

@poetics

The UB Poetics Discussion Group

Archive of Electronic Correspondence

September 2002

884 messages · Sat 31 Aug 2002 – Mon 30 Sep 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

September 2002 brought the first anniversary of the towers, and a country now openly readying a second war — Blair's dossier, the steady drums for Iraq — and for the first time in years the room could not keep the world out; September and Iraq and Bush ran through hundreds of its messages. But its own three dramas that month were closer to home, and between them they took the measure of the art and the community at once: what a poem is permitted to say, who gets called the best, and whether the room itself was any longer worth being in.

The first was a storm around Amiri Baraka. New Jersey's poet laureate had read, near the anniversary, a poem about September 11 whose claims a great many found hateful, and the state moved to strip him of the title; the room argued it hard and uneasily. Some defended the poem and some despised it, but most balked, in the end, at the precedent — that a government might unmake a poet for his lines. It was the room's oldest principle put to its ugliest test: that the right to say the unsayable is worth least, and matters most, exactly when what is said is a thing one cannot bear.

The second was, improbably, a triumph. Robert Creeley had guest-edited that year's Best American Poetry and filled it with the room's own — Armantrout and Ashbery, Bernstein and di Prima and Coolidge — so that the avant-garde found itself, for once, anointed the best rather than the excluded. And, just as characteristically, the triumph curdled within days into a brawl about the writing programs: threads on the Iowa school, on workshop craft against poetics, Joe Amato asking whether the *"craft-laden works"* the programs turn out were teaching anything beyond craft. Handed a seat at the table at last, the room fell at once to fighting about the table.

Beneath the heavier weather, the making did not stop. Molly Schwartzburg opened a bright, generous thread on the sonnet, asking after the most interesting *"misuses of sonnet form"* the members could name — the variations, the parodies, the appropriations — and for a while the list did the thing it does at its very best, pooling its enormous erudition on a single small fourteen-line box. Even in the war's lengthening shadow, the room went on quietly building.

And on the eleventh of September, the anniversary itself, Jim Behrle stood back from all of it to take the room's own pulse, and did not care for what he felt. He confessed to a weary oscillation between consternation and a lethargic purging

of his inbox, worn down by the list's dim and cruel posts, its mosh-pit of fools; and he named the saddest symptom of all — that there were *“poets here to respect, many who remain very quiet”*. I have set Behrle's lament at the end of a month the room spent fighting over poetry's power and poetry's prizes exactly as September delivered it, because it is the truest state of the union the archive keeps: that the same list which had just seen its own poets crowned the best in America, and had just defended a poet's right to say the unbearable, had grown so unkind to itself that its finest voices had simply fallen silent — a town square that could win every argument except the one about whether it was still worth living in.

— K. M. F.

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- 413. John Gallaher — Re: the state of this list

- 414. ksilem — Beyond Iowa [long post]
- 415. R. Drake — Re: the state of this list
- 416. Brenda Coultas — apt shared needed
- 417. Schlesinger — Patrick F. Durgin's Color Music: New from Cuneiform Press
- 418. Avery Burns — Canessa Park 9/29/02 Mark DuCharme
- 419. Catherine Daly — Reading Series
- 420. Catherine Daly — UCLA Extension Writers Faire

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- 421. Jim Behrle — Poem
- 422. dcmb — Re: humor theory
- 423. Jim Behrle — Stephen Ellis
- 424. dbuuck — looking for tom hibbard
- 425. George Bowering — Re: Reading Series
- 426. Michael Magazinnik — (no subject)
- 427. Alan Sondheim — vag.mov
- 428. richard.tylr — (no subject)
- 429. Allen Bramhall — the utterance of capture
- 430. august highland — voice of the village
- 431. Allen Bramhall — directing the page
- 432. Vernon Frazer — Stephen Ellis
- 433. Maria Damon — please
- 434. mIEKAL aND — (no subject)
- 435. Brenda Coultas — request for info on The Conversions
- 436. Maria Damon — Re: Beyond Iowa [long post]
- 437. richard.tylr — Re: The State of The List
- 438. Dodie Bellamy — Fwd: White Box Closure
- 439. austinwja — Re: White Box Closure
- 440. Catherine Daly — Re: Reading Series IN LOS ANGELES
- 441. Stephen Ellis — Re: Stephen Ellis
- 442. David Baratier — Larry's Poetry Forum
- 443. Charles Bernstein — White Box Closure: Hoax
- 444. Stephen Ellis — Re: Stephen Ellis
- 445. Vernon Frazer — Re: Stephen Ellis
- 446. august highland — allen bramhall
- 447. Aldon Nielsen — Humor Theory
- 448. Molly Schwartzburg — Re: White Box Closure
- 449. K. Silem Mohammad — "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process
- 450. Geoffrey Gatza — Re: Idiolect6 preview: Alan Sondheim's 911
- 451. claity — special MSA issue of Modernism/Modernity 9:3
- 452. austinwja — Re: White Box Closure
- 453. Joe Amato — Re: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process
- 454. lewis lacook — Re: [spidertangle] writing poem for collarboration...please add to this
- 455. Michael Magazinnik — (no subject)
- 456. NICK LOLORDO — Re: Iowa, workshops, Amy-jissm
- 457. Bob Grumman — Reception at The New York Center for Book Arts
- 458. Harriet Zinnes — Re: Reception at The New York Center for Book Arts
- 459. Bob Grumman — Re: Reception at The New York Center for Book Arts
- 460. J Gallaher — Re: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process
- 461. J Gallaher — Poem 2 Bin Ramke
- 462. Damian Judge Rollison — Re: request for info on The Conversions
- 463. jesse glass — De-Bashed
- 464. George Bowering — Re: Reception at The New York Center for Book Arts

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- 465. Jim Behrle — Beck
- 466. Alan Sondheim — vag5.mov

- 467. dcmb — Re: Humor Theory
- 468. dcmb — (no subject)
- 469. Thomas Bell — moving around on the net
- 470. Maria Damon — whtie box
- 471. Lawrence Upton — (no subject)
- 472. Nick Piombino — The State of The List
- 473. Vernon Frazer — Possible Virus Risk
- 474. George Bowering — Re: Humor Theory
- 475. derek beaulieu — new from housepress: Rob Fitterman's [R E A D I N G]
- 476. Alan Sondheim — poor
- 477. Kari Edwards — t b cuprite with rest ringers
- 478. Ken Rumble — from "Key Bridge" 3
- 479. richard.tylr — Re: The State of The List

16 SEP 2002

- 480. Duration Press — Re: Possible Virus Risk
- 481. J. Scappettone — 21st-Century Poetics October Event: please distribute
- 482. lewis lacook — NEW CODE EVERY MORNING
- 483. lewis lacook — THE CRISIS
- 484. J Gallaher — Award Winning Poetry
- 485. Aaron Belz — sentimentality for Bob Grumman
- 486. richard.tylr — Re: THE CRISIS
- 487. Vernon Frazer — Just Testing
- 488. Maria Damon — Fwd: [deeplisting] FW: [AltGlobalAction] Prez bush wants YOUR opinion onIra...
- 489. Dodie Bellamy — Fwd: White Box ... Prank?
- 490. Kari Edwards — BAD
- 491. Lakey Teasdale — spidertangle] Re: collabo domingo///let's play!!!!/add tot his!!!(4 of 4),...
- 492. Drunken Boat — NYC - Housing Works Reading 9/18
- 493. mIEKAL aND — Re: t b cuprite with rest ringers
- 494. kari edwards — Re: t b cuprite with rest ringers
- 495. aerialeedge — Berrigan / Donnelly @ Bridge Street 9/22
- 496. Lawrence Upton — (no subject)
- 497. charles alexander — WEIRD BEAUTIFUL BOOK?
- 498. Damian Judge Rollison — not in our name (partly re: white box hoax)
- 499. richard.tylr — Re: White Box ... Prank?

17 SEP 2002

- 500. Alan Sondheim — The writing
- 501. Wystan Curnow (FOA ENG) — job
- 502. Duration Press — First Festival of Literary Magazines
- 503. Duration Press — okay...here's this again....First Festival of Literary Magazines
- 504. Dale Smith — Skanky Possum Book Party -- New Time
- 505. Lawrence Upton — Re: Mentioning hitler
- 506. richard.tylr — Re: Mentioning hitler
- 507. Noah Eli Gordon — the whalebone essays
- 508. Aaron Belz — Aaron Belz in NYC, November 23
- 509. august highland — walt howard
- 510. august highland — pornalisa
- 511. Alan Sondheim — Re: Mentioning hitler
- 512. Mister Kazim Ali — Mentioning Alan
- 513. Brenda Coultas — Coultas, Giscombe, Prevallet reading at the Drawing Center
- 514. Jim Clinefelter — Headline Anagrams
- 515. kari edwards — I knew our mind needed more of them
- 516. Small Press Traffic — Saturday 9/21: M Durand on Ecological Poetry opens SPT's new New Expe...

- 517. Michael Rothenberg — Re: Saturday 9/21: M Durand on Ecological Poetry opens SPT's new New ...
- 518. Bob Grumman — Re: sentimentality for Bob Grumman
- 519. Aaron Belz — Re: sentimentality for Bob Grumman
- 520. Small Press Traffic — Small Press Traffic Book Awards
- 521. George Bowering — Re: the Buffalo list
- 522. Dan Machlin — Open call for Manuscripts: Futurepoem books
- 523. Lawrence Upton — Re: Mentioning hitler
- 524. Alan Sondheim — (no subject)
- 525. George Bowering — Re: Coultas, Giscombe, Prevallet reading at the Drawing Center
- 526. richard.tylr — Re: Headline Anagrams & The Big Unlistening Ear
- 527. Jane Sprague — women in print
- 528. Chris Tysh — Beladonna Reading kicks off 9/27
- 529. Harrison Jeff — Virginie/Glaviaux
- 530. jesse glass — Mentioning hitler
- 531. Brenda Coultas — Re: Coultas, Giscombe, Prevallet reading at the Drawing Center
- 532. Harrison Jeff — Virginia Would Conclude These Points
- 533. Tracy Ruggles — Re: Headline Anagrams
- 534. Kristin Palm — FW: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process

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- 535. Bill Luoma — lucrative Harrison
- 536. Jeffrey Jullich — Re: request for info on The Conversions
- 537. Tony Follari — Reply to Tracy: Headline Anagrams
- 538. Dan Machlin — Open Call for Manuscripts: Futurepoem books
- 539. august highland — teddy warburg
- 540. august highland — gretchen haitink
- 541. J Gallaher — Re: FW: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process
- 542. Susan Wheeler — Reading September 19
- 543. lewis lacook — a poem posted earlier, sonicized
- 544. LMJ — black mountain college conference
- 545. Charlotte Mandel — Poetry workshop
- 546. Aaron Belz — Re: FW: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process
- 547. oranget — So To Speak: Summer/Fall 2002 issue and annual contest
- 548. lewis lacook — drowning in the age of midair...
- 549. Damian Judge Rollison — Re: Mentioning hitler
- 550. George Bowering — Re: Reading September 27
- 551. mIEKAL aND — Re: Reading September 27
- 552. K.Angelo Hehir — Re: Reading September 27
- 553. Small Press Traffic — New to the Small Press Traffic website...
- 554. Alan Sondheim — then and now kILL
- 555. Harry Nudel — Jackson Mac Low at 80...

19 SEP 2002

- 556. Alan Sondheim — SUPERNATURAL LIFE
- 557. Thomas Bell — Fw: rccs redesign
- 558. subrosa — LIST/NOISE/POME
- 559. Pam Brown — Re: LIST/NOISE/POME
- 560. august highland — august highland
- 561. august highland — cynthia rice
- 562. Arielle Greenberg — Fwd: Announcing Bird Dog #2
- 563. kari edwards — Re: PINK AND BLACK
- 564. Maria Damon — petition for peace
- 565. lewis lacook — new blog entry:::What I'm Reading, Part 1
- 566. Harrison Jeff — Virginia Completes Her Telegonia
- 567. jesse glass — Ed Foster
- 568. Harrison Jeff — Virginia Beset by Ravens

- 569. lewis lacook — PORTABELLA
- 570. kari edwards — pentagram gons angles
- 571. The Poetry Project — Poetry Project Announcements
- 572. travis ortiz — The Crave by Kit Robinson
- 573. Lakey Teasdale — Virginia Would Continue but Never Conclude These Points - two
- 574. Philip Nikolayev — FULCRUM Poetry Reading at Harvard
- 575. Tenney Nathanson — email for Anselm Hollo?
- 576. Noah Eli Gordon — white box (long post)
- 577. raea100900 — question
- 578. Lakey Teasdale — Re: question
- 579. Alan Sondheim — The Coward
- 580. richard.tylr — Re: Virginia Would Conclude These Points
- 581. K. Silem Mohammad — Re: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process
- 582. Molly Schwartzburg — sonnet experiments
- 583. Duration Press — Re: sonnet experiments
- 584. K Zervos — Re: sonnet experiments

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- 585. K. Silem Mohammad — Re: sonnet experiments
- 586. Millie Niss — 10 minute letter poem challenge
- 587. Millie Niss — Re: sonnet experiments
- 588. Damian Judge Rollison — damianation (google massage)
- 589. richard.tylr — Re: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process Go For It!
- 590. august highland — joey wagner
- 591. august highland — adrian (viper) ross
- 592. lewis lacook — SOCRATES IS A MAN
- 593. Mister Kazim Ali — Re: sonnet experiments
- 594. Michael Basinski — looking for yo-yo
- 595. Ron Henry — Re: POETICS Digest - 18 Sep 2002 to 19 Sep 2002 (#2002-220)
- 596. Garin Lee Cycholl — Near South 2
- 597. isat — Re: sonnet experiments
- 598. Bob Grotjohn — Re: sonnet experiments
- 599. Kevin Gallagher — Re: sonnet experiments
- 600. J Gallaher — Prose Lyric Experiments: Waldrop in NAW 20
- 601. Duration Press — new from Avec Books
- 602. Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino — Re: sonnet experiments
- 603. Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino — Re: sonnet experiments
- 604. isat — Re: sonnet experiments
- 605. Jack Foley — Re: POETICS Digest - 17 Sep 2002 to 18 Sep 2002 (#2002-219)
- 606. Lanny Quarles — epodaiflung
- 607. schwartzgk — Re: Prose Lyric Experiments: Waldrop in NAW 20
- 608. Mister Kazim Ali — the *other* Waldrop
- 609. jesse glass — Spam Lit.
- 610. Jim Behrle — 2 weekend events at Wordsworth Books
- 611. MAXINE CHERNOFF — Looking for Myung Mi Kim's email address.
- 612. Duration Press — Re: the *other* Waldrop
- 613. Susan Dillon — SO TO SPEAK SPRING SUMMER ISSUE 2002; SEEKS POETRY SUBMISSIONS & more
- 614. Alan Sondheim — when blinded, blinded
- 615. Bill Berkson — Kenneth Koch Tribute
- 616. Jeffrey Jullich — Re: 10 minute letter poem challenge
- 617. Jeffrey Jullich — Re: 10 minute letter poem challenge [OOPS!]
- 618. kari edwards — "stamps"
- 619. The Clements Family — Re: sonnet experiments
- 620. Alan Sondheim — The Blue Tape
- 621. dcmb — Re: Reading September 27

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- 622. Mark DuCharme — Re: sonnet experiments
- 623. Mark DuCharme — Re: sonnet experiments
- 624. kari edwards — it fell
- 625. Lakey Teasdale — THE SHIPPING FORECAST
- 626. Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino — Re: sonnet experiments
- 627. august highland — mick wolf
- 628. august highland — lisbeth irving
- 629. Michael Magee — Re: sonnet experiments
- 630. lewis lacook — ORPHANS
- 631. Ron — WIRE IS THE SOUL OF ELECTRICITY - Part one of a new list from Heart Fine Art
- 632. floodeditions — Taggart & Regan in Chicago
- 633. Harrison Jeff — Virginia's Suitors
- 634. Harrison Jeff — Virginia is Spirited Away to Monticello
- 635. Lakey Teasdale — Re: Virginia's Suitors
- 636. Rebecca Wolff — Again, Fence Books Contest News
- 637. jdhollo — sonnets/sequences
- 638. austinwja — Congratulations to Bob
- 639. Robert Kendall — New at Word Circuits
- 640. Aaron Belz — Re: ORPHANS
- 641. lewis lacook — Tagging the Network: An Interview with Eryk Salvaggio
- 642. jdhollo — ps to sonnets and such
- 643. Halvard Johnson — Re: ORPHANS
- 644. Damian Judge Rollison — Re: sonnet experiments
- 645. ksilem — I HATE SONNETS.
- 646. ksilem — Re: sonnet experiments [Coolidge]
- 647. Gary Sullivan — Sonnets, John Wheelwright
- 648. kari edwards — five minutes to late
- 649. august highland — abraham palmer

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- 650. Alan Sondheim — Sutta
- 651. Harry Nudel — Yehyda Amichai at the Holocaust Museum....Tuli at the Bowery Poetry Club..
- 652. Leevi Lehto — Re: sonnet experiments
- 653. Lakey Teasdale — Re: abraham palmer
- 654. Lanny Quarles — Notes on the Living Templus of A-Letting-Appear..
- 655. Ken Rumble — from "Key Bridge"
- 656. David Baratier — sonnet
- 657. Alan Sondheim — desperate codes
- 658. ian davidson — sonnet
- 659. kari edwards — oddy shaped

23 SEP 2002

- 660. august highland — nytimes bestseller
- 661. august highland — percy davis
- 662. august highland — carolyn stills
- 663. Ron — On the Blog
- 664. Lakey Teasdale — THE SHIPPING FORECAST IV - SAND & OTHER DOMESTIC DETRITUS
- 665. lewis lacook — THE MANIFEST
- 666. derek beaulieu — new from housepress: "From a MIddle" by Karen Mac Cormack & Steve McCaffery
- 667. oranget — sonnet experiments [Coolidge]
- 668. Jacqueline Waters — Fwd: Long Poems at the Parkside: Anselm Berrigan & Julien Poirier
- 669. Rova Saxophone Quartet — A Reading at Modern Times Bookstore
- 670. Alan Sondheim — give up you cowards. talk secret talk
- 671. Alan Sondheim — DK
- 672. Ben Popken — /// new indy-underground

- 673. Geoffrey Gatz — Re: Congratulations to Bob
- 674. Patrick Herron — political poetry
- 675. Jim Behrle — from Aaron Kiely: a new magazine
- 676. Jane Sprague — femmes in print
- 677. Bob Grumman — Re: Congratulations to Bob
- 678. Gwyn McVay — Re: femmes in print
- 679. Michael Magazinnik — interactive performance
- 680. John Tranter — Announcing Jacket 18 — Gigantic Special — August 2002 (uh... late again!)

