium? What are fish breeding marshes and bays to Virtual Realities? And what are haunted woods to posmodern chemical therapies and assisted living complexes?"

from Schuyler Hoffman's "From Dogtown to Downtown"

"in open heath what Hartley saw  
the rocks in outline elemental form what  
Olson told who fought the bull the  
beginning of time and what McClure heard  
and guessed the fear was there the fear  
is lead drips down the marrow channel  
in quake confront alien adversary  
prima materia to friend to make  
one's own relation to the alien i is  
other is dis place Dis city da town  
of dogs run wild and banks exhausted  
no fish to catch but still they come  
downtown art scene merchandise  
for sale museum of Hartley's open  
heath now overgrown with forest  
second growth"

all the best,  
James Cook

MSN Photos is

the easiest way to share and print your photos:  
<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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589. **kari edwards**  
***for all those in the SF area***  
*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

New Langton Arts

The 2002 Bay Area Award Show

<<http://www.newlangtonarts.org/images/hewicker.jpg>>

Literature

kari edwards and Stephanie Young

Thursday, July 11, 8 pm

In the Gallery

Visual Art

Midori Harima, Scott Hewicker, John Slepian

June 26 - July 27, 2002

Opening Reception: Thursday, June 27, 6-8 pm

In the Gallery and Online at [www.newlangtonarts.org/network](http://www.newlangtonarts.org/network)

NetWork

meta

June 26 - July 27, 2002

In the Theater

Music

Adam Lane

Saturday, July 13, 8 pm

Performance

Ella Tideman

Thursday, July 18 and Friday, July 19, 8 pm

Video

Felipe Dulzaides, Wei-Chi Huang, Mads Lynnerup

Saturday, July 25, 8 pm

Music

Dan Plonsey

Saturday, July 27, 8 pm

Musee d'Honneur Miniscule

Libby Black

June 26 - July 27, 2002

Gallery Hours:

Wednesday - Saturday 12 - 5 pm

Admission is free.

Box Office Hours:

Wednesday - Saturday 12 - 5 pm and 1 hour before events.

Please call [REDACTED] for more info.

Directions: Langton is accessible by both car and public transportation. We're located three blocks south of the Civic Center Bart and Muni Stations and can be reached either by the 14 Mission Bus or the 12 Folsom. There's even a bike rack right out front for the Critical Massers. From the East Bay take the Bay Bridge to SF and take the Civic Center exit. Turn right on 9th and then right again on Folsom. We're halfway between 8th and 9th on Folsom.

New Langton Arts is a non-profit artist run organization that was founded in 1975 by a coalition of artists, performers, and arts professionals who sought to provide San Francisco with a center for research and experimentation in a variety of disciplines. Langton commissions and presents new works in six artistic disciplines: literature, music, net art, performance, video, and visual arts, as well as those which cross disciplines and challenge traditional formats. Langton projects include works centered on critical contemporary issues, collaborative or community-based projects, work with few funding sources elsewhere, and art just beginning to find its audience. All presented artists are provided an honorarium, production funds, and professional support.

Please come by, become a member, volunteer if you have some time.

Supporting New Langton Arts: New Langton Arts is a 501(c)3 nonprofit arts organization. If you value Langton and its programs, please join us by making a contribution or becoming a member. We accept credit card contributions by phone at [REDACTED]. Checks may be sent to New Langton Arts, 1246 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. Call us at [REDACTED] for more details.

Volunteer and Intern Opportunities: We're looking for creative folks to support Langton in a variety of volunteer positions from ushering at events to interning in one of our departments. In exchange for your valuable time and talent, you'll get behind the scenes experience in a nonprofit arts space, provide crucial support for the organization, and attend events free of charge, all the while basking in the eternal gratitude of all of us at Langton. For position descriptions, contact sharon maidenberg .

Langton Theater Residency: Host your next theater production at Langton as part of our Theater Residency Program. Rates to rent the 55-seat house are \$150/night or \$875/week. For more information, contact sharon maidenberg .

Check out SF Camerawork.org for more info on their exhibitions at 1246 Folsom.

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Last update: 5/16/02

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590. **Tracy Ruggles**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Poetic theorists of the world unite through poetry!

On 02.6.25 at 6:26 PM, Thomas Bell (██████) said:

| *Poets of the world unite through poetics!*

[↑ Contents](#)

591. **Douglas Messerli**

***(no subject)***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Dear Friends,

For a book of poetry I am currently working on, I am seeking what I call "assignments" to write: subjects, methods, and genres of poetry. (Sounds so of like a call for S&M [and I don't mean Sun & Moon]. Paul Vangelisti recently asked, for example, that I write a poem on being lazy--something with which I'm not too acquainted. I am also thinking of the kinds of "experiments" in writing that Bernadette Mayer listed in the magazine L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E.

So, please feel free to send me an "assignment" to write. I can't promise I will attempt all of those that are sent, but I will certainly try to achieve a number of them.

Send requests to ██████

Thanks. Douglas Messerli

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592. **Halvard Johnson**

***Re: Your assignment for today***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Here's one for you, Doug.

Hal            "language--the Riviera of consciousness"  
                 --Bob Perelman

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

At the bottom of this message is a prose poem by Elaine Equi. Your assignment is to write one or more poems using nothing but words and punctuation marks found in her text.

The rules:

1. Use only words and punctuation marks found in Equi's text.
2. If a word is used five times in Equi's text, you may use it an equal number of times, but no more. Same goes for marks of punctuation.
3. You may use word variants: e.g. "talked" for "talking."
4. You may use word parts: e.g. the "king" from "talking."
5. You may not use groups of words in sequence from Equi: (i.e. not even "of the").
6. You must follow the rules. All the rules.
7. If or when you break any of the first five rules, you must append a "confession" to the poem you've submitted. In the confession, you must explain your reason(s) for breaking the rule(s) and plead for mercy.

The text:

Hi-Fashion Girl

I'm swinging through a department store of the future because by then it will be possible to do that. I mean hear red. Dig the brass section of this cra-zy shirt.

Wait a minute. If this is the future, why am I talking like a ridiculous beatnick poet? The past must be following too close behind. Lodged by the cosmetics like a little Vietnamese girl with a grenade under her dress.

I'd offer chocolate but in the department store of the future all they sell is the potential for candy. The potential  
to make Mom happy on her birthday  
the potential to look terrific.

What is all this potential I keep seeing like landscape in a recurring weirdo dream? It must be the reason I ask you to style my hair, order my meals and supervise the movies I see.

Yes,  
so I'll be ready for the next big trend after death.

Glass elevators where you really do ascend into heaven

but are kept around to serve champagne. Man,  
that is not modern. That was done in the Dark Ages.

--Elaine Equi

```
{ Dear Friends,  
{  
{ For a book of poetry I am currently working on, I am seeking what I call  
{ "assignments" to write: subjects, methods, and genres of poetry. (Sounds  
{ so of like a call for S&M [and I don't mean Sun & Moon]. Paul Vangelisti  
{ recently asked, for example, that I write a poem on being lazy--something  
{ with which I'm not too acquainted. I am also thinking of the kinds of "experi-  
ments"  
{ in writing that Bernadette Mayer listed in the magazine  
L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E.  
{  
{ So, please feel free to send me an "assignment" to write. I can't promise I  
will  
{ attempt all of those that are sent, but I will certainly try to acheive of num-  
ber of them.  
{  
{ Send requests to [REDACTED]  
{  
{ Thanks. Douglas Messerli
```

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593. **Alan Sondheim**  
***Re: Content and Its Discontents***  
*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

Different reference; the book is Winograd and Flores, Understanding Computers and Cognition: A New Foundation for Design; on pp. 36-37, discussion of breaking down and unreadiness-to-hand. "In sum Heidegger insists that it is meaningless to talk about the existence of objects and their properties in the absence of concerful activity, with its potential for breaking down." etc. - Alan

On Tue, 25 Jun 2002, Murat Nemet-Nejat wrote:

*In a message dated 6/25/02 12:05:21 PM, [REDACTED] writes:*

*But in fact it's that hinge of failure that can be fascinating and  
producing; Flores and Winograd, working through Heidegger, speak about  
the positive asset of failure/disruption in artificial intelligence. It's  
at the boundary of failure - entering into the foray - that the most  
productive work might be done.*

*Heidegger somewhere says the shape of the spirit is circular, repetitive;  
that's how failure connects as a positive to poetry.*

Murat

Internet text at [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt) Partial at  
[http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html) Trace Projects at  
<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> CDROM of collected work  
1994-2002 available: write [REDACTED]

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594. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Poets of the world unite through poetics!

----- Original Message -----

From: "Nick Piombino" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, June 25, 2002 2:20 AM

Subject: Content and Its Discontents

> Bad

> narcissism in poetry may be a very liberating thing. I discuss this idea  
in

> detail in my essay, "Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product?" which Gary

> Sullivan's Read Me published about a year ago. A poem/translation of mine,

> "souljam," which some of you may know, embody this idea in a poem.

>

> Of course, this view of the American poem makes the position of the  
American

> poet, as a human being, in America very difficult and painful; but

> potentially liberating.

>

> Murat

*Date: Fri, 21 Jun 2002 17:12:13 -0400*

*From: Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]>*

*Subject: Re: Content and its Discontents*

*in regard to narcissism, there are poets writing outside the community,  
outside any community; there the matter of goals comes into play - if one  
publishes from outside, it is often self-publication, and this always  
threatens to topple; there are no guidelines, no stays. community support*

*is crucial in relation to institutionalization - grants, conferences, readings, press publication - and outside it, good and bad narcissisms may well mix to the extent that the qualitative distinction becomes meaningless.*

*- Alan (btw not referencing myself)*

- > The poet is an addictive consumer. Poetry is not leisure. A worker rests to
  - > become a better worker. Without limits, the poet keeps stealing time,
  - > undermining work to write his or her poems. Poem as process is profoundly
  - > disruptive to labor, and American poetry reflects that reality.
  - >
  - > Failure < or its vertiginous potential < is an aura in the American poem.
- (Murat Nemet-Nejat)

The idea that it is "liberating" for poets to accept an aura of failure seems counter-productive to me on the face of it. The same for poets accepting that because of social difficulties "good and bad narcissism may well mix" seems also to accept the social situation of the poet as it is in an unquestioning, possibly futile way. Murat Nemet-Nejat's point that "poem as process is profoundly disruptive to labor, and American poetry accepts that reality" I think points to a crucial contradictory element in the situation of poets. One of the reasons why I am suggesting the importance of poetics in the practice of poets has to do with the way poets accept their roles and social situation with such passivity. There may have been a time when to identify so automatically with alienated labor seemed a convenient solution because it combined a marxist political approach so neatly and congruently with the problems of the poet. Workers are underpaid; poets are underpaid. Support the underpaid workers politically; intellectual problem solved- just plug in the appropriate left politics. But Murat Nemet-Nejat's point makes it clear that poets are not just alienated labor. Poets have more the situation of the unemployed, unless they happen to have a job. If not, a poet may be identified as part of the wage-driven labor force that they are part of. Poet as poet is left with few traditions to work with. One is the Baudelairean solution, the bohemian. Read Baudelaire's life and you find it is a variation of Orwell's -Down and Out In Paris and London-. Indeed a painful outcome. Another is that of Jack Kerouac. Location? The road, then home to mother; alcoholism, poverty, isolation. The other possibility is to accept the traditional bifurcation between critic and poet. Here the goal is to discover who the "good writers" are and support them with complex and profound intellectual arguments. Occasionally it may even be possible to build a kind of academic literary career around this. The result: you've possibly helped a few writers to give up entirely, maybe even commit suicide. Look at what the critics did for Hart Crane. On the other hand, in embracing and supporting the so-called good poets, you may

even be assisting them in their careers. Meanwhile, by condemning some and encouraging others you've created a divide and conquer strategy which will be of eternal advantage to the critics and academics, and eternal disadvantage to the poets. The critics, by definition, are already divided because they disagree about which writers are good. However, they will remain in league together because they are a ready force guaranteeing with their accredited good judgment that the field of literature will be purged of numerous unnecessary failures. Also, how fortunate we are to have them to preserve the reputations of writers who otherwise might fall into oblivion. Where would we be without them? Blake forgotten, Byron despised, Gertrude Stein neglected and vulnerable to the ignorant jibes of the unlettered masses. How lucky we are to have these big brothers and big sisters to tell us what to read, and if we do read, how to like what we read and to know what is good about what we read. What does it matter if a few hundred or thousand well meaning but hopelessly untalented poets are shoved into literary oblivion? The problem is, even if you are one of the lucky poets who have been discovered by a brilliant and recognized critic, you are instantly the target for other brilliant and equally recognized critics who may try to undermine the poet's supposed gains. Now, certain writers seem to be hinting that all of this writing about poetics leads nowhere; we are told to stick to good old themes of location, good old values in analyzing themes and content, and especially clever critical analyses which will surely tell us why one writer has everything to offer, while another one doesn't. I would like to suggest why poetics might possibly offer poets an alternative to this hopeless, vicious cycle of cultism, professional elitism and neglect or professional destruction of others. As contrasted with traditional criticism, poetics will not tell us who the good boys and the good girls are. Poetics might be able to present only in the form of hypothesis which the best works of writing might be. Sorry. But what it might do is offer poets a way of working together and not against one another. What it might do is put our energies towards discovering what makes certain approaches effective and others ineffective; each to be found in practically anybody's work. What it might do is get us off the endless lost roads of club-building and exclusionary practices, which bring thrills only by excluding some in contrast to the clever inclusion of someone's favorites. Can theorizing do all this? Here is where some comparisons to other fields might be useful. While there is not complete agreement in any field, most other fields at least try to focus on sharing information, exchanging theoretical ideas, and pointing to the areas where the most useful discoveries might exist, trying to explain why some techniques and approaches apparently work and others don't seem to and how these connect to effective or ineffective work throughout the ages. These are the magical "locations" that I believe poets envision: "where Alph, the sacred river ran, down to a sunless sea." The location needed is a place of poets working together as members of a kind of intellectual union and not against one

another, where they can hopefully find a way of avoiding the divisive, depressing, rejecting values of traditional criticism. Poets of the world unite through poetics! You have nothing to lose but your chains to pretentious and self-aggrandizing traditional career-based, hopelessly archaic and outdated critical traditions and practices.

Nick Piombino

[↑ Contents](#)

595. **Mark Weiss**

**(no subject)**

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

A poem with absolutely no preimposed structure or subject to protect it from the threat of impending chaos.

Mark

At 01:06 PM 6/25/2002 -0700, you wrote:

>Dear Friends,

>

>For a book of poetry I am currently working on, I am seeking what I call  
>"assignments" to write: subjects, methods, and genres of poetry. (Sounds  
>so of like a call for S&M [and I don't mean Sun & Moon]. Paul Vangelisti  
>recently asked, for example, that I write a poem on being lazy--something  
>with which I'm not too acquainted. I am also thinking of the kinds of  
>"experiments"

>in writing that Bernadette Mayer listed in the magazine

L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E.

>

>So, please feel free to send me an "assignment" to write. I can't promise

>I will

>attempt all of those that are sent, but I will certainly try to acheive of

>number of them.

>

>Send requests to [REDACTED]

>

>Thanks. Douglas Messerli

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596. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

Tue 25 Jun 2002

---

Poets of the world unite through poetics!

(last message sent in haste, so sorry all)

I think if you couple this great slogan, Nick, with what I think Murat and I have been saying about the importance of the poetic process you might well be on to something with potential to rise above list and poetry politics. I think it may have to do with location (real and virtual and poetic).and audience as well.

I'm intrigued by some of the things Antin says in his einterview with CB \_Review of Contemporary Fiction, (XXI, No. 1), Spring 2001: (33), "As for archetec-tonics [interesting wor] ...I know I start rfrom the tension between an engage-ment with an audience that's in front of me and an engagement with some dis-course. The audience is contingent, the discourse is less so." and much more od interest seems to take it in a direction of musicperformance as you noted, Nick.

some of this goes back to Olson, of course, and the Ginsbergs of the sixties and on, and Naropa but doesn't need to necessarily take on that particular anti di-mension. Having been both exestablishment and anti-establishment in my messy history I am aware that neither stance is particularlyinducive to productive work but suspect there is a middle or productive alternative in relation to en-gagement with audience, location, person, etc. I know that this is a reduction to narcissism but hope it is 'good' rather than 'bad' N Right at the moment I seem to be in a process of buildup of gut feelings without means of release or expression.

I also know this is an individual struggle in many ways but there also must be a 'poetics' of this process?

tom bell

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597. **Andrew Rathmann**

***Close reading: Moxley, "Aeolian Harp"***

Tue 25 Jun 2002

---

Because it is intently focused on discourse, Moxley's work affords little in the way of vivid writing. Rather, her imagery serves the cause of the statement. In her work, therefore, meaning is primarily conceptual rather than sensuous--which is unexpected given her book's title: The Sense Record. To read Moxley

well demands a good deal of intellectual strain (it is like cracking a code), and the rewards are consequently intellectual as well.

Here is "Aeolian Harp":

<http://www.zip.com.au/~jtranter/jacket02/moxley02.html>

The poem is a statement of artistic commiseration, presumably for John Wilkinson. But the style must undergo a kind of translation for that statement to be grasped, and there are few surface pleasures along the way. What seems to be an image in the opening lines, for example, cannot in fact be visualized, because "dreams" cannot be visualized (nor do we get a very striking picture of loose ribbon). The metaphor is thus a kind of dry equation: unraveled ribbons = lost dreams, lost hopes. This loss is the focus of commiseration. When Moxley speaks of "talents" being "in truck for fealty," she seems to refer the belief, since disproved, that literary gifts are rewarded with a following. And the phrase "pastoral lack of capital in the vernal fervor couched" seems to mean, basically, "you were poor but fervent" (I believe that some of the archaic diction and inversions allude to heraldic insignia). By kidding around with aristocratic ideas and a Britishy idiom ("played upon by circumstance," "do take your place"), Moxley presumably intends to honor the fact that John Wilkinson is English. But figuring this out takes a lot of effort. For example, when she writes that "choice" has become "the slow extinction of your faculty of longing," I think she is referring to the traditional idea that choice is always evil inasmuch as it limits the scope of desire. But, assuming this interpretation is right, you may wonder what is gained by her way of putting it. I am vaguely reminded of Hart Crane when I read Moxley, and of Crane's own defense of obscurity, which is a strong one. The question is whether the expensive demands of reading the poem pay off. Each reader can answer that question for his- or herself. At least we can see that some younger poets still demand to be read with intense scrutiny, which seems like a good thing.

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598. **Joel Lewis**

***POETRY READING @CORNELIA STREET CAFE***

*Mon 27 Aug 1956*

-----

From: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED] (Joel Lewis)

Subject: Reading info

Date: Wed, Jun 12, 2002, 6143 AM

Joel Lewis  
Noam Mor  
John Wright

June 30, 2002  
6-8pm

THE CORNELIA STREET CAFE  
29 CORNELIA STREET  
GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK CITY 10014

please call [REDACTED]  
<http://www.corneliastreetcafe.com>

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### 599. **UbuWeb Editorial Staff**

#### **Revue OU**

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

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From Forced Exposure  
<http://www.forcedexposure.com>

Artist: CHOPIN, HENRI Title: Revue OU Label: ALGA MARGHEN (ITALY) Format: 4CD/BOOK Price: \$90.00 Catalog Number: ALGA 045 Miraculously over-the-top presentation of Henri Chopin's famous sound-poetry "magazine", issued either as 4CDs or 6 LPs, each in a heavy-duty LP-sized box. "Since the end of the fifties, Henri Chopin, an explorer in the new recorded sound poetry field, has never ceased, through his own work as well as through his publishing activities (Revue OU, a magazine with record from 1963 to 1974) to defend the electronic exploration of the voice and the body. If Henri Chopin's Revue OU is such a remarkable publication, then this is surely because it is one of the truly -- and most authentically -- 'contemporary' publications of its time. Yet at first sight, the word 'contemporary' seems to offer a rather simplistic description of such a visionary publication as Chopin's OU. When we consider in the general cultural context of the sixties, for example, aren't all mid-century art publications generally 'contemporary' in one way or another? And when considered in terms of most other poetry publications of the sixties, doesn't Chopin's OU clearly stand out as one of the most significant 'experimental' or 'avant-garde' publications of the mid-century? As Chopin observes, he considered the sound poetry published on the records in OU to be a distinctively 'new form of art'. On one hand sound poetry constitutes an almost archetypal practice, but on the other hand sound poetry also emerges from the very sources of recording technology by means of its use of electro-magnetics. As this collection of CDs (remastered under the

supervision of Henri Chopin) reissuing the complete Revue OU records indicates, Chopin's most striking achievement was to consistently identify and publish the first major works of many of the most visionary transatlantic artists exploring the new recording technologies of the fifties, sixties and seventies. Far from attempting to establish any monodimensional 'movement', Chopin characteristically championed a wide variety of those poets, writers and composers whom he perceived to be 'in movement', and whom he subsequently applauds as 'Fabulous Independents'. Following an editorial logic of selectively eclectic inclusion, Chopin's OU records published an astonishing diversity of inter-generational and international experiments. These include intense electronic readings by William Burroughs and Brion Gysin; pioneering optophonetic works by the Dadaist Raoul Hausmann; 'crirythmes' and vocalic improvisations by François Dufrene and Gil J Wolman; fragmentary poemes-partitions by Bernard Heidsieck; high-tech text-sound works by composers such as Ake Hodell and Sten Hanson; electronic abstractions by Bengt Emil Johnson; phonetic pomes by Mimmo Rotella; 'handy tech' performances on self-built electronic instruments by Hugh Davies; haunting tape-manipulations by Ladislav Novak; playful improvisations by Bob Cobbing with Anna Lockwood; dramatic monologues by Paul de Vree; electronic concrete music by Jacques Bekaert and -- of course -- Chopin's dynamic orchestrations of the body's 'factory' of corporeal sounds. Chopin's writings equally consistently championed the 'electronic language revolution' facilitated by what he describes as 'technological means which extend the human body', thereby inaugurating an enormous expansion of human expression. Many manifestos and theoretical texts, as well as original photos, have been published in a 70 page book which includes: an essay by Nicholas Zurbrugg titled 'Living with the Twentieth Century'; a detailed presentation of the contents of each issue of the Revue OU as well as an analysis by the author of the complete Chopin's audio poems published in OU; an essay by Chopin on the new medias titled 'Expressions and Techniques'; the famous Chopin's manifesto 'Open Letter to the Aphonic Musicians' issued in OU No.33 (1968) and its 'Sequel to Open Letter' published in 1982 on Zurbrugg's Stereo Headphones; Dufrene manifesto 'Pragmatic of Crirythm'; 'Henri Chopin, a British Viewpoint' by Hugh Davies and a series of testimonies by William Burroughs, Sten Hanson, Jacques Bekaert, Jackson MacLow; Dick Higgins, John Giorno, Bob Cobbing, Paul de Vree, Larry Wendt and more. The LP-size boxset also include 30 fold-out black and white OU inserts (size cm.26x26, or cm.26x52, or cm.52x52) reproducing the original scores of the audio works featured on the 4 CDs (by Chopin, Heidsieck, de Vree, Davies, Cobbing, Bekaert) as well as graphic works by John Cage, Tom Phillips, Arrigo Lora-Totino, Michel Seuphor, Ben Vautier, Stefan Themerson, Richard Orton, Pierre Albert-Birot. Also included is a 16 pages booklet with a critical text titled 'You've got to Laugh' and a full colour

poster (size cm.52x52) 'for William Burroughs' both by Henri Chopin. First press of 1000 copies."

UbuWeb

<http://www.ubu.com>

---

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup

<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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600. **Aaron Belz**

***Re: switching, etc.***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

---

Juliana wrote:

*When running down the street, just as I turn when someone says "hey you," I turn to the terms settler, haole, stupid haole, and stupid fucking haole. To do otherwise would feel dishonest to me.*

Hey stupid fucking haole,

Ten years ago when I lived in Hoboken a young Latino man walked by me and muttered, "Fuckin yuppy mother fucker." I actually didn't respond, since I am not a yuppy, but I \*am\* white and sympathized with his frustration. Those were the early days of Hoboken's re-gentrification. The following year a powerful documentary called "Delivered Vacant" came out. Has anyone seen that?

All best,

-Fucker Asshole Americano don't belong Nowhere

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601. **Millie Niss**

***(no subject)***

*Tue 25 Jun 2002*

- 
1. Take two prose paragraphs from very different boring sources. Combine them and make them into a poem.
  2. [old fashioned] a villanelle
  3. abecedarian -- words begin with successive letters of the alphabet (I've done this and enjoyed the results)
  4. a poem with no adjectives or adverbs

5. a poem with one syllable per line
6. An anti-slam poem: a poem which cannot be read out loud without losing all of its value
7. the loosest, most irregular, most modern poem which is recognizably a sonnet
8. a poem with no words which appear in a standard dictionary
9. a poem that does not obey the rules of grammar at all
10. a poem that makes no sense (but is somehow worthwhile)

Millie

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto: ]On Behalf Of Douglas Messerli

Sent: Tuesday, June 25, 2002 4:06 PM

To:

Subject:

Dear Friends,

For a book of poetry I am currently working on, I am seeking what I call "assignments" to write: subjects, methods, and genres of poetry. (Sounds so of like a call for S&M [and I don't mean Sun & Moon]. Paul Vangelisti recently asked, for example, that I write a poem on being lazy--something with which I'm not too acquainted. I am also thinking of the kinds of "experiments" in writing that Bernadette Mayer listed in the magazine L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E.

So, please feel free to send me an "assignment" to write. I can't promise I will attempt all of those that are sent, but I will certainly try to acheive of number of them.

Send requests to

Thanks. Douglas Messerli

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602. **Nick Piombino**

***Content and its Discontents***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

Yes, Tracy Ruggles. But whose poetry?

All poetry?

But this is poetics, isn't it?

*Date: Tue, 25 Jun 2002 14:58:51 -0500*  
*From: Tracy Ruggles <[REDACTED]>*  
*Subject: Re: Content and Its Discontents*

*Poetic theorists of the world unite through poetry!*

*On 02.6.25 at 6:26 PM, Thomas Bell ([REDACTED]) said:*

*Poets of the world unite through poetics!*

[↑ Contents](#)

603. **dcmb**

***Re: Elliptical Poets?***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

dear sir: I consider myself an elliptical poet. I believe much of my work meets these criteria. David Bromige.

-----Original Message-----

From: J Gallaher <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Friday, June 21, 2002 1:03 PM

Subject: Elliptical Poets?

>I've been thinking about the Elliptical Poets lately. A few years back  
>it seemed this term was everywhere, but I don't see it much anymore.  
>So I was wondering: Is there anyone out there who considers her/him-  
>self one? Or, do any of you consider some poets "Elliptical"? If so,  
>who are they?

>

>Some poets considered Elliptical include(d) C.D. Wright, Susan  
>Wheeler, Liam Rector, Lucie Brock-Broido, Rebecca Reynolds,  
>August Kleinzahler, Thylia Moss, Killarney Clary, Forrest Gander,  
>Karen Volkman, April Bernard, Alice Fulton, John Tranter, Mark  
>Levine . . .

>

>A reminder:

>

>Stephen Burt, in his essay "Shearing Away" published in Poetry Review,  
>describes several key moves, or attitudes, Elliptical poets carry to the  
poem:

- > 1) Elliptical poets are always hinting, punning or swerving away from a  
>never-quite-unfolded backstory.
- > 2) Elliptical poets seek the authority of the rebellious; they want to

challenge

>their readers, violate decorum, surprise or explode assumptions about what

>belongs in a poem, or what matters in life, and to do so while meeting

>traditional lyric goals.

> 3) They are uneasy about inherited elites and privileges, but they are not

>populists.

> 4) Their favorite attitudes are desperately extravagant, or tough-guy terse,

>or defiantly childish: they don't believe in, or seek, a judicious tone.

> 5) Elliptical poets create inversions, homages, takeoffs on old or "classic"

>poems; they also adapt old poetic subgenres.

>

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604. **Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG)**

***Re: Elliptical Poets?***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

dear sir,

I cannot speak too highly of Botox taken before a reading.  
another satisfied poet.

-----Original Message-----

From: dcmb [mailto:████████]

Sent: Wednesday, 26 June 2002 4:57 p.m.

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: Elliptical Poets?

dear sir: I consider myself an elliptical poet. I believe much of my work meets these criteria.David Bromige.

-----Original Message-----

From: J Gallaher <████████>

To: ██████████ <████████>

Date: Friday, June 21, 2002 1:03 PM

Subject: Elliptical Poets?

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>belongs in a poem, or what matters in life, and to do so while meeting  
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> 4) Their favorite attitudes are desperately extravagant, or tough-guy  
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> 5) Elliptical poets create inversions, homages, takeoffs on old or  
"classic"  
>poems; they also adapt old poetic subgenres.  
>

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605. **Tony Follari**

***Reply to millie***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

There are heaps more you can add:

Serpentine verse, where the first word and last word of a sentence  
are the same. eg. "Snakes will sometimes eat snakes"

double syllable poem eg. "Silent shadows moving over sticky ivy"

univocalics, palindromes, anagrams, lipograms the list goes on.

I've also invented some of my own, but I will not discuss that here, you do raise  
some interesting points though. Keep writing.

regards Tony Follari Poet/Comedian/Artist

From: Millie Niss <[REDACTED]>

Reply-To: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Date: Tue, 25 Jun 2002 23:48:06 -0400

1. Take two prose paragraphs from very different boring sources. Combine them and make them into a poem.

2. [old fashioned] a villanelle

3. abecedarian -- words begin with successive letters of the alphabet (I've done this and enjoyed the results)

4. a poem with no adjectives or adverbs

5. a poem with one syllable per line

6. An anti-slam poem: a poem which cannot be read out loud without losing all of its value

7. the loosest, most irregular, most modern poem which is recognizably a sonnet

8. a poem with no words which appear in a standard dictionary

9. a poem that does not obey the rules of grammar at all

10. a poem that makes no sense (but is somehow worthwhile)

Millie

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:[REDACTED]]On Behalf Of Douglas Messerli

Sent: Tuesday, June 25, 2002 4:06 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject:

Dear Friends,

For a book of poetry I am currently working on, I am seeking what I call "assignments" to write: subjects, methods, and genres of poetry. (Sounds so of like a call for S&M [and I don't mean Sun & Moon]. Paul Vangelisti recently asked, for example, that I write a poem on being lazy--something with which I'm not too acquainted. I am also thinking of the kinds of "experiments"

in writing that Bernadette Mayer listed in the magazine *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E*.

So, please feel free to send me an "assignment" to write. I can't promise I will attempt all of those that are sent, but I will certainly try to achieve a number of them.

Send requests to [REDACTED]

Thanks. Douglas Messerli

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Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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606. **Nick Piombino**  
***Content and Its Discontents***

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

*Nick, to me the essentially function of poetics is to justify what the poet has already done or is doing -the poet's attempt to "socialize" his/her work in his/her terms, as much as if at all possible, to preempt the critic. Poetics follows the creation of the poem and is supremely polemical, inventing the approach to a newly existing poem. On the other hand, the critical attitude is the reverse: one has the poetics first, and one writes poems within it, often called innovative poems. This is putting the cart before the horse.*

Murat Nemet-Nejat

I'm hoping to get to sleep tonight before 4 a.m. There is much to consider in Murat Nemet-Nejat's post and essay concerning poetics but I do want to focus on the point about the functions of poetics. Poetics certainly offers poets the possibility not only to preempt the critic, but to cede to poetics certain functions usually assumed to be the prerogative of the critic. One of these functions is to create a vocabulary that offers a bridge between poets, or between aspects of poetic projects, for example, and various innovative and idiosyncratic formal constructs. Too often, critics unwittingly look for vocabularies that create divisiveness between poets or groups of poets. Poets are of one school or another; use one technique or another; share one goal or another; have one social or political effect or another; represent one group or another, etc, etc. Mark Wallace in editing *Telling It Slant* has offered an alternative vision for poetic production and organization that allows for more diversity of form and content by particular poets and collaborating groups of poets. Critics are like frustrated novelists. Poets become the characters of the novels they write and they want to offer characterizations that will stick. This and many other traditional critical

factors encourage poets to narrow their horizons, limit their styles and formal possibilities. By choosing their own vocabularies, analytical and functional, for example, as well as their own methods of categorization, poets are not risking losing their identities. Actually they stand the possibility of allowing for a more flexible, even idiosyncratic vision of identity that might better suit the daily application of the kinds of energies that usually go into their work or their evaluative and perceptual reactions to the poetry of others, as only a couple of examples. The poet/critic tennis court oath keeps the game totally in favor of the critic. This allows the poet only two choices. Get out of the game or play the game according to the rules evolved over the ages, or in recent history, by academic critics. What also complicates this is that virtually all really effective poets are very good at apprehending critical processes and at initiating and responding to critical theory. But their internal relations to such critical initiatives dilute and ultimately divest the poet's critical work of any power, because usually unconsciously the concepts are filtered towards the vocabulary of contemporary academic literary theorists or the critical vocabularies and conceptual categories adapted from them by contemporary poets. I am suggesting that the essential function of poetics is to provide additional avenues whereby poets may connect with one another, communicate with one another in very precise ways about the processes and purposes of their poetry in order to gain power not only over the means of production but the means of interpretation. They cannot control this any more than critics can, but by seizing the opportunity, they may evolve a critical vocabulary, a poetics vocabulary that allows them to gain power via unmediated pathways of communication in order to be positioned to be responsive in an infinitely more finely tuned and applicable way towards each others literary activities. It is isolation that breeds suffering and hopelessness, mediocrity, ineffectuality. intellectual and other even worse kinds of poverty. Traditional critical approaches and activities do virtually nothing to end this isolation, even, and particularly when they are creating and supporting particular "schools."

*Date: Tue, 25 Jun 2002 08:20:19 -0400*

*From: Derek R <[REDACTED]>*

*Subject: Re: Content and Its Discontents*

*And still there are others who have had exposure to what is called a paragraph*

Working on a group of works I called -Automatic Manifestoes- I started writing extended paragraphs wherein I was trying to weave various strands of connected ideas into an overall emotional or musical string of linked, evolving motifs. It felt- and still feels- like a continuous unwinding or melodic -sliding- into a series of related concepts and emotions. I like the Gertrude Stein aphorism:

"Paragraphs are emotional." Also, the long paragraph shape as a matrix for constructing a more closely reasoned type of prose poem attracts me.

Nick Piombino

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607. **Brian Stefans**  
***contact info for Myung Mi Kim***

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

Hi...

does anyone have Myung Mi Kim's email address?

thanks

Brian

---

A R R A S: new media poetry and poetics

<http://www.arras.net>

Hinka cumfae cashore canfeh, Ahl hityi oar hied 'caw taughtie!

"Do you think just because I come from Carronshore I cannot fight? I shall hit you over the head with a cold potatoe."

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608. **richard.tylr**  
***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

Failure can be talked about nore simply: what is called "failure" is always someone else's opinion....the concept is meaningless except innn relation to somekind of prescribed task: hence my example of the first Bridge over the River Tay in Scotland: but intruth teproblem ariseswhen a person equates say his lack of publications success or a man's rejection by a beautiful woman as he (or she in a reverse case) as bing a 'failure" , a "loser" : if one thinks:"I'm not a loser" then one id bsa ically always a winner: then eg losing a game is good. If you can "fail" and reognise that you are still a worthy person: THAT is all tat matters...the burning ambition to be a "great" poet may not be fulfilled: but that is not failure - unless one lets it: in fact "practising losing " and ten still maintaining one's good spirits builds strength far more that "winning " all the time...of course tere are ridiculous and extremee counter examples that only prove that these are the exceptions to my "rules" or pearls thus conirming my self-affirmation. WE are each of us the most inporttant personon this earth. Richard. Now, back to Brazil - Turkey ----- Original Message ----- From: "Murat

Nemet-Nejat" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Wednesday, June 26, 2002 5:45 AM Subject: Re: Content and Its Discontents

In a message dated 6/25/02 12:05:21 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

*But in fact it's that hinge of failure that can be fascinating and producing; Flores and Winograd, working through Heidegger, speak about the positive asset of failure/disruption in artificial intelligence. It's at the boundary of failure - entering into the foray - that the most productive work might be done.*

*Heidegger somewhere says the shape of the spirit is circular, repetitive; that's how failure connects as a positive to poetry.*

Murat

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609. **Sheila Massoni**  
**Re: Content and Its Discontents**  
Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

do it quickly though whilst still have some semblance of freedom of speech sm

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---

610. **Sheila Massoni**  
**Close reading: Moxley, "Aeolian Harp"**  
Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

Just maybe all reading all texts are codes to be cracked on multiple levels sm.

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611. **aerialedge**  
**New @ Bridge Street: Collected Niedecker, Antin/Bernstein, Coolidge, Donnelly, Fitterman, Hofer, Gizzi, &&&**  
Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

Thanks poetics for your support. Ordering & discount information at the end of this post.

A CONVERSATION WITH DAVID ANTIN, David Antin & Charles Bernstein, Granary, \$12.95. "There are certainly many kinds of poems where the left margin seems reasonable enough."

AUFGABE #2, ed E. Tracy Grinnell, 243 pgs, \$12. Feature: Translations from the German by Rosmarie Waldrop and Andrew Joron, poems by Samuels, Tardi,

Foster Johnson, Hung Q. Tu, Sailors, Cantanzano, Bennett, Card, Swensen, Schaefer, Moudry, Pleynet, Jessup, Ronk, Ratcliffe, Ackerman, King, Latta, Lynn, Downing, Lowther, Edwards, Corpuz, Kasper, Mangold, Sonnenberg, Durgin & Hofer, Nakayasu, plus essays & reviews.

THE MOOD EMBOSSESSER, Louis Cabri, Coach House, 139 pgs, \$16.95. "I'm in a hemp suit, Darmouth"

ON THE SLATES, Clark Coolidge, touché disguises, letterpress unpaginated, \$12. "A further etching shows the globigerina edging toward its own reflection in the greyish face, one showing only to the denizens of Antique Racket Bar. You know it."

ANTHEM, Jean Donnelly, Sun & Moon, Winner of the National Poetry Series 2000, Selected by Charles Bernstein, 124 pgs, \$11.95. "how do I look beside madness"

METROPOLIS 16-29, Robert Fitterman, Coach House, 124 pgs, \$16.95. "my decision stands but wobbles"

FIN AMOR, Peter Gizzi, touché disguises, unpaginated letterpress, \$12. "There is no better everything than loss when we have / time. No lack in the present better than everthing."

HEAD CITATIONS, Kenneth Goldsmith, Figures, 87 pgs, \$10. 'Misunderstood' song lyrics.  
"Let Milo open the door."

SLIDE RULE, Jen Hofer, subpress, 90 pgs, \$10. "I would say those clouds form a reference, not a pattern."

THE EUROPE OF TRUSTS, Susan Howe, New Directions, 218 pgs, \$16.95. Back in print. "Night so black the centuries cannot / see"

PRECIPITATIONS: CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY AS OCCULT PRACTICE, Devin Johnston, Wesleyan, 200 pgs, \$19.95. Johnston traces the influence of the occult on contemporary American poetry and positions it within the larger context of Romanticism. He focuses on H.D., Duncan, Merrill, Susan Howe, and Nathaniel Mackey, to show how the occult, in its resistance to dialectical thinking, proved attractive to these poets and offered a means by which traditional notions of authorship could be challenged.

WINTER SEX, Katy Lederer, Verse Press, 59 pgs, \$12. "There is no annoyance in the world."

READINGS IN RUSSIAN POETICS: FORMALIST & STRUCTURALIST VIEWS, ed Ladislav Matejka and Krystyna Pomorska, intro Gerald L. Bruns, Dalkey

Archive, \$17.95. Ejxenbaum, Tomasevskij, Jakobson, Tynjanov, Bogatyrev, Propp, Brik, Volosinov, Baxtin, Trubeckoj, Sklovskij, Pomorska, & Matejka.

BK OF (H)RS, Pattie McCarthy, Apogee Press, 59 pgs, \$12.95. "the sum of my education. that / music the more brutal. / therefore or rather your sometimes sister."

COLLECTED WORKS, Lorine Niedecker, ed Jenny Penberthy, U Cal, 471 pgs, cloth, \$45.00. This much-anticipated volume presents all of Niedecker's surviving poetry, plays, and creative prose in the sequence of their composition. It includes many poems previously unpublished in book form, plus all of Niedecker's surviving 1930s surrealist work and her 1936-46 folk poetry. "Wade all life / backward to its / source which / runs too far / ahead."

OPEN LETTER: THE SECOND 'OPEN LETTER' ISSUE, ed Louis Cabri & Nicole Markotic, \$7. Grim, Stefans, Wisher, Hassan, Champion, Libin, Barabara Cole, Burnham & Stroffolino, Moriarty, Lorber, Alan Davies, & DuPlessis.

YOU NEVER KNOW, Ron Padgett, Coffee House, 84 pgs, \$14.95. "It's not that hard to climb up / on a cross and have nails driven / into your hands and feet."

THE CONSUL (Contributions to the History of the Situationist International and Its Times, Volume 2), Ralph Rumney in conversation with Gerard Berreby, City Lights, 124 pgs, \$12.95.

THE DISPARITIES, Rodrigo Toscano, Green Integer, 100 pgs, \$9.95. "let them know you want // 'poetry'"

RICHARD TUTTLE, IN PARTS, 1998-2001, texts by Charles Bernstein and Ingrid Schafner, Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania, \$25. A 13 part serial poem by Bernstein enfolded with Schafner text and Tuttle exhibition documentation. "colors that are not allowed to have mysteries (histories)"

26: A JOURNAL OF POETRY & POETICS, ed Burns, Morrison, Noble, Robinson, & Strang, 156 pgs, \$10. Mendes, Ronk, Dhompaa, Cox, Kit Robinson, Cole, Fanny Howe, Jarnot, Behrendt, Pritchett, Fontella, Thackrey, R Waldrop, Halpern, Durgin, Grinnell, McCarthy, Bennett, Roquette-Pinto, Keelan, Carpenter, Ratcliffe, Rossi, Lookingbill, Goll, Dickison, Brink, Albon, plus essays & reviews.

Some Bestsellers:

TELLING IT SLANT: AVANT-GARDE POETICS OF THE NINETIES, ed. Mark Wallace and

Steven Marks, U Alabama, 446 pgs, \$29.95.

MY LIFE, Lyn Hejinian, Green Integer, 165 pgs, \$10.95.

DOVECOTE, Heather Fuller, Edge, 90 pgs, \$10.

'PATAPHYSICS: THE POETICS OF AN IMAGINARY SCIENCE, Christian Bok,

Northwestern, 133 pgs, \$22.95.

NEW COLLECTED POEMS, George Oppen, ed Michael Davidson, Preface by Eliot

Weinberger, New Directions, cloth 433 pgs, \$37.95.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE ASSASSINATION OF GERARD LEBOVICI, Guy De-bord, 81 pgs,

TamTam, \$15.00.

WITH STRINGS, Charles Bernstein, U Chicago, \$12.

DISOBEDIENCE, Alice Notley, Penguin, \$18.

CONFERENCE, Stacy Doris, Potes & Poets, 95 pgs, \$12.95.

THE GOOD HOUSE, Rod Smith, Spectacular, \$6.

LED BY LANGUAGE: THE POETRY AND POETICS OF SUSAN HOWE, Rachel Tzvia Back, U

Alabama, 238 pgs, \$24.95.

POETRY AND THE FATE OF THE SENSES, Susan Stewart, 447 pgs, U Chicago, \$22.

QUI PARLE: THE POETICS OF NEW MEANING, ed Barrett Watten, \$8.

OPEN LETTER: THE 'OPEN LETTER' ISSUE, ed Cabri & Markotic, \$7.

ONE'S OWN LANGUAGE, Lisa Jarnot, A Curriculum of the Soul #5, 20 pgs, \$9.95.

HYMNS OF ST. BRIDGET & OTHER WRITINGS, Bill Berkson & Frank O'Hara, Owl

Press, 85 pgs, \$14.

POETRY AND THE FATE OF THE SENSES, Susan Stewart, 447 pgs, U Chicago, \$22.

CECI N'EST PAS KEITH CECI N'EST PAS ROSMARIE, Keith & Rosmarie Wal-drop,

Burning Deck, 93 pgs, \$10.00.

IN THE AMERICAN TREE, edited with a new Afterword by Ron Silliman, Natl Poetry Foundation, 611 pgs, \$24.95.

HYMNS OF ST. BRIDGET & OTHER WRITINGS, Bill Berkson & Frank O'Hara, Owl

Press, 85 pgs, \$14.

ACE, Tom Raworth, Edge, \$10.

SPINOZA IN HER YOUTH, Norma Cole, Omnidawn, 123 pgs, \$12.95.

THE ARCADES PROJECT, Walter Benjamin, Harvard, 1059 pgs \$22.95

HATRED OF CAPITALISM: A SEMIOTEXT(E) READER, ed Chris Kraus & Syl-vere

Lotringer, Semiotext(e), 421 pgs, \$16.95.

GOOD MORNING-- MIDNIGHT--, Kim Rosenfield, Roof, \$10.95.

A BORDER COMEDY, Lyn Hejinian, \$15.95.

100 MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS, John Ashbery, Adventures in Poetry,

\$12.50.

AS UMBRELLAS FOLLOW RAIN, John Ashbery, Qua Books, cloth 48 pgs, \$20.

SLEEPING WITH THE DICTIONARY, Harryette Mullen, U Cal, \$14.95.

GEORGE OPPEN: A RADICAL PRACTICE, O Books, Susan Thackrey, \$12.

FUCK YOU -- ALOHA -- I LOVE YOU, Juliana Spahr, \$12.95.

VEIL: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS, Rae Armantrout, \$16.95.

THE HISTORICITY OF EXPERIENCE: MODERNITY, THE AVANT GARDE, & THE EVENT,

Krzysztof Ziarek, Northwestern, \$29.95.

List members 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 #, & expiration date & we will send a receipt with the books. Please remember to include expiration date. We must charge shipping for orders out of the US.

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## 612. **Drunken Boat**

### ***Electronic Literature Organization Symposium***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

For a review of the recent symposium in Electronic Literature held in LA, check out:

<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/hayles/hayles.htm#>

Best,

RS

---

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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## 613. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

### ***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

In a message dated 6/26/02 2:42:27 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

*The poet/critic tennis court oath keeps the game totally in favor of the critic. This allows the poet only two choices. Get out*

*of  
the game or play the game according to the rules evolved over the ages,  
or  
in recent history, by academic critics. What also complicates this is  
that  
virtually all really effective poets are very good at apprehending critical  
processes and at initiating and responding to critical theory. But their  
internal relations to such critical initiatives dilute and ultimately divest  
the poet's critical work of any power, because usually unconsciously the  
concepts are filtered towards the vocabulary of contemporary academic  
literary theorists or the critical vocabularies*

Nick,

You are touching the heart of the matter. As you say, the poet, practicing poetics polemically, invents, "creates his/her own vocabulary," in an activity parallel to poetry, because it asserts, develops a counter way of seeing. It extends the poetic process one step into social context. Accepting the writing of poetry as process, and poetics a social extension of it determined, chosen by the poet, the possibility of an "unconscious filtering" of ready made critical ideas diminishes.

Where I disagree with you is in the "collaborative" possibilities of poetics: "I am suggesting that the essential function of poetics is to provide additional avenues whereby poets may connect with one another, communicate with one another in very precise ways about the processes and purposes of their poetry in order to gain power not only over the means of production but the means of interpretation."

Though in general terms the polemical aspect of poetics -like here, as it is being created and interchanges occur, itself a process- can incite poets into new ideas and finding their own ways, as crystallized ideas to be adopted and practiced, these ideas are not I think too helpful. First, each poem being idiosyncratic, a new beginning, it basically must invent its own mode of being, its own poetics. Though more organically, this is true even in different works of the same poet. Second, once a idea is crystallized, it tends to become a "critical thought." Look what happened to the Language School.

Keep on.

Murat

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614. **Leslie Scalapino**

**Philip Whalen**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

Philip Whalen passed away June 26 around 5:30 AM. He'd passed into a coma the morning of the 25th. Quite a few of his friends were able to see him during the evening and night of the 25th. He will be at the Zen Hospice, 273 Page Street, for three days -- where he can be seen.

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615. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

**Re: Content and Its Discontents**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

In a message dated 6/26/02 8:29:46 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

| *Now, back to Brazil - Turkey*

Ah, Turkey lost. Saw the last half. Great game.  
Murat

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616. **richard.tylr**

**Re: Content and Its Discontents**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

Brilliant game. Turkey also played well. Richard.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Murat Nemet-Nejat" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, June 27, 2002 2:53 AM

Subject: Re: Content and Its Discontents

| *In a message dated 6/26/02 8:29:46 AM, [REDACTED] writes:*

| *Now, back to Brazil - Turkey*

| *Ah, Turkey lost. Saw the last half. Great game.*  
| *Murat*

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617. **Geoffrey Gatza**

**Re: Philip Whalen**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

Have a safe journey Philip. We will miss you.

With Love, Geoffrey

On Wed, 26 Jun 2002 07:51:24 -0700 Leslie Scalapino wrote:

*Philip Whalen passed away June 26 around 5:30 AM. He'd passed into a coma the morning of the 25th. Quite a few of his friends were able to see him during the evening and night of the 25th. He will be at the Zen Hospice, 273 Page Street, for three days -- where he can be seen.*

This message powered by EMUMAIL. -- <http://www.EMUMAIL.com>

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618. **Michael Rothenberg**

***Philip Whalen October 23,1923- June 26, 2002***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

Philip Whalen passed away today.

Michael Rothenberg

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619. **Maria Damon**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

when reading this i feel that i'm neither a poet nor a critic (in the sense described below); nonetheless, i've got a stake in poetics. what am i? a poet manque whose sensibility comes out in critique (as opposed to criticism)? a "fan" of poesis rather than of specific poets or specific poems? it seems that poetics can be a realm of intellectual/aesthetic/affective endeavor/play where the artificial binary critic/poet can be made more fluid, or shown for the convenient but stultifying shorthand it is.

At 3:20 AM -0400 6/25/02, Nick Piombino wrote:

*The idea that it is "liberating" for poets to accept an aura of failure seems counter-productive to me on the face of it. The same for poets accepting that because of social difficulties "good and bad narcissism may well mix" seems also to accept the social situation of the poet as it is in an unquestioning, possibly futile way. Murat Nemet-Nejat's point that "poem as process is profoundly disruptive to labor, and American poetry accepts that reality" I think points to a crucial contradictory element in the situation of poets. One of the reasons why I am suggesting the importance of poetics in the practice of poets has to do with the way poets accept their roles and social situation with such passivity. There may have been a time when to identify so automatically with alienated labor seemed a convenient solution because it combined a marxist political approach so neatly and*

*congruently with the problems of the poet. Workers are underpaid; poets are underpaid. Support the underpaid workers politically; intellectual problem solved- just plug in the appropriate left politics. But Murat Nemet-Hejat's point makes it clear that poets are not just alienated labor. Poets have more the situation of the unemployed, unless they happen to have a job. If not, a poet may be identified as part of the wage-driven labor force that they are part of. Poet as poet is left with few traditions to work with. One is the Baudlairian solution, the bohemian. Read Baudelaire's life and you find it is a variation of Orwell's -Down and Out In Paris and London-. Indeed a painful outcome. Another is that of Jack Kerouac. Location? The road, then home to mother; alcoholism, poverty, isolation. The other possibility is to accept the traditional bifurcation between critic and poet. Here the goal is to discover who the "good writers" are and support them with complex and profound intellectual arguments. Occasionally it may even be possible to build a kind of academic literary career around this. The result: you've possibly helped a few writers to give up entirely, maybe even commit suicide. Look at what the critics did for Hart Crane. On the other hand, in embracing and supporting the so-called good poets, you may even be assisting them in their careers. Meanwhile, by condemning some and encouraging others you've created a divide and conquer strategy which will be of eternal advantage to the critics and academics, and eternal disadvantage to the poets. The critics, by definition, are already divided because they disagree about which writers are good. However, they will remain in league together because they are are a ready force guaranteeing with their accredited good judgment that the field of literature will be purged of numerous unnecessary failures. Also, how fortunate we are to have them to preserve the reputations of writers who otherwise might fall into oblivion. Where would we be without them? Blake forgotten, Byron despised, Gertrude Stein neglected and vulnerable to the ignorant jibes of the unlettered masses. How lucky we are to have these big brothers and big sisters to tell us what to read, and if we do read, how to like what we read and to know what is good about what we read. What does it matter if a few hundred or thousand well meaning but hopelessly untalented poets are shoved into literary oblivion? The problem is, even if you are one of the lucky poets who have been discovered by a brilliant and recognized critic, you are instantly the target for other brilliant and equally recognized critics who may try to undermine the poet's supposed gains. Now, certain writers seem to be hinting that all of this writing about poetics leads nowhere; we are told to stick to good old themes of location, good old values in analyzing themes and content, and especially clever critical analyses which will surely tell us why one writer has everything to offer, while another one doesn't. I would like to suggest why poetics might possibly offer poets an alternative to this hopeless, vicious cycle of cultism, professional elitism and neglect or professional destruction of others. As contrasted with traditional criticism, poetics will not tell us who the good boys and the good girls are. Poetics might be able to present only in the form of hypothesis which the best works of writing might be. Sorry. But what it might do is offer poets a way of working together and not against one another. What it might*

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620. **ALDON L NIELSEN**

## Re: Elliptical Poets?

Wed 26 Jun 2002

*I've been thinking about the Elliptical Poets lately.*

I've always been more interested in eclipsed poets.

"So all rogues lean to rhyme."

--James Joyce

Aldon L. Nielsen

Kelly Professor of American Literature

The Pennsylvania State University

116 Burrowes

University Park, PA 16802-6200

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621. **Robert Corbett**  
***Outing the World Cup***  
*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

May I remind listees that some of us are watching tapes of the games. The utter glory of soccer is only slightly disturbed by knowing the outcome...but it is disturbed! If you want to chat about the game, please say so in your subject line!

Robert

-- Robert Corbett                      "I will discuss perfidy with scholars as [REDACTED]  
as if spurning kisses, I will sip Department of English                      the marble marrow  
of empire. I want sugar University of Washington                      but I shall never wear  
shame and if you                      call that sophistry then what is Love"  
- Lisa Robertson

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622. **K.Angelo Hehir**  
***world cup***  
*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

Commentator:

Ladies and Gentlemen! Welcome to  
the Level Playing Field Stadium  
for the most exclusive game of the century!

It's the G8 World Monopoly Cup!!!!

No doubt your all watching this on TV, since you  
weren't allowed anywhere near the playing field!

It,s a lovely day here, folks,  
And this is no ordinary game.

Today we'll be watching the Big Boys play;  
the heads of the world's 8 most powerful,  
most industrialized nations,  
vying for the biggest stakes yet  
the Globe itself!

And here they come folks, THE G8!!!

[G8 enter, warming up.]

Team Captain, from the US of A, George W. (The Warlord)Bush!  
From the UK, Tony (the Tiger)Blair!  
From France, Jacques Chirac!

From Japan, Junichiro Koezumai!  
From Italy, Silvio Berlusconi!  
From Germany, Gerard Schroeder!  
From Russia, Vladimir Putin!

and...who is that guy?

whisper whisper

Oh of course - its the Prime Minister of Canada -  
the host of this prestigious event, Jean  
Chretien!! Sorry, Jean.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the challenging  
team!

- oh - right - there is no challenging  
team. This is it folks, it's every man for  
himself, survival of the fittest - let the games  
begin!!!

In goal today, we have the IMF and World Bank, defending the interests of corporate power.

[The game begins. George Bush takes off with the  
ball while the others look on. They try to get  
at the ball, but can't.]

And its George Bush with the ball. Passing it off to - George  
Bush!! and George has the ball and..George Bush...  
George..

[The other players point to George, gesturing to  
the referee, the UN, and cry.]

The referee cries foul!

Referee: [Blows Whistle, Displaying a yellow  
card] You've got to share the planet with all the  
other boys and girls George.

And by the way, you still owe the United Nations millions and millions of dollars  
in dues. This is a warning! Pay up!

[George throws a temper tantrum.]

[Ref takes the ball and throws it back into the  
game. George Bush takes the ball again and runs  
with it. Hogs the ball.]

Commentator: And It's George Bush again! George Bush on a breakaway! George ...

Ref: [Blows whistle, displays yellow card.]  
George, I've already told you once! You've got to play fair!

You've boycotted the Kyoto Protocol AND the International Criminal Court, against the wishes of the entire world!!!  
Play fair!!!

[George sulks.]

[Ref throws the ball back into the game. George steals the ball again. He gives money to the IMF and walks through the goal posts with the ball, and back onto the field.]

Ref: [Blows, whistle, displays red card.] George, that's it. You're country has repeatedly invaded foreign countries, directly contravening the UN Charter! It's outrageous! You're out of the game!

Commentator: Folks, George Bush is being kicked out of the game!!! He is being kicked out... But wait....

[Tony Blair and Jean Chretien stand by George and the three puppets loom over the referee. George Bush loses it. He gestures madly towards the Referee, pointing off the field.]

WAIT. GEORGE BUSH IS KICKING THE UN OUT OF THE GAME!!!!!!!!!!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GEORGE BUSH, USING HIS VETO POWER AT THE SECURITY COUNCIL, HAS KICKED THE UNITED NATIONS OUT OF THE GAME!!!! You saw it here first!!!

[The referee sulks off the playing field. George gestures triumphantly. Struts off the playing field. Returns with a new referee, putting his arm around him. The WTO.]

Commentator: Ladies and Gentlemen, there is a new referee. It's the World Trade Organization!!!

WTO: Hey guys, y'know, I've been thinkin' about a little business proposition, and well, why don't we all play together?!

[They form a very undemocratic, secretive huddle.]

Commentator: Ladies and Gentlemen, uh - we'd love to know what's being said down in the huddle, but - uh - the proceedings are highly undemocratic and

secretive!!! They seem to be pretty tight, but of course the G8 controls 45% of the World Bank, since, as opposed to the UN, where one country has one vote, at the WTO, one dollar has one vote.

And oh- what's this?

[A businessman enters. Wants to play. The G8 waves and gestures for him to join the huddle.]

Someone else wants to join the game...

[And another and another. They are all warmly greeted and join the huddle.]

[Enter a regular Joe.]

Joe: Hey - can I play???

[The G8 leaders look at each other, and back at him.]

Jean Chretien: Sure, kid, you can play. But you gotta play by our rules.

[He unfurls a long list of rules; SAPS, Privatization, Abolish Environmental Laws, Health and Safety Laws, Labour lawsà.]

Jean: You gotta re-orient your economy, kid, you gotta privatize public institutions, like health care, education, that sort of thing, yo gotta allow capital to flee yer country - you gotta privatize your public resources..

Joe: But what if I don't want to?

George : We'll bomb your country!

Joe: Oh.

[They put him in the net and all take shots at him, while he desperately defends himself.

Commentator adlibs about the G8 and the developing world.

But soon a fight breaks out between the leaders. They brawl with each other and chase each other off the field.

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==^=====

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625. **J Gallaher**  
***Ashbery's \_Girls On the Run\_***  
*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

FYI

I just saw that Ashbery's *\_Girls On the Run\_* has been remaindered at Hamiltonbook.com. Copies are going for \$3.95 . . .

Girls On the Run  
By John Ashbery

A long, single poem that creates a childlike world of dreamy landscapes, lurking terror, and veiled eroticism, loosely based on the works of "outsider" artist Henry Darger (1892-1972). 54 pages. Published by FSG.

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626. **Alan Sondheim**  
***Poet***  
*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

Poet

Name "main::sign" used only once: possible typo at ./poet line 37. Use of uninitialized value at ./poet line 37.

Hello, hello. I do realize now that I can write anything I want, that I do not need fancy language or programming, that I can just state my honest beliefs and emotions (sentiments), that my craft is fine, that I am ^?^?^?^?^?  
excellent.^?        excellent now, that I am a real poet with real things to write and say. And this is wonderful because to be sure everything I do has been of miserable cause, that is to say, far more difficult than I would like; programming is not my strong point, and you can't even run spellcheck t^? when there are many deliberate errors. Now that I am freed, I will take my place among the poets, I will have a history, you will be the witness to that history, you will be my witness.

Hello, hello. I do realize now that I can write anything I want, that I do not need fancy language or programming, that I can just state my honest beliefs and

e motions (sentiments), that my craft is excellent now, that I am a real poet with real things to write and say. And this is wonderful because to be sure everything I do has been of miserable cause, that is to say, far more difficult than I would like; programming is not my strong point, and you can't even run spellcheck when there are many deliberate errors. Now that I am freed, I will take my place among the poets, I will have a history, you will be the witness to that history, you will be my witness. is sufficiently well-inscribed. -

No longer do I have to fake code, make things appear as if they work, do something beyond simply mean in a poetic way; how could I be but happy about this? It is as if a terrible burden has been lifted from me. I can place word after word, line after line, without regard to code correctness, originality of style, or signs of genius somehow lying outside the work. I can pay attention to word and phrase, abstract and realist, nominalist and universal, or not even think of these or any other categories. Oh, how I long to write!

I Consider the following again, your Hello, hello. I do realize now that I can write anything I want, that I do not need fancy language or programming, that I can just state my honest beliefs and emotions (sentiments), that my craft is excellent now, that I am a real poet with real things to write and say. And this is wonderful because to be sure everything I do has been of miserable cause, that is to say, far more difficult than I would like; programming is not my strong point, and you can't even run spellcheck when there are many deliberate errors. Now that I am freed, I will take my place among the poets, I will have a history, you will be the witness to that history, you will be my witness. ...

For writing is my appetite, as is my obsessive seeking after^?^? seeking after fame. And yet fame shall come to me, or it shall not - and this will depend on one thing only: my poetic talent. Everything else is clever gimmickry; I'm surprised so very few have seen through me...

Your For writing is my appetite, as is my obsessive seeking after fame. And yet fame shall come to me, or it shall not - and this will depend on one thing only: my poetic talent. Everything else is clever gimmickry; I'm surprised so very few have seen through me... is mine, my Hello, hello. I do realize now that I can write anything I want, that I do not need fancy language or programming, that I can just state my honest beliefs and emotions (sentiments), that my craft is excellent now, that I am a real poet with real things to write and say. And this is wonderful because to be sure everything I do has been of miserable cause, that is to say, far more difficult than I would like; programming is not my strong point, and you can't even run spellcheck when there are many deliberate errors. Now that I am freed, I will take my place among the poets, I will have a history, you will be the witness to that history, you will be my witness. is yours!

charlatan  
heresy  
confusion  
fabrication  
masquerade

For writing is my appetite, as is my obsessive seeking after fame. And yet fame shall come to me, or it shall not - and this will depend on one thing only: my poetic talent. Everything else is clever gimmickry; I'm surprised so very few have seen through me... calls forth crags declaration, hungered, making things. beneath the mountains, For writing is my appetite, as is my obsessive seeking after fame. And yet fame shall come to me, or it shall not - and this will depend on one thing only: my poetic talent. Everything else is clever gimmickry; I'm surprised so very few have seen through me... is , 024], No longer do I have to fake code, make things appear as if they work, do something beyond simply mean in a poetic way; how could I be but happy about this? It is as if a terrible burden has been lifted from me. I can place word after word, line after line, without regard to code correctness, originality of style, or signs of genius somehow lying outside the work. I can pay attention to word and phrase, abstract and realistic, nominalist and universal, or not even think of these or any other categories. Oh, how I long to write!?

For writing is my appetite, as is my obsessive seeking after fame. And yet fame shall come to me, or it shall not - and this will depend on one thing only: my poetic talent. Everything else is clever gimmickry; I'm surprised so very few have seen through me...?

You're written with fingers! For writing is my appetite, as is my obsessive seeking after fame. And yet fame shall come to me, or it shall not - and this will depend on one thing only: my poetic talent. Everything else is clever gimmickry; I'm surprised so very few have seen through me... and 9365 and 10332 -

Use of uninitialized value at ./julu line 131, <STDIN> chunk 9.

For writing is my appetite, as is my obsessive seeking after fame. And yet fame shall come to me, or it shall not - and this will depend on one thing only: my poetic talent. Everything else is clever gimmickry; I'm surprised so very few have seen through me...:No longer do I have to fake code, make things appear as if they work, do something beyond simply mean in a poetic way; how could I be but happy about this? It is as if a terrible burden has been lifted from me. I can place word after word, line after line, without regard to code correctness, originality of style, or signs of genius somehow lying outside the work. I can pay attention to word and phrase, abstract and realistic, nominalist and universal, or not even think of these or any other categories. Oh, how I long to write!:Hello, hello. I do realize now that I can write anything I want, that I do not need fanc

y language or programming, that I can just state my honest beliefs and emotions (sentiments), that my craft is excellent now, that I am a real poet with real things to write and say. And this is wonderful because to be sure everything I do has been of miserable cause, that is to say, far more difficult than I would like; programming is not my strong point, and you can't even run spellcheck when there are many deliberate errors. Now that I am freed, I will take my place among the poets, I will have a history, you will be the witness to that history, you will be my witness.:confusion:

—

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627. **Hilton Obenzinger**

***Re: Writing Assignments***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

Dear Doug,

This sounds like it could be a fun and challenging project.

Here are a few assignments I've used when working with students individually other than the typical ones (e.g., do a cut-up of the Communist Manifesto, write a new version of "A Modest Proposal," various types of lists). I don't distinguish between poetry and prose in a lot of cases, but I've tried to pull out the more poetry-appropriate suggestions. I use these exercises to break old habits. I have more, but perhaps one of these might help your project:

Write a poem made of last lines from imaginary novels.

Write something that will get you arrested (although I then withdraw this assignment since I really don't want to deal with the consequences).

Write a rant in the persona of someone with opinions that you find revolting or vile (similar to above).

Write a poem on different stock market investment strategies or some other arcane, "unpoetic" area of knowledge.

Write a sonnet with obscenities in all end rhymes (e.g., truck and fuck, Lyotard and bastard).