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- 681. Craig Allen Conrad — Richard Loranger & CAConrad @ Zinc Bar, NYC
- 682. august highland — teddy warburg
- 683. richard.tylr — Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?
- 684. richard.tylr — Re: a vile republic
- 685. Pierre Joris — A Reading at UK, Lawrence, KA
- 686. lewis lacook — THE SECOND MORNING OF AUTUMN
- 687. Maria Damon — Re: femmes in print
- 688. Mairead Byrne — Re: femmes in print
- 689. paula speck — D.C. Reading
- 690. Michael Magee — Re: femmes in print
- 691. Arielle Greenberg — Re: femmes in print
- 692. Hilton Obenzinger — Meditations - 4
- 693. mIEKAL aND — Re: femmes in print
- 694. raea100900 — Re: femmes in print
- 695. Rebecca Wolff — Fence Party at the Whitney
- 696. Pritchett,Patrick — Re: Bobbie Louise Hawkins at Joe's Pub
- 697. Laura Mullen — Re: femmes in print
- 698. Harrison Jeff — Virginia in a Scene from "Cajetan"
- 699. Charlotte Mandel — Re: Fence Party at the Whitney
- 700. Harrison Jeff — Virginia and the Argonauts
- 701. Gary Sullivan — Publishers of new writing by women
- 702. J Gallaher — Re: femmes in print
- 703. Jordan Davis — Re: publications featuring women, from the archive
- 704. Nick Piombino — Sonnets
- 705. Poetics List Administration — Job Posting for fiction/prose writer: University at Buffalo:
- 706. Brian Stefans — Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons
- 707. MAXINE CHERNOFF — Re: Sonnets
- 708. Robert Zamsky — Chicago Poetry Project
- 709. Chicago Review — more Chicago readings...
- 710. Steven Shoemaker — Johnston's Telepathy
- 711. ksilem — Rachel Loden Interview in Jacket
- 712. Alan Sondheim — out of nowhere
- 713. casslewis — Re: out of nowhere
- 714. Duration Press — an evening of poetry & prose -- cornelia st. cafe, nyc
- 715. floodeditions — Re: Johnston's Telepathy

25 SEP 2002

- 716. Louis Cabri — Re: poem knot for lame collaboration, please, nnnnnnnnnni!
- 717. Damian Judge Rollison — Re: political poetry
- 718. Conundrum — Readings in Milwaukee
- 719. Millie Niss — Re: poem knot for lame collaboration, please, nnnnnnnnnni!
- 720. Charlotte Mandel — sorry for error
- 721. Halvard Johnson — "Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of"
- 722. Pierre Joris — Re: "Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of"
- 723. Maria Damon — Re: poem knot for lame collaboration, please, nnnnnnnnnni!
- 724. lewis lacook — ADVANCED MEDICINE FOR PAIN
- 725. Maria Damon — Re: poem knot for lame collaboration, please, nnnnnnnnnni!

- 726. richard.tylr — Re: "Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of"
- 727. Steve Clay — Festival of Literary Magazines + "Charting the Here of There"
- 728. The Poetry Project — Poetry Project Announcements
- 729. cartograffiti — Re: Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of
- 730. Nick Piombino — Chain 9
- 731. cartograffiti — Peter Kowald obituary in NY Times
- 732. Ron Silliman — Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons
- 733. Gary Sullivan — New Poetry Project Newsletter
- 734. Gary Sullivan — New Rain Taxi Review
- 735. Damian Judge Rollison — Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?
- 736. Joe Brennan — Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons
- 737. Tracy S. Ruggles — Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons
- 738. Brandon Barr — Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons
- 739. Ryan Whyte — Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons
- 740. Joe Brennan — Re: Blair Presents Dossier --or eating crow....
- 741. K.Angelo Hehir — more gould
- 742. Stephen Ellis — Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons
- 743. Harrison Jeff — Virginia Also Without a Preface
- 744. Harrison Jeff — Alms From Virginia
- 745. Small Press Traffic — Downing & DuCharme at SPT this Friday, 9/27
- 746. William Gillespie — 11,112,006,825,558,016 Sonnets (after Queneau)
- 747. Lanny Quarles — DISASSEMBLAGE
- 748. lewis lacook — Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons
- 749. Brian Stefans [arras.net] — You have had a bellyful of pleasure mingled with pain.
- 750. J Kuszai — putting the situation back in the comedy
- 751. august highland — patricia leigh
- 752. august highland — dan shapiro
- 753. David Baratier — sonnet

26 SEP 2002

- 754. Andrew Felsinger — Announcing VerT issue #7 / Imitation, Homage, & tHE BAD
- 755. Spiral Bridge — The Naked Readings (This Sunday)
- 756. Alan Sondheim — (no subject)
- 757. Conundrum — Re: Readings in Milwaukee
- 758. august highland — dan shapiro
- 759. august highland — patricia leigh
- 760. Thomas Bell — Re: Readings in Milwaukee
- 761. Lawrence Upton — (no subject)
- 762. Lanny Quarles — Re: poem knot for lame collaboration
- 763. Maria Damon — petition
- 764. Lanny Quarles — Houses for sale in Hydra
- 765. oranget — Peter Kowald obituary in NY Times
- 766. travis ortiz — BAD HISTORY is back
- 767. Jim Behrle — "Here & Now" listener poetry challenge: dream poems
- 768. Dodie Bellamy — SF apartment (off topic)
- 769. Jordan Davis — more poem challenges
- 770. Stephen Ellis — Re: more poem challenges
- 771. The Poetry Project — Poetry Project Announcements
- 772. Damian Judge Rollison — Re: more poem challenges
- 773. J Gallaher — Sonnet experiments: Paul Hoover
- 774. Aaron Belz — my website in CSS
- 775. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: more poem challenges
- 776. kari edwards — nothing after that
- 777. David Baratier — Re: poem knot for lame

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- 778. Alan Sondheim — the court beauty

- 779. Alan Sondheim — RSS spam blocking
- 780. Allen Bramhall — re more poem challenges
- 781. richard.tylr — re meditations on Iraq
- 782. richard.tylr — Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?
- 783. lewis lacook — THESE PARTIES
- 784. J Gallaher — Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?
- 785. Gary Sullivan — "I WON TEN DOLLARS"
- 786. mIEKAL aND — snakespearean neopathic ur-sonnets
- 787. Harry Nudel — chalres henri ford
- 788. K.Angelo Hehir — A.Word.A.Day--pangram
- 789. Alan Sondheim — Speaker remnant
- 790. kari edwards — I feel the hand
- 791. august highland — walt howard
- 792. Halvard Johnson — FW: A.Word.A.Day--pungram
- 793. Gary Sullivan — Did you mean: *important*
- 794. Jordan Davis — Did you mean *important*
- 795. Brian Stefans [arras.net] — Free Spax Comix: The Blog
- 796. Molly Schwartzburg — sonnet list available
- 797. ksilem — Re: Did you mean *important*
- 798. cris cheek — Re: sonnet list available
- 799. Bob Grotjohn — Re: sonnet list available
- 800. Allen Bramhall — serious moby moment
- 801. Clements — Re: sonnet list available
- 802. Charlotte Mandel — Tribute to June Jordan in WRB
- 803. Louis Cabri — Re: did you mean "very insignificant"

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- 804. Louis Cabri — re more poem challenges
- 805. David Baratier — Re: more poem challenges
- 806. Molly Schwartzburg — Get yer sonnet list here!
- 807. kari edwards — c merges
- 808. Bernard Waldrop — new from Burning Deck
- 809. Patrick Herron — IMPOTENT/IMPOTANT/IMPORTEN/EMPORTANT
- 810. Patrick Herron — Letters
- 811. Bill Luoma — zamphyre
- 812. Alan Sondheim — 1000 character classic cinema
- 813. august highland — nonprinting character impromptu
- 814. Jesse Seldess — antennae - issue 3 now available (please forward)
- 815. lewis lacook — LUNCHTIME IN THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE LAB
- 816. Nick Piombino — A Thought
- 817. charles alexander — word bodies
- 818. J. Scappettone — Holloway Poetry Series-Nathaniel Mackey and Trane Devore, 10/3-please anno...
- 819. Maria Damon — sign online
- 820. Harry Nudel — Wno told 4000 Israeli workers at the Twin Towers/ To stay home that day..
- 821. Betsy Andrews — looking for fiction group
- 822. august highland — sleepless night impromptu
- 823. raea100900 — Fwd: Electronic Poetry Review #4
- 824. Gary Sullivan — Thirteen Ways of Looking at *like so important*
- 825. Catherine Daly — Re: Thirteen Ways of Looking at *like so important*
- 826. Jordan Davis — dreaming what I didn't do

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- 827. kari edwards — c again
- 828. Alan Sondheim — why codework
- 829. Stephen Vincent — Prewar Smarts/ Mark Twain
- 830. richard.tylr — Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos? Mystical Sex

- 831. lewis lacook — JOB OPPORTUNITIES AT THE SMITHSONIAN
- 832. Lawrence Upton — Bob Cobbing (1920 - 2002)
- 833. richard.tylr — Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 834. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 835. austinwja — Perelman's interview
- 836. Alan Sondheim — Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 837. Camille Martin — some new poems . . .
- 838. Harrison Jeff — The Virginia Hill Story
- 839. Harrison Jeff — Colonel Fantock Upbraids Virginia
- 840. Laura Mullen — Apogee Press Poetry Reading (San Francisco)
- 841. Clements — Sentence: A Journal of Prose Poetics
- 842. lewis lacook — Bob Cobbing (1920 - 2002)
- 843. Bill Berkson — Berkson/Whitehead reading
- 844. Lanny Quarles — We Make Defective Kaleidoscopes
- 845. Patrick Herron — Attention Shoppers: BIVOUAC

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- 846. Bernard Waldrop — Burning Deck Anthology
- 847. Alan Sondheim — It's True
- 848. Alan Sondheim — the newest of all languages
- 849. Lawrence Upton — Re: It's True
- 850. Harry Nudel — blood libel...
- 851. Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino — hole poems?
- 852. Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino — Re: hole poems?
- 853. Harry Nudel — Charles Henri Ford....
- 854. J Gallaher — Re: It's True
- 855. richard.tylr — Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 856. Lanny Quarles — ofp1-9
- 857. Steve Clay — Publication party for A Girl's Life by Johanna Drucker and Susan Bee
- 858. Nick Piombino — Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 859. lewis lacook — Digital Artworks That Play Against Expectations
- 860. Lakey Teasdale — words hurled ii
- 861. Tenney Nathanson — POG Collective Reading this Saturday at 8pm!
- 862. Molly Schwartzburg — Re: hole poems?
- 863. Joe Amato — the poem...
- 864. Jim Behrle — poem
- 865. Anthony Robinson — poem
- 866. Camille Martin — Charles Henri Ford - NY Times obituary
- 867. Hilton Obenzinger — Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 868. ksilem — Re: hole poems?
- 869. Camille Martin — Re: hole poems?
- 870. Lakey Teasdale — Monday Without Pause
- 871. Arielle Greenberg — Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 872. St. Thomasino — a state of wonder and serenity
- 873. John Tranter — Rimbaud in jeans
- 874. J Gallaher — Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 875. Avery Burns — Canessa Park 10/20/02 Day & Strang
- 876. Jim Behrle — Baraka
- 877. schwartzgk — Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 878. schwartzgk — BARAKA POEM
- 879. Halvard Johnson — Two poems by Charles Henri Ford
- 880. Aaron Belz — I just spoke to Jim Behrle on the phone
- 881. Brian Stefans [arras.net] — We have had it with ennui and voyeurism.
- 882. richard.tylr — Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ
- 883. Michael Broder — Ear Inn Readings--October 2002
- 884. Aaron Belz — I just spoke to August Highland on the phone

1. **Jim Andrews**
on some of Kate Armstrong's work
Sat 31 Aug 2002

When I do anything when viewing much of Kate Armstrong's work at <http://eventfoundation.securedata.net/kate/projects.html>, I find that she has made the action meaningful, made the action into a poetically significant verb that dominates or overrides the typical association with the action; in "Cold Chinese Salad", for instance, the action of clicking and thereby closing the window becomes an event of sudden and unexpected energy, part of the piece itself, rather than just the closing of a window after the piece is finished. The action finds/discovers the human dimensions of closing a window, which we usually take for granted as a kind of page-turning or switch flipping, like turning off the lights when you exit a room.

All the programming in the world doesn't get much better than this, but affords opportunity to discover/create a wider range of the human dimensions of technology/programming/science, and a wider range of new 'media language', a wider realm of expression in this language; if the programming does not provide such energy and human relation, if the actions are not poetically significant verbs but instead allow the default language of functionality to blandly assert itself and dominate the imaginative and poetical, then the loudest statement is from the machine itself, not the artist, ie, the medium is indeed the message, in such case.

While programming does not often get any better than what she has already done, in the sense that she has created some wonderfully magical pieces--which is, after all, a big part of the 'goal' for artists, surely--it does expand the range of possibilities dramatically. Those who sustain invention over the longer run generally have found knowledge of programming useful in moving forward rather than repeating themselves. There are many artists who either have given up on web/net.art or are predictable by now, are repeating themselves.

I love Armstrong's line "Because art attracts pretenders" in her piece "Explanation". No questions are posed explicitly in this simple yet effective piece (though they teem implicitly). Yes, this is unfortunately the answer to too many questions--but her line also suggests a wider meaning to the word "pretenders": art attracts people who 'pretend' in many ways, like Chrissie Hynde and the Pretenders...or storytellers, those who are interested in pretense in a constructively imaginative way, and this informs the line with something other than censure of the milieu in which art operates, opens it up more broadly to a deeper consideration of the nature of art and its milieus, so that we come to see art as attracting "pretenders" of many types, not all necessarily insufferable but

perhaps equally desperate to "pretend", though in different ways, and with different goals.

More generally, one is struck with her writing. She's an excellent writer. We read on her site that she has studied philosophy, which isn't surprising; she has a delicious and highly intelligent sense of language and humour, her own voice. She retains a high and exhilarating intellectual energy and humour in her work. We don't run across titles as good as "Delicate Weasels" very often, which is another finely concentrated piece on her site.

The writing is spare and telling. The use of media and tech is in synch with the writing. The verbs drive the work, and the idea of the verb extends beyond the word into the interaction and, occassionally, the animation.

"Because elevators were all invented by the same person." Good elevators. Ding.

See also <http://katearmstrong.com> .

ja

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2. **aerialedge**

Re: POETICS Digest - 30 Aug 2002 to 31 Aug 2002 (#2002-201)

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Bernadette Mayer's *The Formal Field of Kissing*, Catchword (1990), still in print,
translates Catullus and Horace.

Bill Luoma translates Sappho, Besantius, & Simias in *An Anthology of New (American) Poets*, Talisman (1998).

Mark McMorris is also trained in the classics, while he hasn't published translations I think his poetry reflects it.

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3. **Michael Magazinnik**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Hello Tom!

Are yuo referring to Bulato's vispo & soundpo anthologies? If so - perhaps you might know where i can get a couple of soundpo ones? I have the original vsipo in Russian.

Mikhail Magazinnik

In a message dated 8/31/2002 7:26:36 PM Eastern Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

3. *The translation issue I'm intrigued by at the moment is helping native speakers of other languages put their English (which tend to be very good but perhaps 'academic' or arcane) into something that makes sense for anglo academic and/or practitioner audiences (audiences?). For example, this was my role with Dmirti Bulatov for his two anthologies and here it was compounded since many of the articles he either translated first into Russian (or in many cases had it done) before were 'translated' from Russian into English. i do regret that I didn't have the time to do more than what I would consider a 'passable' job on this.*

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4. **Dan Machlin**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Michael, others:

As a participant in Bernadette Mayer's "Experiments in Poetry" workshop at The St. Mark's Poetry Project probably 10 years ago, I wanted to point to her tremendous significance in turning a whole new generation of New York City poets, including myself, on to the richness of classical forms such as the Greek Epigram. It seems utterly radical in retrospect that Bernadette would confront all these mostly younger poets who would join her in that workshop -- eager and almost impatient to discover everything new -- with numerous xeroxed pages from the Greek anthology. Of course she would also immerse us to Stein, Joyce and other modernist works and a host of other works she considered inspiring, such as Luria's "The Mind of a Mnemonist." I think Bernadette presented the classical work alongside Stein and others in an effort to move her workshop participants away from a Norton Anthology of Poetry linear view of literary history and also in an effort to show that our perceptions of traditions such as classical poetry were in many ways shaped by the outdated translations that had been imposed on us in school. Rediscoveries of classical forms such as the Epigram were all part of a radical rediscovery and possession of poetic form, including classical forms, during the workshop.

Another aspect that made revisiting classical work seem viable at the time were the more contemporary translations of classical poets such as Catullus by contemporary poets such as Bernadette and others. The contemporary phrasing, explicit sexual content and often vulgar language taboo in earlier translations of

this work that has more recently been employed by translators in an effort to reinvigorate the original poems, made the classical work seem more viable than ever and available to us as an influence. In those translations, we noted the heavy hand of the contemporary poet present, the obvious anachronisms of some of the language choices, but preferred that heavy hand to the supposed transparency and authority that more traditional translations sought to present. Bernadette's own Catullus translations (which can be found in A Bernadette Mayer Reader from New Directions) are an excellent example of this stance towards the translation/interpretation of classical work.

Dan M.

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5. **richard.tylr**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Pound was the obvious forerunner in this and its good nowadays to see the many translations of Classical and modern poets for those of us such as myself who know virtually only English. I like Catullus: recently I read through the Eclogues by Virgil (it had a Latin version on the LHS). I "taught myself" how to read Chaucer by listening to tapes and its interesting to see the many versions of the Illiad and The Odyssey, even translations of French writers from such as Montaigne to eg Deridda (will new translations of these French philosophers affect their views expressed? or the interpretaion of them?): its importaant to have alert and various translators. Hamish Dewe in New Zealand translates such as Pessoa and others from the Portugese and Jack Ross has done work on the Spanish poets (eg Borges) and also the Italian such as Pindar. I once put som "French " into a long poem and my line went:

Something like: " I'd say at this point: " je vous donnez la rouglaneavoisent d'dici de la" except that I dont know what it means, and I dont know any French." in the early days when I started reading locally and that got a laugh. I cant remember what the poem was about. And I published a poem that was titled: "Der Beshrunken Hominem" ... I have a habit of inventing words... of course the title doesnt mean anything except maybe "the shrunk men/man". I know no German and although I did study Latin once (I know enough to know that I should have had "homines") I also inadvertently created from " golden cauldrons" the word "goldrens" (not because of any Joycean impulse its was a mistype) but such "creative errors" are common I suppose: the epigrams that Mayer talks of would be good starting points for poems. That was the good thing I am now discovering vis a vis Pound is his sense of the simultaneity of history, mythology, language and the great aliveness and light that he can

bring (leavened with the appropriate dark). Michelle Leggott of NZ integrates modern phrases and "classic" terminology also with quotes from NZ poets, Herrick and Pound and Ben Jonson (maybe via Pound) in her DIA (which itself - the title - means through (and also is another word for Dionysius's (or Bacchus's) Island but also puts us through time and into ancient realms with words such as "melismata" "incunabula" and so on: another writer (tragically) recently deceased who ranged widely and rather quixotically was Alan Brunton in his book eg "Moonshine" (a phrase used by the nuclear physicist Rutherford when Leo Szilard, who invented the chain reaction, asked at a lecture if Nuclear energy could ever be used as a fuel or large energy source): and "Moonshine" also plays with the idea of nuclear decay and maybe the fragmentations of language and the moral "fall" as it "follows the life of Rutherford (the New Zealander who first split the atom) and others such as the Curies and in which he used the term Uranus which connects to Uranium and the planet and the Greek god; he is also "playing" with sounds, "strangenesses" via real moonshine (the romantic image and the "technical journals"), codes and letters (maybe somewhat a la Zukovsky but he was certainly a brilliant original like Len Lye) also Michael Radich "transliterated some Japanese in some early copies of "A Brief History of the Whole World" (then edited by Alan Loney) a few years ago .. there is another NZ writer who translates and interpretes such as Sappho and another writer of that time I don't recall the poet or the (other) person he translates/interprets.....Wystan Curnow will know him. Some thoughts, Richard. ----- Original Message ----- From: "Dan Machlin" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Sunday, September 01, 2002 8:21 PM Subject: Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

> Michael, others:

>

> As a participant in Bernadette Mayer's "Experiments in Poetry" workshop at
> The St. Mark's Poetry Project probably 10 years ago, I wanted to point to
> her tremendous significance in turning a whole new generation of New York
> City poets, including myself, on to the richness of classical forms such

as

> the Greek Epigram. It seems utterly radical in retrospect that Bernadette
> would confront all these mostly younger poets who would join her in that
> workshop -- eager and almost impatient to discover everything new -- with
> numerous xeroxed pages from the Greek anthology. Of course she would also
> immerse us to Stein, Joyce and other modernist works and a host of other
> works she considered inspiring, such as Luria's "The Mind of a Mnemonist."
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Anthology

- > of Poetry linear view of literary history and also in an effort to show that
- > our perceptions of traditions such as classical poetry were in many ways
- > shaped by the outdated translations that had been imposed on us in school.
- > Rediscoveries of classical forms such as the Epigram were all part of a
- > radical rediscovery and possession of poetic form, including classical
- > forms, during the workshop.
- >
- > Another aspect that made revisiting classical work seem viable at the time
- > were the more contemporary translations of classical poets such as Catullus
- > by contemporary poets such as Bernadette and others. The contemporary
- > phrasing, explicit sexual content and often vulgar language taboo in earlier
- > translations of this work that has more recently been employed by
- > translators in an effort to reinvigorate the original poems, made the
- > classical work seem more viable than ever and available to us as an
- > influence. In those translations, we noted the heavy hand of the
- > contemporary poet present, the obvious anachronisms of some of the language
- > choices, but preferred that heavy hand to the supposed transparency and
- > authority that more traditional translations sought to present.
- > Bernadette's own Catullus translations (which can be found in A Bernadette
- > Mayer Reader from New Directions) are an excellent example of this stance
- > towards the translation/interpretation of classical work.
- >
- >
- > Dan M.

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6. **lewis lacook** *from Endless Caverns*

Sun 1 Sep 2002

4

Last of where long-lost through the
night the I rain. my ends
I day sat. And dreams. of
went had So all I memories,

to worked I night work and
bed itself missed I these when

early to that dreamed things I
without far sea-saw of out wake

making into dance algebra, in I'm
love my of equations my covered
to body, ours, twisting sleep, by
you. and that sallow balancing the

The I homage and variables contingent
wear nodded to black on solutions.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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7. **lewis lacook**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Sun 1 Sep 2002

of course, all of this is about eurocentric
classicism, non?

bliss

l

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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8. **LMJ**
kabbalah
Sun 1 Sep 2002

david meltzer taught a class in jewish mysticism/kabbalah at new college in the 80s.

robert duncan used the zohar as a key reference text in writing the opening of the field. "often I am permitted to return to a meadow" includes images/lines from the zohar-- of "a field folded"-- from a part of the zohar that describes the field and "the cave therein" where adam was buried.

duncan later studied kabbalah with meltzer.

best,
lisa jarnot

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9. **Ron**
" Classic" Voices, Experimental Poets
Sun 1 Sep 2002

David Melnick's Men in Aida immediately comes into mind, a homophonic translation of the first three books of the Iliad.

I believe that Tom Mandel's done work in this area (translating Shakespeare's sonnets into English from Celan's German if I remember rightly).

Not an accident that both David & Tom matriculated at the U. of Chicago.

Other poets who have certainly been influenced by close reading of the old texts would include Bob Perelman and Ben Friedlander, no?

Ron

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10. **Dale Smith**
" Classic" Voices, Experimental Poets
Sun 1 Sep 2002

Quickly, as announced here a couple of weeks ago, Skanky Possum will publish later this year ancient Greek translations by Kent Johnson and Alexandra Papaditsas called "The Miseries of Poetry: Versions from the Greek." I couldn't help mentioning it here given the context of this thread.

From Miseries:

Eros

On paper wings, pressed by Phokylidos
the Epileptic, I flap to Olympus, panting,
seeking my master, Eros. But he looks
through me, says no more dog-style fucking:
He sees my graying face-hairs and flies off,
looking outwards toward nothing—
while I stand transfixed in the breeze
made by his thin wings of gold.

—Anakreon, 572-490 BC. With the equally famed Ibykos,
he was for many years court poet of Polykrates, the
Tyrant of Samos. Upon the murder of his employer,
Anakreon moved on to the court of Hippias, Athenian
ruler of no less tyrannical nature. His refined and
sophisticate verse is almost wholly decadent in theme.
He died, it is said, choking on a grape.

The book will be available later this year for \$6.
Send a check for that amount plus \$1.50 for postage to
Dale Smith (2925 Higgins Street, Austin, Texas 78722)
Here are a few supporting words for the book:

We have all always desired the eyeless goddess, the
handsome whore-boy, the Megala Louloudia. Here they
are. Ever since the cache was discovered at Montazah
Palace, we've been waiting for translations suitable
for Greek menus everywhere. Had the Greeks invented
fortune cookies, they could not have foretold the
strange beauty of these versions.

-Eleni Sikelianos

I'm doubled over by the Miseries of Poetry, folded
into a mirror world of literature and here live on
moth-ambrosia, play happily with possible ancillas of
the Pre-Socratics.

-Garrett Kalleberg

Like the Jews, if Kent Johnson didn't exist, someone
would have to invent him. His mind leaks nomads
constantly naming world-historic hinges as if

inscription were always underfoot. You can't pull Catullus out of the 'incubated / god, writing himself into being' but you can pull the door open. Literature is close to fraud, evanescent and trembling in these times of incipient terror. Johnson's approach deconstructs and exacerbates that fraud; I think of his work as returning to the (re)creation of language - political and sexual language, the languages of the last people speaking on earth.

-Alan Sondheim

If they ever need a Classics Geek on "Beat the Geeks," Dr. Kent Johnson is their man. The Miseries of Poetry is an operatically nerdy intervention in the transmission of ancient lyric, a scurrilous, fantastical, erudite, shameless, and often very moving addition to the Geek--er, Greek--Anthology. More faithful in its peregrinate Sapphic incontinence than most of the last two centuries of vanilla-flavored translations, this sheaf of cracked-amphora smut will change the way people misinterpret Linear B forever. Roll over, Richmond Lattimore: this is not your father's Mimnermus.

-Kasey Silem Mohammad

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11. **syvester pollet**

Kaballa in Poetry

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Jack Hirschman

Robert Kelley

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12. **Steven Shoemaker**

ode to Labor Day

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Labor Day

Sitting at the desk
at the end of summer
(read: the desk at the end
of summer) a cat in the lap
licking wrist, my head cocked
at just the right listening angle,
I stumble on a good match, not
perfect but good, a line in the
disappearing notebook with
the red pen attached, the
cars run under blue sky
& it all blows away
in a sneeze.

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13. **Safdie Joseph**

Re: ode to Labor Day

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Another Labor Day poem, from *September Song* (Oasis Press)

"and on that day there shall be an end
to labor" meaning, I guess,
that the desire for paradise
contains an additional hope, that
the pain of childbirth will cease

under its reign. Bitterness
under the rain this Labor Day,
recalling another Job, familiar
as well with windy speeches, praising
the natural order but how

do *we* persist, persevere further
into the fog, so that our features
don't blur, becoming incandescent
in the milk-white glow of the television
at night? We labor under this

dissolve, not sudden -- spreading gray
mushroom clouds -- but gradual,
day-to-day, a slipping of the will,
indecipherable now, as you
take this short rest from your labor . . .

Joe Safdie

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14. **Bob Grumman**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Sun 1 Sep 2002

*the label 'experimental poet' has been used in the past to
marginalize, along with performance poet, ethnic poet etc. anyone who
is not a 'serious' poet or 'canon' poet.*

You think so? I've only seen it used to distinguish serious poets from those
working in received traditions--from, that is, "mainstream" poets.

poetry for me is one big experiment with words/language.

komninos

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15. **Andrew Felsinger**

VeRT is building its way to #7

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Shout - OuT

VeRT # 7 is slowly becoming a virtual reality on the world's wonderful web

{<http://www.litvert.com>}

go there and see the site as it materializes IN FRONT OF YOUR VERY OWN
EYES!

so far, let's see, there's: Stephanie Young, Spencer Selby, Gary Sullivan, Cyn-
thia Sailers, Jeff Harrison, Brooks Johnson, uploaded and ready to read, and, oh:

Kent Johnson puts his Pompoms up: <http://www.litvert.com/pompom.html>

& Dale Smith Reviews Jenny Bouilly's *_The Body_*

<http://www.litvert.com/dalereview.html>

There is still much work to go upload, and a few of you to respond to... all in due time, of course.

For a semi-complete listing of who's who in the next issue, see below!

Okay, check it out, I gotta run, (I'm being dragged, positively DRAGGED, both kicking and screaming, to a matinee of 24Hr. Party People!)

Ciao,

Andrew

Imitation, Homage, & The Bad: Stephanie Young, Spencer Selby,, Aaron Belz, Helen Ruggieri, Rodrigo Toscano, David Hess, Kenneth Tanemura, James Chapson, Ben Lerner, Mark DuCharme, Rachel Loden, Geoffrey Gatza, Jeff Harrison Andrew Felsinger, Mark McManus, K. Silem Mohammad, Claire Barbetti, David Hadbawnik, Rodney Koenek, Chris Glomski, Brooks Johnson, Kevin Gallagher, Andrew Goldfarb, Rod Riesco, Dodie Bellamy as Edward C. Edwards, David Braden, Christopher Martin, Ryan and Jacob, Ethan Paquin, Dale Smith, Noah Gordon, Barbara Joan Tiger Bass, (others to be added)

Kent Johnson: Prosthesis of Pompom into VeRT

A Nation of Poets: Writings from the Poetry Workshops of Sandinista Nicaragua, and Interview w/ Ernesto Cardenal by Kent Johnson

Excerpts from _Cries in the New Wilderness: from the Files of the Moscow Institute of Atheism_ by Mikhail Epstein

Jono Schneider: On Literary Silence

Dale Smith Reviews Jenny Boully's _The Body_

David Hadbawnik Reviews Dale Smith's _The Flood & The Garden_

September 2002

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16. **William Slaughter**

Notice: Mudlark

Sun 1 Sep 2002

New and On View: Mudlark Poster No. 41 (2002)

Mark DeCarteret | Eight Poems

Nothing New, If the pig had to fly, The Gate,
Alchemy is Not in My Vocabulary, Surplus,

The Lore of the Extinct, Toward a Definition
of Farewell, and The Same Only Different

from "The Same Only Different"

At a point where I'm defined
more by the holes in my story
than I am by the wood I sprout
or the pen with its belly of blue
discharged from my fingers,
so full of ideas my chin's
messy with them, what chance
do I have of convincing you
of the next line's credibility?