A disguised how-to manual about something obvious. This could be something like "How to Tie Your Shoes" or "How to Breathe" or "How to Wipe Your Ass" (no Rabelais allowed), although don't identify what it is, using indirect language.

Invent questions, but write only answers (and vice versa).

Take a passage from a difficult philosopher -- say, Derrida -- and write a version as a children's bedtime story.

Write "dam of consciousness": this is the opposite of "stream of consciousness." Every time you get an idea or flow of sentence, stop it, divert to a new direction, stutter. This is a cut-up in your head.

A prayer or hymn to God -- except that God is a dumb fuck or ignorant fool.

Email messages from different parts of your body (again, don't identify which part).

Plea for mercy before execution.

Ditto, but using only nouns (or only verbs).

Write a poem of first lines only.

Your autobiography in one short poem or paragraph -- but as the opposite sex.

Never finish a sentence. Or use only the ends of sentences without beginnings (usually without subjects).

Take care,

Hilton Obenzinger

At 01:06 PM 6/25/2002 -0700, you wrote:

>Dear Friends,

>

>For a book of poetry I am currently working on, I am seeking what I call  
>"assignments" to write: subjects, methods, and genres of poetry. (Sounds  
>so of like a call for S&M [and I don't mean Sun & Moon]. Paul Vangelisti  
>recently asked, for example, that I write a poem on being lazy--something  
>with which I'm not too acquainted. I am also thinking of the kinds of  
>"experiments"

>in writing that Bernadette Mayer listed in the magazine

L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E.

>

>So, please feel free to send me an "assignment" to write. I can't promise

>I will

>attempt all of those that are sent, but I will certainly try to achieve of

>number of them.

>

>Send requests to [REDACTED]

>

>Thanks. Douglas Messerli

---

Hilton Obenzinger, PhD.  
Associate Director of Undergraduate Research Programs for Honors Writing  
Lecturer, Department of English  
Stanford University

██████████  
██████████ Fax  
██████████

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628. **J Gallaher**  
***Re: Elliptical Poets?***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

Maria Damon writes:

<elliptical seems like a nice term for one person to help him work out a poetic scene, but as a general critical term i'm not sure how productive, effective or even descriptive it is...>

I Reply:

True. As any "school" of poetry falls apart (short) at some point, or at every point . . . (think of Imagism, etc) . . . and more so here, as the term "Elliptical" was applied from without, upon several poets without their endorsement. This is why I first asked the question.

And it would be helpful to talk about these poets. These youngish, newish poets. Call them the "Denver Quarterly-Colorado Review- New American Writing-Fence" poets, maybe (though that would make them seem more exclusive). Something is there to link them, or many of them, together, I'd think. As this is something new, or at least fresh . . . (so here's our chance?)

Something is different about these poets, and, though I dislike the term "Elliptical," I do like the notion it carries of logical disruption within lyrical desires that Stephen Burt works with.

If anyone would like to read his article, it's online at:

<<http://www.poetrysociety.org.uk/review/pr88-1/burt.htm>>

There's also quite a bit about this at <<http://jacketmagazine.com/>> in volumes 11 and 12.

Best,  
JGallaher

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629. **Patrick F. Durgin**

**Clark Coolidge @ EPC**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

Announcing a new EPC author page: Clark Coolidge. Edited by Tom Orange with significant involvement from the author.

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/coolidge>

The Clark Coolidge author pages include: A selection of uncollected and unpublished poems from 1962-1981 (this collection will be updated in the coming weeks and months, including PDF versions); selections of writing from many of Coolidge's major books, including the complete texts of *\_For Kurt Kobain\_*, *\_The Names\_*, and *\_The Book of Stirs\_*; two classic sound files of Coolidge reading his work (with extensive sound files forthcoming); a convenient list of links to Coolidge's online publications; critical writing on Coolidge's work by, among others, David Antin, Charles Bernstein, Marcella Durand, Bernadette Mayer, Tom Orange, and Barrett Watten; links to publishers of Coolidge's books; a Coolidge chronology and bibliography.

Tom Orange has done heroic work here, helping to further develop the Electronic Poety Center's already extensive resources. Recent editions to the EPC author page offerings include an expanded Hannah Weiner page, an expanded and redesigned Rae Armantrout page, and author pages for Andrew Levy and Lorine Niedecker. Forthcoming: author pages for Rod Smith, Will Alexander, Myung Mi Kim, Lyn Hejinian (expanded and redesigned), Jackson Mac Low (expanded and redesigned).

With gratitude to Tom Orange, Clark Coolidge, and everyone wise enough to poke around these pages -

Patrick F. Durgin, assistant curator EPC author pages

K e n n i n g

[a newsletter of contemporary poetry, poetics, and nonfiction writing]

383 Summer Street (lower), Buffalo NY 14213, USA

[www.durationpress.com/kenning](http://www.durationpress.com/kenning)

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630. **cadaly**

**Re: constraints**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

am replying to whole list, becos, well...

For a book of poetry I am currently working on, I am seeking what I call "assignments" to write: subjects, methods, and genres of poetry. (Sounds so of like a call for S&M [and I don't mean Sun & Moon].

constraints are so very kinky. Is this why students love them so?

Instead of commanding the page, the text, the reader, etc., to lick one's toes, instead of commanding and controlling something never completely controllable, one is, instead, asked to risk the ridiculous the other way around, to respond (to form, generally). Why not twist it around? Play a different role or all of them?

at the risk of receiving thousands of xxx e-mails, I have come up with the following:

Come  
Assume Spot / Place / Rest  
Silence  
Attend  
Mingle  
Bring/Get  
Fetch  
Crawl  
Open  
Close  
Dismissed  
Follow  
Display: there are three kinds!  
Down  
Down-Back  
Back/Front Cuff Restrict  
Worship  
Service  
Food Service  
Guard  
Go / Leave

as Alan Sondheim knows, there is some interesting crossover between these and moo / dungeon commands for maze games and telnet ...

Write a poem about a fluffy kitty and a rainbow. Write a poem with genteel poet thematic constraints (i.e., a dead baby becoming an angel, etc.). A "sad" poem.

A poem that would lick the author's toes. A poem that would get some sort of erotic charge from doing the laundry. Poems that use commands different ways.

I think about the OuLiPo idea to write a poem that contains your pet's name over and over so that when you read it, the pet thinks it is getting called.

Be well,  
Catherine Daly



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631. **Joe Amato**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

don't wish to horn in on the engaging exchange twixt nick and murat, but i feel i need to say a few things anyway: the sort of phenomenology (and for that matter, model of production, or non-production) that murat posits is problematic for me in that i don't write only poetry... when i hear news, e.g., of what's taking place right now with borders (see below), i don't find the sort of affective/conceptual recourse murat details as speaking to the sense of urgency that overwhelms me wrt our public domain (though one could perhaps argue that the very idea of failure, of whatever sort, is symptomatic of the latter)...

now there is what we do, and what we imagine ourselves to be doing... w/o wishing to discount either realm (of practice, and of imagination), i'd like to observe that the writing i've been doing of late as a screenwriter, and as a memoirist, and as a poet-critic (or critic-poet) seem all to overlap at times, to varying degrees... granted there are affective (i will stick with the latter here) differences between these spheres of practice, and granted there are clearly material differences at stake too (and note, btw, that my work on scripts has little if anything to do, at this point, with my status as an academic creative writing instructor---which may or may not be a temporary status, right?)... but the point is that in all cases, i'm sitting in front of my screen, and typing... we can make much of how this activity is defined, in so many ways, by what comes out the other end (i.e., as product as opposed to process---and i generally come to writing as a process type, even if it's true that writing a script is clearly a more product-driven activity, practically speaking)... sometimes i might make much of these differences---to suit my purposes as a writer/thinker, ok---yet from where i'm sitting, i need a grasp of poetic practice that speaks adequately e.g. to the border's controversy...

and as to practice specifically: i would also note here that the distinction at play in murat/nick's discussion between product and process seems to leave out

this term, practice... for me, "process" designates one way of thinking about practice, but certainly not the only way (as noted by discussion of procedure)... and practice has the advantage of moving the discussion of writing (whether poetry, or whatever) both away from more formalist notions of product AND from mystifications of process (and like whitehead too), potentially to yield a more general discussion of the conditions, symptoms, and (again) affective realities of writing (and my hobbyhorse, labor)...

so (if i may) i'd like us not to lose our heads altogether---whatever the genre, it's still about typing (or scribbling), it's still about distributing alphabetic strokes, with various returns and whether in ink or pixel or by pressure disturbance, for potential consideration by other soulless bipeds (thanx don byrd)... in fact even to make this generic distinction up-front---i.e., to attempt to distinguish the poetic act e.g. from the prosaic act---may be more a symptom of a marketing reality at this point in time (and place) than anything more, shall we say, refined...

anyway, again, a great discussion, and my remarks probably best designated as courtesy of the peanut gallery...

best,

joe

fwdded from imitation poetix, with thanx to mike grau:

*Ralph Nader, Commercial Alert and 26 authors and scholars sent a letter today to Borders Group CEO Gregory P. Josefowicz, asking him to reconsider his "category management" plan which will likely reduce the range of ideas in print and put small publishers out of business. The letter follows.*

*Dear Mr. Josefowicz:*

*There is a difference between books and pop-tarts. It should not be necessary to point this out to a man who sells books, but apparently it is. According to press reports, you plan to embrace the grocery industry's practice of "category management," so that publishers -- not you the bookseller but publishers -- will manage the offerings on your shelves.*

*We urge you to reconsider. Borders is not Albertson's. Such pop-tart marketing likely will slash the range of book titles and ideas available to the public. It will jeopardize smaller presses; and worst of all, it will further strengthen the hand of publishing conglomerates that have too much power already.*

*According to the May 20, 2002 Wall Street Journal, you have devised 250 categories for books, each to be captained by a publishing firm. These firms will pay you a large annual fee -- in excess of \$110,000 according*

*to the Journal -- which will be hard for most small and medium-sized publishers to muster. In return, the "captains" will be able to decide which books you carry, how many are bought, and where they are placed. Although you say you will keep final authority over book-buying, Borders will be an agent of the publishers rather than of its customers.*

//end snip//

//new snip//

- > Following is an article in the May 20, 2002 Wall Street Journal about
- > Borders and its "category management" plan.
- >
- > Borders Sets Out to Make Book Business Businesslike
- > By Jeffrey A. Trachtenberg
- >
- > NEW YORK -- Is selling books like selling frozen food?
- >
- > Borders Group Inc., the country's second-largest book retailer, has told
- > leading book publishers it intends to transform the cozy, age-old buying
- > relationship that has determined what books are placed on shelves and in
- > what quantities.
- >
- > Eager to boost sales, Borders says it will emphasize market research, a
- > discipline largely shunned by an industry that prizes creativity as much
- > as profit. Book editors buy manuscripts largely on the basis of personal
- > taste; and unless an author has a track record, books are sold to the
- > chains largely on faith and buzz. Now Borders will begin aggressively
- > using such techniques as focus groups, exit interviews and polling --
- > and ask publishers to help pay the freight.
- >
- > Borders's new tactic is known as category management, which started in
- > the grocery business in the late 1980s. The plan calls for Borders to
- > choose publishers to co-manage each of 250 categories, ranging from
- > thrillers to sports, based on their expertise. These "captains" will be
- > involved in determining which titles will be carried, the number of
- > titles, and how those books will be displayed. In return, they will help
- > pay for market research. Category captains are expected to influence
- > which books will be chosen in their discipline, but Borders itself has
- > the final say on which books will be purchased.
- >
- > .....
- >
- > Although book retailers closely monitor their sales and know exactly
- > which titles are selling, Borders believes more market research could

> answer other questions: which books are bought on impulse; which  
> categories may sell better if jacket covers are facing outward; what  
> types of books should be grouped together.  
>  
> Borders will also rethink where sections are located in its stores; how  
> much space should be allocated to each category; whether books should be  
> configured by author, by subject, by age; and what is stocked. Other  
> issues: Will stores be heavy on bestsellers, or do they need key books  
> in, say Native American herbal medicine? And how will the chain  
> emphasize variety instead of duplication? Pricing, too, is up for grabs.  
>  
> .....  
>  
> The plan promises to be expensive for publishers, who say that Borders  
> is charging about \$5,000 per publishing employee to explain how the new  
> process works. Dozens of publishing employees have recently paid up and  
> flown to Borders headquarters in Ann Arbor, Mich., to learn about the  
> program. Borders declined to discuss the fees, saying the information is  
> proprietary. In addition, category managers are expected to pay about  
> \$110,000 annually to help defray the initial costs of marketing research  
> associated with the program, publishers added.  
>  
> What's in it for publishers? A seat at the table where the major  
> decisions are being made. While category managers can't pick all of  
> their titles, they will have the opportunity to shape a department that  
> resembles their lists. A spokesman for Borders says that all publishers  
> will share the benefits of the market research.  
>  
> Still, some publishers view the strategy as simply a way for Borders to  
> get publishers' money. Others question the premise that category  
> managers can be neutral. Speaking to the latter, Larry Schulsinger, a  
> vice president of Management Ventures Inc., an advisory group in  
> Cambridge, Mass., says: "Most suppliers will say the reason that they've  
> been picked by Borders is because they dominate the category, so they'll  
> play by the rules. Otherwise the noncategory captains will mutiny."

//end snip//

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## 632. **UbuWeb Editorial Staff**

### **Re: Revue OU**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

So, I did break down and buy the CD set of the Revue Ou today. I'm listening to it now. And of course it's predictably very good. I'm familiar with much of the material. Although I don't have any OU stuff, much of this has subsequently appeared elsewhere.

But really great is the packaging - a big book with a bunch of Chopin essays, facsimilie record labels, bios of the poets, etc. I'll probably end up OCR'ing most of the book to post on UbuWeb over the course of the summer.

And then there's a bunch of reproductions of artist's pieces by Cage, Furnival, De Vree, Tom Philips, Heidseick, etc. Again, much of it is familiar and a bunch of it is already on UbuWeb.

I'd love to rip the CDs into MP3s and throw 'em up on UbuWeb but I have a policy (generally - not always, but almost always) of not putting things that are in print up. I don't want to take whatever small amount of money that these publishers might be making out of their pockets. And UbuWeb's traffic is substantial enough that it might actually take a bite out.

HOWEVER, I will rip the CDs into MP3s and throw 'em on the OpenNap p2p group I'm a part of:

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/AudioFix/>

HIGHLY recommended gang of smart folks trading experimental and avant MP3s (there's a bunch of sound poetry stuff there - I've already gotten Wolmans, Debord, Chopin, etc. tracks off AudioFix). You're foolish if you don't join....

Yer pal,  
Kenny G

UbuWeb  
<http://www.ubu.com>

AudioFix - ubueditor

---

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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633. **Jeff Chester**

**Re: Close reading: Moxley, "Aeolian Harp"**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

Thanks (as always) for the "close reading" Sheila.

JC

*From: Sheila Massoni <[REDACTED]>  
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>  
To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: Close reading: Moxley, "Aeolian Harp"  
Date: Wed, 26 Jun 2002 09:33:13 EDT*

*Just maybe all reading all texts are codes to be cracked on multiple levels  
sm.*

---

MSN Photos is

the easiest way to share and print your photos:  
<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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634. **komninos zervos**

**Re: Writing Assignments**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

<http://www.live-wirez.com/cyber/ultimate/index.html>

produced by students - an interactive style manual

cheers

komninos

--

komninos zervos bsc(hons) ma(creative writing)

[http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/K\\_Zervos](http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/K_Zervos)

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fax: [REDACTED]

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635. **Andrew Rathmann**

***Apology for Criticism***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

(This responds to Nick Piombino's recent post, in which he asks that "poetics" not make evaluative claims about particular works.)

"Poetics" is the attempt to reconstruct the principles of good writing based on known examples. It is thus subsequent to judgment. Aristotle did not have to persuade anyone that Oedipus was a good play. He just wanted to figure out how Sophocles had done it, so that others might do it too.

Evaluative criticism is the highest kind of writing about poetry. It is also the most difficult. It cannot go solely on the basis of established criteria, because it must also attend to the criteria immanent in the new poem. Are those criteria new and good? Or does the poem conform to old criteria? That's the crucial question.

All writing about new poetry is evaluative to some extent. You can either try to articulate the basis of the evaluation, or you can let it remain a hidden premise, one you may not understand. Pound, for example, was always yelling at academics to say what works they like, and why.

Academics have in general agreed (for professional reasons) to dismiss all notions of literary excellence. They have their own agenda: their careers. Magazine reviewers are seldom up to the job. So we are left with a situation of bland compliments and hand-holding (at least in public). If being taken seriously for a change makes a poet get huffy, he or she might think about what Coleridge says in chp 2 of the Biographia, where he talks about the temperament of great artists: "In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned with regard to immediate reputation."

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636. **K.Angelo Hehir**

***Bush is Irrelevant and Must Go***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

from commondreams.org

Bush is Irrelevant and Must Go  
by Ira Chernus

In a major policy shift, I have decided that George W. Bush is irrelevant and must be replaced as leader of the United States. Every week, an American somewhere murders, rapes, or brutalizes a foreigner. I hold the president personally responsible for every such attack.

With American citizens continuing to kill and attack people in other nations, Bush is clearly irrelevant to the world's search for peace. I am ceasing all contacts with him, immediately. And I am calling upon the people of the United States to elect new and more effective leadership, right away.

My critics will say that the president can not keep track of every U.S. citizen everywhere in the world, and when Americans attack foreigners, he denounces the attacks. But what is Bush doing to stop the violence? I want to see deeds, not words. He is the leader of the country. He is responsible for all its policies, all its actions, by all its people, everywhere. He is sworn to uphold the Constitution, which calls for law and order to prevail. If he can not fulfill his duties, then he is irrelevant.

Bush has also made himself irrelevant by denying basic democratic and constitutional rights to his own people. He came to power in an election that appeared to be free and fair. But even his own Justice Department now admits that many voters in Florida were illegally disenfranchised. Since last September 11, he has suspended numerous civil liberties that used to be considered basic to a democracy, using his parliament as a rubber stamp to give his measures an appearance of legitimacy.

If Bush expects me to consider resuming contacts with him, he must first show himself capable of running a genuinely democratic government. If he can not (which seems likely, given his long history of ignoring individual rights), then it is time for him to go.

This column is the opening shot in my major public relations campaign. I plan to get the news media to repeat, over and over again, that Bush is responsible for every act of violence by an American overseas, that he is now irrelevant, and that the U.S. must choose a new leader. If the media say it enough, people will begin to believe it. Eventually they will take it for granted. Then it will become a self-fulfilling prophecy. If enough people assume that a leader is irrelevant, that leader does in fact become irrelevant.

I learned this lesson from the government of Israel. Last fall, the New York Times reported that Israeli prime minister Ariel Sharon and his advisors had decided to undermine Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat's authority. Their plan was to blame Arafat for every act of violence committed by any Palestinian against any Jew and to declare Arafat an ineffective leader, thus irrelevant to the peace process.

The plan has succeeded admirably, with plenty of help from the U.S. government and news media. Arafat's supposed "irrelevance" is now widely accepted in the U.S. as a fact, even though he remains the only Palestinian leader capable of making peace with the Israelis. So let's take a page from Israel's

playbook. Let's blame Bush for everything that goes wrong, anywhere, and demand that he leave office.

All joking aside, no leader can control the actions of all people in his nation. It is always counterproductive to treat a nation's leader as irrelevant. And no nation has the right to tell another nation whom it can or cannot choose as its leader.

But there is something to be said for treating a leader's policies as irrelevant, when they are counterproductive to humane goals and values. Many courageous Palestinians have long treated Arafat's security forces and censorship as irrelevant, as they have gone about the daily business of preparing for a truly democratic Palestinian state.

Here in the U.S., we should treat outrageous Bush administration policies as irrelevant and continue our efforts to build a democratic, just, and humane society. The Bush administration's Middle East policy is certainly outrageous. It is based on the presumed U.S. right to tell the Palestinians that they may no longer have the leader they choose, if Bush and Sharon don't like that leader. It is not Arafat, but the Bush Middle East policy, that should be treated as irrelevant.

Ira Chernus is Professor of Religious Studies at the University of Colorado at Boulder. [REDACTED]

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637. **travis ortiz**

***Sail to the Linguistic Islands Fundraiser! [June 28, 9PM - 2AM]***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

Just thought I'd pass this on to the list. We're having a fundraiser in San Francisco on Friday for our Burningman Project. Hope to see you there!

-travis ortiz

\*\*\*\*\*

Sail to the Linguistic Islands Fundraiser

Friday, June 28, 9pm - 2am

Z Center, 2211 Mission Street (at 18th), SF

\$20 (space limited, advance purchase strongly recommended)

[www.atelos.org/islands/](http://www.atelos.org/islands/)

Come get your playa groove on to some of the best electronica and house beats this side of Black Rock City, clear your tired and stressed "less-than-67-days-to-go" mind with a soothing massage, satisfy your hardy desert appetite with some delectable hors d'oeuvres, quench your dry dusty thirst with a glass of wine or beer, take home a piece of fine Burning Man inspired artwork won in a raffle,

preview the magical poetry/dance performance we have planned for the playa, and support community art by helping to make the Linguistic Islands a reality this year at Burning Man!!

Music:

jsd [bass kittens( [www.basskittens.com/](http://www.basskittens.com/) ), pretension records]  
bruthaluv (silk road),  
Luke Raimando (Vinyl, silk road)

Poetry/Dance Performance: M. Mara-Ann (poetry, vocals); Sean Abreu (music); with Elinor Mills-Abreu, Devra Edelman, Allison Yates, Alex Momtchiloff, and Travis Ortiz (dance/movement)

Massage:

Amy Kopelow and Anne L. Francis

Art Donations:

Jason (Sunshine) Carswell, Lisa Hoffman, Holly Kreuter, M. Mara-Ann, Travis Ortiz

Project on the Playa: We're buildin' Art!! At this year's Burning Man, themed The Floating World, Travis Ortiz (and friends) will construct a poetic installation called Linguistic Islands featured on the main art walk between Center Camp and The Man. Linguistic Islands are an archipelago of five fiberglass islands illuminated from within with slowly pulsating lights revealing poetry upon their surfaces. The islands will call to wandering travelers across the open playa inviting them to explore and experience the magic of Linguistic Islands.

Needs: The Burning Man organization has encouraged the project with initial seed funding; however, it's not enough to make the project a reality. We need YOU, our community, to come together at this event in support of Linguistic Islands and community art to help us raise the remaining funds needed to construct the project. For playa patrons desiring and able to make a larger contribution to the building of Linguistic Islands, join the "Adopt an Island Program" with donations of \$100.00 or more and have your name forever attached to an island. (Because Linguistic Islands will not be burned, this art will live beyond the playa.)

Tickets: A \$20.00 donation gets you in the door to one of the coolest new San Francisco Mission community spaces, provides one entry into the raffle, and gets you as much massage, food, and booty shakin' as you desire. Space is limited, so please visit our website to purchase advance tickets:

[www.atelos.org/islands/](http://www.atelos.org/islands/)

Tickets available through PayPal (visit our web site and follow the link to PayPal: [www.atelos.org/islands/](http://www.atelos.org/islands/))

Or at Brain Drops, 1871 Hayes St. @ Ashbury in San Francisco  
(www.braindrops.net) [REDACTED].

Come get groovy with art! Come, if even for just an hour or so.

Hope to see you there!

Thanks for supporting Linguistic Islands this year at Burning Man!

Travis Ortiz

if you can't come but would like to make a donation please check out the information: [www.atelos.org/islands/donation.html](http://www.atelos.org/islands/donation.html)

\*\*\*\*\*

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638. **Charles Bernstein**  
**Philip Whalen (1923-2002)**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

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Date: Wed, 26 Jun 2002 15:03:11 -0800  
From: Steve Dickison <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: Philip Whalen

i.m. Philip Whalen

October 20, 1923, in Portland, Oregon -- Jun 26, 2002, San Francisco,  
California

\* \* \*

HYMNUS AD PATREM SINENSIS

*I praise those ancient Chinamen  
Who left me a few words,  
Usually a pointless joke or a silly question  
A line of poetry drunkenly scrawled on the margin of a quick  
splashed picture - bug, leaf,  
caricature of Teacher  
on paper held together now by little more than ink  
& their own strength brushed momentarily over it*

*Their world & several others since  
Gone to hell in a handbasket, they knew it -  
Cheered as it whizzed by -  
& conked out among the busted spring rain cherryblossom winejars  
Happy to have saved us all.*

--from *Memoirs of an Interglacial Age*, 1960, The Auerhahn Press, San Francisco

\* \* \*

Several recordings of Philip Whalen reading his work, from 1955 to 1988, are documented in The Poetry Center's American Poetry Archives, including outtakes from the NET series *USA: Poetry*, produced November 10, 1965 in San Francisco by KQED television's Richard O. Moore.

His books include....

#### POETRY

*Three Satires*, privately printed, 1951.

*Self Portrait from Another Direction*, Auerhahn Press, 1959.

*Memoirs of an Interglacial Age*, Auerhahn Press, 1960.

*Like I Say*, Totem Press, 1960.

*Hymnus ad Patrem Sinensis (broadside)*, Four Seasons Foundation, 1963.

*Three Mornings (broadside)*, Four Seasons Foundation, 1964.

*Monday in the Evening*, Pezzoli [Milan], 1964.

*Goddess (broadside)*, Auerhahn Press, 1964.

*Every Day*, Coyote's Journal, 1965.

*Highgrade: Doodles, Poems*, Coyote Books, 1966.

*T/o*, privately printed, 1967.

*The Invention of the Letter: A Beastly Morality Being an Illuminated Moral History for the Edification of Younger Readers*, Carp & Whitefish Press, 1967.

*Intransit: The Philip Whalen Issue*, Toad Press, 1967.

*On Bear's Head*, Harcourt and Coyote Books, 1969.

*Severance Pay*, Four Seasons Foundation, 1970.

*Scenes of Life at the Capital*, Grey Fox, 1971.

*The Kindness of Strangers: Poems 1969-1974*, Four Seasons Foundation, 1976.

*Prolegomena to a Study of the Universe*, Poltroon Press, 1976.

*Decompressions: Selected Poems*, edited by Donald M. Allen, Grey Fox, 1978.

*Enough Said: Poems 1974-1979*, Grey Fox, 1981.

*Heavy Breathing: Poems 1967-1980*, Four Seasons Foundation, 1983.

*Canoeing Up Cabarga Creek: Buddhist Poems, 1955-1986*, Winson (Berkeley, CA), 1996.

*Overtime: Selected Poems*, (Edited by Michael Rothenberg) Penguin Books (New York, NY), 1999.

#### PROSE

*You Didn't Even Try* (novel; also see below), Coyote Books, 1967.

*Imaginary Speeches for a Brazen Head* (novel; also see below), Black Sparrow Press, 1971.

*Off the Wall: Interviews with Philip Whalen*, edited by Donald Allen, Four Seasons Foundation, 1978.

*The Diamond Noodle*, Poltroon Press, 1980.

"*You Didn't Even Try*" and "*Imaginary Speeches for a Brazen Head*" (reprint in one volume of Whalen's two novels), Zephyr Press, 1985.

*Two Novels*, Zephyr Press (Somerville, MA), 1985.

=====

Steve Dickison, Director

The Poetry Center & American Poetry Archives

San Francisco State University

1600 Holloway Avenue ~ San Francisco CA 94132

~ vox [REDACTED] ~ fax [REDACTED]

<http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry>

~ ~ ~

Lâ taltazim hâlatan, walâkin  
durn bî-llyâyly kamâ tadûwru

*Don't cling to one state*

*turn with the Nights,  
as they turn*

*~Maqâmat al-Hamadhâni (tenth century; tr Stefania Pandolfo)*

~ ~ ~

*Bring all the art and  
science of the world, and  
baffle and humble it with  
one spear of grass.*

*~Walt Whitman's notebook*

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639. **cheryl doppler burket**  
**CA Arts Council/Creative Class**

Wed 26 Jun 2002

thought this would be of particular interest to the list- the discussion of Florida's findings re the Creative Class and using that as a lever for economic support of the arts. It was a very spirited meeting of the CAC yesterday in SF.

Date: Wed, 26 Jun 2002 16:24:15 -0700

From: "California Arts Council"

<[REDACTED]>

Subject: CAC Weekly Update 6/26/02

California Arts Council

Weekly Update

June 26, 2002

DIRECTOR'S REPORT

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

I. CONTINUING THOUGHTS ON MAKING THE CASE

II. BUDGET UPDATE - no news yet

III. BITS & PIECES - passages

Hi everyone. If my remarks last week weren't of interest to you, skip the first section. It's a little long, but the subject is so complex.

I. MAKING THE CASE FOR THE ARTS

"So listen very carefully, and I know that you will see what I mean..."

Apparently I touched on an issue in which many people are interested in last week's Update. Here are some additional thoughts.

First, I meant no slight in any way to all of those selfless and dedicated people who have worked so hard to mount advocacy efforts on behalf of the arts in California. Those people are heroes. I can't thank them enough. My comments weren't meant to diminish in any way the enormous contribution so many of you have made to protecting the arts; rather I meant to point out that the model we have used for so long doesn't work anymore. If it did, we wouldn't still be defending the value of the arts to avoid wholesale cuts. We can't continue ad infinitum to defend the positive impact of creativity; we can't afford the time and resources this ongoing effort takes. We have to finally establish that value within the public psyche as sacrosanct. This is what Steve Fogel said when he assumed the Chair of the Arts Council three years ago. It's that perspective that made me accept this position. Yet, here we are - still devoting a disproportionate amount of our too scarce time making the case, ready to claim victory for a major step backward - only because it could have been worse.

We have to rethink how to get the message across. What we want is for there to be general acceptance of what we know - that creativity - the arts - are essential for California's future. Not a just a priority - but the highest priority. The answer to the question Cui Bono? (Latin for "Who gains?") must be .....Everyone. How do we do that? Without any true resources behind them, our efforts have been scattered; they have worked some, but not enough. Now what?

In the last two years we have made enormous gains in expanding the arts, due primarily to the Governor's and Legislature's augmentation of our budget. No Governor and Legislature has ever been more supportive of the arts. This is a very hard time. Cuts have to be made in appropriations. Nobody wants to make those

cuts. Every constituent group believes their area shouldn't be cut. The Governor and Legislature are doing the best they can for the whole of the state. Not an easy task - and easy for everyone to be critical. There is disagreement over how to bridge the deficit gap. The backward step isn't their fault - it isn't anybody's fault per se. We haven't gotten our full message across - it isn't embedded in the collective psyche. Four decades ago the clean air movement might have had to endure Draconian cuts. But we've all learned that clear air is something that must be the highest priority. I believe we have to begin to organize a systemic approach to succeed at getting creativity to the same point. This isn't just California's quandary - virtually every state in the country is facing a similar set of circumstances.

It's harder to make our case than it was for clean air. Proving the benefits of creativity is a more elusive enterprise; more difficult to validate with black or white tests and evidence - more subjective.

We have an opportunity to make this sea change in our approach. The Public Opinion Survey showed that the public is supportive and can be moved to action. This is may be an ideal time to finally move forward with establishing the value of the arts. I believe the decision makers at every level are ready to be receptive to the proposition that the arts are essential. But we have to make a better case. The time to make progress couldn't be better really. All the work of the last 10 years has been to set up the opportunity now in front of us to get to the next level.

We've had three core arguments for the value of the arts: 1) that the arts are an economic engine producing jobs, tax revenue and economic activity; 2) that the arts add significantly to the education and the job preparation of our kids; and 3) that the arts are good for civic life. We may now have a fourth argument - Professor Richard Florida's thesis of the importance of nurturing an environment attractive to the emerging creative class. If his thesis is true,

then investing in the arts and creativity is a much wiser public policy in terms of economic development and competitive advantage than supporting sports stadiums with public money; smarter than using taxpayer money to subsidize industrial parks; sounder than continuing to supporting existing industries and special interests.

The arguments in favor of investing in the arts and creativity are sound and persuasive. But they haven't yet overcome the legacy of the arts being considered an elective. When former National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) Director Bill Ivey said that the NEA is the province of the East Wing and the First Lady, the implication was that the arts are marginalized and undervalued in part because they are perceived as women's work and therefore less important. I believe that primitive bias still exists - often unbeknownst to, and certainly denied by, those that hold it. I think too that the arts are marginalized because for so long they were also seen as volunteer work, and therefore not that important. There is, no doubt, a whole subset of reasons why people think of the arts as nonessential.

Despite the evidence, the arts are not yet seen as an economic tool. If that deeply embedded misperception doesn't change, the arts will never get the support they merit. Dr. Florida says there are 38 million people now in the Creative Class. Those 38 million people - where they live, what they do, the choices they make - will determine the economic future of every state, city and area of this country in the next two decades, and probably long beyond. The high-tech industry and the dot.com phenomenon were created by those people. It is wholly irrelevant that the dot.coms crashed, or that the high-tech industry has changed. Twenty years ago it didn't even exist. Those that created the revolution are equally important as the industry itself, yet we continue to make the mistake of exclusively embracing the thing instead of including the creators of the thing. Building super industry parks in Silicon Valley virtually assures

that the creative class will NOT thrive down there, but will seek other pastures. Steve Jobs, Steve Wozniak and the others who created the computer revolution wouldn't be attracted to the area today. The dot.com revolution success almost nullified San Francisco's attraction to the creative class in that it accelerated yuppification and threatened to price the younger end of the creative class out of the marketplace. What is crucial is to address the needs and preferences of the creative class, for wherever they end up, that is the place that will benefit from whatever new revolution is created - for they are the ones that will create it.