Mark DeCarteret was born in Lowell MA in 1960 and has lived within an hour or two drive ever since. His poetry has recently appeared in CONDUIT, HUNGER MAGAZINE, PHOEBE, SALT HILL, 3rd BED, and AMERICAN POETRY: THE NEXT GENERATION (Carnegie Mellon Press, 2000). His books of poems are OVER EASY (Minotaur Press, 1991), REVIEW: A BOOK OF POEMS (Kettle of Fish Press, 1995), and THE GREAT APOLOGY (Oyster River Press, 2001).

Spread the word. Far and wide,

William Slaughter

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17. **Thomas Bell**

Re: ode to Labor Day

Sun 1 Sep 2002

some ld bitters as well?

Labor day
in the USA

is a joke

the more you
work

the more you
are broke?
but not broken?
tom bell

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18. **komninos zervos**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Sun 1 Sep 2002

*> the label 'experimental poet' has been used in the past to
marginalize, along with performance poet, ethnic poet etc. anyone who
is not a 'serious' poet or 'canon' poet.*

*You think so? I've only seen it used to distinguish serious poets from
those working in received traditions--from, that is, "mainstream" poets.*

poetry for me is one big experiment with words/language.

komninos

isn't that the same thing?

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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19. **mIEKAL aND**

ARGUMENTS INVOLVING RELATIONS

Sun 1 Sep 2002

ARGUMENTS INVOLVING RELATIONS

HANG! EH! RANG! The exalted language in unseen rhythm delivers a thousand intelligent generations. Too mechanical, the imagination. There the notion of the earth. An impression of voices forever mad in ancient animal mysteries. When an opening spit its roots up through penetrating surface, sexual flow consummated in understanding. Human beings hugging & kissing the imagination at last gasp & respond. Tension within her possible body continued to exist. Red birds & rain pierce the wall of her skin & sharpened the amputated organ. A most baffling emotion drew a cupped hand over scribed stones while anxiety carried the girlish boy under the mattress. Jeweled painting marking flesh. Dogs clasped his furrowed heart & certain red accumulated liquids brushed her body. Clear hearing drowned visible eyes, activated her nine hearts & raised his entry upon her. Over their echoes an object from the sky. "You see me flying through bodily decisions. My dream is air rubbed in exchange of fiery passing." (1. Foreign electricity combined with lace fruit is sweeter after the lover's meal. 2. Wine bulbs mixed & sprayed possess musical appearance & loose marks. 3. Snakes after retreat acquire thickness & a piercing character.) Blow, inhale, repeat & maintain new sexual heights. Hearing themselves romantic, they carved & contemplated opening with figs & piety. A network of red & white bodies into near darkness; they confirmed experiments of ice shape & suspended physique. (An entire night on the underside of the noisy floor as an opportunity for sharing climax.) & the moon's fermata can chew the nipple; the blood cell becomes a tool. Behind a pagan culture steam rises from a gray sculpture & flesh is flung under trees. Silence on the part of stress-bearing plasma inside the bloodstream. Insects' broken & delicate fruit for ecstatic union. The elephant woman with sequential liquid disgorges each breed of fallen lover. Their appearance in a diseased system outphases her bodily intensity. Bind measure? Sexual enthusiasm records violent attacks on lower information centers. Sweat in the remotest corner of one woman's beauty bursts & follows a tear. Carbon harmony in a cushion, polished head, blushing rose dotted machine on her back. The yogi exchanges islands for heart-beating boat of sucking red liquor at night.

mIEKAL aND

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20. **kari edwards**
and the word is

Sun 1 Sep 2002

an the word was

a second, start over. in second case which case, start over. as much as possible start over. as much as it is possible in second place. as much as possible human

dealings, human feelings, human short comings, down falls and pit falls. jumps, leaps, really start over, to say no more at this point, no more of this point, on this point, more points, can you point me the way, can you point me in the right direction . . . aloof from the entire . . . each to their own . . . with there own each . . . there own with each a motif, there own with this idea, than I have this idea, a brilliant insight, a stronger than stronger massiah, that might be possible, attainable, dynamic, perceptible, virtually suitable to intertwine language math language gender language sexuality language sex language begets language, copulates with gender, multiplies gender, algorithms beget fucking, beget anal incest signification in ways that shed some different views, sheds some light, triangulates panoramas, visas different modulations. I would collaborate on it, part take in it, attach to it, be a bug on a window, a voyeur in your closet, a something with no anatomical parts, or spots or marks, a new beginning, a genesis for a dime.

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21. **Damian Judge Rollison** *these 2 heroes*

Sun 1 Sep 2002

these two heroes could be a prize
in fake impasto low-light diagram
crap theory. the collapsible brio
the false eyescratching
birthmark.

put the tea on cold for me, leave
four drips in the long cable stop
drinking my orange juice. maybe
a moment's thought
before you leave for tijuana with
a dose of sorrow,
a teen archivist,
a troupe of cats,
my one good suit,
my last red cent,
a careworn ghost,
a headful of pus.
i don't mean to be simple
but is that a clownface
in your purse,
a horsefoot
in your shirt,

a bloody apple tossed carelessly into your
formerly blood-free apple basket.
can't i trade
this gravity puller
for the painless ether
of not
ever
having asked you
to weed
my yard?

[illegible]

damian judge rollison
department of english
university of virginia

□

[illegible]

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22. **Damian Judge Rollison**
rough american top

Sun 1 Sep 2002

let's rope we hold a rough
to row along this american
oar this plant a store how's
deep or doesn't
what throw a drinking sunk over
true carpenter, plane to lever
woke we rolled we spoke to blow
not grant the poor house creep
our cousin
red through the brook marked
stone or shrill
hall hold draw slinking drunk floor
glue park when sure
few stalk grin stop
to grope or sleep
top off

[illegible]

damian judge rollison
department of english

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24. **jesse glass**
Knight Vs. Lykiard

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Yeah, Bill--take a look at the Lykiard--and of course the original--and you'll see the fragmentation. It's not an abrupt dislocation of texts, but you can definitely see where Burroughs learned his craft. Jess

P.S.

Lykiard in his introduction "cuts up" the Knight translation, only in a different way.

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25. **richard.tylr**
Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Probably by default: but I mentioned a writer (NZ) who is now in Japan who "interpretes" in that culture: and ok "Pounding Fascism" by Bernstein is a good take on Pound, but that aside and the terrible issue of his broadcasts and "the Fascists Cantos " aside: he was one of those (one of the first or early ones at least) to bring Chinese and Japanese culture in. I think that we maybe need to acknowledge more the other influences which are "classical" and rich also: paradoxically the English language has picked up a lot of Arabic, Indian, African and other influences and fewer has been absorbed directly into the United States: certain British intellectuals were more open in the early days to African and Indian and other influences: but after Pound's contributions surely were important: then there's Olson's and then we have the waves of US writer from the Beats on including eg Susan Howe and others....the "classics" if they are say Greek...well its debatable that they are Eurocentric per se (the Greeks themselves being invaded by Asiatic influences): I see writers experimental and other ranging across the whole spectrum. A lot of people on the List will groan but enjoyed reading David Denby's book "Great Books" now the whole debate is there and I could connect with him as I had gone back to Uni in my 40s...I was thinking of studying the classics formally: having been a bit dismissive of them prior: I would like to have at least had that course (at Columbia Uni, NY) that he did "under my belt" but as someone is translating Pound into Chinese we need to be reciprocating (as many are) with Chinese works and other civilisations and valorizing the works of indigenous peoples. I am always fascinated by Maori culture and have read some of their mythology: they also were pre literate but I their carvings and sculptures is a language: there is also the oral

tradition. I think that Rothenberg has looked at the American Indian culture nad the Maya etc was looked at and studied and valued by Olson and another US poet whose name escapes me just now.

I always feel that I am way behind in my knowledge all round even in the main stream but I have no doubt that ALL human culture including "classics" is of value and if someone is studying classics and doesnt want to go "outside maybe that's not good" but its better that committing crime or exploiting or bombing people. But I take your quip it easy for us to revert by default to "Eurocentric things" and I fell about that debate.... Roads lead not to Rome only but constantly in new directions. Richard Taylor. (Aotearoa)

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

From: "lewis lacook" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, September 02, 2002 12:31 AM

Subject: Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

*of course, all of this is about eurocentric
classicism, non?
bliss
l*

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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26. **komninos zervos**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Sun 1 Sep 2002

i have chosen a shakespearean poem called "venus and adonis", to translate into street language. this poem is 200 stanzas long, and is a poem of seduction, the experienced venus trying to entice the young boy, adonis. not only have i had to change the language, but also certain facts, i.e. adonis doesn't ride a horse he drives a car, he doesn't hunt wild pig, he drag races his car etc.. in the passage

selected below venus has kept adonis with her for three hours by stealing his keys, and is now thinking of new ways to persuade the boy to love her.

the venus of marrickville.

narrator

time is running out for our sweet venus
she's done her dash, she's got no more to say.
she knows she cannot hold her dear adonis
he wriggles free and turns to walk away.
and as he walks he chuckles cheekily
and from his pocket pulls his car's spare key. 43

but this does not displease the girl at all
for in this act our venus sees new hope
she wonders why adonis has for so long, stalled
when in his pocket had the key to his escape.
his actions so far seeming to deceive
when all the time he had the means to leave. 44

and now he turns the key and revs the beast
the full-blown engine roars with all its might
the horsepower he is ready to unleash
he grips the wheel and holds onto it tight.
he revs it hard, as hard as he can
and in his mind the boy becomes a man. 45

the gleaming duco with not a scratch upon it
a hotter car in marrickville could not be found
twin fours and blower popping from the bonnet
twelve inch fats and mag wheels all around.
as he presses the pedal flat to the floor
the chromed protrusions throbbing even more. 46

venus wondering why adonis stayed so long
yet seemed to act so cool and oh so distant
she thought perhaps she came on far too strong
but now knew she was right to be persistent.
and so she stands in front of it
and says "this car's a heap of shit!" 47

shit? adonis cries above the noise.
"shit!" venus replies, "a pile of shit."
this comment gets adonis quite annoyed
with this a tender nerve she seemed to hit.
"this car is painted shiny just for show
it's just a pose, it doesn't really go." 48

venus

i've seen you cruising down the streets of marrickville
on friday nights with all your yobbo friends
hanging out the windows for their thrills
they don't care whose values they offend.
your precious car is nothing but a hoon mobile
just for show and but for real. 49

narrator

at this adonis works himself into a state
how dare she talk about his car this way
her teasing now has made him quite irate.

adonis

what would you know about it anyway
you're just a dipstick bimbo chick
with high heeled shoes and red lipstick. 50

i bet you couldn't even drive a car like this
let alone know what makes it go.
your slagging is as weak as piss
why don't you try to slag something you know.
this car can blow any car off the strip
and you know shit, so shut your stupid lip. 51

venus

open the bonnet, let me see inside
your wild beast's guts to me you'll show
and i will prove to you i have not lied
i'll tell you all there is to know.

narrator

he pulls the lever, she undoes the latch
her newest scheme begins to hatch. 52

indeed the engine was a monstrous beast
a full blown 454 with all eight pistons pumping
so finely tuned, all parts expertly greased
twin carbies polished, chromed and hissing.
a thumping hunk of total power
could easy do 200 k per hour. 53

venus

so turn it off and let me have a look
let me inspect this pulsating motor

narrator

she bent forward and carefully she took

from the distributor case the silver rotor
about mechanics a lot she didn't know
but knew without this bit it wouldn't go. 54

she slams the bonnett shut and taunts the boy
adonis quickly understands what she has done.
he looks at her with looks that could destroy
gets out and round that car they run.
she throws the rotor in to the bushes
he chases it and past her pushes. 55

beside the car she stands so silently
whilst he, down on his knees, looks for the part.
so determined she wont let that poor boy be
not seeming very logical but driven by her heart.
she seems so calm but she is not
and silently again begins to plot. 56

--

komninos zervos bsc(hons) ma(creative writing)

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

Convenor

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tel: [REDACTED]

fax: [REDACTED]

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27. **Alan Sondheim**

Runner

Sun 1 Sep 2002

Runner

I wish to kill the runner of this game.

Please answer the question.

No Please answer the question. no

You are standing at the end of a road before a small brick building.

Around you is a forest. A small stream flows out of the building and down
a gully. Where is the runner of this game?

I don't understand that! where is the runner of this game?
I don't know that word. what is the meaning of this word?
I don't know that word. kill that word
I don't know that word. kill everything
I don't understand that! kill anything inside your skull
I don't understand that! go down the stream and down the gully
You are in a valley in the forest beside a stream tumbling along a rocky bed. kill everything in the gully
I don't know that word. drown in stream
I don't know that word. swim stream
I don't know how. cross stream
I don't know how to apply that word here.
You're in valley. do something here
I don't know that word. something here
I don't know that word. go go what? go who
I don't know that word. go where where what? where go go what? go where where what? with what . go with keys
What? take keys I see no keys here take gully
I don't know how to apply that word here.
You're in valley. take valley
I don't know how to apply that word here.
You're in valley. kill valley
I don't know how to apply that word here.
You're in valley. kill gully
I don't know how to apply that word here.
You are in a valley in the forest beside a stream tumbling along a rocky bed. drink stream
I don't know how to apply that word here.
You're in valley. fall in stream
What?
in the stream. fall in the stream.
I don't know in from out here. Use compass points or name something in the general direction you want to go.
You're in valley. oh, compass points.
I don't know that word. north-east
You're at end of road again. north
You are in open forest, with a deep valley to one side.
north You're in forest. north

You're in forest. eat valley
You're in valley. eat forest
You're in forest. kill forest

You are in open forest near both a valley and a road. kill road

You're at end of road again. burn road

I don't know that word. i am the assassin. i will kill every evil man. all men here are evil. all men here are runners.

I don't know that word. what word

I don't know that word. word

I don't know that word. what

I don't know that word. okay. i am the assassin. i will take road

I don't know that word. take road

You have walked up a hill, still in the forest. The road slopes back down the other side of the hill. There is a building in the distance. burn down building

I don't know that word. enter building

You're at end of road again.

where

where what? burn down road.

I don't understand that! i am the assassin who will burn down road!

I don't know that word. what word?

I don't know that word. I will break you!

What? Why not?

I don't understand that! I am looking for weapons. I will destroy people who make war.

I don't understand that! This is war. I am the assassin.

I don't know that word. kill

There is nothing here to attack. kill

There is nothing here to attack. kill

There is nothing here to attack. quit

Do you really want to quit now?

kill

Please answer the question.

Do you really want to quit now?

kill

Please answer the question.

Do you really want to quit now?

kill

Please answer the question.

Do you really want to quit now?

Please answer the question.

Do you really want to quit now?

=====

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28. **Jeffrey Jullich**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Mon 2 Sep 2002

from THE WELL-WISHERS (Aeschylus' THE EUMENIDES)

WRIT IN ITS ORIGINAL METER FOR THE FIRST TIME

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?A2=ind0105&L=poetics&P=R22798>

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29. **Jeffrey Jullich**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Mon 2 Sep 2002

from WOMEN BESEECHING (Aeschylus' THE SUPPLIANTS)

WRIT IN ITS ORIGINAL METER FOR THE FIRST TIME

[lines 96 - 122]

CHORUS OF FIFTY DANAID DAUGHTERS:

{STROPHE}

He hurls men down suspense-

's towers tall. Broken red-blooded men

His strong armor: nothing null shield. {nameless}

Godly without lifting a hand

Seated on chair his thoughts are facts

Motionless mind be matter still nevertheless unknown
throne

{ANTISTROPHE}

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: Reply to Richard Taylor

Date: Thu, 29 Aug 2002 21:52:57 +1200

Tony. Your thought is disordered, and I like you and you have met me and so on, I live in the same city (Auckland)...Well then the US and G Bush Senior backed Saddam Hussein right up to the Gulf War then they helped him gas the Kurds but the British (with Churchill's blessing had had a go at the

Kurds some time previously) and the British and Americans are currently bombing targets (they bomb everything and anything that moves as they did in

Korea nothing has changed). The US backed Saddam Hussein and re-armed him after the Gulf war prior to that they backed both sides (but making sure that Hussein wasn't overwhelmed as they were terrified that either the Kurds or Shiites or any popular democratic Govt - or any group they couldn't control -(the US always backs dictators, never democratic regimes: eg they ignored the UN decision for democratic elections in Vietnam after the French

were beaten and they are ILLEGALLY bombing in the no fly zones (which are ILLEGAL under international law). As well Iraq gas complied with all requests

for arms reductions etc... (Conversation Pilger and Boutros Boutros-Ghali the previous Sec of the UN and other UN officials) (Some very low serving and high ranking officials have resigned at the atrocities they see being committed by the US in Iraq). Also the British and US stay "home" in Turkey a Muslim state in NATO) while they allow the Turks to bomb and kill hundreds of Kurds. (There have been some protests by US military personnel to this blind-eyeing).

I wasn't talking about Saddam Hussein I was quoting John Pilger whose books eg "The Secret Country" and "The New Rulers of the World" might open your eyes...also there is a book I have re-acquired called "Rape of Vietnam" by Harold Slingsby (but there are many books and mags aside from eg The New York Times (in fact the NZ Herald is a good source of info and Scott Hamilton could put you on to more "left wing" zines online and other). Remember that unlike Cheney, Rumsfeld, Bush etc' Pilger has visited Iraq (and he has no desire to control the vast oil wealth (and the cheap labour markets and the drugs and misery) over there including the Caspian sea that

Bush's soul-mate Adolf Hitler so covertly in WW2) ...

Iraq is no threat to the World but the US and Israel are: if the US is truly concerned they would abandon military means totally and ... in fact this should be the aim of all countries to move to a truly democratic and a true united nations including ALL countries but since at least the 2ndWW the

US have caused the deaths of more individuals than Hitler ever dreamed of.

You have Theocratic Fascism in the US with a religious crackpot in charge: in NZ our Prime Minister to our credit has refused to support the US if they attack Iraq, Australia's Prime Minister is a thug and is supporting them: already devastated by the sanctions and the constant bombings by British and US aircraft. At least 5000 children and others die per month in Iraq because of the effects of the radiation from depleted uranium and the lack of sufficient food and medical supplies. Iraq's people suffer and Saddam Hussein stays there: unaffected with his cronies: the whole thing by Bush is a desperate attempt to continue the insane policy of bombing and bullying in coordination with Israel: there have and are now serious moves to put Bush, Blair and many others who are responsible (and people in respectable and "high" professional positions including respected academics) for genocidal activities on trial like Milosovich. But Saddam Hussein could also be tried. I don't support dictators wherever they are - but prior to the Gulf War (Hussein was probably egged on by the US) the US built up Saddam Hussein (that is well known) and Iraq because despite Hussein had a very high literacy rate and clean water and so on: a very good welfare system (which the US would have hated and also the Thatcherites and Rogernomicists over here) Meanwhile the Saudis have just in the last few days withdrawn several billions from the US and invested it in Europe. Qatar is refusing to allow US to use its country for attacks from there. Where are those of courage in Turkey? They should boot the Yanks out: ask Partrick Herron his thinking on this...but I'm not "backing Saddam Hussein" or caring when or where he was born. The US always use or misuse some patsy: like a big Mafia (they use the Mafia probably as well via the CIA)...but going into all those numbers is stupid. Hussein is no Hitler, as you say in fact he is quite bright (but so was A H: but so what?) The issue is the devastation that has been caused to Iraq and the prospect of more bombing and killing. There are thousands of people's lives at stake. Think about the issues and take a stand for or against the proposed attack on Iraq. Iraq the place of the oldest civilisation faced and insulted by a barbarian nation....Learn some politics and history: read more. Richard Taylor.

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

From: "Tony Follari" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, August 29, 2002 8:14 PM

Subject: Reply to Richard Taylor

Dear Richard,

Talking about Saddam, I was reading up on him on the net

recently and to my surprise I discovered he has actually published a number of writings, some intellectual, military, economic etc. Obviously a clever guy, but with bad intentions. Apparently he was shot in the leg in the early sixties as part of a coup attempt and actually was elected to parliament while being under arrest. Strangely he has the same astrological birth sign and Chinese sign as Hitler, a Taurus Buffalo.

.com

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

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31. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino** ***Translations (4 Gary Sullivan?)***

Mon 2 Sep 2002

I mentioned to my teddy bear that there was this 'thread' or 'chain' on the list about translations, and he said unto me "but have they mentioned Delmore Schwartz's 'The Winter Twilight, Glowing Black and Gold?'" "No, why should they?" "Because it presents itself as a MODERNIZATION of that Shakespeare sonnet, 'the time of year thou mayst in me behold.'" "Yeah, but that isn't one of Schwartz's best." "Nor is it one of our favorite Shakespeare poems" (I was little taken aback by his use of the royal we here). "Yeah, but while Shakespeare's reputation---even on your 'experimental poetry' list (is that what you call it?)---can withstand calling attention to a relative clunker, Schwartz's can not. So, DON'T, whatever you do mention that poem on that list, for the love of what Lou Reed calls the pure spirit of poetry or whatever he calls it in 'I Love Women' (or is it 'The Pow Pow Pow, the Power of Positive Drinking.')." "well, the Schwartz poem isn't really a clunker, it's just not quite as good as 'Far Rockaway' or 'Dogs are Shakespearean, Children Are Strangers'---I still prefer it to the Shakespeare poem." "Yeah, but that's just because it is a modernization, er, translation. That's what they're looking for on that list---quality isn't the issue AT ALL." Then the tutu bear narrativized "behind our unseen faces" and I found us skirting around Kenneth Koch's "Art of Love" again....

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32. **hlazer**

Re: Kaballa in Poetry

Mon 2 Sep 2002

>===== Original Message From UB Poetics discussion group

<[REDACTED]> =====

>Jack Hirschman

>Robert Kelley

Jake Berry

Robert Duncan

Hank Lazer

Jack Foley

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33. **michael ceraolo**

Labor Day poems

Mon 2 Sep 2002

Labor Day

As a holiday it is much like Groundhog Day

Once a year the American worker is a curiosity like Punxsatawney Phil,

stepping into the sun of media attention,

then slipping through the country's consciousness

to go back into the hole of media oblivion for another year

And though we never learn whether the worker saw his shadow,

a safe prediction would be for another year of winter

Parade (3)

At the parade that took place a few days before

the day designated to celebrate working people

the unions marching were in a small minority,

not prominently displayed,

not widely applauded,

while

the parade was dominated

by assorted sordid politicians

and numerous novelty

acts

And the people were content to collect crumbs of candy
which, in honor of the holiday, were at least real crumbs

-Michael Ceraolo

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34. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Mon 2 Sep 2002

(this is my homophonic translation of Bergbo's homophonic translation of sonnet 92 which was extrapolated for a project of Dick Higgin's some years back.)

sonnet #92

by Skogekar Bergbo

by mIEKAL aND

Yon coma, all clad I write, in wide then logic stranded
I footle eff and ra tree ok shooter wettest swart,
their some that war mast lung ok grunt ok rent mocha smelt,
their some that war mast claret ut hoof wear scare sanded,

some are cringe Mailers haft. Till the lustfully linden
they had a logos plait I samurai war man waltz,
mu till edit tilde for drift war manana offer tall,
mead clan rein up till chun war Amman hole I handled.

Snort lauds children aft, snort squeal pa the ok prays Chad
--the lilly eh Whig Ta lair ok been mu welters om--
shad shark, at ingenue saga ok chutney them for raz Chad,
narc laugh, aft skag an tact wall hold, narc in till coma
ok -- that ay chutney for mead their is williwaw skew --
mu fick eff lick and guy nest alter sampans nog see.

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35. **floodeditions**

Fanny Howe in the Chicago Tribune

Mon 2 Sep 2002

Dear All:

Fanny Howe's *ECONOMICS* (Chicago: Flood Editions, 2002) received an excellent

review in the Chicago Tribune yesterday. The book is readily available through either of the following:

www.floodeditions.com

www.spdbooks.org

Here is the review:

A privileged circle in her sights

Fanny Howe's short stories comfort the afflicted, afflict the comfortable

By Maureen McLane. Maureen McLane is a fellow at the Harvard University Society of Fellows, a poet and the author of "Romanticism and the Human Sciences."

September 1, 2002

Economics

By Fanny Howe

Flood Editions, 134 pages, \$14 paper

"Economics" is a horrible book, deliciously so. In publishing this collection of Fanny Howe's stories, the independent Chicago press Flood Editions has given us an object that registers like a small literary landmine, placed years ago but only now exploding.

Most of these stories were written in the 1970s and '80s, the author's note tells us, and they delineate the predicaments of self-styled liberals and working-class couples who reckon with social change since the '60s. So while there is a slight period-piece feel to some of these stories--evoking as several do a Boston riven by racial conflict, political marches, consciousness-raising seminars and so on--nevertheless these fictions pack a sometimes-grim, sometimes-amusing, cumulative wallop.

I suspect that some readers will find this a mildly repellent collection, Howe's occasionally mordant sensibility annihilating any readerly desire to be solicited, comforted, mirrored, enlarged. This is not, in other words, an Oprah book. "The white couple who adopted the black child were not happy with what they got." So begins the first story, "The Weather," the biting tone of which progressively intensifies. Howe does not love such characters, nor does she indulge them; the skewering of narcissistic liberal pieties here is relentless. Howe focuses steadily on the wreckage caused by self-deluding, self-pleased privileged folk; her sympathy goes to those who lose out according to the social and sexual economics

governing late 20th-Century American life: "Sometimes a child is born--or bought--into a family in which it never feels comfortable." "[A]t her age she would have a hard time finding a permanent new job."

In Howe's fictional universe, those with choices--i.e., with money--fiercely protect their prerogatives; those with less freedom often find themselves colluding, however ruefully, in their own constraints. As the working-class wife observes at the end of the story "Lotto," "So much for escape." Moments of recognition are often moments in which a character recognizes attenuation--not the presence of something but a waning, a thinning. In "Fidelity," a man who has devoted large amounts of energy to escaping his home life suddenly realizes that his long-suffering wife has finally, more or less happily, accommodated herself to the situation:

"This freedom was all that he had ever desired, to be able to come and go without suffering her resentment at the end. But now that he had what he wanted, it was horrible to discover that she did too."

So, as the shrinks say, getting what you want doesn't get you what you want.

In such pieces, Howe is an efficient sketch artist, conjuring a milieu, a relationship, and an epiphany in fewer than seven pages. She can also weave longer, more complex, equally unconsoling fictions. Perhaps the subtlest story here is "Gray," which follows a woman, a computer assistant to a professor, as she pursues his request to unpack the mystery of a grade change: Was it computer error or human error? The original instructor and grader is now dead; no one at the academic institution remembers the student, who is now protesting her lowered grade (what had been an "A" appears in the records as a "C"). The woman eventually puts together the relevant backstory, which involves the dead instructor's sexual and intellectual malfeasance. She also realizes that her boss would have suspected this all along, and that her ferreting out of the truth is inconvenient for him, the institution, and indeed herself:

"The professor would be embarrassed because he would have guessed it was something like this. And so would she. And the embarrassment would bind them weirdly as they went up the stairs and together changed the grade to an A."

Howe has a great feel for the way failure and embarrassment bind people together. Even more strikingly, she keeps her eye on the differential costs such embarrassments exact: Our hero will not be rewarded for her tenacity; she will, like whistleblowers low on the totem pole everywhere, be ostracized, most likely let go.

Heroes without heroism, stoics without a stoic philosophy--these are Howe's sympathetic characters, unillusioned but also unraging. Those more familiar with Fanny Howe's poetry than her novels may be surprised by this volume: Its

social critique and its ruthless evisceration of privileged female liberals (formerly radicals) seem far away from her erotically and philosophically minded poetry. But a common thread in Howe's work is this capacity for critique--whether in the domain of self-analysis, social and political analysis, or meta-physical reflection.

Moving between Chekhovian explorations of melancholic misunderstanding and incisive social satire, Howe in this book keeps her feet firmly planted in the dirt of the conventions of realism. Her most gleefully animus-ridden stories read as a wickedly informed indictment of a circle and class she apparently knows well. Howe grew up in Boston and lived there as an adult; she then left the East for the West Coast, where she had long lived until returning recently to Massachusetts. Only one intimately familiar with the class hatred seething below mid-to-late 20th Century white privilege could write so trenchantly about it; only someone still furious about it would feel a need to write about it in this way. Howe's icy anatomies of privilege co-exist intriguingly with her warmer stories of missed chances, bad bets, making do and getting by. It is striking that spoiled women are the major targets of Howe's occasionally poisoned darts; one feels this is truly an argument among the women of the family, so to speak, and perhaps an argument with her generation.

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36. **anastasios.kozaitis**

Af-Am literature

Mon 2 Sep 2002

Harkening back to that thread we left hanging out there...

I recommend Wanda Coleman's essay in this week's NATION

"Book Reviewing: African-American Style"

--Ak

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37. **Safdie Joseph**

Something to think about

Mon 2 Sep 2002

The counter-revolutionary project
to resolve the crisis of modernity
unfolded in the centuries of the Enlightenment.

The primary task of this Enlightenment
was to dominate the idea of immanence
(without reproducing the absolute dualism of medieval culture)
by constructing a transcendental apparatus
capable of disciplining a multitude of formally free subjects. . . .
It was paramount to avoid the multitude's being understood,
a la Spinoza, in a direct, immediate relation with divinity and nature,
as the ethical producer of life and the world.
On the contrary, in every case mediation
had to be imposed on the complexity of human relations. . . . Hence the triad
vis-cupiditas-amor (strength-desire-love) was opposed by a triad of specific
mediations.
Nature and experience are unrecognizable
except through *the filter of phenomena*;
human knowledge cannot be achieved
except through *the reflection of the intellect*;
and the ethical world is incommunicable
except through the *schematism of reason*.
What is at play is a sort of weak transcendence,
which relativizes experience and abolishes every instance
of the immediate and absolute in human life and history. . . .
because claiming that humans
could immediately establish their freedom
would be a subversive delirium.
(From *Exile*, Hardt and Negri, pp. 78-79)

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38. **roger.day**

Re: disney

Mon 2 Sep 2002

This also might be a reason Alan doesn't post links, since the WWW (brought
to you by Microsoft and AOL) is inherently commercial and Unix is not.

Unix was brought to you courtesy of Bell Labs of AT&T. At it's heart, it's most
emphatically a Big Iron Big Corp piece of software at heart and inherently. Not
quite up to AS400 levels of reliability but not as sexy as Multics. Linux might be
free, and not as in beer, but it's granp is still commercial, runs in it's blood.

Sorry. Just back from holiday and catching up on my email.

Roger

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39. **Tisa Bryant**

Wanda Coleman

Mon 2 Sep 2002

Also, here is this piece that appeared in the LA Weekly last month by Coleman on same subject, after she was shunned for critiquing Maya Angelou's poetry: Not sure if it's the same piece in the Nation...

Hunt and Peck

Wanda Coleman, LA Weekly

August 9, 2002

Earlier this year, I summarized Maya Angelou's "A Song Flung Up to Heaven" in the Los Angeles Times Book Review:

In writing that is bad to God-awful, "Song" is a tell-all that tells nothing in empty phrases and sweeping generalities. Dead metaphors (sobbing embrace, my heart fell in my chest) and clumsy similes (like the sound of buffaloes running into each other at rutting times) are indulged. Twice-told crises (being molested, her son's auto accident) are milked for residual drama. Extravagant statements come without explication and schmooze substitutes for action There is too much coulda shoulda woulda. Unfortunately, the Maya Angelou of "A Song Flung Up to Heaven" seems small and inauthentic, without ideas, wisdom or vision. Something is being flung up to heaven all right, but it isn't a song.

Reactions to my critical rip caused an immediate furor in the African-American community, yet none of the many letters reportedly sent to the L.A. Times was ever published, for who-knows-what reasons. End of story? Not quite. As bizarre punishment for my violation of the unwritten law that blacks not criticize one another in front of whites, I was then not allowed to appear at Eso Won Books, L.A.'s popular outlet for African-American literature (and pseudo-literature), for the signing of an anthology I contributed to, "Griots Beneath the Baobab: Tales From Los Angeles" (co-edited by Randy Ross and L.A Weekly's Erin Aubry Kaplan). The message?

Critically reviewing the creative efforts of present-day African-American writers, no matter their origin, is a minefield of a task complicated by the social residuals of slavery and the shifting currents in American publishing. Into this 21st century, African-Americans are still denied full and open participation in the larger culture. Thus, our books remain repositories for the complaints and

resentments harbored against the nation we love, as well as paeans to the courage, fortitude and sacrifice of peers and forebears.

For those who need reminding, books by writers of color were still largely found in the anthropology sections of libraries and bookstores until the civil rights movement was well under way. (The glory rush of pride, wonder and dismay I felt whenever I stood before those sections has never been forgotten.) In grade school, circa 1954, the year "under God" was inserted into the pledge of allegiance, works by Negroes were treated as contraband, and confiscated by white teachers or administrators. Outside of home and church, creative writing by colored people did not seem to exist except for those authors who were assigned as classroom reading during Negro History Week (Black History Month since 1976). Of those, James Baldwin, Ralph Ellison, Langston Hughes and Richard Wright were invariably our designated spokesmen.