Florida's thesis is that this class is attracted to places where there is diversity and tolerance - a mixture of quasi-bohemia, culture and openness to creativity. The arts, particularly the cutting edge, newer arts experimentation, avant-garde people help to create the environment that the creative class seeks and demands. Their number one self-identified need is challenge in their work - not money, not stock options. They want an environment where creativity is pervasive, valued and is growing; where new ideas are the dominant currency. They want the energy and excitement that exists when creativity flourishes. That's the climate that nurtures the new economic growth, the new entrepreneurs - the people who will create the new Silicon Valleys of California. Those that don't see this run the risk of losing those people to wherever the powers that be do see it, understand it, embrace it. Austin, Texas is the model.

I think in the very near future creativity will be recognized as the economic force for the future. News magazines will feature it on their covers; TV pundits will analyze it ad nauseam; advertisers will use it to sell products; universities will offer courses on it; corporations will hire specialists to manage it - and despite all that, it will still find its way and emerge as an important economic development factor that will no longer be ignored. Where will California be when that happens? Because we have so long been

seen as the place where ideas become reality, where dreams take shape, because several of our cities have the elements that make them attractive to the creative class (at least for now), and because creativity has always been alive here - we will thrive. But at what level, and when? Will we lead the charge, or be an also ran? Only time will tell if this theory is valid, or merely the flavor of the month.

Creativity can't be manufactured, but the environment that facilitates it can be nurtured. If Florida is right, and we do nothing, many of our cities will be left behind because they won't have taken steps to be competitive, and that portends an inequity of have and have-nots. California is the most diverse place on the planet - as I've said before, every culture exists here. How do we take advantage of this opportunity? While we may benefit from the coattails of our legacy, we may also play catch-up to other centers that figure out how to invest and nurture the twin assets of creativity and diversity before we make a similar commitment. (And, we currently don't even consider creativity and diversity as economic assets/tools, let alone have a strategic approach to their protection and development). We may not enjoy the dominant position that is there right now for us to develop, and as a consequence we may lose market share of new industries, and with it jobs and prosperity. Once we lose even a small part of our advantage, recovery is much harder. Investment now is cheaper and smarter. Moreover, even a small percentage loss of the development of new ideas may translate into huge dollar amounts. Like a living plant, we need to water it. And we aren't. One way to protect the potential of what we have is the minuscule investment it would take to advance the arts and thus the environment of creativity. Certainly we ought to do whatever it takes to insure that those new industries and commerce we can't even fathom today, develop here, and that we are at the front of reaping the benefits that come when the winds blow in new directions. Our argument has been that while the arts are only a part of the

equation, they are a critically important part. A \$100 million investment in the arts amounts to what former CAC Director Barbara Pieper used to refer to as "budget dust," yet that tiny annual investment (1/10th of 1% of the budget) would reap rewards for California for generations to come. The economic crisis should herald an increase in the investment, not cuts. But we haven't yet been able to convince key decision makers of this. And that's what we have to do.

Much is at stake, and we are making slow progress in getting the message across. But we still don't have all our ducks in a row. We don't have ongoing relationships with the media and newspaper editorial boards (and media coverage still isn't what it ought to be); we don't have a systemic mechanism to meet with and keep informed boards of education, city councils, boards of supervisors, mayors, or other elected officials; we don't have any institutionalized connection to the academic community; we don't have any management of strategic alliances with stakeholders - from the PTA and AARP to the League of California Cities, unions, and professional associations; we don't have a centralized speakers' bureau; we don't have a strategic approach to research; we don't have celebrity or other outside the arts spokespeople available to testify; we aren't even at all the tables where we need to be; and we still don't have any real strategy to involve business as a partner. And most importantly we don't have any plan to motivate the public that supports the arts to act to protect and grow creativity. And even if we did, we have no one to quarterback the effort.

We need to provide to everybody the full complement of current tools and evidentiary materials to make the case. For example, what we ought to do is create a step-by-step, easy to use tool-kit for conducting a reliable local economic impact study and make that available to everyone, thus empowering research at the local level. Ditto a Public Opinion Survey. Those are just two things we might do. Ultimately, of course, there ought to be a major arts PAC; artists and those

with arts administration backgrounds should run for public office - from local school boards to the state legislature; alliances should be formed with Hollywood and Silicon Valley based on mutual self-interest; the arts should become major players in the tourism industry; and the arts should seize every opportunity to involve their audiences - opportunities currently being squandered.

I know that the economic argument is not the only reason to champion the creative spirit. The environment that creativity demands and supports is the same environment that promotes tolerance and builds bridges between people; it is the same environment that promotes education and, more importantly, genuine learning, the same environment that respects divergent ideas, that values team work, that celebrates risk-taking, that insists on fun and play and joy. And I think that we should always make the argument that creativity helps the heart accumulate wealth.

So how do we overcome the entrenched misperceptions and build consensus that the arts are fundamentally critical to our future - as much as clean air, public safety, and education? Is a concerted, centralized, coordinated effort, supported by all segments of the arts community, with backing by those who support arts, culture and creativity, working to organize and facilitate the efforts of the arts community worth considering? Is it even possible? How would it work? How would it be funded? What would it do? Who would lead it? Is every segment interested and willing to participate in the effort? There are scores of questions - if there is enough interest we need to begin to seek answers.

This has to have buy-in from, and be accessible by, every corner of the community, because this kind of effort would be doomed from the get-go if only some of the sectors were enthusiastic. I hope people will discuss the issue - it's critically important to every organization's future. How do we make the case for the

value of creativity - and the arts - to California  
once and for all? How do we do that together?

If I can find the time, I plan to write a monograph or  
White Paper on the topic that Americans for the Arts  
CEO Bob Lynch said he would publish for me. I plan to  
talk to Foundations about it, and discuss it with my  
colleagues on the national level and anyone else who  
will listen.

I welcome your thoughts.

II. BUDGET UPDATE:

"What's going on....."

Nothing new from the Conference Committee to report.

---

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup

<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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640. **Pierre Joris**

***Re: Philip Whalen***

*Wed 26 Jun 2002*

---

So sat around all night here in Albany with Don Byrd & Ken Irby & talked up  
Philip Whalen & many stories were told & poems read & it seems to me the  
poem that made everyone happy & sigh ah! this is Whalen indeed is:

FURTHER NOTICE

I can't live in this world  
And I refuse to kill myself  
Or let you kill me

The dill plant lives, the airplane  
My alarm clock, this ink  
I won't go away

I shall be myself --  
Free, a genius, an embarrassment  
Like the Indian, the buffalo  
Like Yellowstone National Park.

22:ix:56

---

Pierre Joris  
6 Madison Place  
Albany NY 12202

Poetry requires a margin, a siesta.

Tel: [REDACTED]

Fax: [REDACTED]

Cell: [REDACTED]

- Mahmood Darwish

Email: [REDACTED]

Url: <<http://www.albany.edu/~joris>>

---

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:[REDACTED]] On Behalf Of Leslie Scalapino

Sent: Wednesday, June 26, 2002 10:51 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Philip Whalen

*Philip Whalen passed away June 26 around 5:30 AM. He'd passed into a coma the morning of the 25th. Quite a few of his friends were able to see him during the evening and night of the 25th. He will be at the Zen Hospice, 273 Page Street, for three days -- where he can be seen.*

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641. **Michael Magee**  
**Re: Apology for Criticism**  
Wed 26 Jun 2002

---

According to Andrew Rathmann:

>

> Magazine reviewers are seldom up to the job. So we are left with a  
> situation of bland compliments and hand-holding (at least in public). If  
> being taken seriously for a change makes a poet get huffy, he or she might  
> think about what Coleridge says in chp 2 of the Biographia, where he talks  
> about the temperament of great artists: "In the inward assurance of  
> permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned with  
> regard to immediate reputation."

>

I think there's some truth to what Andrew says here. As a counter-example close to me personally, I'd cite Paul Killebrew's review of my *\_Morning Constitutional\_* in SLOPE 14: <http://ledoptix.com/slope2/index.phtml>?

url=this&section=killebrew2 The review is quite critical at times (one poem he described as "camp safety in the dominant paradigm's own end zone") but it's smart and serious and I appreciate it as such, even when I disagree with it's judgements and premises. Hell, as long as someone's reading carefully I'm thankful! -m.

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## 642. **Alan Sondheim**

### *Fingering my Enemies, Fingering my friends*

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

Fingering my Enemies, Fingering my friends

No one's got a Plan at all. No one writes to them.

Login name: damianc

In real life: Carol E Damian

Directory: /home/sfs/damianc

Shell: /bin/csh

Never logged in.

No unread mail

No Plan.

Login name: burkew

In real life: William Burke

Directory: /home/sfs1/burkew

Shell: /bin/csh

Never logged in.

No unread mail

No Plan.

Login name: sondheim

In real life: Alan Sondheim

Directory: /home/sfs2/sondheim

Shell: /bin/csh

On since Jun 26 23:54:58 on pts/7 from panix3.panix.com

2 minutes 8 seconds Idle Time

No unread mail

No Plan.

Login name: kolasins

In real life: jacek kolasinski

Directory: /home/sfs1/kolasins

Shell: /bin/csh

Never logged in.

No unread mail

No Plan.

Login name: olseng

In real life: Geoffrey Olsen

Directory: /home/sfs2/olseng

Shell: /bin/csh

Never logged in.

No unread mail

No Plan.

—

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643. **George Bowering**

**Re: Elliptical Poets?**

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

*dear sir: I consider myself an elliptical poet. I believe much of my work meets these criteria. David Bromige.*

He is correct; as an elliptical poet, Bromige has come full circle.

--

George Bowering

I know, I know.

Fax [REDACTED]

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644. **George Bowering**

**Re: Philip Whalen**

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

*Philip Whalen passed away June 26 around 5:30 AM. He'd passed into a coma the morning of the 25th. Quite a few of his friends were able to see him during the evening and night of the 25th. He will be at the Zen Hospice, 273 Page Street, for three days -- where he can be seen.*

Peace on his lovely soul.

--

George Bowering

I know, I know.

Fax [REDACTED]

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645. **Michael Heller**

**Poetics**

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

The discussion between Nick, Murat and others is one of the most interesting on the list. Last year, I published a paper on "Aspects of Poetics," based on a talk I gave to the Chicago Poetry Seminar. Part of it (all of it eventually) is now posted on on <http://www.culturalsociety.org/aspects.html>

Here is a short extract from the end of the first section:

'While there is thought, nothing is inevitable. If a new poetics signals closures, and thereby new openings, we might meditate on Ernest Bloch's words in The Spirit of Utopia. There Bloch maintains that "the sign of an authentic end opens into emptiness." If we posit a poetics as an "authentic end," that is, if we desire

that it be significant and create the opportunity to remake human time, we are required, according to Bloch, to address it toward emptiness, without overlaying it with preconceptions. Against our usual psychologizing, we would have to think of a new poetics without the kind of Golden Ageism that we normally apply both forward and backward to our historical thinking. In this regard, Rose's notion of the future as anachronism is helpful. For if the future which we carry in our minds is bound already to be an anachronism, beyond our power to control, then it stands to reason that only by freeing ourselves from a heavy-handed premising of that future can we be led into what Bloch calls "the unfated, or at least into a fate that can be modified." "The unfated" is in itself a remarkable idea, worthy of further contemplation from both the literary and philosophical-historical perspective. As a potential for poetics, the idea is already prefigured in Keats' poet of "negative capability" or, closer to Bloch's time, in Robert Musil's comments in *Precision and Soul* on the poet Rilke. "Rilke," he says, "leads us into the future;" he gives us, "not prophecy," but an "anticipatory scent." For we are not, Musil insists, "to be called again to this or that ideological fixity, but to the unfolding of the creation and possibilities of the spirit."

My piece was about poetics as a manifesto, internalized or external. In this sense, it might be at odds with Nick's more generous, idealistic (even utopian) sense of the genre.

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646. **Sheila Massoni**

***Re: constraints***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

writers write commanders command authority imposes upon authors bore students class empties faster than the tide students oft wiser than pros give them credit for apres all they grew up in the world of daycare TV absentee busybee parenting they can land on their feet like nobody's business at least they know when the emperor's is wearing no clothes Sheila come see me in action anytime this summer this fall [REDACTED] like the song says ...roll with me Henry meet with them eyeball to eyeball a community of cooperative writers not scratching paper or nerves

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647. **Michael Rothenberg**

***sorry for typo***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

Philip Whalen's birthdate was October 20, 1923

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648. **Mister Kazim Ali**

***Re: Elliptical Poets?***

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

Jorie Graham talks (it seems to me) intelligently about these poets (I categorically exclude myself, not because I perhaps don't share stylistic or thematic affinities but because I am an upstart and generally contrary) in the on-line interview with Mark Wunderlich at [www.poets.org](http://www.poets.org).

She says something like "there's no end-run around the vale of soul-making"

which is sort like Old Jesse McVey, who Utah Phillips quotes as muttering "It don't matter how New Age you get, Old Age gone kick yo ass!"

--- J Gallaher <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> And it would be helpful to talk about these poets.  
> These youngish,  
> newish poets. Call them the "Denver  
> Quarterly-Colorado Review-  
> New American Writing-Fence" poets, maybe (though  
> that would  
> make them seem more exclusive). Something is there  
> to link them, or  
> many of them, together, I'd think. As this is  
> something new, or at least  
> fresh . . . (so here's our chance?)  
>  
> Something is different about these poets, and,  
> though I dislike the  
> term "Elliptical," I do like the notion it carries  
> of logical disruption  
> within lyrical desires that Stephen Burt works with.  
>  
> If anyone would like to read his article, it's  
> online at:  
>  
> <<http://www.poetrysociety.org.uk/review/pr88-1/burt.htm>>  
>  
> There's also quite a bit about this at  
> <<http://jacketmagazine.com/>>

> in volumes 11 and 12.

>

> Best,

> JGallagher

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting

behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"

--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

---

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup

<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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649. **Fargas Laura**

***Re: CA Arts Council/Creative Class***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

This was fascinating and sort of depressing; thanks for passing it along.

The CAC director's message that the Gov and Legis must be persuaded to see the arts as "an economic engine" distresses the hell out of me. For one thing, I think it's phony; I think it's pandering to the Reaganite mentality; it is analogous to the road "socialist realism" went down under the totalitarian regimes that passed (and in China's case, still do) themselves off as Marxist. Art is an economic engine for other people than artists (if for anyone at all), and in poetry's case, for almost nobody. People who publish poetry generally do so at a loss; people who write poetry make almost no money directly from their work (I usually describe my income from poetry as hitting 'the high two figures' annually).... la di da. Must we try to fit ourselves into these stupid commercial conceptual girdles? Is this a Br'er Rabbit deal where we lie to them to get what we want?

There was a little girl/who had a little curl/and an enrichment grant from the State of California....

Back to my day job...

Laura

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650. **Douglas Messerli**

**(no subject)**

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

First of all, I was saddened to hear of Philip Whalen's death. Perhaps I will attempt to write a poem as a tribute to him.

I want to thank everyone who sent me "assignments," and those who still plan to. There have been some excellent suggestions, and I will attempt most of them.

It has dawned on me that since I have been so public about this project, perhaps I should share the results. I'll try to do at least one assignment a week, although I've already done one this morning. Obviously, I don't want to impose my poetry upon anyone, and if you're disinterested in reading the results, just quickly delete and forgive my imposition.

But it could be fun, since you'll also be reading any failures I produce as well as a possible success. Perhaps you can laugh along with my awkward attempts to accomplish some of the challenges many of you have put before me.

I thought I'd begin with Paul Vangelisti's request. This will appear in the new issue of RIBOT that is coming up later this summer. You can order a copy from me here at [REDACTED] (It costs \$11.95) or wait and get it in your local bookstore, if they carry it.

Paul Vangelisti: Write a poem exploring the problematic of leisure or idleness as originally suggested in Paul Lafargue's notorious 1883 essay from St. Pelagie prison.

LAZY

Lazy? There was that day I wanted to stay in bed  
after six! (Posterior possibilities of the past.)  
The book fell to sleep in my lap! I wanted to send you a postcard  
instead of a letter: Dear freedom, here's the design  
I envision for you--Get up, eat eggs, egg on  
the ones you love, love less than your desire  
to devour, eat more meat.

Indeed I always wanted to be  
conscious in my sleep, which I stole from Alice (Notley).

Everyone stops for tea, and I not even for the dead.  
The carriage comes and takes me away to an old  
upright upon which I type: There is a terrible  
yawning in the face of the future. The past  
is always preferred by those who lived

through it. It's not fun to be on the verge of anything you can't see the bottom of

# Humpty-Dumpty

perhaps should not have sat in the first place

on the wall with his little legs dangling over the edge and with a good case of vertigo too

I should imagine having rolled out his days  
with that uncertain wobbling effect. But why didn't they  
call a surgeon instead of all those horses and horsemen  
trampling him to death? It's easier to let the government  
come to the rescue I suspect. The cows are all asleep and can't give milk  
until morning

or mourning what's been spilled is over and wiped up.

Toast and eggs, burnt bread and buns shining in the sun  
that's why I stood and dressed. Not enterprise but modesty,  
embarrassment. I've got a fat ass from doing everything I've done.

I almost didn't write this poem as a matter of fact  
as I get fatter I find it more and more difficult  
to accomplish any act that doesn't rest on what's behind.

The mother of my goose is merely the pact I made with the publisher  
Paul who wasn't

so sure  
that I wouldn't fall in arrear by writing about something I've never appeared.

24 June 2002

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651. **shemurph**  
*poet and critic*

Thu 27 Jun 2002

Savoring the recent posts by Nick and others, I have been sidelining and absorbing, a curious counterpart to the fast ride across obligations of these days.

Poetics is indeed a field of opportunity for many poets. As with many experiences, the most satisfying and enriching possibilities seem to exist where there lives a foundation of trust. The erosion of that trust, or the juxtaposition of name-making as a primary preoccupation, diminishes the quality of exchange. As Nick has rightly pointed out, this list, throughout its different incarnations, offers a rich context for sharing and exploration.

Some critics' criticism may indeed function as a relatively safer, wannabe zone, in comparison with the poem-making zone. (Playing fields are often crooked,

slanted, or in some way tipped.) Whatever the case, there appears to be an inherent disinclination to enter the playing field (of poetics) by people who may feel a resistance to the possibility of what might easily become a hostile environment.

As with any game scenario, one makes the decision of

- 1) whether to enter,
- 2) what elements to consider once there, and
- 3) how ethically to behave once in the game.

I propose that there may be too much game these or any days for the likes of art.

In the field of music, a disappointing moment, not precisely parallel to what I have touched upon above, came as a sterilized view of performance to which I was introduced at an all-too-formative time. I recall a particular professor who basically perceived the study of music in this vein: "Let's see . . . as a sophomore you should now be playing this part of the literature." This was in stark contrast to the consuming love for the art that I had felt from my first, very accomplished flute teacher, who never allowed the specialness of the piece, its performance, or the learning from it, to be made small. The contrast proved a learning experience, and I continue to feel fortunate to have had the person with greater respect (and, ultimately, capacity) be my initiation into the process!

Poetry and poetics are inherently joined, and to great advantage IFF (if and only if) with the right spirit. Being a genuinely engaged player is a first step. In the final analysis, there seems to be a person, giving it his/her all, engaging with others, rehearsing the possibility of caring or not caring, and "going for" whatever comes. If the poetry is let go, or just scratched to no effect, in the process, and if the poet becomes disincensed to write and grow, then what?

People are more delicate than we are given credit for. In that delicacy of human interaction lie a multitude of possibilities for growth, beauty, extension, art, and even love. I find some of the raw stuff less than helpful, and I find some spheres of engagement less than heuristic. Ultimately, I suspect that each of us chooses what will be the most rewarding and growth-enhancing.

Sheila Murphy

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652. **Jim Behrle**

***A Harvard Square Poetry Festival***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

this announces:

A HARVARD SQUARE SUMMER POETRY FESTIVAL

THU July 25th thru SUN July 28th

The Author Annex at Wordsworth Books

30 Brattle St. Cambridge, MA 02138

over 50 poets read 15 minutes each over 4 days

including:

Christina Strong Kevin Gallagher Macgregor Card Brandon Downing Lucie  
Brock-Broido Yuri Hospodar Arielle Greenberg John Landry Anna  
Moshovakis Gregory Ford Shin Yu Pai Brendan Lorber Heather Fuller  
Buck Downs Peter Gizzi Daniel Bouchard Brenda Coultas Jennifer  
Nelson Mark Lamoureux Rob Morris Natalia Cooper Ethan Paquin  
Michael Franco Timothy Liu Soraya Shalforoosh Jordan Davis Michael Bu-  
cell Prageeta Sharma Jack Kimball Geneva Chao Alexandra Friedman  
Beth Anderson Michael County Joseph Torra Joyelle McSweeney Karen  
Weiser Douglas Rothschild Elizabeth Willis Richard Carfagna Rebecca Wolff  
Edmund Berrigan John Mulrooney Eileen Myles Kathleen Ossip Christo-  
pher Mattison Becky Rosen Brenda Iijima Franz Wright Daniel Bouchard  
and many others

free and open to the public.

for more information e-mail Jim Behrle: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

---

Send and re-  
ceive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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653. **Douglas Messerli**

**(no subject)**

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

First of all, I was saddened to hear of Philip Whalen's death. Perhaps I will attempt to write a poem as a tribute to him.

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I should imagine having rolled out his days  
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Paul who wasn't  
so sure  
that I wouldn't fall in arrear by writing about something I've never appeared.  
24 June 2002

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654. **Ron**  
*a bed of frozen raspberries*

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

Philip Whalen -- co-founder of Beat poetry

Heidi Benson, Chronicle Staff Writer

Thursday, June 27, 2002

C2002 San Francisco Chronicle.

URL:

<http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?f=/chronicle/archive/2002/06/27/BA219137.DTL>

Philip Whalen, a seminal member of the Beat poets who began a San Francisco poetry renaissance in the 1950s, died Wednesday morning in San Francisco after a long illness.

Mr. Whalen, who was ordained as a Zen Buddhist priest in 1973 and served as abbot of the Hartford Street Zen Center in San Francisco, was 78.

"He was a poet's poet," said Gary Snyder, on hearing of his friend's death. "His intelligence and skill is very subtle and very deep. There are many poets who feel in his debt."

In 1955, Mr. Whalen joined Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Michael McClure, Philip Lamantia and Snyder for the historic Six Gallery reading. Organized by poet Kenneth Rexroth, who was later dubbed the "godfather" of the Beats, the reading took place in a former auto repair shop at Fillmore and Union for an audience of 150.

The poets -- most of whom hadn't met before that night -- became instant celebrities. Whalen's poetry was soon published in the influential Evergreen Review and appeared in the 1959 Grove Press anthology, "New American Poetry."

Born in Portland, Ore., on Oct. 20, 1923, Mr. Whalen grew up in The Dalles on the Columbia River. He attended Reed College on the GI bill after serving in the Army Air Forces during World War II. Snyder was a classmate, and recalled that Mr. Whalen was already immersed in Asian philosophy and poetry at that time.

They exchanged letters for many years, Snyder said, "about politics, philosophy, literature, poetics, Buddhist practice and Buddhist thought -- all on a kind of fun level."

"He reminded me of Dr. Samuel Johnson. His humor was dry, witty, ironic and learned," said Snyder. "It was always very instructive."

Mr. Whalen's many books include the 1967 poetry collection "On Bear's Head"; "Canoeing up Cabarga Creek: Buddhist Poems 1955-1986"; "Enough Said: 1974- 1979"; "Heavy Breathing: Poems, 1967-1980"; "The Kindness of Strangers"; "Severance Pay"; and "Two Novels."

In recent days, while discussing his death with friends whom he thought were treating the subject too morbidly, Mr. Whalen said: "I'd like to be laid on a bed of frozen raspberries."

He is survived by a sister, Velna Whalen, of San Diego. Plans for a memorial service are pending.

C2002 San Francisco Chronicle. Page A - 19

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655. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

Delayed post due to the absolute maximum of two a day:

In a message dated 6/26/02 5:05:10 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

*... when i hear news, e.g., of what's taking  
place right now with borders (see below), i don't find the sort of  
affective/conceptual recourse murat details as speaking to the sense  
of urgency that overwhelms me wrt our public domain*

Joe,

I agree, poetry is not very efficient, very good as a response to an immediate, "overwhelming urgency" in the public domain. It is a "parallel," often delayed,

rather than direct activity. That's its limitation and its strength (its definition), in my view.

*... but the point is that in all cases, i'm sitting in front of my screen, and typing... we can make much of how this activity is defined, in so many ways, by what comes out the other end (i.e., as product as opposed to process---and i generally come to writing as a process type, even if it's true that writing a script is clearly a more product-driven activity, practically speaking).*

Writing a movie script for money (that's I hope what you are partly doing it for, my son is doing the same thing) are you not dealing more with questions of clarity, length, responding to formal conventions, etc.? Is that not the presence or expectation of that public link, or its absence, which differentiates other writing from poetry? Blur (too long, messy, etc) may be a poetic virtue -of failure.

Of course, the distinctions are never absolute. Even the most public arts experiment, creating a tension between public and subjective (experimental?). Cinema Verite, for example (Goddard being the supreme example), may be one of these historical moments the tension is in exquisite balance.

"Practice" limits the claims of the absolute. Even the most narcissistic absolute internalizes the dream of a public, of "potential consideration by other soulless bipeds."

Thanks for the comments.

Murat

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656. **Maria Damon**

***Re: poet and critic***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

this is a beautiful post. i agree w/ nick and others that criticism/critique/poetics is not about king-making. the most useful role poetics can play is to explore ideas/feelings/words/critique through articulating ideas/feelings/words/critique --not through a process that revolves around elevating some names-cum-poems and diminishing others.

At 11:28 AM -0400 6/27/02, [REDACTED] wrote:

>Savoring the recent posts by Nick and others, I have been sidelining and  
>absorbing, a curious counterpart to the fast ride across obligations of  
>these days.

>

>Poetics is indeed a field of opportunity for many poets. As with many

>experiences, the most satisfying and enriching possibilities seem to exist  
>where there lives a foundation of trust. The erosion of that trust, or the  
>juxtaposition of name-making as a primary preoccupation, diminishes the  
>quality of exchange. As Nick has rightly pointed out, this list,  
>throughout its different incarnations, offers a rich context for sharing  
>and exploration.

>

>Some critics' criticism may indeed function as a relatively safer, wannabe  
>zone, in comparison with the poem-making zone. (Playing fields are often  
>crooked, slanted, or in some way tipped.) Whatever the case, there appears  
>to be an inherent disinclination to enter the playing field (of poetics)  
>by people who may feel a resistance to the possibility of what might  
>easily become a hostile environment.

>

>As with any game scenario, one makes the decision of  
>1)whether to enter,  
>2)what elements to consider once there, and  
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>I propose that there may be too much game these or any days for the likes  
>of art.

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>In the field of music, a disappointing moment, not precisely parallel to  
>what I have touched upon above, came as a sterilized view of performance  
>to which I was introduced at an all-too-formative time. I recall a  
>particular professor who basically perceived the study of music in this  
>vein: "Let's see . . . as a sophomore you should now be playing this part  
>of the literature." This was in stark contrast to the consuming love for  
>the art that I had felt from my first, very accomplished flute teacher,  
>who never allowed the specialness of the piece, its performance, or the  
>learning from it, to be made small. The contrast proved a learning  
>experience, and I continue to feel fortunate to have had the person with  
>greater respect (and, ultimately, capacity) be my initiation into the  
>process!

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>and only if) with the right spirit. Being a genuinely engaged player is a  
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>his/her all, engaging with others, rehearsing the possibility of caring or  
>not caring, and "going for" whatever comes. If the poetry is let go, or  
>just scratched to no effect, in the process, and if the poet becomes  
>disincented to write and grow, then what?

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>People are more delicate than we are given credit for. In that delicacy of  
>human interaction lie a multitude of possibilities for growth, beauty,  
>extension, art, and even love. I find some of the raw stuff less than  
>helpful, and I find some spheres of engagement less than heuristic.  
>Ultimately, I suspect that each of us chooses what will be the most  
>rewarding and growth-enhancing.

>

>Sheila Murphy

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657. **Dan Machlin**

**Contact Query**

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

Hi:

Could anyone backchannel current contact info for Lisa Robertson, Kevin  
Davies and Stacy Doris.

Much appreciated.

Dan

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658. **thomas/swiss**

**New Media Poetry**

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

On the subject of digital and 'New Media' poetry, we're happy to announce that  
the University of Iowa will be hosting a conference on the topic: October 11-12,  
2002.

New Media Poetry: Aesthetics, Institutions, and Audiences

Participants include: N. Katherine Hayles, Marjorie Perloff, Kenneth Goldsmith,  
Jennifer Ley, Giselle Beiguelman, Katherine Parrish, Barrett Watten, Martin  
Spinelli, Loss Glazier, Alan Golding, Al Filreis, Carrie Noland, and others.

For more information: <<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iwp/newmedia/>>

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659. **J Gallaher**

***Re: poet and critic***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

Maria Damon writes:

<the most useful role poetics can play is to explore ideas/ feelings/ words/ critique through articulating ideas/ feelings/ words/ critique--not through a process that revolves around elevating some names-cum-poems and diminishing others>

I reply:

I don't want to seem a spoil sport here, but all poetics (however defined and however explored) elevate some names (poems) and diminish others. There's no getting away from that. Any way of looking at poetry will inevitably raise the poems that lend themselves to being looked at the way that the critic/reader is disposed to looking.

Which is, I suppose, why it's fundamentally necessary to keep looking, to have many looking, so that the world of poets/poems doesn't get defined by a few loud voices.

--JGallaher

PS. I do believe, as well, that all poems are poetics, as well as critiques of existing poems . . . that old "silencing an existing rhetoric" saw.

PPS. As well I believe that all manifestfeet contain manifestoes.

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660. **Vernon Frazer**

***Re: Dogtown***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

In the early 90's my wife and I took a trip to Cape Ann. We stopped in Gloucester, and found it very appealing in a small-city kind of way. Even though most of what Olson fought to preserve was long gone, I sensed what he'd been trying to keep. Seeing the church of Our Lady of Good Voyage was a very moving experience. I didn't get a sense that the people I met in town had a sense of his importance, or his love for the town. I'm attaching a poem I wrote about the experience.

I, MINIMUS IN GLOUCESTER, TO...WHO?

winding the woozy downtown loop

in search of signs / of Maximus

his presence / its past

1.

the YMCA

rising from the ruins

of Solomon's Temple

he screamed

to preserve,

to stand

in the cloistered

Cape Ann Histori-

cal Society

"Every year

3 or 4 people

come in & ask"

the polite white-haired ladies

so helpful, so uninformed

of the giant whose tirades informed an entire form

so few signs of him found in the polis

he praised in the face of the pols:

two books on sale at the Society

a shelf incomplete at the Sawyer Free Library

(where the public must sign

the dotted line

time in, time out, to use the

head

no station in the city's history

books, not even the title of the

sole (to my knowing & soul)

epic

of Gloucester

for the man who could bring up another man

to the dogtown of wharves & plants

hated childhood

nets

for the man who celebrated the Portugee

sent to sea with the blessings of

Our Lady of Good Voyage

Every year

for the 3 or 4

who ask

the polite white-haired ladies

so helpful, so uninformed

offer the scholar Anastas

as exegesis

2.

Nor for that matter in Worcester

birthplace of Maximus, nowhere near Salem

where next to the Seven Gables the house

of Hawthorne's birth was borne, so

sd Gerry the tour guide

(as short as Maximus was tall)

that Alcott not Manning

started the public education system

history orally

official codices

nor the lame Londresque courtesy accorded

Kerouac by the tame squares hippping Lowell

to the tourism dollar. No,

from a

of shad-

(preserving

behind the

the ladies don't know poetry,  
the ladies don't know Maximus  
the ladies don't care beyond their  
auxiliary commitment to  
"enrich peoples lives"  
(so sd Boudreau the Worcester wag)  
& the history that lives  
outside the books

(untold by the pols who  
control the polis) bids

Our Lady of Good Voyage  
bless a different trip

3.

"You think you'll get your reward when you're old,  
but look at what he got," Our Lady sd, driving  
to the home polis  
where poetry resurges among the gents  
elected to office who read "Casey at the Bat" in a city  
park, voices from the dark ages, uplifting

work)

(not like my

say

the polite white-haired ladies  
so helpful, so uninformed  
so auxiliary  
ignoring the eye trained  
on the polis of the factory town  
where welders drop their goggles  
to ogle strippers' tits

in Pompei's where

Minimus

last days

used to sit in his

dering whether

of watching & won-

every year

3 or 4 people

would come in & ask

how far he rode the blessing of

Our lady of Good Voyage

[↑ Contents](#)

661. **Joe Brennan**

***Re: Fwd: Apology for Criticism***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

"Also, 'evaluation' of poetry is the most important part of the process and is unavoidable. Whenever a group of like minded individuals coalesces into a school or movement, an act which outwardly is political, a myriad of 'evaluative' judgements have gone into that coalescence.

Further, the implied moral dimension involved in the judgement of anything is a remnant of times before the "ruthless unaccountability" of the sciences and their methods of quantification and mathematization came along. Other disciplines like psychoanalysis have expended great energy trying to become scientific. Poetry's take has been that the sciences have overwhelmed it and deomonstrated that virtually all of its operating principles have little or no efficacy at all. The fact that poetics hasn't been able to counter this speaks volumes of the talent and energy of our current generation of poets. It also demonstrates that not only will there be those who feel poets should not evaluate the work of each other in order to have a little of that quantitative immunity rub off on them, but the highly politicized activity of 'evaluating' other cutlural entities is also beyond the purview of poetry. A different form of 'evaluation'? At first glimpse yes, but upon reflection its all part of the evaluative process that would be denied by some."

Carlo Parcelli

[↑ Contents](#)

662. **Fargas Laura**

***Re: a bed of frozen raspberries***

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

a friend tells me:

Katagiri-roshi, a Japanese zen master who ended up leading a community in Minnesota, was laid out on a bed of frozen peas. So there's a tradition here already. In his case, it was an emergency measure--one sits with the body for three days, it was the middle of winter when he died, and there were no ice-supplies in the stores.

Thank you Ron Silliman for sending the Hymnus. A perfect gesture as Whalen joins the Patrem.

Laura

[↑ Contents](#)

663. **Joe Amato**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

murat, thanx... yes, i'd be a fool not to say outright that one of the primary (thus far, regrettably fictional) appeals of screenwriting is moolah (there are other appeals, as well---for another time)... i won't get into the reasons why moolah is so important to me---suffice to say, my current wage doesn't suffice... at least, not based on my sense of entitlement, which (i would say) is a far cry less keen than most of my colleagues, but a far cry more keen than most of humanity (lucky unmonkish me)...

now, one of the more curious aspects to have emerged from this scripting process has been that i've found that domain's focus on moolah downright refreshing... yknow, beats the shit out of hearing from some senior editor of a major trade that "i like your work, but i don't LOVE it enough to publish it" (this is almost verbatim, and if i must: i've gone the trade route at times b/c the small presses have been uninterested in my longer prose work)...

well yknow, always nice to cut through the bullshit... better to hear someone say "you're work won't make me moolah" than to hear someone fudge money and symbolic/cultural capital and aesthetics and love altogether... better to have a strong enemy than a weak friend, if you know what i mean...

i like "practice" in the sense, for one, that the sociologists like it---"science is what scientists do"... now of course, scientists have imaginations too---that is, imagining is part of what they do (all naysaying to the contrary)---but this approach is a nice corrective in any case to more euclidean understandings of

scientific practice, whereby the science of 300 years ago becomes "bad science" (or unscientific) merely b/c it doesn't measure up to so & so's conception of science today... in poetry, to say that "poetry is what poets do" is in some sense an antidote to blanket conceptions of unpoetry, and bad poetry... but more importantly, to think in terms of practice, \*for poets\*, can be helpful in mitigating that understanding of language activity which is so far beyond the ken of mortal intellect that one may search in vain for the appropriate, uh, inspiration...

the inspiration is all around us, christ...

i'm extremely interested in the discussion of poetix, precisely where it intersects with the notion that poetry is a language practice... things begin to slip and slide in productive ways, i think, once poetix tries to account for its own evaluative apparatus (let's say)... i agree with andrew r and others who are making the claim that judgment is necessary, indeed unavoidable... my only reservation turns on how said judgment is carried out---i.e., i lean toward those modes of inquiry that (again) call attention to their grounding (yeah, here on the third planet from the sun)...

best,

joe

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664. **Alan Sondheim**

***(My work .echo included): Alt-X Releases 3 New Books (fwd)***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Thu, 27 Jun 2002 09:34:57 -0600

From: Fran Nelson <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Alt-X Releases 3 New Books

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Contact: Kendall Pata -- [REDACTED]

June 24, 2002

THREE NEW BOOKS FROM ALTX PRESS

BOULDER, Colorado (June 24, 2002) -- Alt-X, where the digerati meet the literati, announces the publication of three new PrintOnDemand books.

The three books encompass three generations of innovative fiction.

Twilight of the Bums: George Chambers and Raymond Federman's "Twilight of the Bums" establishes these two veteran experimentalists as the Abbott and Costello of postmodernism.

Making Scenes: Adrienne Eisen's debut novel, "Making Scenes," brings back to life the rival tradition of American writing from Henry Miller to Kathy Acker.

.echo: With Alan Sondheim's novel of mystical eroticism, ".echo" readers will lose themselves in a net fiction charged with sex, obsession and codework.

The three new books join the three recently published books of Alt-X Press POD: Mark Amerika's collection, "How To Be an Internet Artist"; the novel "Cows" by Ronald Sukenick, this year's winner of the American Academy of Arts and Letters Award for innovative fiction; and Eugene Thacker's "Hard\_Code" anthology of experimental data prose.

Producing books by, for and through the computer, in both e-book and PrintOn-Demand formats, Alt-X has already launched its highly successful e-book series which is now followed by the appearance of the POD versions.

They are available for credit card purchase at altx.com, booksurge.com, half.com, and other channels.

Reviewers may refer to the free complete e-book postings now available in PDF and Palm Pilot versions at [www.altx.com/ebooks](http://www.altx.com/ebooks).

For more information, please email Alt-X Publicist Kendall Pata at [REDACTED]

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665. **John Tranter**

**David Hess: current email address please**

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

Could David Hess contact me please? The email address I have for him is not current.

This is not urgent.

J T

from John Tranter

| Editor, Jacket magazine: <http://jacketmagazine.com/>

(please note the new Internet address)

| homepage - poetry, reviews, etc, at: <http://www.austlit.com/jt/>  
| early writing at: <http://setis.library.usyd.edu.au/tranter/>

39 Short Street, Balmain NSW 2041, Sydney, Australia

Tel ([REDACTED]) / Fax ([REDACTED])

666. **Joe Brennan**

***Re: Fwd: Apology for Criticism***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

"Further, the 'evaluative' act if we can describe it as such, demonstrates serious commitment and engagement with the genre and the object under evaluation. This is because the evaluator is in turn asking that his considerations be evaluated. He or she often does this at some risk though always modest because we are after all talking about poetry. Still there's always a bit of courage attached to this approach though one hastens not to exaggerate the amount of courage involved.

Further, evaluation takes place all the time but for a variety of reasons rarely involves the poetry itself. Take some of the baseless evaluations regarding *Finnegans Wake* that appeared on the Buffalo list as of late. This reader of the *Wake* can't imagine the body of scholars of Joyce and the *Wake* taking that gaggle of poets seriously after they proffered inanities and personal inadequacies as valid evaluation of the *Wake*.

And there is the 'subjectivity' of these evaluations as regards poetry. The sciences, by binding the notions of progress to a geographically limited and therefore potentially threatened standard of material well-being requiring an empire for maintenance, have proselytized the idea that they deal with the 'object' itself and therefore the properties they regard as 'being' the 'object' are equally inviolable. Of course, ten years studying the history and epistemology of science disabuses the student (& poet) of the efficacy of holding such a position not to mention the immorality.

Poetry too has its 'objects' and like the sciences these objects should be open to conjecture even as they retain a certain Platonic inviolability validated daily by human activity. But still poetry, social sciences and the arts in general want to cadge off of this chimera of the immutability of the scientific object by confusing the evaluative, that is mutable elements of science (within strict confines of institutional practice and the limits of the investigating organism, etc.) with its own inner conflict that is its need to associate itself with the immutable. Once poets determine that their poetry should not be subject to evaluation, it is a very short arc to where that poetry has no value at all. We have certainly arced over."

Carlo Parcelli

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667. **Nick Piombino**

***Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

Thu 27 Jun 2002

---

Date: Wed, 26 Jun 2002 17:37:16 -0600  
From: Andrew Rathmann <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: Apology for Criticism

*(This responds to Nick Piombino's recent post, in which he asks that "poetics" not make evaluative claims about particular works.)*

*"Poetics" is the attempt to reconstruct the principles of good writing based on known examples. It is thus subsequent to judgment. Aristotle did not have to persuade anyone that Oedipus was a good play. He just wanted to figure out how Sophocles had done it, so that others might do it too.*

*Evaluative criticism is the highest kind of writing about poetry.*

"Walt Whiteman is undeniably the most powerful poet of America, and the most American of poets. He was thirty-six when his -Leaves of Grass- appeared in 1855. Neither Homes nor Lowell not Whittier was clear-sighted enough to perceive any genius or talent in those fervent poems. Indeed, the whole of contemporary American criticism (if the transcendentalists Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott are excepted) displayed a blind and ferocious hostility. Henry E. Legler, the author of a small volume entitled -Walt Whitman, Yesterday and To-day- Chicago, 1916, has collected some of the anathemas which then rained upon the poet. Not all of them bear quotation. Among the choice phrases coined or used by critics where: "slopbucket," "noxious weeds," "entirely bestial," "impious and obscene," "a belief in the preciousness of filth," "defilement," "broken out of Bedlam," "ithyphallic audacity," "sunken sensualist," "rotten garbage of licentious thoughts," "a poet whose indecencies stink in the nostrils," "venomously malignant," "degraded helot of literature," "the mouthings of a mountebank." Among the American periodicals, the -Criterion-, -Putnam's Magazine-, and the -Christian Examiner- were the least restrained in their vituperation. The latter, published in Boston, uttered a moral warning: "The book...openly deifies the bodily organs, senses, and appetites in terms that admit of no double sense" (November 1856)....Even more characteristic of the critics' obtuseness were their purely literary comments in which they tried to judge -Leaves of Grass- on other grounds than those of self-righteous and indignant morality. The -Crayon-, of New York, uttered its verdict in these terms: "The book has no identity, no concentration, no purpose; it is barbarous, undisciplined, like the poetry of a

half-civilized people...The -London Lancet- of July 7, 1860, is typical of the British welcome given to the poet of democracy: "Of all the writers we have perused, Walt Whitman is the most silly, the most blasphemous, and the most disgusting." No less an authority than a future poet laureate of Great Britain, Alfred Austin, declared that such "grotesque, ungrammatical, repulsive rhapsodies can be compared only to the painful ravings of maniacs' dens." As late as 1876, the -Saturday Review- of London, hearing that the friends of Whitman had appealed to the public for financial help, as the American poet was sick and in distress, published a cruel retort: "The assumptions that a man who sets himself to outrage public decency should be gratefully supported by public charity is certainly a very curious one." And it explained with plausible sophistry that it was a healthy sign that the public had not bought these unsalable poems, and a mark of God's providence that a poet like Whitman fail to make a living by his writing....After twenty or thirty years of neglect, during which Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" was bought and recited by millions, the slighted poems of Whitman came into their own. Swinburne and Baudelaire and Zola had in the meanwhile prepared the readers of America to hail the originality of their own revolutionary bard."

-The Failures of Criticism- by Henri Peyre. Cornell University Press, 1967

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668. **John Tranter**

***No need for David Hess's email address now: thanks.***

*Thu 27 Jun 2002*

---

No need for David Hess's email address now:

A list member has passed it on to me.

Thanks,

J T

from John Tranter

| *Editor, Jacket magazine: <http://jacketmagazine.com/>*

(please note the new Internet address)

| *homepage - poetry, reviews, etc, at: <http://www.austlit.com/jt/>  
early writing at: <http://setis.library.usyd.edu.au/tranter/>*

39 Short Street, Balmain NSW 2041, Sydney, Australia

Tel ( [REDACTED] ) / Fax ( [REDACTED] )

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669. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: Content and Its Discontents***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

IN AN ODD NOTE HERE, i FIND MYSELF TELLING MYSELF NOT TO LET LOOSE OF THESE IDEAS BUT TO SAVE THEM AND GUARD THEM FROM OTHERS SO THEY CAN BE TUNED FOR SUBMISSION TO A PRINT JOURNAL OR MAYBE MADE INTO A 'REALITY' SCREENPLAY THAT ILL BE BOUGHT FOR PRODUCTION FOR A MAJOR NETWORK!

Joe said (among other things):

- > i like "practice" in the sense, for one, that the sociologists like
- > it---"science is what scientists do"... now of course, scientists
- > have imaginations too---that is, imagining is part of what they do
- > (all naysaying to the contrary)---but this approach is a nice
- > corrective in any case to more euclidean understandings of scientific
- > practice, whereby the science of 300 years ago becomes "bad science"
- > (or unscientific) merely b/c it doesn't measure up to so & so's
- > conception of science today... in poetry, to say that "poetry is what
- > poets do" is in some sense an antidote to blanket conceptions of
- > unpoetry, and bad poetry... but more importantly, to think in terms
- > of practice, \*for poets\*, can be helpful in mitigating that
- > understanding of language activity which is so far beyond the ken of
- > mortal intellect that one may search in vain for the appropriate, uh,
- > inspiration...
- >
- > the inspiration is all around us, christ...
- >
- > i'm extremely interested in the discussion of poetix, precisely where
- > it intersects with the notion that poetry is a language practice...
- > things begin to slip and slide in productive ways, i think, once
- > poetix tries to account for its own evaluative apparatus (let's
- > say)... i agree with andrew r and others who are making the claim
- > that judgment is necessary, indeed unavoidable... my only reservation
- > turns on how said judgment is carried out---i.e., i lean toward those
- > modes of inquiry that (again) call attention to their grounding
- > (yeah, here on the third planet from the sun)...
- >
- > best,
- >
- > joe

and I think this intriguingly relects Antin's comments and also items in *\_Homo Sonorus\_* (Regrettably this does not appear readily available in the U.S.) which

contains practitioners' thoughts on their relation to contemporary music and the relationships of sound and performance work to the invention of sound recording equipment and motion pictures (e.g., Rea Nikonova "Sound poetry is the only poetry with a technical base"). It also contains Rothenberg on performance poetics, and this from Dmitri Prigov, "the risk of of participants of different projects differs. If the risk of the traditional artist is the risk of happening to be a not very talented and lucky producer of certain conventional verbal or visual texts, then the risk of the radical artist is a risk of being totally unrecognized by culture as an artist."

As one who has partaken of the other culture I feel contrary to popular belief, the poetics of scientific discourse isn't overburdened with equations and rats and such but tends to have a lot of talk of tenure and who's got what grant, etc., and if I should talk with a colleague (or supervisee) about a case, the comments are likely to be aesthetic, as in "you handled that beautifully"

tom bell

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670. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: Poetics***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Interesting article and this discussion seems to be going in several directions but they are all intriguing so I'll follow up here on one thing you raise:

you note that Devin Johnston "asked about the 'slippage of the term 'poetics' between a statement or reflection on the generating principles of one's poetry' and 'something like ideology'" and I think that slippage is what is of interest to me here in this discussion in that my interest is in the generating of poetry rather than the philosophy of poetry

However your comments on the avant-garde and the future as anachronism lead me to insert a lengthy bit that came up in Sunday's NYTimes on among other things, the differences in the way men and women experience pain and then I'm also adding Dr. Basmanan's response to my query [posted as query without closure rather than as answer as I think this is all connected but don't know how yet] "It[pain]'s generated by transmission of an injury message but also by what that message means, how it's interpreted. Once the message gets to the brain, it may or may not lead to pain perception. If you imagine looking at a Mondrian, there are a few bars and stripes, yellow, black, a little red. But it can bring tears to some peoples' eyes, for others it does nothing. Same stimulus, different experience. That's how pain is processed."

Dear Dr. Bell,



672. **Maria Damon**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

question:

what does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?

At 11:43 PM -0400 6/27/02, Nick Piombino wrote:

>>

>> Date: Wed, 26 Jun 2002 17:37:16 -0600

>> From: Andrew Rathmann <[REDACTED]>

>> Subject: Apology for Criticism

>>

>> (This responds to Nick Piombino's recent post, in which he asks that

>> "poetics" not make evaluative claims about particular works.)

>>

>> "Poetics" is the attempt to reconstruct the principles of good writing

>> based on known examples. It is thus subsequent to judgment. Aristotle did

>> not have to persuade anyone that Oedipus was a good play. He just wanted

>> to figure out how Sophocles had done it, so that others might do it too.

>>

>> Evaluative criticism is the highest kind of writing about poetry.

>

>"Walt Whiteman is undeniably the most powerful poet of America, and the most

>American of poets. He was thirty-six when his -Leaves of Grass- appeared in

>1855. Neither Homes nor Lowell not Whittier was clear-sighted enough to

>perceive any genius or talent in those fervent poems. Indeed, the whole of

>contemporary American criticism (if the transcendentalists Emerson, Thoreau,

>and Alcott are excepted) displayed a blind and ferocious hostility. Henry E.

>Legler, the author of a small volume entitled -Walt Whitman, Yesterday and

>To-day- Chicago, 1916, has collected some of the anathemas which then rained

>upon the poet. Not all of them bear quotation. Among the choice phrases

>coined or used by critics where: "slopbucket," "noxious weeds," "entirely

>bestial," "impious and obscene," "a belief in the preciousness of filth,"

>"defilement," "broken out of Bedlam," "ithyphallic audacity," "sunken

>sensualist," "rotten garbage of licentious thoughts," "a poet whose

>indecencies stink in the nostrils," "venomously malignant," "degraded helot

>of literature," "the mouthings of a mountebank." Among the American

>periodicals, the -Criterion-, -Putnam's Magazine-, and the -Christian

>Examiner- were the least restrained in their vituperation. The latter,

>published in Boston, uttered a moral warning: "The book...openly deifies the

>bodily organs, senses, and appetites in terms that admit of no double sense"  
>(November 1856)...Even more characteristic of the critics' obtuseness were  
>their purely literary comments in which they tried to judge -Leaves of  
>Grass- on other grounds than those of self-righteous and indignant morality.  
>The -Crayon-, of New York, uttered its verdict in these terms: "The book has  
>no identity, no concentration, no purpose; it is barbarous, undisciplined,  
>like the poetry of a half-civilized people...The -London Lancet- of July 7,  
>1860, is typical of the British welcome given to the poet of democracy: "Of  
>all the writers we have perused, Walt Whitman is the most silly, the most  
>blasphemous, and the most disgusting." No less an authority than a future  
>poet laureate of Great Britain, Alfred Austin, declared that such  
>"grotesque, ungrammatical, repulsive rhapsodies can be compared only to the  
>painful ravings of maniacs' dens." As late as 1876, the -Saturday Review- of  
>London, hearing that the friends of Whitman had appealed to the public for  
>financial help, as the American poet was sick and in distress, published a  
>cruel retort: "The assumptions that a man who sets himself to outrage public  
>decency should be gratefully supported by public charity is certainly a very  
>curious one." And it explained with plausible sophistry that it was a  
>healthy sign that the public had not bought these unsalable poems, and a  
>mark of God's providence that a poet like Whitman fail to make a living by  
>his writing....After twenty or thirty years of neglect, during which  
>Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" was bought and recited by millions, the  
>slighted poems of Whitman came into their own. Swinburne and Baudelaire  
and  
>Zola had in the meanwhile prepared the readers of America to hail the  
>originality of their own revolutionary bard."  
>  
>-The Failures of Criticism- by Henri Peyre. Cornell University Press, 1967

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673. **Philip Nikolayev**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

"What does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?"

It means the death of the critic.

Philip

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674. **Fargas Laura**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Sheila Massoni wrote:

Re: death of author, me "what no royalties?", ... thud. Sm. or "is that auteur or author, Arthur?>>

Gee, Sheila, I bet you don't believe life occurs by spontaneous generation, either.

yrs among the Luddites,

Laura Fargas

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675. **Michael Rothenberg**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

I wish it were that simple. I would suggest that the death of the author results in autopsy.

----- Original Message -----

From: "Philip Nikolayev" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 10:46 AM

Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

"What does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?"

It means the death of the critic.

Philip

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676. **Michael Rothenberg**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

and necrophilia

the reading of ashes

"and more"

----- Original Message -----

From: "Michael Rothenberg" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>  
Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 10:51 AM  
Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

*I wish it were that simple. I would suggest that the death of the author results in autopsy.*

*----- Original Message -----*

*From: "Philip Nikolayev" <[REDACTED]>*

*To: <[REDACTED]>*

*Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 10:46 AM*

*Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...*

*"What does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?"*

*It means the death of the critic.*

*Philip*

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677. **Aaron Belz**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

*"What does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?"*

*It means the death of the critic.*

And once the critic and author are both dead? It means the death of the type-writer salesman. And once he is dead? It means the fedora shop has to close its doors. And once that happens, watch the economy fall like a field of dominoes-- until all is left is the farmer, standing among corn.

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678. **Geoffrey Gatza**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

I believe that we have had the death of the reader since 1968. This the death year of the Avant Garde as well. It would seem that there is no real recognition for the writing of poetry outside of people in poetry. So one skill takes over another.

It would appear that this is the call for anarchism. Either within the self bridging on the establishment seeking a freedom that will propell that person upon a level playing field. Read Mikhail Bakunin. Here is an interesting link.

[www.emory.edu/INTELNET/rus\\_thought\\_overview.html](http://www.emory.edu/INTELNET/rus_thought_overview.html)

Best, Geoffrey

This message powered by EMUMAIL. -- <http://www.EMUMAIL.com>

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679. **Geoffrey Gatza**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

oops, that link wasn't so good -- here we go.

Bakunin, Mikhail Alexandrovich (1814 - 1876)

Russian revolutionist, the moving spirit of nineteenth-century anarchism.

Although remembered mostly for his revolutionary passion, he was learned, intelligent, and philosophically reflective. In moments of intermittent recess from insurrection and imprisonment he wrote influential formulations of anarchist philosophy and incisive and insightful criticisms of Marxism. He maintained that political power was intrinsically oppressive whether wielded by the bourgeoisie or the proletariat. Real freedom was possible only after the destruction of the status quo. But the individual's freedom was so bound up with that of society that nothing short of 'collectivism', a non-governmental system based on voluntary co-operation without private property and with reward according to contribution, was required. In philosophical outlook he was a voluntaristic determinist, respectful of the authority of science but sharply critical of the authority of scientists. A keen materialist, he was ferociously anti-theological.

This message powered by EMUMAIL. -- <http://www.EMUMAIL.com>

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680. **Douglas Messerli**

***On going "assignments" for Messerli***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Martha Ronk, the well-known Los Angeles poet wrote me, suggesting:

Since I'm working with Paul [Vangelisti] and others on organizing the conference for October 10-12th on Place as Purpose: Poetry of the Western States at The Autry Museum and Otis College, I'd like to see work on Place, the West, Joan Didion's hot dry wind and paranoia.

Although I've certainly been influenced by Los Angeles, particularly after having now lived here some seventeen years, I've rarely written about the place, or any place. I did include an earthquake (and fire and riot) in one of my Santa Catalina "heavy sonnets," but generally I'm not interested in recreating landscape. I probably have palms in several of my poems, but wordscapes matter more to me than a realistic "set." However, perhaps I've been here long enough, and I do feel that the landscape plays an important role to some poets here who I greatly admire, including Martha and Rae Armantrout. So, I thought I'd try it.

## WEST

Being here is hearing being when  
the sea sets and wind runs into the house  
to hide: everything is red. Blood  
someone once said of every dead indian.  
There's no doubt I drink too much.  
Here. Being here I'm becoming biblical.  
The locust threaten to descend. The fires  
of early evening create a kind of cozy  
campfire upon which we cremate all  
that might have occurred to us. There is no news  
that hasn't already happened. Still--  
and that is the amazing thing, even a house  
away from sunset--there is a kind of sweetness  
in the chill, a jacaranda scent that settles  
over ahead: and we believe even at the edge  
of our continent we can push forward more, just  
a little bit more, yet  
we fortuitiously forget  
and fall back into the sling  
of askewed arms. Shhhh, someone says  
pointing a gun at my head, don't move.  
I don't. I never will again.

26 June 2002

Douglas Messerli

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681. **Vernon Frazer**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Everybody involved in the process seems to be dead: author, critic and reader.  
Has anybody considered who killed who when and what the consequences are?

Are these people, their poetry and poetics, more dead than the novel or jazz?  
Does the literary output of ghosts assert or deny the materiality of language?  
And if I'm dead, why do I feel the urge to eat lunch?

----- Original Message -----

From: "Aaron Belz" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 10:54 AM

Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

> > "What does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace

> > since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?"

> >

> > It means the death of the critic.

>

> And once the critic and author are both dead? It means the death of the

> typewriter salesman. And once he is dead? It means the fedora shop has to

> close its doors. And once that happens, watch the economy fall like a field

> of dominoes-- until all is left is the farmer, standing among corn.

>

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682. **Stephen Ellis**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV> <P>&lt;&lt; question: what does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics? &gt;&gt;&nbsp;</P> <DIV></DIV> <P>It asks of poets that they move&nbsp;decidedly&nbsp;left or right rather than up and down (forget the "in" and "out" of ambiguous gender distinctions and fluid mechanics - after all, we're "at war" . . . ); it requires of&nbsp;poetry an anonymity that seeks ever more specifically&nbsp;for a bastard General Audience; and it is satisfied whenever poetics&nbsp;relieves itself&nbsp;with the "de-situating"&nbsp;salutation "see you people later."&nbsp;<BR><BR></P></DIV> <DIV></DIV> <DIV></DIV>&gt;From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> <DIV></DIV>&gt;Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]> <DIV></DIV>&gt;To: [REDACTED] <DIV></DIV>&gt;Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest... <DIV></DIV>&gt;Date: Fri, 28 Jun 2002 08:34:32 -0600 <DIV></DIV>&gt; <DIV></DIV>&gt;question: <DIV></DIV>&gt;what does

the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace <DIV></DIV>&gt;since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics? <DIV></DIV>&gt;<DIV></DIV>&gt;At 11:43 PM -0400 6/27/02, Nick Piombino wrote: <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; Date: Wed, 26 Jun 2002 17:37:16 -0600 <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; From: Andrew Rathmann <[REDACTED]> <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; Subject: Apology for Criticism <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; (This responds to Nick Piombino's recent post, in which he asks that <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; "poetics" not make evaluative claims about particular works.) <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; "Poetics" is the attempt to reconstruct the principles of good writing <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; based on known examples. It is thus subsequent to judgment. Aristotle did <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; not have to persuade anyone that Oedipus was a good play. He just wanted <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; to figure out how Sophocles had done it, so that others might do it too. <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;&gt; Evaluative criticism is the highest kind of writing about poetry. <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt; <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;"Walt Whiteman is undeniably the most powerful poet of America, and the most <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;American of poets. He was thirty-six when his -Leaves of Grass- appeared in <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;1855. Neither Homes nor Lowell not Whittier was clear-sighted enough to <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;perceive any genius or talent in those fervent poems. Indeed, the whole of <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;contemporary American criticism (if the transcendentalists Emerson, Thoreau, <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;and Alcott are excepted) displayed a blind and ferocious hostility. Henry E. <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;Legler, the author of a small volume entitled -Walt Whitman, Yesterday and <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;To-day-Chicago,1916, has collected some of the anathemas which then rained <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;upon the poet. Not all of them bear quotation. Among the choice phrases <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;coined or used by critics where: "slopbucket," "noxious weeds," "entirely <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;bestial," "impious and obscene," "a belief in the preciousness of filth," <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;"defilement," "broken out of Bedlam," "ithyphallic audacity," "sunken <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;sensualist," "rotten garbage of licentious thoughts," "a poet whose <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;indecencies stink in the nostrils," "venomously malignant," "degraded helot <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;of literature,""the mouthings of a mountebank." Among the American <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;periodicals, the -Criterion-, -Putnam's Magazine-, and the -Christian <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;Examiner- were the least restrained in their vituperation. The latter, <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;published in Boston, uttered a moral warning: "The book...openly deifies the <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;bodily organs, senses, and appetites in terms that admit of no double sense" <DIV></DIV>&gt; &gt;&gt;(November 1856)....Even more characteristic of the critics' obtuseness were

> > their purely literary comments in which they tried to judge -Leaves of > > Grass- on other grounds than those of self-righteous and indignant morality. > > The -Crayon-, of New York, uttered its verdict in these terms: "The book has > > no identity, no concentration, no purpose; it is barbarous, undisciplined, > > like the poetry of a half-civilized people...The -London Lancet- of July 7, > > 1860, is typical of the British welcome given to the poet of democracy: "Of > > all the writers we have perused, Walt Whitman is the most silly, the most > > blasphemous, and the most disgusting." No less an authority than a future > > poet laureate of Great Britain, Alfred Austin, declared that such > > "grotesque, ungrammatical, repulsive rhapsodies can be compared only to the > > painful ravings of maniacs' dens." As late as 1876, the -Saturday Review- of > > London, hearing that the friends of Whitman had appealed to the public for > > financial help, as the American poet was sick and in distress, published a > > cruel retort: "The assumptions that a man who sets himself to outrage public > > decency should be gratefully supported by public charity is certainly a very > > curious one." And it explained with plausible sophistry that it was a > > healthy sign that the public had not bought these unsalable poems, and a > > mark of God's providence that a poet like Whitman fail to make a living by > > his writing....After twenty or thirty years of neglect, during which > > Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" was bought and recited by millions, the > > slighted poems of Whitman came into their own. Swinburne and Baudelaire and > > Zola had in the meanwhile prepared the readers of America to hail the > > originality of their own revolutionary bard." > > > > -The Failures of Criticism- by Henri Peyre. Cornell University Press, 1967 </div><br clear=all><hr>Join the world's largest e-mail service with MSN Hotmail. <a href='http://g.msn.com/1HM1ENUS/c157??PI=44364'>Click Here</a><br></html>

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### 683. **mIEKAL aND**

#### ***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

sounds like a social realist painting....

Aaron Belz wrote:

*"What does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?"*

*It means the death of the critic.*

*And once the critic and author are both dead? It means the death of the typewriter salesman. And once he is dead? It means the fedora shop has to close its doors. And once that happens, watch the economy fall like a field of dominoes-- until all is left is the farmer, standing among corn.*

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684. **The Poetry Project**  
**JUNE JORDAN PRAISE DAY**

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

in memoriam

poet and activist

JUNE JORDAN  
(1936-2002)

\*\*\*

JUNE JORDAN PRAISE DAY

Monday, July 8, 2002

7:30 PM - 11:30 PM

The Bowery Poetry Club

308 Bowery, New York, NY 10012

(Foot of First Street between Houston & Bleecker  
across the street from CBGBs)

F train to Second Ave

6 train to Bleecker

For more information, please call [REDACTED].

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685. **Alan Sondheim**  
**Sex/torsion**

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Sex/torsion:

Filmwork:

mamu.mov: loopfilm 2 seconds:

ma mu \*/black panties, buttocks/\*

ma mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
\*/face/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/quilt section closeup/\*  
ma mu \*/black panties, buttocks/\*  
ma mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
\*/face/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/quilt section closeup/\*  
ma mu \*/black panties, buttocks/\*  
ma mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
\*/face/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/quilt section closeup/\*  
ma mu \*/black panties, buttocks/\*  
ma mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
\*/face/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/quilt section closeup/\*  
ma mu \*/black panties, buttocks/\*  
ma mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/nipple and bruise closeup/\*  
\*/face/\*  
ma ma mu mu \*/quilt section closeup/\*  
pull.mov: loopfilm 2 seconds 10x speed:  
tango bent face back; i'm behind her  
grappling twisted bodies etc. etc.  
she grabs my penis, i spread her labia  
we're struggling here to make a film  
she's looking up at me, we're crashed  
we're against a wall, we're crashed  
tango bent face back; i'm behind her  
grappling twisted bodies etc. etc.  
she grabs my penis, i spread her labia  
we're struggling here to make a film  
she's looking up at me, we're crashed

we're against a wall, we're crashed  
tango bent face back; i'm behind her  
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she grabs my penis, i spread her labia  
we're struggling here to make a film  
she's looking up at me, we're crashed  
we're against a wall, we're crashed

Stillwork:

Email image sequence: 8 jpegs:

Shots from above \*/azure typing/\*

Bleached shots \*/azure face/breast/\*

Text:

Nikuko>> Fuck me. send me jpg. Get in or out of my life. :-O

Nikuko>> Do you want to touch me. Do you want to touch my tits.

Nikuko>> I'm fucking myself. Are you fucking yourself. Do you like me.  
Do you like it.

Nikuko>> Do you like my tits. What is wrong with your camera.

Nikuko>> I can't see a thing. I can't see your thing.

Nikuko>> Come here and you take me.

Nikuko>> You are coming here. Now you are coming here. You are coming  
here and you are going to fuck me hard.

Nikuko>> I hear you knocking. I am coming to let you in. I am naked.  
I hope you like me. I hope you really like me.