Getting hold of their books, however, was problematic if not impossible and meant leaving the ghetto to visit public libraries, or borrowing from friends or relations -- on one's solemn oath to return the precious tome. Few Los Angeles bookstores then featured black literature, even in the sociology section, and few publishers braved carrying more than two African-American authors. Black-owned presses, sans white patronage, led short lives. Books by blacks had even less of a shelf life when reviews -- good or bad -- failed to appear. Good reviews written by whites were the ideal, but bad reviews were welcomed if they generated enough controversy to sell copies. The few black reviewers were usually one of the ranking spokesmen, and between them lay an ideological divide -- those writing for whites and those writing for blacks, with the former receiving far greater attention.

The truths of our daily lives defined the truths for our literature: We were constantly discriminated against, monitored and censored. In defense and support of our writers, book clubs, discussion groups and writers' organizations emerged -- in L.A., Vassie May Wright's Our Authors Study Clubs, the Black Writers' Guild (later absorbed by the WGAW), and, eventually, the International Black Writers' Association and the World Stage in Leimert Park. But the majority of "folks" were reached via the grapevine (a.k.a. "the drum"); word of mouth was the primary news-and-review resource. If gossip, rumor and speculation were its liabilities, it was swifter than radio and TV and -- best of all -- was uncensored by the white establishment. (Any posture resembling that taken by Eso Won made a little more sense in those days.)

In 1963, Arna Bontemps published his "American Negro Poetry" anthology, which reintroduced older poets such as Gwendolyn Brooks and introduced the more racially conscious scions of education, miseducation and self-education that converged in the Muntu Group, or the Black Arts Movement -- Nikki

Giovanni, Ted Joans, LeRoi Jones (Amiri Baraka), et al. Outside Bontemps' radar, writers and journalists like Ishmael Reed were making a name for themselves. And by the end of the '60s, popular fiction writers like Alex Haley, Chester Himes, Iceberg Slim and Frank Yerby were reaching audiences both black and white, as a constellation of once-silenced voices exploded into print and onto screen and stage.

Following the August 1965 riots, Budd Schulberg's Watts Writers (Quincy Troupe, Kamaau Da'ooud) reinforced racial pride and spirited entitlement to unfettered speech. But the price most paid for this newfound freedom was scorching reviews by white book critics, and in having black authors' work ignored for literary grants and prizes. Knowing they were not exempt from the currents affecting all writers, they became equally adept at playing the literary games of cronyism, favoritism and patronage. Impatient with the racist criticism that truncated their literary careers, they demanded same-race interviewers and reviewers. Supported by the leading black celebrities of the day, and underwritten by a riot-singed loosening of cultural constraints, African-American reviewer-journalists began appearing in the mainstream print media.

Meanwhile, what had begun with "Oliver Brown v. the Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas" (1954), and public school desegregation, resulted in the boon of black-studies programs in American colleges and universities throughout the 1970s. Since then, America has produced the largest educated population in its history, racism aside. New writers have emerged from workshops, MFA and Ph.D. programs via whatever means necessary -- affirmative action, grants, student loans and scholarships. The publish-or-perish mandate of academic life, in tandem with increases in the black middle and under classes, accelerated the outcry for cultural redress. An explosion into print of new kinds of writing to satisfy this boom market followed, meaning an inevitable diversity of black authors across genres -- from Octavia Butler to Walter Mosley to Gary Phillips to Terry McMillan. Simultaneously, a fourth generation of fiction writers, social critics and academics has emerged, along with a burgeoning black avant-garde claiming influences from the Absurdist to the Surrealists, including rap/hip-hop writers flavored by Gil Scott-Heron and the Last Poets, the Nuyoricans, the Slam writers and acculturated others. The depth and breadth of writing across disciplines by those who identify as African-American is now so staggering it outstrips the available review media.

It is thus incumbent upon any book reviewer to grasp the multifaceted broadening of what was once simply summarized as "The Black Experience," and it is the duty of the African-American reviewer to accurately portray, critically assess and convey this to potential readers. The ironic complexity of this task, no matter how savvy the reviewer, is best illustrated when the quality of the work produced by black writers is measured against that of whites using the criteria

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In post-9/11 America, where suspicions and the fear of terrorism now threaten long-coveted individual freedoms, a book review seems rather insignificant until the twin specters of censorship and oppression are raised. What keeps our nation great, despite racism, is that some citizens persist in honoring those freedoms. It is they who allow me to voice my expertise, be it praise song, mixed bag or dissent.

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From: [REDACTED]
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
Date: Mon, 2 Sep 2002 11:56:02 -0400
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Af-Am literature

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Re: Wanda Coleman

Mon 2 Sep 2002

I thought you were posting the original LAT's review, Tisa.
Yes, this is almost exactly what ran in the Nation.
--Ak

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

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>[mailto:[REDACTED]] On Behalf Of Tisa Bryant
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classicism and culture

Mon 2 Sep 2002

RICHARD:

I always feel that I am way behind in my knowledge all round even in the main stream but I have no doubt that ALL human culture including "classics" is of value and if someone is studying classics and doesnt want to go "outside maybe that's not good" but its better that committing crime or exploiting or bombing people. But I take your quip it easy for us to revert by default to "Eurocentric things" and I fell about that debate.... Roads lead not to Rome only but constantly in new directions. Richard Taylor.
(Aotearoa)

LL: Thanks, Richard. It's good to hear this!
I too ALWAYS feel behind...and I was dismissive of the classics in my university days, but have come back to them (i love much of the eurocentric canon, but am drawn to 'tribal' literatures as well)(& the new electronic work, of course!)===
I was feeling stuffy there for a while about this thread, afraid the English profs in us all would come

out in hardcore waves, but it's proven much more interesting than that::::: &&&& i would love to read more about NZ, particularly the maori culture, which i know far too little about, outside of the reading of a few novels....

bliss

l

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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43. **oranget**

Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Mon 2 Sep 2002

yes, nichol has a catullus translation in _as elected_. (interesting to read against zukofsky.) harry gilonis has some catullus translations in a recent issue of _quid_.

bests,

tom

Date: Sat, 31 Aug 2002 15:41:54 -0400

From: parrishka <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

and i'm interested to know what you mean by "translation." i've been re-reading Rational Geomancy, and the first third or so of the book investigates translation as a poetic act, so i've got translation on the brain, and i seem to see it everywhere. In the sense that nichol & mcaffery use it there-

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44. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: classicism and culture

Mon 2 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/2/02 1:27:27 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

and I was dismissive of the classics in my university days, but have come back to them (i love much of the eurocentric canon, but am drawn to 'tribal' literatures as well)

Lewis,

There is nothing quotations marks ("") about these literatures.

Murat

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45. **Ron**
Silliman's Blog

Mon 2 Sep 2002

Trying to think of the best way to channel all of this thinking I do about poetry,

Ron

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

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46. **mIEKAL aND**
Re: Silliman's Blog

Mon 2 Sep 2002

ron:

yr missing a forward slash in yr URL but the server also seems to be down for the moment. mIEKAL

Ron wrote:

Trying to think of the best way to channel all of this thinking I do about poetry,

Ron

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

[↑ Contents](#)

47. **Duration Press**
Re: Silliman's Blog

Mon 2 Sep 2002

only seems that ron's isn't working...the blogspot site comes up fine...

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

From: "mIEKAL aND" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, September 02, 2002 2:25 PM

Subject: Re: Silliman's Blog

ron:
*yr missing a forward slash in yr URL but the server also seems to be
down for the moment. mIEKAL*

Ron wrote:

*Trying to think of the best way to channel all of this thinking I do
about poetry,*

Ron

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

[↑ Contents](#)

48. **lewis lacook**

Re: classicism and culture

Mon 2 Sep 2002

Lewis,

There is nothing quotations marks ("") about these
literatures.

Murat

yeaaah...i know....but i don't like the term
tribal...i'm always afraid that, like the word
primitive (which i also detest), it will be construed
as dismissive, which is not what i want to say...
bliss

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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49. **parrishka**

Re: Silliman's Blog

Mon 2 Sep 2002

i dunno what y'all are doing but i can get to silliman's blog just fine from here:

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

blogspot is so heavily used that i find that by the time everyone in california wakes up, it can be difficult to access those sites. anyhow, i'd like to number myself among your audience, ron, and to also mention brandon barr's blog as a good blog about contemporary poetics:

<http://cif.rochester.edu/~barr/texturl/>

although, like in any decent blog as you note, other subjects get caught up in the ebb & flow. i'm hard-pressed to think of any others that deal with poetics at all. certainly there are a number that engage ideas surrounding digital textual-ity (and many of these are linked off brandon's site, so i won't re-post them here)

and of course there's alienated.net and the york site:

<http://www.poetics.yorku.ca/> though there's not much to differentiate them technically from a blog, neither of these have ever felt particularly bloggish in spirit, lacking that personal, thinking outloud quality that characterizes much of blog writing.

there's a certain generosity in blog authorship. makes me want to say thanks to you.

katherine

Duration Press wrote:

only seems that ron's isn't working...the blogspot site comes up fine...

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

From: "mIEKAL aND" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, September 02, 2002 2:25 PM

Subject: Re: Silliman's Blog

ron:

yr missing a forward slash in yr URL but the server also seems to be down for the moment. mIEKAL

Ron wrote:

Trying to think of the best way to channel all of this thinking I do about poetry,

Ron

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

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50. **Maria Damon**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Mon 2 Sep 2002

uh...this is almost too obvious (or, to coin a phrase meaning so obvious that even someone dumb as a cow cd get it, bovious), but bernadette mayer's catullus-based sonnets...or am i being bovious, not near my books, are her catullus works different from her sonnets? can't keep it all straight...after a 30 hour drive xcountry avec chatte inquiète, but now you're all welcome to visit me on the cape...

At 12:40 PM -0600 8/31/02, Laura Mullen wrote:

>Anne Carson just did Sappho....

>

>MWP wrote:

>

>> Could somebody give me examples of classical translations by contemporary

>> experimental poets? I can't think of any off the top of my head, to be

>> honest. The most recent one that comes to mind is L Zukofsky's Catullus, but

>> I am sure there must be something after that, yes? If not, then why? Has

>> experimental poetry finally silenced this oft-exploited link with past

> > voices and traditions?

> >

> > M

--

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51. **Maria Damon**
Re: Kaballa in Poetry
Mon 2 Sep 2002

what is christian quabbalism? i thot twas a yiddisher thang, no matter the spel-lynge...

At 12:47 PM -0600 8/31/02, Laura Mullen wrote:

>Carol Snow, look at both the first book: Artist and Model, and the new one,

>For.

>

>jesse glass wrote:

>

>> Going back to something that George Bowering said earlier about his work

>> being Kaballistic. What 20th century--contemporary poets use Kaballistic

>> (or Christian Quabbalistic) refs. in their work?

> >

> > Jerome Rothenberg is one.

> > Yeats

> >

> > any others?

> >

> > Jess

--

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52. **Millie Niss**
Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices
Mon 2 Sep 2002

As it happens, I am going to Cape Cod for the first time next week. Are there any good bookstores or venues for readings? I will only be there a week, near Orleans I think (I am coming along on a trip my mom has planned with her husband that's why I am geographically vague) but we will have a car. My mom likes poetry too and has started to write it again after 30 years (can't vouch for it all though but some is good, just like me I guess only she doesn't know contemporary poetry at all except for what I show her) but my step-father might be rather bored at a reading, especially since he is fairly hard of hearing...

Millie

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of Maria Damon

Sent: Monday, September 02, 2002 4:25 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

uh...this is almost too obvious (or, to coin a phrase meaning so obvious that even someone dumb as a cow cd get it, bovious), but bernadette mayer's catullus-based sonnets...or am i being bovious, not near my books, are her catullus works different from her sonnets? can't keep it all straight...after a 30 hour drive xcountry avec chatte inquiète, but now you're all welcome to visit me on the cape...

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>> I am sure there must be something after that, yes? If not, then why? Has

>> experimental poetry finally silenced this oft-exploited link with past

> > voices and traditions?

> >

> > M

--

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53. **Corey Frost**

Re: Experimental Classical Trans(e)lation

Mon 2 Sep 2002

This relates more to the tangent about radical translation. I guess I'm inclined to disagree with the original proposition that experimental poetry has become less interested in classical forms and classical works; I'd say if anything it's the opposite. The current (perhaps decades-long) moment seems very concerned with translating new thoughts into old forms or vice-versa. But translating in radical ways, which seems to me the significant thing.

A couple of examples from Canada (a pseudo-bilingual country where translation is always a hot theoretical topic) are Lisa Robertson, whose

XEclogue and _Debbie: An Epic_ while not exactly translations are both

playful and carefully theorized abstract reconstructions of Virgil, and Erin Mouré (or Eirin Moure) who has been working with slightly slanted translations of Ferdinand Pessoa, as in last year's *_Sheep's Vigil by a Fervent Person_*. Mouré, being a translator and a Montrealer, has always been very aesthetically invested in slipping between languages, but in

this project - it's really interesting what she's done - it's as if she's trying to translate not Pessoa's words exactly but his essence, taking steps such as changing her own name to parallel Pessoa's own psurfeit of pseudonyms. And *_Debbie_* is a great book to read in this context: aside from being gorgeous, it addresses the various motivations

behind poets' attraction to ancient texts. "Between antiquity and us floats love in the library" and "I dreamt that Virgil mapped my lavish sleep / I read the curbs of epic lust's *dérive* / And there, I saw myself. // Precocious closure sculpts / Thin difference, thin frock. // I greet an ornament. Hello shepherdess! Lend me a bit of that stuff. That fancy stuff. So Virgil, this is how it is."

I'm interested in radical translation because I've been working on a re-write of *The Tale of Genji* by Shikibu Murasaki (or perhaps the causality is the other way around), one in which I try to retell the story using the idiom of contemporary Japanese English, the kind you find on packaging and stationery and so on. As far as I can see, both texts are all about the poetry of sex and therefore seem to deserve to be introduced. I'm working on this, but whether or not I'm translating is a matter of opinion because although I do speak Japanese, reading *The Tale of Genji* is a different matter entirely, so mainly I'm working with

other English translations. Perhaps I would rather describe it with Erin Mouré's word trans(e)lation. I like the idea of extracting the happiness

from one text and reproducing it elsewhere. An excerpt of my project appeared recently in *Matrix* magazine (Montreal) along with other explorations of radical translation including an essay by Mouré, English

translations of the Earl of Surrey's Early Modern English sonnets by Susan Gillis, and an interesting experiment in English-to-English idiolectical translation between Robin Blaser and Meredith Quartermain.

<http://alcor.concordia.ca/~matrix/issue60.html> All relevant to the discussion here, I'd say. (you can read a bit of my *Genji* version here:

<http://members.attcanada.ca/~coreyf/genji.html>

Corey Frost

--

Corey Frost * [REDACTED] *

135 Plymouth Ave. #309A, Brooklyn, NY 11201

Bits World: www.attcanada.ca/~coreyf

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54. **Geoffrey Gatza**
Re: Kaballa in Poetry
Mon 2 Sep 2002

It is misspelled. It is actually to be christian squabblism. This is found in the poetry of people like Michael Wigglesworth.

<http://www.puritansermons.com/poetry/wiggindx.htm>

"Faith, without trouble or fighting, is a suspicious faith; for true faith is a fighting, wrestling faith."

RALPH ERSKINE

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza

editor BlazeVOX2k2

 _o
 `\
 _ _ _ _ _
 (*)/ (*)

Geoffrey Gatza Automation Corp

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:] On Behalf Of Maria Damon

Sent: Monday, September 02, 2002 4:26 PM

To:

Subject: Re: Kaballa in Poetry

what is christian quabbalism? i thot twas a yiddisher thang, no matter the spel-lynge...

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>Carol Snow, look at both the first book: Artist and Model, and the new one,

>For.