—

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686. **mIEKAL aND**

**Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...**

Fri 28 Jun 2002

Dont forget to mention that the electronic poetry list is also dead, the book has been gone for a long time, public fascination for poetry has alzheimer's, bookstores might as well be selling widgets & living breathing poetry in the classroom is kept alive by a remote few. Now if we swivel to think about the Text, the infra-structure is alive & well, mended to its digital nuts & bolts, content or not. The Text is common & disjunct, pervasive & perverse, known & uncalculated, hidden within spam & buried in terrorist subtexts. Right there in front of you, whether you wish to see it or not.

mIEKAL

*"What does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?"*

*It means the death of the critic.*

*And once the critic and author are both dead? It means the death of the typewriter salesman. And once he is dead? It means the fedora shop has to close its doors. And once that happens, watch the economy fall like a field of dominoes-- until all is left is the farmer, standing among corn.*

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687. **anastasios.kozaitis**

**Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...**

Fri 28 Jun 2002

Isn't History dead too?

What else?

My father's dead.

Maybe I'm dead.

Or maybe someone is dreaming me....

At 11:52 AM 6/28/2002, you wrote:

>Dont forget to mention that the electronic poetry list is also dead, the book  
>has been gone for a long time, public fascination for poetry has alzheimer's,  
>bookstores might as well be selling widgets & living breathing poetry in the  
>classroom is kept alive by a remote few. Now if we swivel to think about the  
>Text, the infra-structure is alive & well, mended to its digital nuts & bolts,

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>  
>mIEKAL  
>  
>  
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> > commonplace  
> > > > since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?"  
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> > > close its doors. And once that happens, watch the economy fall like a  
> > field  
> > > of dominoes-- until all is left is the farmer, standing among corn.  
> > >

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688. **Aaron Belz**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

This past week in St. Louis has seen the death of the author and critic in shocking sequence: first the critic, then the author.

Jack Buck, hall of fame radio announcer and commentator for the St. Louis Cardinals, died last week of complications related to lung disease; he was 77. Later in the week Darryl Kile, an ace pitcher for the Cardinals, died suddenly in his sleep at 33. The city has been in a daze. The stadium is surrounded with hand-drawn signs, bouquets, heaps of stuffed animals, and other strange tithes brought by fans to memorialize their fallen heroes.

This may seem a facetious response to Maria's question, "what does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?" but I don't intend it to be. I often think of myself as a batter standing at the plate when I write-- a poem is like an at-bat. I take a few cuts, and if I strike out, I know I'll bat again later. If I hit the ball, I'm trying to

drive it into a gap and hopefully get extra bases. When I'm down two strikes I change my approach and just hope to make contact. Sometimes I hit a home run. But my performance does not entirely depend on any given at-bat; it's calculated statistically over a season, a succession of seasons, a career. And nothing depends entirely on my career performance, either; there are other players, other teams, even other sports.

Thinking of author/critic as player/announcer helps me remember that no matter what people say about the decline of our nation's pastime, the game goes on. We had McGwire, we have Pujols. We had June Jordan, we have Rachel Loden. We should celebrate the living as much as we memorialize the dead.

Look, I know the "death of the author" idea isn't about physical death, but it's possible to give too much attention to Barthes and others; my strategy is to keep my head down and focus on my own game. "Keep writing, kid," I tell myself. And then of course, I have a life outside of writing, too. Authors and critics are part of a larger & more glorious system, as are the texts they create. I think they only seem dead when they imagine they're the only game in town.

-Aaron

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689. **Derek R**  
***Telling It Slant***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

David and Hitler  
go to the planet Mars

David and Hitler go to the planet Mars. They see 2 fire balls and red ash. They are both wearing protective glasses. They decide to go swimming, but realize there is no water on Mars. David asks, "How come? I can have a coke at home." "I don't know," says Hitler.

They go to the rocketship and set sail. Their rocket spins in the air and crashes. They see more fire balls and red ash and are stunned.

They are alone on the planet with only fire balls. They saved their suits from the rocket and put them back on. They can now go swimming in their fire suits.

Water is spraying out of their rocket. They collect the water in buckets. Probes and satellites from the earth take over. Kennedy, the President, comes to visit. Kennedy refuses to give them money because they broke the rocketship. David and Hitler are mad.

David and Hitler see canals and go to them, just plain dry land canals, no water. They are sad because they can't find water.

Hitler kills Kennedy because he hates him and because Kennedy didn't even bring a canteen of water with him.

David and Hitler jump on a satellite and probe and return to Earth. They ask, "What time is it?" Then they go buy a beer and say. "Yah. Packey." "No, you're Packey."

# # #

Written by David, a 32-year-old semi-retarded man, in 1997.

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690. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

In a message dated 6/28/02 10:54:46 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

| *until all is left is the farmer, standing among corn.*

The alien corn.

<I wish it were that simple. I would suggest that the death of the author

<results in autopsy.

And the critic is the forensic specialist.

<[Death of the author] means the death of the critic.

>Philip

Doesn't this make the critic the top dog? If the author is dead, the critic can talk infinitely about the "text."

Murat

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691. **Vernon Frazer**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Whether you're "dead" or "alive," the important thing is to keep doing the work. I choose my creative path and read the theorists later. Sometimes I find them useful in refining my craft or seeing where my work fits in relations to others'. But no matter the intensity of the evaluation, nobody has a lock on truth, Whitman of course being one the best examples in history (which I hear is also dead). I've received enough reviews of my work in which the reviewer is afraid to say anything good or bad to appreciate any attempt at evaluation, even if I

vehemently disagree with it. Evaluation of work continues discussion of it and contributes to the evolution of the form it discusses.

Vernon

Look, I know the "death of the author" idea isn't about physical death, but it's possible to give too much attention to Barthes and others; my strategy is to keep my head down and focus on my own game. "Keep writing, kid," I tell myself. And then of course, I have a life outside of writing, too. Authors and critics are part of a larger & more glorious system, as are the texts they create. I think they only seem dead when they imagine they're the only game in town.

-Aaron

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692. **floodeditions**  
**...from Flood Editions...**

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Dear All :

As several people have observed in the past on this list, the best way to support independent presses is to order books directly from a publisher. To encourage this, we are offering a discount on the Flood Editions titles so far (the first year of operation). You can order all six books for sixty dollars, at a savings of sixteen dollars, with free shipping:

Ronald Johnson, THE SHRUBBERIES.

Pam Rehm, GONE TO EARTH.

Tom Pickard, HOLE IN THE WALL: New & Selected Poems.

Philip Jenks, ON THE CAVE YOU LIVE IN.

Fanny Howe, ECONOMICS [short stories].

Paul Hoover, WINTER (MIRROR).

All books are finely printed, sewn paperbacks. Your money will contribute directly to the printing of our next two books (by Robert Duncan and William Fuller). Flood Editions is a nonprofit publisher.

If you are interested in this offer, or want to order individual titles, please backchannel.

All the Best,  
Devin Johnston

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693. **Mister Kazim Ali**  
**Re: ...from Flood Editions...**

Fri 28 Jun 2002

---

I just want to offer unsolicited testimonial: The Shrubberies is a really brilliant and beautiful book. As scandalous as it is to say--considering how excellent everything RJ wrote is--I think it is the best of his books.

I am hereby directing all of you to order this book. My poetic imperialism.

--- [REDACTED] wrote:

Ronald Johnson, *THE SHRUBBERIES*.  
Pam Rehm, *GONE TO EARTH*.  
Tom Pickard, *HOLE IN THE WALL: New & Selected Poems*.  
Philip Jenks, *ON THE CAVE YOU LIVE IN*.  
Fanny Howe, *ECONOMICS [short stories]*.  
Paul Hoover, *WINTER (MIRROR)*.

=====

"As to why we remain:/we're busy now/waiting  
behind bolted doors/for the season that will not pass/to pass"  
--Rachel Tzvia Back, "Azimuth," Sheep Meadow Press

---

Do You Yahoo!?  
Yahoo! - Official partner of 2002 FIFA World Cup  
<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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694. **schwartzgk**  
**Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...**

Fri 28 Jun 2002

---

Thank you, Aaron, for bringing up Jack Buck. Buck's work was a masterpiece of rhetoric, especially if you ever heard it in the backwaters of America on a cheap AM radio (going in and out) late at night, spelling out some late-inning play. You could see the field, the players, the game.

When I think of someone like Buck (and the others) doing what they did (do), I KNOW poetry's authenticated by posterity and the unfettered all of us (...and all

the others in us). Dickens was spot on: "The people have set literature free." To which I'd add: The people make it live.

And this suggest a mission: an endless speech -- the speech we had, the speech we have, and the speech we'll have. Many things can put us in the ditch -- language is one of them (you know the others...). But we climb out of the ditch when the adventurous outsider (Ronald Johnson, William Bronk, etc.) reward us with their blooming vagrancy into the unexpected. If you don't see it where you are, look elsewhere -- or better still ( speaking of "location") -- make it elsewhere.

Anyway, thank you Aaron.

Gerald

> This past week in St. Louis has seen the death of the author and critic in  
> shocking sequence: first the critic, then the author.

>

> Jack Buck, hall of fame radio announcer and commentator for the St. Louis  
> Cardinals, died last week of complications related to lung disease; he was  
> 77. Later in the week Darryl Kile, an ace pitcher for the Cardinals, died  
> suddenly in his sleep at 33. The city has been in a daze. The stadium is  
> surrounded with hand-drawn signs, bouquets, heaps of stuffed animals, and  
> other strange tithes brought by fans to memorialize their fallen heroes.

>

> This may seem a facetious response to Maria's question, "what does the  
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> myself as a batter standing at the plate when I write-- a poem is like an  
> at-bat. I take a few cuts, and if I strike out, I know I'll bat again  
later.

> If I hit the ball, I'm trying to drive it into a gap and hopefully get  
extra

> bases. When I'm down two strikes I change my approach and just hope to  
make

> contact. Sometimes I hit a home run. But my performance does not  
entirely

> depend on any given at-bat; it's calculated statistically over a season, a  
> succession of seasons, a career. And nothing depends entirely on my  
career

> performance, either; there are other players, other teams, even other  
> sports.

>

> Thinking of author/critic as player/announcer helps me remember that no  
> matter what people say about the decline of our nation's pastime, the game  
> goes on. We had McGwire, we have Pujols. We had June Jordan, we have  
> Rachel Loden. We should celebrate the living as much as we memorialize  
the  
> dead.  
>  
> Look, I know the "death of the author" idea isn't about physical death,  
but  
> it's possible to give too much attention to Barthes and others; my  
strategy  
> is to keep my head down and focus on my own game. "Keep writing, kid," I  
> tell myself. And then of course, I have a life outside of writing, too.  
> Authors and critics are part of a larger & more glorious system, as are  
the  
> texts they create. I think they only seem dead when they imagine they're  
the  
> only game in town.  
>  
> -Aaron  
>

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695. **Maria Damon**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

that's exactly it! so i'd think that that would leave "evaluative criticism" high  
and dry, where it already is. i'm puzzled about ongoing attachment to it; where  
is this coming from???

At 10:52 AM -0500 6/28/02, mIEKAL aND wrote:

>Dont forget to mention that the electronic poetry list is also dead, the book  
>has been gone for a long time, public fascination for poetry has alzheimer's,  
>bookstores might as well be selling widgets & living breathing poetry in the  
>classroom is kept alive by a remote few. Now if we swivel to think about the  
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>content or not. The Text is common & disjunct, pervasive & perverse, known  
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>in front of you, whether you wish to see it or not.  
>  
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>  
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>> > close its doors. And once that happens, watch the economy fall like a  
>> field  
>> > of dominoes-- until all is left is the farmer, standing among corn.  
>> >

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696. **nuyopoman**

### ***June Jordan Praise Day***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

"JUNE JORDAN PRAISE DAY"

*Monday, July 8, 2002*

*7:30 - 11:30 All Invited*

*The Bowery Poetry Club | 308 Bowery, New York, NY 10012 | Foot of  
First Street between Houston & Bleecker | across the street from CBGBs  
F train to Second Ave | 6 train to Bleecker | [REDACTED]*

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697. **Joe Amato**

### ***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

maria, i suspect that now, more than ever, there's a desire (need?) to find (new?) ways to assign value, no?... the flood of information/material coming at us, let's face it, is rather astounding (this can be a controversial point, as some historians will want to observe that we've always been saturated with information, if differently---but i'll hold at least to the sense that many of us have that ours is a qualitatively different postindustrial-global environs in this regard)... we could talk about same in terms of push/pull technologies, and the degree to which the web/internet is morphing into a push technology... e.g., every day

online brings me half a dozen unsolicited spams (of zero \*value\* to me, and many incl. attachments)... you too?... this wasn't the case even 3 years ago...

i registered a script at writer's guild the other day---you can do this online now---and another script the day after... the difference in script registration numbers was 212---meaning, i'm pretty sure i have this right, that 212 scripts had been registered online at wga in 24 hrs... the registration numbers are in the high 6 figures... leonard maltin's guide to tv and video boasts something like 20,000 films reviewed (of varying quality---as we're all only too aware)... so wga has logged something like 40 times this many scripts...

how does one weed through same to decide which to produce?... production understood, at least initially, in terms of marketability (however loathsome a concept), and marketability refined via focus groups and the like (again), the point is that there is an evaluative mechanism in place, you bet... one wants to know how it works, one needs to know how it works, if one is to sell scripts... if one is to write scripts?---of course... i mean, unless you have no interest in producing same...

we can pretend, if we wish, that such is not the case in poetry publishing---that such is not the case at any phase of the process from generation to reception of poetry (reception become a key issue in the wake of the death of the author, no?)... that one writes what one needs to, let's say, and only afterward is thought given to where to place same (i've worked this way myself at times---sorta)... a colleague of mine once told me that he didn't believe writers who claimed that they couldn't get their work published---in essence, that if they couldn't get it published, it was b/c their work wasn't good enough, period... i couldn't disagree more---but my point is that said colleague put absolute faith in the judgmental integrity of the publishing world... i don't...

now if you can't locate a publisher, you might start to ask why... if you're lucky enough to locate a publisher, you might wish to know how your work ends up in stores, and purchased by a readership (if you're lucky enough, again)... i.e., you may wish to understand, or seek to imagine, your imagined readership/community, which isn't always a fiction either (as somebody is laying out cold hard cash for your scribbles, or you're sending your scribbles gratis to a being with lungs)... my hunch, though, is that some conception of this circuit is at work during the generative process (and i would say that some conceptions of this circuit are downright faulty)... how it's at work will vary---the point is that it's there, however buried in one's psyche...

which is all a roundabout way of saying, that the evaluative process is at work from beginning to end---from deciding where to break a line to passing judgment on a given reading (i go to a LOT of readings, and while i think the most important thing is to support the work of my friends and acquaintances, i never

ever leave my brain at the door... which is to say, i don't think it's a church, and i have opines---strong opines---about what i'm listening to)...

i \*will\* observe, again, that the question of judgment ought never to be rendered lightly or superciliously or absolutely... i value the good review, which is often a judgmental review, and though i \*do\* see a place for the capsule summaries, largely positive, that one used to find in ~taproots review~ (luigi-bob?), and currently finds, in the main, in ~rain taxi~ (where most of the reviews are, again, positive, and serve an important informational function), i think it's important too, given the deluge we're experiencing (or feel we're experiencing), to develop both a nurturing AND a critical sensibility...

can you have a critical sensibility in the absence of judgment?---i really don't think so... so the trick would be to render judgment w/o being, shall we say? judgmental... to remain sensitive to and supportive of the difficulties of doing poetic (artistic) work ca. 2002, but nonetheless to bring to what's before you a principled understanding of what's most desirable, whether socially or aesthetically or \_\_\_\_... to make such predilections/valuations legible in fact---and available to others...

otherwise, and here's a judgment for you, i find it likely that we're all bound to be lost in space, together...

best,

joe

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---

698. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**  
***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Did anybody else notice this? A joke on Mr. Piombino's part?

*"Walt Whiteman is undeniably the most powerful poet of America, and the most American of poets.ress,1967*

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---

699. **Susan M. Schultz**  
***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

RIP Darryl Kile and Jack Buck

signed, Cards fan in exile

----- Original Message -----

From: "schwartzgk" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 7:39 AM

Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

> Thank you, Aaron, for bringing up Jack Buck.  
> Buck's work was a masterpiece of rhetoric, especially if you ever heard it  
> in the backwaters of America on a cheap AM radio (going in and out) late  
at  
> night, spelling out some late-inning play. You could see the field, the  
> players, the game.  
>  
> When I think of someone like Buck (and the others) doing what they did  
(do),  
> I KNOW poetry's authenticated by posterity and the unfettered all of us  
> (...and all the others in us). Dickens was spot on: "The people have set  
> literature free." To which I'd add: The people make it live.  
>  
> And this suggest a mission: an endless speech -- the speech we had, the  
> speech we have, and the speech we'll have. Many things can put us in the  
> ditch -- language is one of them (you know the others...). But we climb  
out  
> of the ditch when the adventurous outsider (Ronald Johnson, William Bronk,  
> etc.) reward us with their blooming vagrancy into the unexpected. If you  
> don't see it where you are, look elsewhere -- or better still ( speaking  
of  
> "location") -- make it elsewhere.  
>  
> Anyway, thank you Aaron.  
>  
> Gerald  
> > This past week in St. Louis has seen the death of the author and critic  
in  
> > shocking sequence: first the critic, then the author.  
> >  
> > Jack Buck, hall of fame radio announcer and commentator for the St.  
Louis  
> > Cardinals, died last week of complications related to lung disease; he  
was  
> > 77. Later in the week Darryl Kile, an ace pitcher for the Cardinals,  
died

> > suddenly in his sleep at 33. The city has been in a daze. The stadium is  
> > surrounded with hand-drawn signs, bouquets, heaps of stuffed animals, and  
> > other strange tithes brought by fans to memorialize their fallen heroes.  
> >  
> > This may seem a facetious response to Maria's question, "what does the  
> death  
> > of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to  
> > poets, poetry and poetics?" but I don't intend it to be. I often think  
> of  
> > myself as a batter standing at the plate when I write-- a poem is like  
an  
> > at-bat. I take a few cuts, and if I strike out, I know I'll bat again  
> later.  
> > If I hit the ball, I'm trying to drive it into a gap and hopefully get  
> extra  
> > bases. When I'm down two strikes I change my approach and just hope to  
> make  
> > contact. Sometimes I hit a home run. But my performance does not  
> entirely  
> > depend on any given at-bat; it's calculated statistically over a season,  
a  
> > succession of seasons, a career. And nothing depends entirely on my  
> career  
> > performance, either; there are other players, other teams, even other  
> > sports.  
> >  
> > Thinking of author/critic as player/announcer helps me remember that no  
> > matter what people say about the decline of our nation's pastime, the  
game  
> > goes on. We had McGwire, we have Pujols. We had June Jordan, we have  
> > Rachel Loden. We should celebrate the living as much as we memorialize  
> the  
> > dead.  
> >  
> > Look, I know the "death of the author" idea isn't about physical death,  
> but  
> > it's possible to give too much attention to Barthes and others; my  
> strategy  
> > is to keep my head down and focus on my own game. "Keep writing, kid,"  
I

> > tell myself. And then of course, I have a life outside of writing, too.  
> > Authors and critics are part of a larger & more glorious system, as are  
> the  
> > texts they create. I think they only seem dead when they imagine they're  
> the  
> > only game in town.  
> >  
> > -Aaron  
> >

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## 700. **The Poetry Project** **POETRY PROJECT ANNOUNCEMENTS**

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

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THE POETRY PROJECT OFFICE OFFICIALLY CLOSES JUNE 28 AND WILL RE-OPEN IN MID-AUGUST.

If you would like more information about the Poetry Project or to be added to our mailing list, please note that we will reply to your email in August.

Have a wonderful summer and we'll see you in the fall!

\*\*\*

### UPCOMING EVENTS FALL 2002

September 18: The 80th Birthday Celebration for Jackson Mac Low

October 9: A Tribute for the late John Wieners

Readings by Merrill Gilfillen, Anne Waldman, Will Alexander, Ron Padgett, Serge Fauchereau, Nina Zivancevic, Josie Foo, Sesshu Foster and Thurston Moore

\*\*\*

### RESERVE YOUR COPY OF THE WORLD 58 TODAY!

The Poetry Project proudly announces the highly-anticipated release of its longest-running literary journal, THE WORLD. Contributors to the current issue include Victor Hernandez Cruz, Ron Padgett, Anne Waldman, Edward Sanders, Lorenzo Thomas, John Godfrey, Maggie Dubris, Carla Harryman and many more!

THE WORLD 58 will soon be available for sale. Four-year subscription: \$35. Individual issue: \$10. Subscriptions or single copies of THE WORLD may be ordered directly from The Poetry Project by sending check or money order to: The Poetry Project, 131 E. 10th Street, New York, NY 10003.

ISSN: 0043-8154  
\$10 each  
\$35 for four issues  
Release date: August 2002

\*\*\*

JULY/AUGUST ISSUE OF POETS & POEMS  
<http://www.poetryproject.com/poets.html>

Featuring collaborations by  
Holly Bittner & Laura Bardwell  
Eileen Munzo & Jill Darling  
Jon Skuldt & Tom Laskow  
Michelle Naka Pierce & Veronica Corpuz

\*\*\*

JOHN ASHBERRY AND JOE BRAINARD'S THE VERMONT NOTEBOOK  
BROADSIDE The Poetry Project is offering a signed, limited-edition broadside. Measuring 19 x 15 and printed in a letterpress edition, the broadside sells \$100. Sales from the edition will benefit the Poetry Project. To purchase a broadside, please send check or money order to: The Poetry Project, 131 E. 10th St., New York, NY 10003.

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701. **Susan M. Schultz**  
***reading announcement***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Anyone in Honolulu, please stop by!!

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

For more information Nai'a Ulumaimalu [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

2 Local Authors, 2 New Books-2 Good to Miss!!

Native Books Kapalama and the Pacific Writers Connection are proud to host a book launch celebration in honor of two new poetry books by two thought-provoking local authors-Alchemies of Distance, by Caroline "Sina" Sinavaiana-Gabard (Subpress/Tinfish/Institute of Pacific Studies), and Memory Cards and Adoption Papers, by Susan M. Schultz (Potes & Poets Press). Join us in celebration! Wednesday, July 3rd from 7pm to 9pm (doors open at 6:30pm), at Native Books Kapalama, 1244 North School Street. The evening will feature readings

by both authors, as well as great Hawaiian music by Hikuleo, heavy pupu and refreshments.

Caroline "Sina" Sinavaiana-Gabbard:

Born in Utulei village, Tutuila, Samoa, Sina teaches literature and creative writing at the UH Manoa. Her poetry and scholarship have appeared in national and international journals. Current projects include co-editing a mixed-genre collection of indigenous writing by Pacific women, and a new collection of poetry and essays (Nuclear Medicine) exploring the metaphysical landscapes of breast cancer and "illness." Sina lives in Manoa Valley with her son, niece and nocturnal frog music from Manoa stream.

Susan M. Schultz:

Susan M. Schultz has lived in Hawai`i for twelve years, and teaches poetry and creative writing at the UH. She is author of *Aleatory Allegories* (Salt Publishing) and editor of *The Tribe of John: Ashbery and Contemporary Poetry* (Alabama), as well as founding editor and publisher of *Tinfish* and its [chapbook] off-shoots. Her new poetry book is *Memory Cards & Adoption Papers* (Potes & Poets Press); it was designed by Gaye Chan. She lives in Temple Valley with her husband and their son, Sangha.

Ua Pau

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702. **Joel Weishaus**

**Re: Philip Whalen**

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

In a dream last night, Joanne Kyger appeared. I told her of how when I heard of Phil's death it hit me harder than expected. Even as I said this, there were tears in my eyes.

-Joel

Joel Weishaus  
Center for Excellence in Writing  
Portland State University  
Portland, Oregon  
<http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282>

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703. **J Gallaher**

**Re: Poetics**

Fri 28 Jun 2002

---

Michael Heller gave us a snip of a longer essay collected here:

<http://www.culturalsociety.org/aspects.html>

His bit ends like this:

<only by freeing ourselves from a heavy-handed premising of that future can we be led into what Bloch calls "the unfated, or at least into a fate that can be modified." "The unfated" is in itself a remarkable idea, worthy of further contemplation from both the literary and philosophical-historical perspective.

As a potential for poetics, the idea is already prefigured in Keats' poet of "negative capability" or, closer to Bloch's time, in Robert Musil's comments in Precision and Soul on the poet Rilke. "Rilke," he says, "leads us into the future;" he gives us, "not prophecy," but an "anticipatory scent." For we are not, Musil insists, "to be called again to this or that ideological fixity, but to the unfolding of the creation and possibilities of the spirit.">

I reply:

I think this idea, this "unfated", seems much more to the point of the possible to say than is the death of the myth of the author, which no longer contains any hint of the "anticipatory." (If it ever really did.)

There is real potential, I think, in modifying the notions of the present that get locked into phrases such as "the death of the author." Something for the art to do. It's vital "yes" in the face of the theorized "no." Critical theory can always only be Is-Becoming-Was, while the art object remains in the Will-Be- Becoming-Is. Which is, or can be, tucked nicely into the "unfated." beautiful phrase.

I like this "spirit" here as well. I look forward to the completed piece.

Best,

JG

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704. **Tracy Ruggles**

**Re: Philip Whalen**

Fri 28 Jun 2002

---

Philip Whalen from "Jimmy & Lucy's House of 'K' No. 9" (January, 1989, Friedlander & Schelling):

-- ABOUT WRITING AND MEDITATION --

I thought that I'd write books and make money enough from them to travel abroad and to have a private life of reading and study and music. I developed a habit of writing and I've written a great deal but I've got very little money for it.

With meditation I supposed that one could acquire magical powers. Then I learned that it would produce enlightenment. Much later, I found out that Dogen is somewhere on the right track when he tells us that the practice of zazen is the practice of enlightenment. Certainly there's no money in it. Now I have a meditation habit.

Jack Kerouac said that writing is a habit like taking dope. It's a pleasure to write. I usually write everything in longhand. I like the feel of the pen working on the paper. (I'm typing this because I'm not going to correct it, I'm just talking.)

In my experience these two habits are at once mutually destructive and yet very similar in kind. I write for the excitement of doing it. I don't think of an audience; I think of the words that I'm using, trying to select the right ones. In zazen I sit to satisfy my sitting habit. It does no more than that. But while sitting, I don't grab on to ideas or memories of verbal phrases. I simply "watch" them all go by. They don't get written; they don't (or anyway, very seldom) trip the relay on my writing machinery. Considering that I've spent more days in the past fifteen years sitting zazen than I have spent in writing, it's little wonder that I've produced few books during that time.

16:I:87

-- FRIDAY EVENING, 10 APRIL 1987 --

I become a poet by accident. I never intended to be a poet. I still don't know what it's all about. If I wrote poetry at all it's because I could finish it at the end of the page. Maybe it would run halfway down the next page but it would come to a stop. What I wanted to do with writing was to write novels and make money like anybody else. And now I find myself in this ridiculous industry of writing these incomprehensible doodles, and why anybody's reading them I can't understand.

As far as meditation is concerned I'm a professional. I've been a professional since 1973. And that's my job. I find it very difficult to sell. And that's interesting, that's another job I have, to sell you on this idea that it's a good idea to sit. That's where the poetry maybe comes into all this, that it has to be an articulation of my practice and an encouragement to you to enter into Buddhist practice. To get yourselves trapped into it -- I hope. And then try to figure out how to get out of it. It's harder to get out of Buddhist practice than it is to get out of writing poetry.

I hardly write anything at all, except sometimes I write in a journal and I say the sun is shining or something like that, or recently Michael McClure was in town and we had a nice time, or the flowers are blooming. And so I don't have much to say because I talk all the time. I have to give lectures, I participate in seminars, and I have not much chance to wander up and down a hillside picking flowers and picking my nose and scratching my balls and whatnot. And thinking of \*hearing\*, having a chance to \*hear\* what's going on around me, or hearing people in restaurants or on a bus. There are no restaurants in Santa Fe worth sitting in, there are no buses at all. So I don't hear anymore, hardly at all, unless I travel. Like I was recently in New York and around, and now I'm here, and it's very interesting to \*hear\* what's going on outside. While Gail or somebody was talking there was a robin outside raising hell. BUT that doesn't mean anything. I mean I'm not about to write a poem about how so-and-so was talking, then a robin outside was raising hell. It's strange, it's just naturally that way.

And so I'm here under false pretences on about four levels. You're going to have to deal with that however you can. I'm quite willing to talk to people and explain things to people if they have a question or a problem. Or sit doltishly looking out the window. So you're going to have to, if you want something from me, try to get it. Because I'm not about to offer anything. I don't \*have\* anything to offer. I'm sorry. That's the emptiness part.

There's a great misunderstanding about what emptiness is, the idea that emptiness is something that happens under a bell-jar when you exhaust all the air out of it. That's not quite where it's at as far as I understand it. The emptiness is the thing we're full of, and everything that you're seeing here is empty. Literally the word is \*shunya\*, something that's swollen up -- is \*not\*, as often translated, void. It's packed, it's full of everything. Just as the idea in Shingon Buddhism, the idea that everything we see and experience and so forth \*is\* Mahavairocana Buddha, the great and unmanifest, unborn Buddha, is what we're actually living and seeing \*in\*. Wallace Stevens said, "We live in an old chaos of the sun." Well we're living in a live chaos of Mahavairocana Buddha. So leave it or not. What are you gonna do with it? How are you gonna handle that?

Okay that's enough, thank you.

-- SATURDAY MORNING, 11 APRIL 1987 --

I am Philip Whalen, how do you do? My Buddhist name is Zenshin Ryufu which is very impressive. The reason that you have a name like that is you keep forgetting it and it makes you wonder about why you got it and why it's for you, because it's a very exalted idea. Zenshin means "meditation mind" and it's also a Japanese pun. It means something like "complete Mind." There's also a

Zenshin essay by Dogen. Ryufu is two Chinese characters that literally mean "Dragon Wind" but in Chinese literature I found out it means "imperial influence" or "universal influence." It's pretty complicated, and you wonder, well what does that have to do with me? Four words -- Zen Mind Dragon Wind. What in the world, what connection does that have with this individual who has received this name and is ordained as a monk? So that is a problem that becomes more or less clear as you continue being a monk -- what your name is. And of course names and poetry all come together. Gertrude Stein says poetry is calling the name of something. That's what we do all the time actually, is call ourselves. There's the story of the Zen master who every day would call his own name. He'd say, "Zuigan!" And he'd say, "Yes!" "Zuigan! Don't be misled by other people!" Well of course the other people were Zuigan too.

I like the idea somebody mentioned of erratic practice. It immediately reminded me of the kind of rocks that show up on the glaciers, that have been left around when the glaciers recede. These big rocks lying around on the countryside -- and you know, being a boulder, or like they say, a burnt out stump, for ten years or something, is a good thing. People don't notice, do they? A lot of time you want zazen to be an erratic boulder. You can always do that. But a lot of time sitting out in a field there are no other rocks. It's a very strange appearance. You can't account for it -- how the rock got there -- unless you remember the glacier that carried the rock there and then went away.

I have a number of fancy titles at the Dharma-sangha in Santa Fe. But when push comes to shove it means that I'm the person who goes down and does the opening ceremony in the zendo every morning and sits two periods. And then I go down again at 5:30 in the evening and sit again with whoever shows up. And the rest of the time study. We have two seminars a week with Baker Roshi on the koans in the *\*Shoyoroku\** as translated by Thomas Cleary. I've also been studying with Baker Roshi closely for the last three years with the intention at last of trying to become a Buddhist teacher, to help get this show on the road, which is still very precarious in this country. The chances as I see it of Buddhism simply becoming something that people do on Sunday just like Methodism or Baptism or Catholicism are very strong. But I hope that there will continue to be centers in the country like Tassajara, or Shasta Abbey, or Mt. Baldy. There will be these hidden spots around the country where people can hide out and do more serious, concentrated practice, to keep the door open for everybody to get the chance to try it out, find out what it's like to not do anything except follow a particular schedule and do a lot of sitting and a lot of physical work. This is something that I think is necessary in order for human beings to go on being human beings. So far all we've been able to invent in the United States is the business of building small cabins in the woods and going there to hide out, then come back and write a book about it. This has happened a

number of times, including one which is completely unobtainable, on of the best. It's a little book by Ebbe Borregard called \*Lean-To\*.

Anyhow, that practice, that sort of individual, hermit, erratic practice, is something that's really important. The danger of outfits like Zen Center or monasteries or city centers and all that, is that people will take them seriously as being real. People should invent their own. People should maybe start out in an official place, but they should find out somehow that we don't need the official business, the organizations, the license, or authorization. You've got to invent it. It's exactly like Lew Welch says in his poem about the rock out there, the Wobbly Rock. He says, "Somebody showed it to me and I had to find it myself." The quote isn't exact. Be sure and look it up, it's in Lew's book \*Ring of Bone\*. "Somebody showed it to me and I found it myself." Something like that. Lew was an erratic practitioner -- who was a great poet.

The real tension, I think, is between official poetry, you know, such as we're taught in school and we put in libraries and so on, and which we really believe in -- and then there's what we do, and what our friends do, and the same thing holds for meditation. What we discover for ourselves and learn. At some point you can forget it and go off and make a pot of spaghetti, like we used to do when we'd go down here to Muir Beach years ago and gather muscles off the rocks and build a bonfire and put seaweed on the bonfire and steam the mussels and eat them and jump up and down in the waves and have fun. That was... enough. Probably enough. Or too much. Oh I guess Blake said it -- "Enough, or too much."

That's all.

--

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705. **David**  
**Re: Whalen**

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Can't help remembering one morning before dawn when I went to the Zen Center to be simply present when Whalen presided at the informal morning meeting on the lawn outside, maybe 10 of us standing in a circle, simply discussing the business of the day, Philip a little gruff with the broken gate latch and people having to be directed to fix things, but a deeper caring coming thru (to me) that lasts to this day, clearly.....

--David Benedetti

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706. **Drunken Boat**

**Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...**

Fri 28 Jun 2002

---

My sense is that the epitaph for authors is manifest in a post-ownership ontology which has not yet fully pervaded our sensibilities. Theoretically, we're no longer discrete monads manipulating signs in a solipsistic laboratory and more on the order of collaborative performers who, intentionally or not, are wired into a matrix of allusiveness. The information age is about access and not possession, interrelation and not understanding, and in such a climate the cult of genius has been shown to be a misappropriation of what it means to be writerly or readerly.

So in a way, the film industry has a leg up on us, because they at least acknowledge the many minds that need come together to produce a work. Though actors or directors may receive all the credit, it is a given that myriad others are vital for the existence of a film; similarly, a poet is nothing without the critical atmosphere (s)he is rec'd in and the "canonicity" of a work is directly proportional to the dialogue it engenders; for some reason, as writers, we are less likely to acknowledge this fact.

When more meanings proliferate, when poems, like poets, are seen in process and not outside of time, when criticism is not seen as parasitic or supplementary but rather as part of the poems under discussion, then the death of the author equals more life for the text.

-Ravi Shankar

--- Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> question:

> what does the death of the author, which has been a

> critical commonplace

> since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?

>

---

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<http://fifaworldcup.yahoo.com>

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707. **austinwja**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Folks, why all the agitation? It's all about money and power. Always has been. This is a no brainer. Those who succeed are blessed by someone (or more than one) who has money and/or power, or is close to, or noticed by, someone who has money and/or power. They're lucky. A positive evaluation issues a fat zero, unless s/he who does the evaluating is connected. Contingencies, guys. You don't get the job unless the boss likes you, and the boss is never compelled to like you (your work) no matter how brilliant you are. And on and on it goes, generation after generation. Ugly jealousies granted -- we nevertheless have a habit of congratulating those who get lucky. Good habit, right? It suggests our admission that hierarchies are both natural and inevitable, as are our ideals. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

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708. **Andrew Rathmann**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

Perelman's words in Lowell's mouth ("Fake Dreams: Victory," Future of Memory, p. 56):

"I'm overexposed now, with critics crawling  
between my lines. Get a life,

then get it over with! Follow  
me, you bad singularities, worse infinities!

If you want a career, die!"

What these lines (and the rest of the poem) convey is a particular form of poetic anxiety. The anxiety is that a total commitment to writing, such as the one

Lowell made, is connected to a desire for death. Egoism and the concern for reputation seem to embody a death wish. "If you want a career, die." Recall Auden's quip about Berryman's suicide note: Your move, Cal. I think Perelman wants to find a way out of all these notions. Clearly he wants the relation between poets and critics to be something other than that between corpses and maggots.

But it seems to me that Lowell's life still stands as a kind of challenge to contemporary poets, especially those with academic careers. (If you don't like Lowell, then think of Beckett.) The challenge is -- I'm not sure I can articulate it -- but it has to do with an idea of artistic commitment, one which is somehow at odds, for example, with the mentality that justifies life in terms of human relationships (Perelman begins his poem by calling attention to his own identity as parent and spouse). There is a connection between poetry and nihilism. This is difficult to talk about, but it seems to be grounded in reality, whereas the "death of the author" cliché is not.

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709. **Joe Amato**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

thanx for surfacing the collaborative aspects of filmmaking, ravi... part of the reason i'm harping on same... as to digital access/interrelation replacing print possession/understanding, i would say that this is, in many ways, a worthy goal... i wouldn't give up on possession/understanding, but if we're talking a matter of emphasis, the best of the online world probably works more along the axis you suggest...

i'm reminded that anything can be registered through wga (writers guild)--- treatments etc... which means that the script #'s may be lower than i suggested... nevertheless, the odds are daunting, and there is a ruthless evaluative mechanism in place for weeding through this lot in order to ascertain which items might provide sufficient r-o-i (if at the expense of quality)...

best,

joe

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710. **Patrick Herron**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

!Bill!

Chaos is always possible to confound the supposed inevitable rule of money and power. Sometimes dreams become reality and reality, dreams. And perhaps these "things" (if we can call them "things")--money, power, chaos, dreams, and reality--are inseparable. Or perhaps all of these things possess their own universes inside their own meanings.

Are you confused by what I'm saying? I surely am. Sometimes I think my confusion is my only certainty.

Of course your "hate to break it to you folks" is about 99.9% right. Just that little 0.1% is what I was concerned with.

We both nod in agreement. Yes?

Nice to see your name again Bill.

Patrick

Patrick Herron

██████████

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

!Getting Close Is What!

! We're All About(TM) !

!http://proximate.org/!

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of ██████████

Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 7:27 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

Folks, why all the agitation? It's all about money and power. Always has been. This is a no brainer. Those who succeed are blessed by someone (or more than one) who has money and/or power, or is close to, or noticed by, someone who has money and/or power. They're lucky. A positive evaluation issues a fat zero, unless s/he who does the evaluating is connected. Contingencies, guys. You don't get the job unless the boss likes you, and the boss is never compelled to like you (your work) no matter how brilliant you are. And on and on it goes, generation after generation. Ugly jealousies granted -- we nevertheless have a habit of congratulating those who get lucky. Good habit, right? It suggests our admission that hierarchies are both natural and inevitable, as are our ideals.

Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com  
BarnesandNoble.com

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711. **Sheila Massoni**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

yes and don't forget that tree falling in the ...sm

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712. **ALDON L NIELSEN**

***Fwd: telling it straight***

*Fri 28 Jun 2002*

---

--=/xYs9QAAAAD/OhB8AARg

Well . . . 1968 itself is surely dead, witness the ferocity of those who prop up its corpse in order to kick it once more --

There has never been any criticism that is not in some significant sense evaluative -- though there is much criticism that attempts to present itself as plain statement of eternal verity rather than as proceeding from a set of aesthetic presuppositions --

There has never been any criticism that does not know that "texts" have been written by active agents, though it is not always possible to identify those agents --

Even Hirsch went from saying that the meaning of any text is what its author meant to saying that the meaning of any text is what its author probably meant --

The "Intentional Fallacy" had been published well before '68 --

There has been, however, an increasing effort over the past three decades or so to acknowledge the fact that both meaning and value are social relationships -- Like value of the dollar, the value of a poem is not something that inheres simply and unproblematically within the text itself -- Neither can the "meaning" of a poem be forever circumscribed within the horizon of what the "author" had in mind at the moment of composition. (Who among us has not come to find something in our own poetry that we hadn't thought of when first writing it?)

I don't see anything threatening in critical efforts to come to sharper understandings of what we do when we "mean," "read," "write," "value" etc., despite my understanding that this is of necessity a never-ending effort ---



*file on my hard drive, so whether I choose to read Mr. Sondheim's work or not, It still takes up space on my hard drive.*

*Love you all,*

*Jesse*

*About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.  
<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>*

Internet text at [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt) Partial at [http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html) Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> CDROM of collected work 1994-2002 available: write [REDACTED]

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714. **Nick Piombino**  
***Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

Sat 29 Jun 2002

---

*Doesn't this make the critic the top dog? If the author is dead, the critic can talk infinitely about the "text."*

*Murat*

-----

*Date: Fri, 28 Jun 2002 11:48:00 -0600  
From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...*

*that's exactly it! so i'd think that that would leave "evaluative criticism" high and dry, where it already is. i'm puzzled about ongoing attachment to it; where is this coming from???*

One of the places it might be coming from is the human need to evolve a hierarchy, perhaps toward a reinstitution of the family model within the writer's

professional context. That would dovetail neatly into Murat's point about top dogs. I think that this is also why the issue of anarchy comes in so quickly in this discussion, as a reactive literary impulse towards countering such authoritarian reinstatements. Joe Amato talks about tens of thousands of scripts being placed online every 24 hours, did I get that right? Wherever there is apparent chaos, someone will come along and make a profession out of making lists and categories and offering value judgments. I think a lot of this organizational stuff, this classificatory and evaluative impulse is deadly for the writer. Very useful for the critic, who can place ideas and creations neatly on the shelves and in the bookstore windows, and into history. I'm thinking again of the issue of momentum. What long term writer has not faced the complicated issue of inertia? Alan Sondheim mentioned awhile back that he doesn't see any issue of bad narcissism or good narcissism, but for him the issue comes back to feedback. I often have the feeling that where I once thought I wanted feedback, now I feel that that ordinary notion, that knee-jerk feeling that feedback would kindle the flames of the imagination, was not quite accurate. Perhaps what I wanted was to break the feeling of writing in a vacuum, but I didn't realize that the vacuum was coming from an equally strong need to allow ideas to gestate and develop without interference. This is where I feel the need for poetics comes in. Today I was reading around in -the New American Poetry- edited by Donald M. Allen, especially looking at the Phillip Whalen poems in there, but also remembering how important the section called Statements on Poetics was to so many poets. The section includes that terrific line of Olson's quoted by Creeley- "One perception must immediately and directly lead to a further perception." When I get involved with discussions on poetics, ideas which have long been dormant start to light up on my mental screen. Of course, not all these ideas lead anywhere, but I don't need to have them be so tightly ironed out in order for them to energize me. Curiosity gets kindled. When Andrew Rathman made his pronouncement about evaluative criticism getting people so high I felt a strong urge to check this out historically. That research activity was incredibly energizing. But I don't suppose that evaluative criticism got Whitman very high. Sure, Whitman seemed able to turn anything into energy, but, sadly, as I noticed in the Peyre quote, at least the English critics were not so quick to help find ways to turn this energy into money. I also noticed in the Peyre quote that only other authors seem to have offered Whitman support in his lifetime. The spontaneous tendency for many authors to offer each other response, especially when they have been moved or impressed or energized by each others efforts, is what I am thinking of when I think of poetics. By discussing ideas and works, including exchanging evaluations tempered by respect for the mysterious workings of literary invention, I think writers can offer each other much more access to enlivening momentum that they have by

allowing themselves to be overly dependent on professional critical activity or the hierarchical urges of literary organizers.

An engagement with poetics has long been associated with the Language poets. I received an interesting letter from Tracy Ruggles who gave me permission to quote it.

*I have one comment, though, that the division between poetics and poetry has been an issue of contention, especially with the Language movement, and specifically Hejinian has talked about poem as poetics and vice versa. She had even said:*

*"I have discovered , meanwhile, that when we do write theory we usually have more impact, more power, than when we write poetry. The irony of this is obvious; I also find it discouraging." (Language of Inquiry, p. 176)*

*I assume by 'impact' she means that the work itself (an essay on poetic theory) contributed more to the development and evolution of poetry and poetics as a whole than did individual poems or collections of poems. It seems that she is disappointed that poems (poetics in practice) didn't move readers like they should.*

*Is this just the nature of her work and work like it? That when you talk-about-language it's more effective than writing poems that uncover and expose the thinking around talk-about-language? The adage goes, "Show, don't tell", but, to Hejinian, it seems to not work that way when practicing (Language-centered) poetics by writing poetry.*

*What do you think?*

*--Tracy*

I think one of the reasons that the poetics of the L-A poets has often obtained such interest and impact is that the need for poetics created by and for poets is so strong. It isn't that the need for contemporary poetry is not strong. Poetics and critical theory written by poets has the potential of offering a way that writers might work together to sustain momentum in that shared issues and conflicts are surfaced often with some of the magical inventiveness writers bring to their "solo" works. I don't think it is the content alone of poetics that does this. It is the empowerment that emerges when writers work together to break their isolation and dependency for gaining feedback on fleeting sensations of professional connection and recognition gained through reviews, book sales, academic seminars, attendance at poetry readings or giving poetry readings, to name a few examples. While all these activities are of crucial value I feel that exchanging their own intensive ideas in poetics and critical theory offers writers a way to move in the direction not of hand-holding as A. Rathman puts it, but of offering each other a method of encouraging greater access to kindling

writerly momentum without so much emphasis being placed on issues of quality or the tracking of professional accomplishment.

Nick Piombino

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715. **Millie Niss**  
***To Small Presses***

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

The problem is I am very, very unlikely to buy a book I can't look at! Especially from an author I don't know. In the case of some presses, there are authors I know, but I am still not sure I want their books. I am willing to buy books from the publisher to support the publisher-- I believe in that. But a positive review or a list of books just won't do it. What would make me buy the book is a PDF edition of the whole book online that I can peruse which would convince me that I want to own the book. I know you'd worry that people would read the PDF and no longer want to buy the book, but that isn't likely with poetry. People want to reread poetry, not just read it once. And they want to read it on nice paper, not on the screen. I write web art myself and am very open to reading on my screen, but a regular poetry collection on screen does not make me feel the pleasure of owning a book. If I saw such a PDF file and I liked it, I would buy the book.

Short of doing this (which may be beyond your technical capabilities although all that is involved is buying the Acrobat program -- not the free thing online but the writer you have to buy...), excerpts from the work which indicate the breadth of the work would be good, along with a table of contents.

Of course it isn't fair for you to have to do this while mainstream publishers don't, but I can go to my local bookstore and look at a large selection of poetry books published by mainstream publishers. Unfortunately, small press distribution etc. are not that successful at getting your books into stores. If it is better for you for us to buy directly from you, I will keep that in mind when buying a small press book at my bookstore and will consider coming home and ordering it online from the press. But that is rather inconvenient.

I believe Coach House Press makes its books available online for free already and I assume they are making money by doing it.

Millie

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto: ] On Behalf Of

Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 1:24 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: ...from Flood Editions...

Dear All :

As several people have observed in the past on this list, the best way to support independent presses is to order books directly from a publisher. To encourage this, we are offering a discount on the Flood Editions titles so far (the first year of operation). You can order all six books for sixty dollars, at a savings of sixteen dollars, with free shipping:

Ronald Johnson, THE SHRUBBERIES.

Pam Rehm, GONE TO EARTH.

Tom Pickard, HOLE IN THE WALL: New & Selected Poems.

Philip Jenks, ON THE CAVE YOU LIVE IN.

Fanny Howe, ECONOMICS [short stories].

Paul Hoover, WINTER (MIRROR).

All books are finely printed, sewn paperbacks. Your money will contribute directly to the printing of our next two books (by Robert Duncan and William Fuller). Flood Editions is a nonprofit publisher.

If you are interested in this offer, or want to order individual titles, please backchannel.

All the Best,  
Devin Johnston

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716. **Duration Press**

**Re: To Small Presses**

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

From: "Millie Niss" <[REDACTED]>

> Short of doing this (which may be beyond your technical capabilities  
> although all that is involved is buying the Acrobat program -- not the  
free  
> thing online but the writer you have to buy...), excerpts from the work  
> which indicate the breadth of the work would be good, along with a table  
of  
> contents.

go to [www.prepositions.net](http://www.prepositions.net) & look at the resources page...there is a link to a  
free pdf writer...

- > Of course it isn't fair for you to have to do this while mainstream
  - > publishers don't, but I can go to my local bookstore and look at a large
  - > selection of poetry books published by mainstream publishers.
  - > Unfortunately, small press distribution etc. are not that successful at
  - > getting your books into stores. If it is better for you for us to buy
  - > directly from you, I will keep that in mind when buying a small press
- book
- > at my bookstore and will consider coming home and ordering it online from
  - > the press. But that is rather inconvenient.

rather unfair, i think, to put the blame on spd here...

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717. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

Sat 29 Jun 2002

---

In a message dated 6/29/02 4:00:31 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

*I assume by 'impact' she means that the work itself (an essay on poetic theory) contributed more to the development and evolution of poetry and poetics as a whole than did individual poems or collections of poems.*

*It seems that she is disappointed that poems (poetics in practice) didn't move readers like they should.*

*Is this just the nature of her work and work like it? That when you talk-about-language it's more effective than writing poems that uncover and expose the thinking around talk-about-language? The adage goes, "Show, don't tell", but, to Hejinian, it seems to not work that way when practicing (Language-centered) poetics by writing poetry.*

*What do you think?*

Interestingly, Tracy assumes that poetics precedes the poem ["poems (poetics in practice)], instead of poetics being an extension of the poem -by the poet- into social discourse in his/her terms. On Tracy's terms, poetics taking over, overwhelming the writing of the poem is possible. But if poetics is the creation of a rationale for the already written (as something supremely polemical, part of rhetoric, rather than "objective" discourse), then doesn't the issue Tracy discusses become moot?

Murat

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718. **jesse glass**

***Trimorphic Protennoia--The Elephantine Press***

Sat 29 Jun 2002

---

Trimorphic Protennoia by Jesse Glass

(With a great silk-screened cover by the artist/publisher Ben Leenen)

Just out from

The Elephantine Press

P.O. Box 923

6200 AX Maastricht

The Netherlands

\$10.00 post paid.

Other Elephantine Press titles:

Post-Modernistic Triptych by Jesse Glass (forthcoming)

Michael O'Brian 17 Songs

Allen Brafman Sonnets from the Yiddish

and many Dutch poets

write for a catalogue.

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.

<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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719. **Aaron Belz**

***Re: Clarification for D.M. and others***

Sat 29 Jun 2002

---

*Finally, when I simply delete something on my machine it goes to the deleted file on my hard drive, so whether I choose to read Mr. Sondheim's work or not, It still takes up space on my hard drive.*

Jesse,

I am not the first defender of Alan's work, but the hard-drive-space argument doesn't hold any water. Do you really worry about the size of your "deleted file"? Does its size affect your overall computing experience? Do you know how large Alan's posts *\*are\**, anyway? His recent "Poet" weighed in at under eight kilobytes. A modern hard drive will be 20 gigabytes or more.

My vote is, stop bitching and delete them if you don't like them.

Happy hunting,everyone; I'll be away from my computer for a week.

Aaron

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720. **Pierre Joris**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

*question:*

*what does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?*

Maria,

The death of the author is, I believe, a fifties thing: that's when Barthes (& a bit later, Foucault) began to formulate the idea. The fifties in France were exactly as deadly as the fifties in the US. Barthes, a frustrated gay writer, had to force himself into the critic-closet & his revenge was to call the critic alive and the author dead. 1968 was in fact a lesson of liberation taught to Barthes (& Foucault, & others of their generation) by their students -- & after that date, Roland "Death of the Author" Barthes came out & started to be an author (cf. "Fragments of an Amorous Discourse," "Barthes by Barthes" ((the resurection of the living dead author by the dead alive critic, an amazing handjob))(((while Foucault went to SF for the actual jouissance of MS, with unhappily lethal results))). The fact that the "death of the author" is seen as a critical commonplace "since 1968" in this country speaks essentially to the academic obtuse-ness & slowness of the US who get the news late & thus imported a dead fifties idea right after its reactionary mechanisms had been deconstructed by the street events of 1968. Or else you can read it as a strategic conservative move to renew the dead New Criticism into a more elegant & alive looking New New Criticism, aka, "theory", needed for a thoroughly discredited "English Department" to make a new bid for power.

As JR & I wrote in the intro to MILLENNIUM: "The deathof the author has been much exaggerated."

Pierre

---

Pierre Joris

6 Madison Place

Albany NY 12202

Tel: [REDACTED]

Fax: [REDACTED]

Cell: [REDACTED]

A day. I can spend all kinds of time

Considering which word to set beside this one.

The life of art

- Philip Whalen

Email: [REDACTED]

Url: <http://www.albany.edu/~joris>

---

Pierre Joris

6 Madison Place

Albany NY 12202

Tel: [REDACTED]

Fax: [REDACTED]

Cell: [REDACTED]

Email: [REDACTED]

Url: <http://www.albany.edu/~joris>

---

>

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721. **Vernon Frazer**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

Thanks for putting it on the line. Locked doors don't offer praise, except to those behind them. But if hierarchies are based on connections, how valid are the evaluations that they generate?

Vernon Frazer

----- Original Message -----

From: <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 7:26 PM

Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

> Folks, why all the agitation? It's all about money and power. Always has  
> been. This is a no brainer. Those who succeed are blessed by someone (or  
> more than one) who has money and/or power, or is close to, or noticed by,  
> someone who has money and/or power. They're lucky. A positive evaluation  
> issues a fat zero, unless s/he who does the evaluating is connected.  
> Contingencies, guys. You don't get the job unless the boss likes you, and  
> the boss is never compelled to like you (your work) no matter how  
brilliant  
> you are. And on and on it goes, generation after generation. Ugly  
> jealousies granted -- we nevertheless have a habit of congratulating those  
> who get lucky. Good habit, right? It suggests our admission that  
> hierarchies are both natural and inevitable, as are our ideals. Best,

Bill

>

> WilliamJamesAustin.com

> KojPress.com

> Amazon.com

> BarnesandNoble.com

>

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722. **Vernon Frazer**

***Re: Clarification for D.M. and others***

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

I have no problem with Alan Sondheim posting his work. If this is his only venue for getting his aspect of his work out, he should have it. This list is probably his best audience. Don't most of us need a larger audience than we have? If I don't have time to read his postings, I delete them, then empty the Deleted Items folder. That way, my hard drive doesn't get filled up. Keep posting, Alan.

Vernon Frazer

----- Original Message -----

From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 10:46 PM

Subject: Re: Clarification for D.M. and others

> Well, I assume you clear out your trash - which takes just a second; I do  
> this all the time.

>

> As far as URLs, the work isn't there.

>

> Alan

>

> On Sat, 29 Jun 2002, jesse glass wrote:

>

> > Dear List Lovers,

> >

> > I'm not at all offended by people posting creative work to Poetics.

I've

> > done it myself over the years I've been signed up to this wonderful  
list.

> > What I do object to is someone using this list as their own personal

> > publishing service when they can (and obviously do) have other outlets

for

> > their texts. I think it's wonderful for other people to post their work  
> > here, and I welcome it.

> >

> > I'm neither friend nor foe of Mr. Sondheim. I'm just someone who pleads  
> > that he not over-post his creative work. What's over-posting? I leave  
that

> > up to Mr. Sondheim's common sense. The option of posting links to his  
> > prolific output is also a good one, I think, and one that I would  
welcome.

> >

> > Finally, when I simply delete something on my machine it goes to the  
deleted

> > file on my hard drive, so whether I choose to read Mr. Sondheim's work  
or

> > not, It still takes up space on my hard drive.

> >

> > Love you all,

> >

> > Jesse

> >

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> >

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> >

> > About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.

> > <http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

> >

>

> Internet text at [http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet\\_txt](http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt)

> Partial at [http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet\\_txt.html](http://lists.village.virginia.edu/~spoons/internet_txt.html)

> Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

> CDROM of collected work 1994-2002 available: write [REDACTED]

>

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723. **Gwyn McVay**  
***Re: Elliptical Poets?***  
*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

> which is sort like Old Jesse McVey, who Utah Phillips  
> quotes as muttering "It don't matter how New Age you  
> get, Old Age gone kick yo ass!"  
>

Could anyone point me to a reference for this? I was already a big Utah fan, but this is priceless.

Old Gwyn McVay with an A

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724. **Alan Sondheim**  
***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***  
*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

Wasn't that quote a takeoff from Twain?

In any case, I see the death of the author prosthesis (for that's what it is, a graft) in relation to postmodernism and the displacement, dissolution, of subject and subjectivity; it has an important role to play as a certain kind (media-driven, hyped) frisson tends into text and textuality -

Alan (written by nikuko)

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725. **Ron**  
***Mmmmm***  
*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

<http://linguistlist.org/issues/13/13-1808.html>

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726. **Douglas Messerli**  
***Another response from my assignments. Douglas Messerli***  
*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

Gary Sullivan suggested a very interesting exercise in selecting a conventional poem, typing it into my word processor, then cutting and pasting the poem into Babelfish (a translating service). Then I was to command the text to be translated from English into German, then from German into French, and then from French back into English, using the result as the source of a poem.

I tried this several times, first with a poem by Alicia Ostriker. But even with all the oddities of translation and strange word pairings the final was only a bit less tepid than the original. I tried it then with a Robert Bly poem with somewhat better results. But it didn't rouse my curiosity enough--a requirement for I put my name to poem.

I finally took an early poem of Charles Bernstein's, "Ballet Russe," in which he purposely uses some stereotypical and banal (yet somewhat intense) phrases from Nijinsky's autobiography to quite humorous effects. The original reads:

Ballet Russe

Every person has feeling.

It is all the same.

I will travel.

I love nature.

I love motion & dancing.

I did not understand God.

I have made mistakes.

Bad deeds are terrible.

I suffered.

My wife is frightened.

The stock exchange is death.

I am against all drugs.

My scalp is strong & hard.

I like it when it is necessary.

It is a lovely drive.

A branch is not a root.

Handwriting is a lovely thing.

I like tsars & aristocrats.

An aeroplane is useful.

One should permanently help the poor.

My wife wants me to go to Zurich.

Politics are death.

All young men do silly things.

The Spaniards are terrible people because they murder bulls.

My wife suffered a great deal because of her mother.

I will tell the whole truth.

I love Russia.

I am nasty.

I am terrified of being locked up & losing my work.

Mental agony is a terrible thing.

I pretend to be a very nervous man.

I took these lines, putting them into paragraph form, translated them into German, translated the German in French, and then translated the French back into English. Because I could not always provide accents (umlauts, etc). certain words did not make the transitions, but remain basically in a kind of ur-German or ur-French. These I translated through my knowledge of the languages themselves and the Cassell's German dictionary--and sometimes a bit of imagination. The result was strange. The original came through quite strongly (which it had not in the Ostriker and Bly poems). But the subtle changes made the language all the more edgy and nervous. Perhaps a bit more archaic.

The final Babelfish result was:

Each person has of Gefulh. It is that same entirety. I travel. I like a nature. I like a movement and to dance. I did not include/understand a god. I made errors. Bad letters are terrible. I suffered. My wife is frightened. Borse is déces. I am against all drugs. My Scalp is and strongly strongly. Me maage him, if it is necessary. It is an exciting order. An establishment is not a root. The writing is an exciting thing. I want tsars and aristocrats. A plane is nutzlich. should help in a durable way the arms outward journey my wife wundschht me after of Surich. Policies are a déces. Stupid things make all the Manner young people. Spaniards are terrible people, because they assassinate bulls. My wife to suffer really much because of their mother. I say the truth vollstandige. Me expensive Russia. I am Bose me terrified to be of it locked top and losing my work. Geisetesqual is a terrible thing. I exchange ahead, a man very nervoses known sound.

I tried to keep to this version as much as I could. Here's my result:

#### THE RUSSIAN BALLOT

Each person has feelings.

It is entirely the same.

I travel. I like nature. I like movement  
and to dance. I did not include god in my understanding. I made errors.

Bad letters are terrible. I suffered.  
My wife is frightened. The Borse has decayed. I am against all drugs.  
My scalp is strong very strong.

When it is necessary, I get indigestion.  
It is an exciting order. An establishment is not a root.  
The writing is the exciting thing.

I want tsars and aristocrats. A plane is advantageous.  
Putting the arms outward should help in a long journey.  
My wife wants me in Zurich. All policies have decayed.

Stupid things make all the young men people. Spaniards are terrible  
people because they assassinate bulls. My wife suffers really much too  
much because of her mother. I say the truth is integral. Russia is expensive.

I am terrified to be locked into a high level position while  
I lose my job. Losing one's brain is a terrible thing.  
I exchange ahead. I am very nervous about every known sound.

28 June 2002

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727. **Tom Beckett**

***This Poem***

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

This poem

Proffers

Its ass.

This poem

Penetrates me.

Tom Beckett

[↑ Contents](#)

728. **Pierre Joris**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto: ] On Behalf Of Alan Sondheim

Sent: Saturday, June 29, 2002 11:53 AM

To:

Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

| *Wasn't that quote a takeoff from Twain?*

yeap,it was indeed & of course

>

> In any case, I see the death of the author prosthesis (for that's what it  
> is, a graft) in relation to postmodernism and the displacement, dissolu-  
> tion, of subject and subjectivity; it has an important role to play as a  
> certain kind (media-driven, hyped) frisson tends into text and textuality  
> -

from jouissance to frisson -- we are staying in Frog pleasures, then?

somewhat facetiously, pierre

ps. alan -- obviously keep posting all those pieces -- my harddrive is roomy  
enough, in fac I have a file called "Alan Sondheim" in which all the posts (read  
& unread) by said poster-boy'z'n'girls go, & which contains about a 1000 of  
them now.

| *Alan (written by nikuko)*

---

Pierre Joris

6 Madison Place

Albany NY 12202

A day. I can spend all kinds of time

Tel: [REDACTED] Considering which word to set beside this one.

Fax: [REDACTED] The life of art

Cell: [REDACTED] - Philip Whalen

Email: [REDACTED]

Url: <<http://www.albany.edu/~joris>>

---

[↑ Contents](#)

729. **mIEKAL aND**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

you lost me pierre with this nomadological herpitude...??

balking, mIEKAL

Pierre Joris wrote:

| *from jouissance to frisson -- we are staying in Frog pleasures, then?*

[↑ Contents](#)

730. **jesse glass**

***Clarification for D.M. and others***

Sat 29 Jun 2002

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Dear List Lovers,

I'm not at all offended by people posting creative work to Poetics. I've done it myself over the years I've been signed up to this wonderful list. What I do object to is someone using this list as their own personal publishing service when they can (and obviously do) have other outlets for their texts. I think it's wonderful for other people to post their work here, and I welcome it.

I'm neither friend nor foe of Mr. Sondheim. I'm just someone who pleads that he not over-post his creative work. What's over-posting? I leave that up to Mr. Sondheim's common sense. The option of posting links to his prolific output is also a good one, I think, and one that I would welcome.

Finally, when I simply delete something on my machine it goes to the deleted file on my hard drive, so whether I choose to read Mr. Sondheim's work or not, It still takes up space on my hard drive.

Love you all,

Jesse

About Jesse Glass. How to order his books.

<http://www.letterwriter.net/html/jesse-glass.html>

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731. **austinwja**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

Sat 29 Jun 2002

---

An excellent question. They're as valid or invalid as anything else, i.e. no absolute ground for validity exists. The quality of an evaluation may be lacking given a set of contingencies, but alter the set and . . . . See? Artists once slammed are suddenly the flavor of the decade. And likewise the reverse. My guess is that once a work (or worker), through influence, achieves institutionalization, it becomes very difficult to get rid of him/her/it (though it does happen occasionally). At that point aesthetic value (which may continue to be debated) gives way to position in the semiotics of history. Eventually the march of minutes makes it near impossible to go back in time and right a perceived wrong, even if the set of contingencies has changed. Human history (including literary history), we all know if we're honest, is a record of wealth and influence. Pick any important literary figure, then "follow the money." Is the history of art since the 1920s authored by Picasso, Pollock, Ashbery, etc.? Or rather by Stein,

Guggenheim, Auden et al and so forth? And it never hurts for an artist to have a few bucks of his/her own. By the way, I've often wondered what would happen if Norton went out of business. Without those anthologies supported by a wealthy publisher whose influence spans a considerable period of time, would a major reshuffling occur? Possibly, but the same market forces would inevitably exert themselves. If one is lucky enough to suffer the gentler strokes, my response is, of course, "Congratulations." Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

In a message dated 6/29/02 10:25:14 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< Thanks for putting it on the line. Locked doors don't offer praise, except to those behind them. But if hierarachies are based on connections, how valid are the evaluations that they generate?

Vernon Frazer

----- Original Message -----

From: <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 7:26 PM

Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

*Folks, why all the agitation? It's all about money and power. Always has been. This is a no brainer. Those who succeed are blessed by someone (or more than one) who has money and/or power, or is close to, or noticed by, someone who has money and/or power. They're lucky. A positive evaluation issues a fat zero, unless s/he who does the evaluating is connected. Contingencies, guys. You don't get the job unless the boss likes you, and the boss is never compelled to like you (your work) no matter how*

brilliant

*you are. And on and on it goes, generation after generation. Ugly jealousies granted -- we nevertheless have a habit of congratulating those who get lucky. Good habit, right? It suggests our admission that hierarchies are both natural and inevitable, as are our ideals. Best,*

Bill

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732. **Alan Sondheim**

***Sutra of Truth***

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

Sutra of Truth

This

This is the sutra of truth which has been handed down from the assembly

Command not foundhical struc

read and comprehend; the world is nothing.

of reading again; the world being clear and brilliant

This is the sutra of truth which has been handed down from the assembly

of the third, the world nothing

Command not foundhical struc

The truth waits in the harbor. wo

If you observe this sutra, you will be without comparison; you will

██████.

of necessity to comprehend is not to comprehend; that way lies

>Perhaps ask t

Escape c

without equal among those who have done good deeds, given alms, become

bodhisattvas or saints.of solstice. is pro

Read this sutra and you will comprehend nothing. Read this sutra again and

tiny

you will be among those beyond bodhisattva and saint, those beyond giver,

of alms and messiah, those beyond messiah and prayerful.

ii of the toppling of the foundation

distaste for (3480) eve and shakymuni

a spell Needing none other, you shall launch the truth.

a spellto33

a spell to launch

to launch one ship.