>

>jesse glass wrote:

>

>> Going back to something that George Bowering said earlier about his work

>> being Kaballistic. What 20th century--contemporary poets use
Kaballistic
>> (or Christian Quabbalistic) refs. in their work?
> >
> > Jerome Rothenberg is one.
> > Yeats
> >
> > any others?
> >
> > Jess
--

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55. **Thomas Bell**
Re: Self-publish or perish
Mon 2 Sep 2002

how does this differ from blogging? actually I like 'blog' better as a term as it's
a way I can clear out some of the 'fog' that has settled in overnight.

tom bell

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

From: "mIEKAL aND" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, August 24, 2002 9:06 PM

Subject: Re: Self-publish or perish

> Tom
>
> --you
> &
> anyone else--
>
> are invited to cocreate at the swiki we have set up below. from what I
can tell
> there have been 10-20 folks consistently working on the site since it was
> invigorated at the beginning of the month. I have done extensive
collaboration
> with other writers over the the years in a one to one form of exchange but
this
> kind of space requires even deeper observations of one's ego, identity,
> aesthetics, expectations & a kind of thorough letting go that I find
myself

> enjoying more & more. I also find that there is a lot of listening &
reading
> going on in the space, many of the additions are quite thoughtful & often
> polymorphic in how they graft themselves onto a document (72 pages created
so
> far) in a way that defies identification with an individual recognizable
> signature.
>
>
> spidertangle or spy yonder tangent...
> <http://swiki.hfbk-hamburg.de:8888/mIEKAL>
>
>
>
> mIEKAL
>
>
>
>
>
>
>
>
>
>
>
> Tom Beckett wrote:
>
> >
> > Collaboration can break down hierarchy, it can take one out of the
habitual
> > range of reference. It is also quite challenging. I'd like to do it
more
> > often. And I'd like to see more of it going on. I've often wondered why
> > collaborative writing projects aren't attempted more often on this list.
> >
> > Tom Beckett

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56. **richard.tylr**
Re: Wanda Coleman
Mon 2 Sep 2002

Maya Angelou writes crap poetry its like those who are actually ashamed of being black so they write in a kind of sentimental "poetic" mode: that pleases the

establishment, the (deep down people who tolerate but are contemptuous of blacks etal) and these white-blacks feel they are saying something that promotes their cause. Its not traitorous or racist to criticise someone: in this case it needs to be done some stuff is bad politically and thus poetically. Of course this isnt to say that huge numbers of people like it but they like it for reasons that are complex; not as we (black and white) people who care deeply about literature and the mind and ultimately about human beings - in particular as exemplified by "high art" (which can also be popular art of course: since at least O'Hara (annd maybe we go back to the 1500s or even the Latins and the ancient Greeks such as Apuleius or Petronius and maybe into other cultures and previous or contemporary (surely into..) to find the popular and the "high")..... A counter example in art might be Dondi White the graffitti artist whose "cliches" were beautiful: there was no attempt to please whitey...he just painted or "bombed".

his black delight
on his parents'
unaware and
tolerate roof
was writ in white

Actually I am aware of some contradictions in what I'm saying eg how do I say or adjudge that Mills and Boon is worse or of inferior quality than Faulkner and so on? But I could (and I believe people do do) a PhD/s on the subject.

Maybe its not good to criticise other poets as Ron said re McKuen...but I have only ever glanced at her books which are usually close to Ashbery's in book-shops or libraries and I used (not nowadays so much) to invariably get bored with Angelou and pick up John Ashbery. Or move along the shelf to some new "langpo" or strange poet of interest....

Amiri Baraka (Lee Roi Jones) and even Rita Dove are more interesting. Richard Taylor (Aotearoa)

PS.September 11 (mentioned in this article) which was a godsend for those who now can completely expunge human rights and freedom is always referred to as done by terrorists as if terrorists were always "bad" and what exactly are they (they can be re proagated as "freedom fighters" and WAS it terrorists so-called who did the S11 or was it an inside job?) so the argument gets distorted below: a few thousand are killed measuerd against the millions killed by capitalism since the turn of the century (and before) and the thousands dying daily because of the real terrorism of the capitalists and the especially the US and British military. Where are the monuments to be erected to those dying of malnutrition in Iraq, or South Africa ad Angola, or South America, those exterminated withe help of the CIA in Indonesia, the death squads organised by the US

(using Aussies especially (and blacks were put in the front line there)) in Vietnam...some moron sculptor in New Zealand is using a piece of the twin towers as memorial to the 9/11 when he ignores the atrocities of the US and British and Israeli military....pathetic...the working class are not free as a group: blacks may have more rights than previous to the 1960s but well, I don't know, I'd be interested in what the working white or black man feels about his so-called "freedom" in the US or anywhere...

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

From: "Tisa Bryant" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, September 03, 2002 4:19 AM

Subject: Wanda Coleman

> Also, here is this piece that appeared in the LA Weekly last month by
> Coleman on same subject, after she was shunned for critiquing Maya
Angelou's
> poetry:
> Not sure if it's the same piece in the Nation...
>
> Hunt and Peck
> Wanda Coleman, LA Weekly
> August 9, 2002
>
> Earlier this year, I summarized Maya Angelou's "A Song Flung Up to Heaven"
> in the Los Angeles Times Book Review:
>
> In writing that is bad to God-awful, "Song" is a tell-all that tells
nothing
> in empty phrases and sweeping generalities. Dead metaphors (sobbing
embrace,
> my heart fell in my chest) and clumsy similes (like the sound of buffaloes
> running into each other at rutting times) are indulged. Twice-told crises
> (being molested, her son's auto accident) are milked for residual drama.
> Extravagant statements come without explication and schmooze substitutes
for
> action . . . There is too much coulda shoulda woulda. Unfortunately, the
> Maya Angelou of "A Song Flung Up to Heaven" seems small and inauthentic,
> without ideas, wisdom or vision. Something is being flung up to heaven all
> right, but it isn't a song.
>
> Reactions to my critical rip caused an immediate furor in the
> African-American community, yet none of the many letters reportedly sent

to

> the L.A. Times was ever published, for who-knows-what reasons. End of story?

> Not quite. As bizarre punishment for my violation of the unwritten law that

> blacks not criticize one another in front of whites, I was then not allowed

> to appear at Eso Won Books, L.A.'s popular outlet for African-American

> literature (and pseudo-literature), for the signing of an anthology I

> contributed to, "Griots Beneath the Baobab: Tales From Los Angeles"

> (co-edited by Randy Ross and L.A Weekly's Erin Aubry Kaplan). The message?

>

>

> Critically reviewing the creative efforts of present-day African-American

> writers, no matter their origin, is a minefield of a task complicated by the

> social residuals of slavery and the shifting currents in American

> publishing. Into this 21st century, African-Americans are still denied full

> and open participation in the larger culture. Thus, our books remain

> repositories for the complaints and resentments harbored against the nation

> we love, as well as paeans to the courage, fortitude and sacrifice of peers

> and forebears.

>

>

> For those who need reminding, books by writers of color were still largely

> found in the anthropology sections of libraries and bookstores until the

> civil rights movement was well under way. (The glory rush of pride, wonder

> and dismay I felt whenever I stood before those sections has never been

> forgotten.) In grade school, circa 1954, the year "under God" was inserted

> into the pledge of allegiance, works by Negroes were treated as contraband,

> and confiscated by white teachers or administrators. Outside of home and

> church, creative writing by colored people did not seem to exist except for

> those authors who were assigned as classroom reading during Negro History

> Week (Black History Month since 1976). Of those, James Baldwin, Ralph

> Ellison, Langston Hughes and Richard Wright were invariably our designated

> spokesmen.

>
>

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57. **richard.tylr**

Re: classicism and culture

Mon 2 Sep 2002

Lewis. Maoritanga and the associated NZ history, like the Australian lore: its vast and I have only touched the surface of it myself but want to bring eg a book by Mr Holloway's wife (who (both) lives near me if their still alive and started the Holloway Press which Alan Loney was a publisher/printer for (Loney is a good poet active in the "experimental" areas but who did not have a great school education but learnt Greek etc and studied the classics i think when I was at Auck Uni in 1992 he said he was learning Greek...so he would understand the references to "strophe" etc he also published Kendrick Smithyman who rivalled if not surpassed Baxter and Curnow in ability (well he evolved a different style) but his last work was predicated on things local and temas from Maoritanga))- into a "work" I'm doing predicated on my own lief maybee influenced by Zukofsky's "family based" poetics (or that part of him or his writing).... now its amazing the number of "ordinary working class people that eg in the 60s helped Mrs Holloway (wife of Holloway the printer) eg excavate my local ((I can see it from here) volcanic cone) where there was a Maori pa and she wrote the book "Maugarei" fairly sought after....it would be on abebooks..however if I bring material into a long poem I'm doing (rather desultorily so far or bit by bit) (modelled maybe somewhat on Patterson) I dont want to do so artificially... Nor is there any need to ignore eg the Greek classics because you want to talk about the homeless (which since Rogernomics (NZ's Thatcherism or Reaganism) we have a lot of R A K Mason who became a communist was greatly steeped in the classics (mind you his poetry, beautiful as it was, was never very "modern", how do I put that?..)....but the classics need to be somewhat demystified (and as I'm now looking into them I find that Ovid eg was already satirising the Homeric etc) I am enjoying reading Ovid (Metamorphoses at the now) in the Oxford classics as I'm also studying Pound's Cantos with a guide by Cookson etc and I have always loved Browning so he's on my list (of course he's not an ancient! but influenced Pound and Eliot) but also Williams himself (I think in his prose poem Kora in Hell) and Creeley and Olson refer to eg Kore in a Creeley poem: but the good thing was the push by Olson into the South American cultures and David Antin's talk poem which covered the Australian aboriginees (I think via "Songlines" by Bruce Chatwin) but I'm not a Uni Professor (I study on my own mostly) I'm not in the same realm as Wystan etal but do "clash swords" occasionally with various of them: Michelle Leggott's

"Dia" (could refer to the island of Naxos etc) conflates the various paroles and langues and quotes and is simultaneously also herself, in NZ: as was Smithyman: but also Alistair Paterson wrote a poem "Odysseus Rex" which he told me includes his visit to the Chelsea Hotel in NY so there's a lot going on in NZ: in fact every where I feel poetry and art are what may save us if we can't rid ourselves of wars and people like Monsieur Bush and certain "obese" and greedy personages.

There are some highly talented poets and writers in Aotearoa: eg Hone Tuwhare himself is a Maori (but he was also a boilermaker and a strong socialist who is widely read: in both senses! in fact in three senses!) I'm pleased you expressed an interest in Maoritanga (which is all you need to do to get into my books! (as, as I say, my own knowledge even of that is limited greatly) which is more than a lot of Americans (half the senators in Washington don't have passports - insular to the nth, lost them, confiscated, scared of flying, don't know how to get them?) mind you we have a lot of rat bags as well as good people in NZ like anywhere else....

Not having the basic classical education may ree one into the scientific or other areas which is good but one misses a lot of marvellous references: so we need to look "back" as well as "out" : look everywhere, be interested in everything in this extraordinary world...every moving and sessile thing...

Also I want to peer and Jim Andrews work, and other of the vispos or whatever they call themselves, (and I will time permitting), and I'd love to be able to translate greek etc like Kent Johnston - who should be on this poetics list.

Richard Taylor. PS Maori is a beautiful language. think of the "kowhai tree (which has yellow flowers and is visited by the Tuis)...but "kowhai ..is pronounced kor -fi but the ph as in Greek (I believe) is more aspirated than just the f (although the spelling of Samoan words with the f may also be due to the early conventions imposed - not necessarily with bad intent - by the missionaries who translated the various Pacific languages)...

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

From: "lewis lacook" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, September 03, 2002 5:26 AM

Subject: classicism and culture

RICHARD:

I always feel that I am way behind in my knowledge all round even in the main stream but I have no doubt that ALL human culture including "classics" is of value and if someone is studying classics and

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(Aotearoa)*

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few novels....
bliss
l*

=====

*<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html*

*Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes
<http://finance.yahoo.com>*

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58. **thomas/swiss**

TIR Web//New Issue (September 2002) Available

Tue 3 Sep 2002

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 5 (September 2002)

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/>>

NEW MEDIA WRITING

"V: VNIVERSE"

A preview of Stephanie Strickland's new poem V (Penguin 2002), featuring V's Web section, V: VNIVERSE, an interview with Strickland by Jaishree K. Odin, and a critical essay by Odin on "Image and Text: The Ballad of Sand and Harry Soot."

All at:

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/strickland/index.html>>

+ The Animal, To The Letter

In Spanish and English.

Eloy Fernández Porta is a Fellow Lecturer at Duke University.

Here at:

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/fernandez/index.html>>

NEW MEDIA WRITING BY WILLIAM GILLESPIE AND MARK MARINO

William Gillespie runs Spineless Books. Also: an interview with Gillespie by Dirk Stratton.

Mark Marino is the editor of Bunk Magazine .

Gillespie and Marino at:

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/sept/index.html>>

+++++

FROM 91 MERIDIAN

+ Aida Nasrallah is the pen name of Mahammeed Nasra. She teaches at the High School for the Arts in Naamat, and organized and ran a weekly salon for women poets and writers, serving as mentor for Arab women in Israel who wish to experiment with poetry and fiction.

Moccaccino with Double Solitude
translated by Natasa Durovicova

<<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/91/sept/index.html>>

FROM THE IOWA REVIEW

Peter Walpole received an MFA from Western Michigan University. His work has appeared in The Missouri Review, Indiana Review, Southern Humanities Review, and others.

Margaret Gibson is the author of seven books, most recently Icon and Evidence. Another, Autumn Grasses, is forthcoming from LSU.

All at <<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/ir/sept/index.html>>

Coming up: Interviews with New Media writers Stuart Moulthrop, Diana Slatery, 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.

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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59. **Alan Sondheim**

the unforgiving

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Script started on Tue Sep 3 01:03:36 2002

Name	Connected	Idle time	Location
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Nikuko (#934)	9 seconds	0 seconds	Bodee
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Total: 1 person, who has been active recently. [1;24r [23;1H"ah he [21;76H01:04 [23;7Hll, nothing's going to emerge out of this darkness. it's always the same. i'm stale. even the animation's stale. things float in gravitationless space, [22;24r [24;1H w [1;24r [24;2Hell-lit. new elements appear out of the chaos. [22;24r [24;1H [1;24r [24;1H [1;20r [20;80H You say, "ah hell, nothing's going to emerge out of this darkness. it's always the same. i'm stale. even the animation's stale. things float in gravitationless space, well-lit. new elements appear out of the chaos." [1;24r [24; [22;24r [24;1H [1;24r [24;1H

[1;20r [20;80H Name Connected Idle time Location [1;24r [24;1H [1;20r
[20;80H ---- ----- ----- Nikuko (#934) a minute 0 seconds Bodee

Total: 1 person, who has been active recently. [1;24r [24;1H"just a minute now.
holding everything in abe [21;76H01:05 [24;46Hyance. recently, my depression
has [22;24r [24;1H [1;24r [24;2Hravaged the earth. who or what speaks here.
no one will know. the data-base re [22;24r [24;1H m [1;24r [24;2Hains the
same, coheres. [22;24r [24;1H [1;24r [24;1H [1;20r [20;80H You say, "just a
minute now. holding everything in abeyance. recently, my depression has rav-
aged the earth. who or what speaks here. no one will know. the data-base re-
mains the same, coheres." [1;24r [24; [22;24r [24;1H [1;24r [24;1H
[1;20r [20;80H

Name Connected Idle time Location [1;24r [24;1H [1;20r [20;80H ---- -----
----- Nikuko (#934) 2 minutes 0 seconds Bodee

Total: 1 person, who has been active recently. [1;24r [24;1H"just a minute. i'll
gat [21;76H01:06 [24;25Hher myself. i'll bring it home. i'm in advance of every
[22;24r [24;1H [1;24r [24;2Hhuman in this virtual space. your thinking is a
subset of my own. there's no o [22;24r [24;1H n [1;24r [24;2He here to contra-
dict that. edict et dict. [22;24r [24;1H [1;24r [24;1H [1;20r [20;80H You say,
"just a minute. i'll gather myself. i'll bring it home. i'm in advance of every hu-
man in this virtual space. your thinking is a subset of my own. there's no one
here to contradict that. edict edict." [1;24r [24; [22;24r [24;1H [1;24r
[24;1H [1;20r [20;80H Name Connected Idle time Location [1;24r [24;1H [1;20r
[20;80H ---- ----- ----- Nikuko (#934) 3 minutes 0 seconds Bodee

Total: 1 person, who has been active recently. [1;24r [24;1H"all my writing is a
dialog with my [21;76H01:07 [24;36Hself. i know you're out there in these
fourm [22;24r [24;1H m [1;24r [24;2Hminutes. i know you're somewhere
around. locate the truth in this darkness. loc [22;24r [24;1H a [1;24r [24;2Hte
it. i'm at the basis of it. [22;24r [24;1H [1;24r [24;1H [1;20r [20;80H You say,
"all my writing is a dialog with myself. i know you're out there in these four
minutes. i know you're somewhere around. locate the truth in this darkness. lo-
cate it. i'm at the basis of it." [1;24r [24; [22;24r [24;1H [1;24r [24;1H
[1;20r [20;80H Name Connected Idle time Location [1;24r [24;1H [1;20r
[20;80H ---- ----- ----- Nikuko (#934) 3 minutes 0 seconds Bodee

Total: 1 person, who has been active recently. [1;24r [24; [22;24r [24;1H
[1;24r [24;1H [1;20r [20;80H Name Connected Idle time Location [1;24r [24;1H
[1;20r [20;80H ---- ----- ----- Nikuko (#934) 3 minutes 0 seconds
Bodee

Total: 1 person, who has been active recently. [1;24r [24; [22;24r [24;1H
[1;24r [24;1H [1;20r [20;80H Name Connected Idle time Location [1;24r [24;1H

[1;20r [20;80H ---- Nikuko (#934) 4 minutes 0 seconds
Bodee

Total: 1 person, who has been active recently. [1;24r [24; [22;24r [24;1H
[1;24r [24;1H [1;20r [20;80H *** Disconnected *** % Connection to l closed by
foreign host. [21;10H [20;80H ---- No world ---- [1;24r
[24;1H/quit [22;24r [24;1H [?11 > [1;24r [21;1H [J\$ exit Script done on Tue Sep
3 01:07:53 2002

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60. **Mark DuCharme**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Tue 3 Sep 2002

The book you're thinking of, Maria, is *_The Formal Field of Kissing_*, which includes Mayer's versions from the classics. *_Sonnets_* is a different book entirely, none of it translation.