Among those who read this, you shall learn not to read; when characters

I don't know about you, but the backwards text is great; I can't  
imagine8:09:43swim  
before you, there are characters; when characters are moored,  
there  
are none. Swim among the truth and you shall need none other.  
Swim beyond ship and prow backwards of east and west, that there  
are none, nor human nor animal among them.

—

[↑ Contents](#)

733. **Harriet Zinnes**  
***Re: Books by younger poets***  
*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

Dear Andy

You are probably aware of the new publishing venture, the Marsh Hawk Press. Young and older poets are included. My own new book of poems, *Drawing on the Wall*, should be out in October.

Best

Harriet

[↑ Contents](#)

734. **Andrew Rathmann**  
***Books by younger poets***  
*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

I'd be grateful for recommendations of work by emerging writers. Or, if not recommendations, then at least alerts to new publications. Alert me to yourself and I'll spread the word. Here are some names I've earmarked for possible bookbuying: Schaefer, Stefans, Robertson, Wagner, Sullivan/Gordon, Kalleberg -- and I forget the rest of them... Creeds and schools in abeyance: I just want to know what's out there. Thanks.

Note to Millie Niss: Consumer confidence may be low, but Flood is always a safe investment. Good value for the money, no monkey business in the boardroom, numbers you can trust. A real company with real assets. They'll definitely weather this phase of the bubble - crash - legal response cycle. As outside auditor, I bless their books.

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735. **John Tranter**

***Some advice about email from Jacket magazine***

*Sat 29 Jun 2002*

---

Over the last five years I've had a dozen friends suffer from the email dilemma described below.

This [reprinted] article explains why you should think about buying your own domain name, and thus protect yourself from this kind of recurring problem forever. I hope you find it useful.

--

John Tranter

---

Declare E-Mail Independence

<[http://www.technologyreview.com/images/article\\_blkline.gif](http://www.technologyreview.com/images/article_blkline.gif)>

The Net Effect By Simson Garfinkel July/August 2002

Big e-mail providers snap their fingers, and the masses obey, like sheep. But there's a way to reclaim control.

This past March, I started getting dozens of e-mails from upset but resigned AT&T Broadband customers. All said more or less the same thing: their e-mail addresses were about to stop working. I had to update my address book to change the letters after the @ sign from "mediaone.net" to "attbi.com."

More than 630,000 AT&T customers were forced to make this change. [...]

[If they each told fifteen friends to change their address lists, that's more than ten million changes that would need to be made. -- J.T.]

Few people realize just how much control over the increasingly pervasive medium of e-mail they have tacitly conceded. Many, for instance, think that they somehow own their e-mail addresses. Wrong! Legally and technically, the company, university or individual who owns the computer systems behind an e-mail address controls all aspects of the accounts it serves. In fact, the addresses belong to the company whose name comes after the @. (In the case of mediaone.net, AT&T relinquished the name to another Media One, an advertising agency in Sioux Falls, SD, to settle a lawsuit.)

You may think you're entitled to an e-mail address because you've religiously paid some Internet service provider your monthly subscription fee for years. That's not the case. Your provider can cancel your e-mail account for any reason and bounce your e-mail. Or it can give your username—and your e-mail!—to somebody else. Or it can lock you out of your account and read your e-mail without your permission. (Having owned a small Internet service provider since

1995, I know well the responsibilities and dilemmas that come with this awesome power.)

In one case that I know [...] a friend lost her Internet account after she got into an argument with the firm providing her Internet service. But rather than canceling her username, the provider simply changed her password. Mail to her old address accumulated for months, unread. People who send messages to her old address still get the response that her mailbox is full.

E-mail is tremendously different from the two other addressing systems that we use routinely—postal addresses and telephone numbers. Because postal addresses are covered by a huge body of regulations and laws, and because most are linked to physical locations, they work pretty much the way we expect them to [...]

Telephone numbers [...] are increasingly regarded by law as the property of the person or organization to which they connect. In fact, the 1996 U.S. Telecommunications Act specifically requires telephone companies to create a framework for telephone number portability, so that businesses and residences can switch phone service providers without losing their phone numbers.

But the Telecommunications Act was silent on the subject of e-mail addresses. The U.S. Congress didn't think to mandate e-mail address portability. It didn't even mandate the next best thing—e-mail forwarding. If you are an America Online user and decide that you want to switch to another Internet provider, the only thing you can do is send mail to all of your correspondents, telling them of your new address. AOL will not forward your mail.

What's so distressing about this state of affairs is that there is a simple solution to the problem of e-mail address portability. Every person and every company should get a unique domain name.

Recall that the domain name is the part of the e-mail address after the @ sign. [...]

Nowadays you can get your own domain name for less than \$25 a year from any of a number of companies. And these names are portable—that is, you can take them with you from one Internet service provider to another.

Of course, people are taught to be sheep for a reason. Customers tied to @at-tbi.com or @aol.com addresses are inhibited from switching to a rival service provider—which ultimately means that the companies don't have to compete as hard. That's why neither AT&T nor AOL has worked to make it easy for customers to have their own domains.

In the 21st century, having your own domain name is simple electronic self-defense. Alas, many people find it easier to be sheep.

Simson Garfinkel writes on information technology and its impact. He is the author of Database Nation (O'Reilly, 2000).

<[http://www.technologyreview.com/articles/flash/comment\\_off.gif](http://www.technologyreview.com/articles/flash/comment_off.gif)>

J T

from John Tranter

| Editor, Jacket magazine: <http://jacketmagazine.com/>

(please note the new Internet address)

| homepage - poetry, reviews, etc, at: <http://www.austlit.com/jt/>

| early writing at: <http://setis.library.usyd.edu.au/tranter/>

39 Short Street, Balmain NSW 2041, Sydney, Australia

Tel ( [REDACTED] / Fax ( [REDACTED]

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736. **Duration Press**

**Re: Some advice about email from Jacket magazine**

Sat 29 Jun 2002

if anyone does plan on purchasing a domain name, stay away from Network Solutions / Verisign. not only do they have a history of holding domains hostage (by making it as difficult as possible to change any information with your name), but they repeatedly engage in deceptive marketing practices. not to mention that you can find other registrars who provide the same service (with better quality) for more than half of what verisign charges.

not to mention that not all domain registrars provide e-mail services, so more often than not you will need to find some way to have mx records associated with your domain, allowing your spiffy new @whatever.com to either forward your e-mail to your isp account, or provide a way for you to check your e-mail online (such as paying for an actual hosting account somewhere). there are quite a few hosting providers who offer incredibly cheap hosting packages that would be perfect for an e-mail only web-space.

so if this is the route someone wants to go, shop around....

----- Original Message -----

From: "John Tranter" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 29, 2002 8:46 PM

Subject: Some advice about email from Jacket magazine

Over the last five years I've had a dozen friends suffer from the email dilemma described below.

This [reprinted] article explains why you should think about buying your own domain name, and thus protect yourself from this kind of recurring problem forever. I hope you find it useful.

--

John Tranter

---

Declare E-Mail Independence

<[http://www.technologyreview.com/images/article\\_blkline.gif](http://www.technologyreview.com/images/article_blkline.gif)>

The Net Effect By Simson Garfinkel July/August 2002

Big e-mail providers snap their fingers, and the masses obey, like sheep. But there's a way to reclaim control.

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More than 630,000 AT&T customers were forced to make this change. [...]

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You may think you're entitled to an e-mail address because you've religiously paid some Internet service provider your monthly subscription fee for years. That's not the case. Your provider can cancel your e-mail account for any reason and bounce your e-mail. Or it can give your username-and your e-mail!-to somebody else. Or it can lock you out of your account and read your e-mail without your permission. (Having owned a small Internet service provider since 1995, I know well the responsibilities and dilemmas that come with this awesome power.)

In one case that I know [...] a friend lost her Internet account after she got into an argument with the firm providing her Internet service. But rather than canceling her username, the provider simply changed her password. Mail to her

old address accumulated for months, unread. People who send messages to her old address still get the response that her mailbox is full.

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In the 21st century, having your own domain name is simple electronic self-defense. Alas, many people find it easier to be sheep.

Simson Garfinkel writes on information technology and its impact. He is the author of Database Nation (O'Reilly, 2000).

<[http://www.technologyreview.com/articles/flash/comment\\_off.gif](http://www.technologyreview.com/articles/flash/comment_off.gif)>

J T

from John Tranter

| Editor, Jacket magazine: <http://jacketmagazine.com/>

(please note the new Internet address)

| homepage - poetry, reviews, etc, at: <http://www.austlit.com/jt/>

| early writing at: <http://setis.library.usyd.edu.au/tranter/>

39 Short Street, Balmain NSW 2041, Sydney, Australia

Tel ( [REDACTED] / Fax ( [REDACTED]

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737. **Sheila Massoni**

***Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

Sat 29 Jun 2002

---

p'raps isn' it often the critic who gets the book sold ie read sm.

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738. **Alan Sondheim**

***sutra***

Sun 30 Jun 2002

---

sutra

"sutra let it be said repetitionn 28 Raghu ofha thisthy guarantees all truths"

all

arakarut

arakarut

arakarut

arakarut

arakarut

be

esukarug

guarantees

hikaru

ikaru

ikaru

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ikaruga

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nakakaru  
nakakaru  
nukarumi  
of  
of  
repetition  
ririkaru  
ririkaru  
ririkaru  
ro-karu  
said  
salvation  
shikaru  
shikaru  
shikaru  
shikaru  
sakarube  
sakarube  
sakarube  
sakarube

sikarube  
sutra  
tasakaru  
tasakaru  
tasakaru  
the  
this  
truths  
wahikaru  
wahikaru  
wahikaru

—

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739. **Millie Niss**

***Re: Books by younger poets***

*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

---

I was not questioning the quality of their books. I knew some authors and they seemed unassailable. But I don't buy poetry books sight unseen. And I haven't seen their books at my independent bookstore. Maybe I would if I had more money, but I'm on disability and I can only buy a few a month.

Millie

-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto: ]On Behalf Of Andrew Rathmann

Sent: Saturday, June 29, 2002 8:29 PM

To:

Subject: Books by younger poets

I'd be grateful for recommendations of work by emerging writers. Or, if not recommendations, then at least alerts to new publications. Alert me to yourself and I'll spread the word. Here are some names I've earmarked for possible bookbuying: Schaefer, Stefans, Robertson, Wagner, Sullivan/Gordon, Kalleberg -- and I forget the rest of them... Creeds and schools in abeyance: I just want to know what's out there. Thanks.

Note to Millie Niss: Consumer confidence may be low, but Flood is always a safe investment. Good value for the money, no monkey business in the boardroom, numbers you can trust. A real company with real assets. They'll definitely weather this phase of the bubble - crash - legal response cycle. As outside auditor, I bless their books.

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740. **Nick Piombino**

***Evaluative Criticism is The Highest....***

*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

---

Date: Thu, 27 Jun 2002 22:39:17 EDT> From: Joe Brennan<[REDACTED]>  
> Subject: Re: Fwd: Apology for Criticism  
> Once poets determine that their poetry should not be subject to  
> evaluation, it is a very short arc to where that poetry has no value at all.>>  
Carlo Parcelli

*From: <[REDACTED]>  
To: <[REDACTED]>  
Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 7:26 PM  
Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...*

*This is a no brainer.*

*Those who succeed are blessed by someone (or more than one) who has money and/or power, or is close to, or noticed by, someone who has money and/or power.*

*It suggests our admission that hierarchies are both natural and inevitable, as are our ideals. Best, Bill*

*Date: Fri, 28 Jun 2002 20:59:34 -0400  
From: Patrick Herron <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...*

*!Bill!*

*Chaos is always possible to confound the supposed inevitable rule of money and power.*

*Are you confused by what I'm saying? I surely am. Sometimes I think my confusion is my only certainty.*

*Date: Thu, 27 Jun 2002 11:28:47 -0400  
From: [REDACTED]  
Subject: poet and critic*

*People are more delicate than we are given credit for. In that delicacy of human interaction lie a multitude of possibilities*

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741. **richard.tylr**

**Socer; The Final! Its Sunday in NZ**

Sun 30 Jun 2002

---

I wont say who won or anything. Richard.

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742. **Susan Wheeler**

**Re: POETICS Digest - 28 Jun 2002 to 29 Jun 2002 (#2002-138)**

Sun 30 Jun 2002

---

Date: Sat, 29 Jun 2002 09:58:27 -0400

From: Gwyn McVay <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: Elliptical Poets?

*which is sort like Old Jesse McVey, who Utah Phillips  
quotes as muttering "It don't matter how New Age you  
get, Old Age gone kick yo ass!"*

*Could anyone point me to a reference for this? I was already a big Utah  
fan, but this is priceless.*

*Old Gwyn McVay with an A*

Hi Gwyn -- it's from a CD collaboration with Ani DiFranco --

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743. **Alan Sondheim**

**biocapture\_archive (fwd)**

Sun 30 Jun 2002

---

Kenji's new work - which I think is terrific. Apologies for cross-posting - Alan

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Sun, 30 Jun 2002 14:06:44 +0900

From: Kenji Siratori <[REDACTED]>

To: Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]>

Subject: biocapture\_archive

Alan,

[biocapture\_archive]

v1.0

win: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v1.0.exe](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v1.0.exe)

mac: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v1.0.hqx](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v1.0.hqx)

v1.1

win: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v1.1.exe](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v1.1.exe)

mac: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v1.1.hqx](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v1.1.hqx)

v2.0

win: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v2.0.exe](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v2.0.exe)

mac: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v2.0.hqx](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v2.0.hqx)

v2.1

win: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v2.1.exe](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v2.1.exe)

mac: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v2.1.hqx](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v2.1.hqx)

v2.2

win: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v2.2.exe](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v2.2.exe)

mac: [http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture\\_v2.2.hqx](http://www.d4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b/biocapture_v2.2.hqx)

v2.3

win: [http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture\\_v2.3.exe](http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture_v2.3.exe)

mac: [http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture\\_v2.3.hqx](http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture_v2.3.hqx)

v2.4

win: [http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture\\_v2.4.exe](http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture_v2.4.exe)

mac: [http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture\\_v2.4.hqx](http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture_v2.4.hqx)

v3.0

win: [http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture\\_v3.0.exe](http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture_v3.0.exe)

mac: [http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture\\_v3.0.hqx](http://www.h4.dion.ne.jp/~white-b2/biocapture_v3.0.hqx)

sincerely,

Kenji

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744. **Vernon Frazer**

***Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...***

*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

---

Evaluations can be useful, as long as you're aware that the ground of their validity might shift. One has to understand that the relation of the critic to the writer can affect the evaluation. The relation of one critic to another can affect the reputation of a writer unknown to either. In "The Literary Situation" Malcolm Cowley wrote that writers' reputations rise and fall like fads.

If you consider all works issued by major publishers to be issued for profit, then the evaluations are not so much evaluations of the merit of a work in the context of literature as a whole, but as the merit of a work that fits within the range of literature published by major presses for commercial reasons.. This of course narrows the range of what much useful criticism could be. As they say, history

is written by the winners. I've been fortunate enough to hear and read "the other side" of history, and, on occasion, witness the difference between official accounts and what actually happened. The limitation of who writes history is unfortunate because excellent authors such as Edward Mannix and Henry Kanabus (and countless others) will only find readers in the dustiest corners of used bookstores, if at all.

Even though I personally wish I had more luck, I don't begrudge people theirs. I know how much hard work it takes to be in a position to have any luck at all.

Best,

Vernon

----- Original Message -----

From: <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, June 29, 2002 2:43 PM

Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

> An excellent question. They're as valid or invalid as anything else, i.e.  
no  
> absolute ground for validity exists. The quality of an evaluation may be  
> lacking given a set of contingencies, but alter the set and . . . . See?  
> Artists once slammed are suddenly the flavor of the decade. And likewise  
the  
> reverse. My guess is that once a work (or worker), through influence,  
> achieves institutionalization, it becomes very difficult to get rid of  
> him/her/it (though it does happen occasionally). At that point aesthetic  
> value (which may continue to be debated) gives way to position in the  
> semiotics of history. Eventually the march of minutes makes it near  
> impossible to go back in time and right a perceived wrong, even if the set  
of  
> contingencies has changed. Human history (including literary history), we  
> all know if we're honest, is a record of wealth and influence. Pick any  
> important literary figure, then "follow the money." Is the history of art  
> since the 1920s authored by Picasso, Pollock, Ashbery, etc.? Or rather by  
> Stein, Guggenheim, Auden et al and so forth? And it never hurts for an  
> artist to have a few bucks of his/her own. By the way, I've often  
wondered  
> what would happen if Norton went out of business. Without those  
anthologies  
> supported by a wealthy publisher whose influence spans a considerable  
period  
> of time, would a major reshuffling occur? Possibly, but the same market

> forces would inevitably exert themselves. If one is lucky enough to suffer  
> the gentler strokes, my response is, of course, "Congratulations." Best,  
> Bill  
>  
> WilliamJamesAustin.com  
> KojaPress.com  
> Amazon.com  
> BarnesandNoble.com  
>  
> In a message dated 6/29/02 10:25:14 AM, [REDACTED] writes:  
>  
> << Thanks for putting it on the line. Locked doors don't offer praise, except  
>  
> to those behind them. But if hierarachies are based on connections, how  
>  
> valid are the evaluations that they generate?  
>  
>  
>  
> Vernon Frazer  
>  
>  
>  
> ----- Original Message -----  
>  
> From: <[REDACTED]>  
>  
> To: <[REDACTED]>  
>  
> Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 7:26 PM  
>  
> Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...  
>  
>  
>  
> > Folks, why all the agitation? It's all about money and power. Always has  
>  
> > been. This is a no brainer. Those who succeed are blessed by someone (or

>  
> > more than one) who has money and/or power, or is close to, or noticed  
by,  
>  
> > someone who has money and/or power. They're lucky. A positive  
evaluation  
>  
> > issues a fat zero, unless s/he who does the evaluating is connected.  
>  
> > Contingencies, guys. You don't get the job unless the boss likes you,  
and  
>  
> > the boss is never compelled to like you (your work) no matter how  
>  
> brilliant  
>  
> > you are. And on and on it goes, generation after generation. Ugly  
>  
> > jealousies granted -- we nevertheless have a habit of congratulating  
those  
>  
> > who get lucky. Good habit, right? It suggests our admission that  
>  
> > hierarchies are both natural and inevitable, as are our ideals. Best,  
>  
> Bill  
>  
> >

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745. **Douglas Messerli**

***New books from Green Integer and reviews***

*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

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Since Douglas Messerli has been so busy writing poems on the net, I (Per Bregne) have been called upon to report some new publications from Green Integer and Sun & Moon Press.

First of all, check out the excellent new review of *The Pretext* by Rae Armantrout that Charles Alexander did for on-line magazine Jacket. It ends: "Armantrout is generally associated with language poetry, but if we widen our lens, we might as well think of her alongside Wyatt, Dickinson, Oppen-- other poets who compose intelligent, tough, uncompromising, and immaculately

constructed lyrics concerned with who and what we are, and how we are in the world." To check out the whole review download it at <http://jacketmagazine.com/18/alex-arma.html>

We offer a 20% discount on *The Pretext*. With shipping (of \$1.25) that would mean the book would cost \$9.21. Write the check to EL-E-PHANT (not to Green Integer) and send to Green Integer, 6022 Wilshire Boulevard #200A, Los Angeles, CA 90036. PLEASE NOTE: THAT'S A NEW ADDRESS FOR SUN & MOON AND GREEN INTEGER. Just upstairs from where we were!

We also have a number of new books now available.

The ever-popular *Notes on the Cinematographer* by Robert Bresson has been reprinted (its third printing in Green Integer) at the original price of \$8.95.

Two classics have now joined the Green Integer list: *Civil Disobedience* by Henry David Thoreau has been published (in a new printing) for a price of \$6.95. *The Song of Songs: Shir Hashirim* has been published, translated by noted classical scholar Willis Barnstone. If you recall, he also translated our edition of *Sappho's Poems*.

If you use either of these books in your courses, please consider using the Green Integer edition.

In fiction, Green Integer has announced three new titles:

*Meeting at the Milestone* by Norwegian novelist Sigurd Hoel is a 6 x 9 EL-E-PHANT Green Integer priced at \$15.95. In this moving and profound novel, Sigurd Hoel explores patriotism and treason through the major character's memories of the Resistance Movement in Nazi-occupied Norway during World War II. At the dark center of this work are questions of why certain individuals turn against their own country, their own values, their very selves. Hoel, who was himself active in the Resistance, has created a complex web of fact and fiction in which the "good" Norwegians and the traitors are not always easily distinguishable. This is an absorbing tale of adventure, set in a fateful time, by the author of *The Road to the World's End* (published by Sun & Moon) and *The Troll Circle*. The book has been wonderfully translated by Sverre Lyngstad, who also translated several of Sun & Moon's and Green Integer's titles by Knut Hamsun.

Lee Breuer, founder and co-director of the innovative theater group Mabou Mines, has written a crazy new novel *La Divina Caricatura* published by Green Integer for \$14.95. Related to his successful plays *Ecce Porco*, *The Shaggy Dog Animation*, *Prelude*, and *Epidog*, *La Divina Caricatura* is the first two parts of a trilogy of fictions that Breuer describes as "a loose sendup of Dante, with an Inferno, a Purgatorio, and Paradiso. But instead of being sequential, they are intercut. And the main characters each have their own realm--the dog is in hell,

the pig is in purgatory, and the ant (who will figure in part 3)...is in heaven." As The New York Times described his play, which opened at Breuer's Mabou Mines just previous to this publication, *La Divina Caricatura* is "a comic spectacle...an acid-trip collage of philosophy, mythology, corny jokes and lyric poetry." But the chaotic structure of the work definitely creates an energy that is at once hilariously funny and, if not tragic, animated by the pathos of living at the beginning of a century which at times appears heading toward terror.

The collaborative team Ascher/Straus has produced a new fiction, *ABC Street* published by Green Integer at \$10.95. Authors of *The Menaced Assassin*, *The Other Planet* and *Red Moon/Red Lake*, the noted collaborative team contemplates the materials of the writer's life--"what gets cannibalized into fiction but doesn't get treated as fiction itself"--in this new work, which explores the boundary between novel and notebook. A novel that takes up the tasks of the journal can also be read as a journal that documents the materials in the novel. In *ABC Street* the narrative of place and life of the mind work together to build up a panoramic view of related lives with no epic pretensions.

Douglas Messerli's book of poetry *Bow Down* has just been published by the Italian publisher ML&NLF. The book, done in collaboration with Los Angeles artist John Baldessari, appears in a bi-lingual edition of Italian and English with photographs of several of Baldessari's works, particularly those on which Messerli focused. Actually there are two major structural focuses in this work. Dedicated to the Italian poet Amelia Rosselli, who committed suicide in 1996, *Bow Down* was written in response to several black-and-white Baldessari collages and written "through" the poems of various Italian authors translated into English, including Mario Luzi, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Andrea Zanzotto, Milos de Angelis, Adriano Spatola, and many others. The book sells for \$12.95.

Finally (in two respects) *Anthem* by Washington, D.C. area poet Jean Donnelly has been published by Sun & Moon Press for \$11.95. Winner of the 2000 National Poetry Series, selected by Charles Bernstein, this book is, as Bernstein wrote: "Fresh as the first moment of the rest of your life, where invention is an attribute of grace and the intimacy of the newly coined rules the roost. O say can you see the charms bursting in ear."

All of these titles can be ordered from Green Integer at a 20% discount plus \$1.25 each for postage. As I mentioned above, please make the check or money order out to EL-E-PHANT (Green Integer's legal name) and send it to the new address: 6022 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 200A, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

Thanks for the opportunity to share these titles with you.

Per Bregne

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746. **David Baratier**  
***Books by younger poets***  
*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

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Since we primarily publish author's first books  
here are ones in the last year

Mark DuCharme-Cosmopolitan Tremble  
Daniel Zimmerman- Post Avant  
Tony Gloeggler- One Wish Left  
Jeffrey Levine- Mortal, Everlasting

each is \$12 including postage

the only other first book length collection  
in print is Dana Curtis, her's is the same price

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press  
PO Box 6291  
Columbus OH 43206  
USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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747. **Catherine Daly**  
***Evaluative Criticism is The Highest....***  
*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

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I'm going to see if I can cc New Poetry, which CP is actually on --

am currently reading Antliff's ANARCHIST MODERNISM: Art, Politics, and the First American Avant-Garde, which is primarily a work of art history, and has some huge flaws, especially where WCW in particular and women in general and poetry in general and little magazine history are concerned, however

he's got this argument that the pre-WWI anarchy espoused by particularly the ashcan painters like Bellows and Henri (who were starting un-curated shows as well as "independent" or refuses shows), (poet Lola Ridge,) The New Free-woman / The Egoist, against the "standards" of the academy, was for untrammelled free expression and individualism. While Kreymborg, Pound, et.al. were writing criticism of the new work, it was substantively different from "old fashioned" academic art criticism of the time -- focussed not on standards or

technique, but on philosophies the work embodied, movements and value to the movements, and the individual situation of each artist.

Pound opened his 1914 article in THE EGOIST on Edward Wadsworth "by celebrating vorticism as 'a movement of individuals, for individuals, for the protection of individuality.'" p 82

1912-ish, Steiglitz pled for a modernism informed by anarchism, one "without regard for ... authority" p. 36

Be well,  
Catherine Daly

██████████

P.S. Lola Ridge: reviews of Red Flag and Dance of Fire still wanted.

----- Original Message ----- From: "Nick Piombino" <<A HREF="mailto:██████████">██████████</A>>

Sent: Sunday, June 30, 2002 12:25 AM  
Subject: Evaluative Criticism is The Highest....

> Date: Thu, 27 Jun 2002 22:39:17 EDT> From: Joe Brennan<<A HREF="mailto:██████████">██████████</A>>

> > Subject: Re: Fwd: Apology for Criticism  
> > Once poets determine that their poetry should not be subject to  
> > evaluation, it is a very short arc to where that poetry has no value at  
all.>>

> Carlo Parcelli

>

>

> > From: <<A HREF="mailto:██████████">██████████</A>>

> > To: <<A HREF="mailto:██████████">██████████</A>>

> > Sent: Friday, June 28, 2002 7:26 PM

> > Subject: Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...

> >

> > This is a no brainer.

>

> > Those who succeed are blessed by someone (or  
> >> more than one) who has money and/or power, or is close to, or noticed  
by,

> >> someone who has money and/or power.

>

> > It suggests our admission that

> > hierarchies are both natural and inevitable, as are our ideals. Best,  
Bill

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748. **cadaly**

***Re: Books by younger poets***

*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

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ok, and my second post of the day:

Apogee Press: Tran, McCarthy

Krupskaya, Kelsey Street, Roof (Goldman, you mentioned Stephans, et.al),

Atelos (Schultz), Avec (#1 and #2 by Lubasch)

other new American presses which are publishing new poetry/first books and  
lots of them

Zoo Press, Tupelo Press, etc.

Be well,

Catherine Daly

████████

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749. **Michael Magee**

***contact info schaefer***

*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

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Hi all, could anyone give me the latest contact info on Standard Schaefer? His  
old South Pasadena address and email don't seem to be workin. Backchannel,  
████████, thanks, -Mike.

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750. **Alan Sondheim**

***Hidden Sutra***

*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

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-

Hidden Treasure

:uoy ;nosirapmoc tuohtiw eb lliw uoy ,artus siht evresbo uoy fl eht si sihT:eht  
morf nwod dednah neeb sah hcihw hturt fo artus eht si sihT noitaicnune  
ruoY ::eht morf nwod dednah neeb sah hcihw hturt fo artus !artus siht  
daeR .gnihton dneherpmoc lliw uoy dna artus siht daeR ym seman !slavretni  
citammargoedi htiw noitressa :uoy ;nosirapmoc tuohtiw eb lliw uoy ,artus siht  
evresbo uoy fl eht si sihT:eht morf nwod dednah neeb sah hcihw hturt fo artus  
eht si sihT eht si sihT seoD ::eht morf nwod dednah neeb sah hcihw hturt fo ar-  
tus uoy fl ruoy ecalper eht morf nwod dednah neeb sah hcihw hturt fo artus

htiw noisicni ?uoy ;nosirapmoc tuohtiw eb lliw uoy ,artus siht evresbo !slavretni  
citammargoedi :uoy ;nosirapmoc tuohtiw eb lliw uoy ,artus siht evresbo uoy fl  
eht si siht:eht morf nwod dednah neeb sah hcihw hturt fo artus eht si siht se-  
man noisicni ruoY ::eht morf nwod dednah neeb sah hcihw hturt fo artus !artus  
siht daeR .gnihton dneherpmoc lliw uoy dna artus siht daeR ym !slavretni cita-  
mmargoedi htiw evitarepmi :uoy ;nosirapmoc tuohtiw eb lliw uoy ,artus siht  
evresbo uoy fl eht si siht:eht morf nwod dednah neeb sah hcihw hturt fo artus  
eht si siht noitaicnune ruoY ::eht morf nwod dednah neeb sah hcihw hturt fo  
artus !artus siht daeR .gnihton dneherpmoc lliw uoy dna artus siht daeR ym se-  
man !slavretni citammargoedi htiw tpircsunam

"I shall expound the phrase avasavattanatthena-anatta. As these flashes of light-  
ning do not last long and do not possess essence, they will not yield to one's  
wishes. Just as it is not proper for one to say that these flashes of lightning will  
listen to one's words and that one has control over them, the physical and men-  
tal phenomena contained in the five consti- tuent groups of existence being im-  
permanent, will not yield to the wishes of anyone. So it is not proper for one to  
delusively consider that the five constituent groups of existence will obey one's  
orders or that one has sway over then." (Sammadtthi Dipani, The Manual of  
Right Views, Ledi Sayadaw.)

—

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751. **thomas/swiss**

***TIR Web//New Issue (July 2002) Available***

*Sun 30 Jun 2002*

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## TIR WEB

A journal of New Media and experimental writing and art, The Iowa Review Web is published at the University of Iowa with support from the Department of English and in collaboration with The International Writing Program and the Iowa Review.

Volume 4, Number 4 (July 2002)

TIR Web:

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/>>

\*\*\*\*\*

## NUMBER #4

\*\*\*\*\*

## NEW MEDIA ART

+ "Inflat-o-scape: An Exploration of Architecture, Technology, Economy, and Other Things that go Boom"

Jessica Irish is an inter-media artist, working in multimedia, print and online spaces. Her current work is an investigation into the relationships between information technology, architecture and what is still called 'the landscape'. Irish is the founding Co-Director for OnRamp Arts, a digital arts studio for collaborative projects between communities and artists in Los Angeles.

Read about & view "Inflat-o-scape"

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/irish/irish.htm>>

\*\*\*\*\*

#### EXCERPTS FROM MARK AMERICA'S OZ BLOG

Mark Amerika is a professor of digital art at the University of Colorado. His work has been exhibited internationally at many well-known venues, including the Walker Arts Center, the Guggenheim, and the Whitney Biennial. His FILMTEXT is the third part of a major new media trilogy. It was commissioned by Playstation 2 as part of his net art retrospective at the Institute for Contemporary Arts in London.

OZ BLOG:

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/amerika/amerika.htm>>

\*\*\*\*\*

+ Electronic Literature:

Ravi Shankar reports!

N. Katherine Hayles speaks!

Ravi Shankar is editor of the online magazine Drunken Boat.

+Read "NODE AND NETWORK IN LOS ANGELES: The Electronic Literature Organization's State of the Arts Symposium, 2002" a report from Los Angeles by Ravi Shankar.

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/hayles/hayles.htm>>

== N. Katherine Hayles, Professor of English and Media Arts at the University of California, writes and teaches on the relations between science, literature, and technology. Her most recent book, *How We Became Posthuman: Virtual Bodies in Cybernetics, Literature and Informatics*, won the Rene Wellek Prize for the best book in literary theory for 1998-99.

+Read Read "Materiality Has Always Been in Play"

An Interview with N. Katherine Hayles

by Lisa Gitelman.

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/hayles/hayles.htm>>

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FROM 91 MERIDIAN

+ THE ANGEL OF RAIN: Selected poems of Gastón Baquero translated by  
Greg Simon & Steven F. White

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/baquero/baquero.htm>>

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THE IOWA REVIEW

Genre Bending with Cixous by Rebecca Clouse

"Cixous: "Flying is woman's gesture-flying in language and making it fly. We have all learned the art of flying and its numerous techniques; for centuries we've been able to possess anything by flying; we've lived in flights, stealing away, finding, when desired, narrow passageways, hidden crossovers. It's no accident that voler has a double meaning [to fly, to steal], that it plays on each of them and thus throws off the agents of sense..."

Read "Genre Bending"

at

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/clouse/clouse.htm>>

\*\*\*\*\*

TIR Web adds new work every month.

Coming up: Interviews with New Media writers Stuart Moulthrop, Diana Slat-  
tery, and Miekal And; critic Joseph Tabbi; artists Jody Zelen and Mark Napier;  
and others. New work by Jody Zelen, Catlin Fisher, Talan Memmott, and others.

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The Iowa Review Web: <<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/>>

New Media Poetry Conference, Fall 2002:

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iwp/newmedia/>>

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