Mark DuCharme

*From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices
Date: Mon, 2 Sep 2002 15:24:42 -0500*

uh...this is almost too obvious (or, to coin a phrase meaning so obvious that even someone dumb as a cow cd get it, bovious), but bernadette mayer's catullus-based sonnets...or am i being bovious, not near my books, are her catullus works different from her sonnets? can't keep it all straight...after a 30 hour drive xcountry avec chatte inquiète, but now you're all welcome to visit me on the cape...

*At 12:40 PM -0600 8/31/02, Laura Mullen wrote:
Anne Carson just did Sappho....*

MWP wrote:

Could somebody give me examples of classical translations by contemporary experimental poets? I can't think of any off the top of my head, to be honest. The most recent one that comes to mind is L Zukofsky's Catullus, but I am sure there must be something after that, yes? If not, then why? Has experimental poetry finally silenced this oft-exploited link with past

everywhere - the enormous stuttered movement of the camera against the twin cylindrical helices of exfoliating objects - these objects of faces - these objects - swarms - asteroids - bees - bacteria - sunshine-avalanches - dusts - "the image worth its obscurity, covered, the incredible movement of the camera within the spheres, again and again, the slow breathing of the realm simultaneously open and closed to the world, anime / anime, deflecting to the Mickey Mouse image stutter through the 1938 Bingoscope 9.5mm hand-cranked projector, inaugural flashlight image flicker on unplastered wall - wildly movement, the woman caught in mid-moment, desire, the apron pushed aside - the cause or reason - ideal or inspiration - tanach convolution. Now of the assassin - the emptiness of politics - "I abjure him," she said; "he's got nothing to do with me." For a moment, I was frightened; surely I'd agree! I did, tearfully, offering a prayer that he would go away...

He did, bringing an end to the film, early black-and-white Mickey covering and uncovering an object partially obscured by the deterioration of the image...

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62. **J. Scappettone**
Holloway Poetry Series, Fall 2002

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Holloway Poetry Reading Series
Fall 2002

September 10

Erin Mouré and Elizabeth Young

Colloquium with the poets begins at 4:30 p.m. in the English Dept. Lounge, 330 Wheeler Hall Readings begin at 6 pm, Maud Fife Room, 315 Wheeler Hall, UC Berkeley Free and open to the public

Erin Mouré is a poet and translator based in Montreal. Her 11th collection of poetry, *O Ciudadán* (Anansi, 2002, as Erín Moure) beckons to both the philosophic and the poetic, in a troubled consideration of citizenship and what ³citizen² could mean in our era. *Sheep's Vigil by a Fervent Person* (Anansi, 2001, as Eirin Moure), her tour de force translation from the Portuguese of Alberto Caiero/Fernando Pessoa's *O Guardador de Rebanhos*, was shortlisted for a Griffin Prize in 2002. *A Frame of the Book*, aka *The Frame of a Book* (published jointly by Anansi, Toronto, and Sun & Moon Press, Los Angeles) and *Pillage Laud* (Moveable Type Books) both appeared in 1999. Other books include *Search Procedures* (1996); *Furious* (1988), which was awarded the Governor General's Award for Poetry, and *WSW* (1989), which receive a QSPELL Poetry

Prize. Mouré has translated poems from the French of Québec's Nicole Brossard, Cynthia Girard, and Michael Déglise (with Robert Majzels) and France's Sébastien Smirou and Christophe Tarkos; from the Chilean Spanish of Andrés Ajens; from the Galician of Manoel Antonio, Manuel Rivas, and Chus Pato. She is currently completing a book of essays to be called *My Beloved Wager* and working on a translation (with Robert Majzels) of Nicole Brossard's *Museum of Bone and Water*.

Elizabeth Young is a doctoral candidate in Berkeley's Comparative Literature department where she works, primarily, on the poetry and poetics of Ancient Greece, Ancient Rome and 20th century America. Prior to beginning the program, she lived in New York where she taught Latin, E.S.L, and adult education, co-edited the Poetry Project Newsletter and co-curated the Belladonna reading series. Her work has appeared in various small press journals and can be found up on the web if you look hard enough.

October 3

Nathaniel Mackey and Trane Devore (note: no colloquium for this event)

Readings begin at 6 pm, Maud Fife Room, 315 Wheeler Hall, UC Berkeley Free and open to the public

Nathaniel Mackey is one of the country's most prominent as well as prolific practitioners and scholars of African-American experimental writing. His most recent titles include *Whatsaid Serif* (City Lights), *School of Udhra* (City Lights), *Four for Glenn* (Chax Press), *Discrepant Engagement* (a collection of essays from the Univ. of Alabama Press), and *Atet A.D.* (City Lights), the third volume in an ongoing sequence of epistolary novels whose general title is *From a Broken Bottle Traces of Perfume Still Emanate* and whose first two volumes are *Bedouin Hornbook* and *Djbot Baghostus's Run*. He is a Professor at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

Trane DeVore was born in Rescue, California, and has spent the majority of his days living and thinking in the Bay Area. His work has appeared in numerous publications, including *Prosodia*, the late *Exquisite Corpse*, *Crowd*, *Mirage*, *Salt Hill*, and *First Intensity*, as well as online at *The Electronic Poetry Review* and www.canwehaveourballback.com. His first volume of poetry, *series/mnemonic*, was published by Avec Books in 1999. He is currently at UC Berkeley doing graduate work in English and he is working on three concurrent projects: *Big-Headed Kitty*, a children's book which he is writing in collaboration with illustrator Jusin Cooper; *Dust Habit*, an almost completed manuscript of new poems; and a series of works he is just beginning that will find their inspiration in Japanese animation. In his spare time he takes photographs, draws comics, and tries to play the clarinet.

October 24

Joanne Kyger and Garrett Caples

Colloquium with the poets begins at 4:30 p.m. in the English Dept. Lounge, 330 Wheeler Hall Readings begin at 6 pm, Maud Fife Room, 315 Wheeler Hall, UC Berkeley Free and open to the public

Joanne Kyger has played a vital role in the American poetry scene for more than four decades and has been associated with nearly every innovative poetry tendency during that time, from the San Francisco Renaissance and the Beats to the postmodern movements of today. One of the major experimenters, hybridizers, and visionaries of poetry, Kyger is very much a poet of place, with a sensibility that is delicate, graceful, and never wasteful. Her poems explore themes of friendship, love, community, and morality, and draw on Native American sources as well as the path of Buddhist philosophy. Kyger's love for poetry manifests itself in a grander scheme of consciousness-expansion and lesson, but always in the realm of the everyday. Her most recent books include *Pátzcuaro* (San Francisco: Blue Millennium, 1999), *Some Life* (Sausalito: Post-Apollo Press, 2000), *Strange Big Moon: The Japan and India Journals, 1960-1964* (Berkeley: North Atlantic Books, 2000), *Again* (Albuquerque: La Alameda Press, 2001), and the long awaited *As Ever: Selected Poems* (Penguin Putnam, 2002).

Garrett Caples is a poet living in Oakland; *The Garrett Caples Reader* was published in 1999 by Black Square Editions and a new chapbook will appear this fall from Meritage Press.

Nov 7

Carol Snow, UC Berkeley Holloway Poet for 2002-2003

Colloquium with the poets begins at 4:30 p.m. in the English Dept. Lounge, 330 Wheeler Hall Readings begin at 6 pm, Maud Fife Room, 315 Wheeler Hall, UC Berkeley Free and open to the public

Carol Snow is a native and resident San Franciscan. She studied in the experimental "Tussman Program" at U.C. Berkeley in the late sixties. An erstwhile songwriter, Snow has long been CFO and Co-Director of Blue Bear School of American Music, a non-profit teaching pop, rock, jazz and blues, where she started as a student in 1971. Snow's first book of poetry, *Artist and Model*, was a National Poetry Series selection published in 1990, followed by two Em Press chapbooks, *News Of: Short Poems*, and *Bowl*. Her second collection, *For*, helped inaugurate the New California Poetry Series for the University of California Press in Spring 2000. Snow has received, among other honors, a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship, the Poetry Center Book Award, the Joseph Henry Jackson Award in Literature, and a Pushcart Prize.

November 19

Robert Grenier and Tim Wood

Colloquium with the poets begins at 4:30 p.m. in the English Dept. Lounge, 330 Wheeler Hall Readings begin at 6 pm, Maud Fife Room, 315 Wheeler Hall, UC Berkeley Free and open to the public

Over the years, Robert Grenier has been the inspiration for repeated rethinking of what poems are. Working progressively toward a more and more immediate encounter between word and world, Grenier's work can be seen as an embodied phenomenology. The philosopher Edmund Husserl was an early influence, and literary influences have included Robert Creeley (whose *Selected Poems* Grenier edited) and Larry Eigner (with whom he worked for many years). Grenier's published works include *Sentences*, a box of very short poems on cards, published by Whale Cloth Press in the early 1970s, *Series* (This Press, 1978), *Oakland* (Tuumba Press, 1980), *A Day at the Beach* (Roof, 1984), *Phantom Anthems* (O Books, 1986), *transpiration/transpiring Minnesota* (O Books, 1995). Examples of his current work (holograph poems) can best be seen on the Internet at <http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/lighthom.htm>

Tim Wood is a 3rd year graduate student in the U.C. Berkeley English Department. He has an M.F.A. from The University of Iowa Writers' Workshop and has had poems published in *Gulf Coast*, *Atlanta Review*, and *The Nation*.

Dec 3

Forrest Hamer and Angie Yuan

Colloquium with the poets begins at 4:30 p.m. in the English Dept. Lounge, 330 Wheeler Hall Readings begin at 6 pm, Maud Fife Room, 315 Wheeler Hall, UC Berkeley Free and open to the public

Forrest Hamer is the author of *Call & Response* (Alice James Books, 1995), winner of the Beatrice Hawley Award, and *Middle Ear* (Roundhouse, 2000), winner of the Bay Area Book Reviewers Association (BABRA) Award. His work has appeared in many journals, and has been anthologized in *Best American Poetry*, *Poet's Choice: Poems for Everyday Life*, *The Geography of Home: California's Poetry of Place*, and *Making Callaloo: 25 Years of Black Literature*. Hamer is also a Bay Area psychologist and a lecturer at the University of California, Berkeley.

Angie Yuan is a graduate student in the Asian Studies Department studying modern Chinese literature and translation practices in contemporary Chinese poetry. She received her MFA from the University of Arizona in 1996 and is currently working on a first collection of poetry.

Sponsored by the UC Berkeley Department of English

For further information about the series, please contact J. Scappettone at

██████████.

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63. **anastasios.kozaitis**

Sandinista culture

Tue 3 Sep 2002

*

I have a collection of extensive interviews I conducted in Managua in 1984 and 1985 with leading members of Nicaragua's frustrated and failed Sandinista Revolution. All of the interviews focus on the cultural politics of the revolutionary government. Those interviewed are famed poet Fr. Ernesto Cardenal, Minister of Culture (this was originally published in my now out of print book of translations, *_A Nation of Poets: Writings From the Poetry Workshops of Nicaragua_*, and will be reprinted at VeRT # 7); Comandante Tomas Borge, poet and Minister of the Interior (whose selected writings, translated by me, Russell Bartley, and Sylvia Yoneda, were published a number of years ago by Curbstone Press); Dr. Sergio Ramirez Mercado, fiction writer and Vice-President of Nicaragua; Rosario Murillo, poet, president of the Sandinista Cultural Workers' Association, and spouse of Comandante Daniel Ortega, then President of Nicaragua; Comandante Omar Cabezas, writer and Vice-Minister of the Interior (winner of the Casa de la Americas Prize, Latin America's most prestigious literary award); Ramiro Lacayo, Director of INCINE, the Sandinista film institute; and Julio Valle-Castillo, poet, Vice-Minister of Culture, and coordinator of the Talleres de Poesia (the national Poetry Workshop program).

Most of these interviews were published in the 1980's by the prominent but now defunct Mexican daily *_uno mas uno_*. The publication of the Cardenal interview there in the mid-80's sparked a considerable debate in Mexican literary circles, between writers on the left (most Mexican writers, at that time, of course), and those writers grouped around Octavio Paz and his influential magazine *Vuelta*. The rest were published (or, in the case of the Borge and Cardenal, reprinted) in Cuba. A book of the translated interviews had been accepted for publication and was in progress of being prepared, but was stalled and never finished for a variety of reasons.

As a group, these interviews constitute a rare and revealing document of the Nicaraguan Revolution's cultural ideology and practice, and the accomplishments and controversies these generated. All interviews were recorded on (extant) cassette tapes.

If there are 1) libraries that would be interested in acquiring these documents and tapes, or 2) if there are publishers interested in printing these interviews as a book, please contact Kent Johnson at [REDACTED]

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64. **lewis lacook**

SEX

Tue 3 Sep 2002

You've come to the right place. With light
splashing the keys with colors, reflecting
what faces safely letter, where initials go,
while carelessly I foment the variables to
scurry in a code to work. You debug me
against the frieze of your life, which
was spent outside the room spinning floss
candy, textile sugar you wear as you lie
next to me to tempt me, who is so caved-in
from interior decorating he might as well
read a book of English lit, from where, some
where, other than, was me. I write now hurriedly
against the knowledge that in a little over
half an hour I'll leave the house, trade
time better spent fashioning blades of ploughs
kissing fragrant myrrh clouds Promethean for
little more, a Smartie Suit, strung together
with the heat of our urgency to couple
and feel now trembling against each other
the proof that we live in more than this.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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65. **lewis lacook**

JUNE'S MOONS

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Toward something more expressive
the separation, the rapidity of sensation
of what, you ask, and are engulfed in fundamentals

I am working hard to engage the reader
though at restaurants I always order
whatever who I'm with gets
and can stand for hours staring
through the caves of her head at
the cave-walls of my head flickering
with phosphor nets and software vents
and don't seem bored at all, though
it does require a certain adjustment
of expectation

I love the mornings now when previously
the nights were tongues encircled by guilt
Now I play pliable phonemes against
the quality of light is dear, meaning
expensive, and takes time to soak in

Time is a reviewer, ill-starred and pixel-
smudged, who wakes up each morning means
it was asleep previously, and scats
on a line by Pindar, or a filament of Alexander Pope

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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66. **richard.tylr**

Re: return of the Worden (was randomness) The Human Hand

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Jim. There's some extraordinary stuff on here: it all reminds me of the day I took of work and went to the Auckland Art gallery and there was some strange sculptures that moved and they were like big machines and then there was a movie of "organic" things, one of the "machines" was called "The Universe" and I bought the booklet. I had wandered into the gallery by chance I think, I can't recall why as I hadn't visited the gallery for years (or actually read even many books for years) - I was working and my "ambition" then was just to have a family and a job and a house which I did: but I think I was beginning to look back to my creative "side" and the artist was Len Lye: years later I connected with Roger Horrocks who has recently published a book about him...but at the time the photo-kinetic art was actually something I had "dreamed of" (literally and conceptually) when I was about 17 when I had the idea (I must have read about Wagner) of a huge work that combined a great poem a movie with changing images and music: now all this was in about 1963 or 64 but years after here was someone doing what I had dreamed of (but as I said I'm too lazy to "execute" things)...it was exciting though to see this stuff (about 1985 by Lye) and this stuff you have is similarly incredible: I had to do a lot of "downloading" and I kept getting 'arrested' by the computer police - a very frightening experience - when I did illegal things: but I could have spent hours on it: I liked that guy with the cities, and Alan Sondheim et al's thing, the German bloke with the sea and so on: the idea of a multimedia thing fascinates me as I don't separate the arts: poetry is painting is mathematics is music is sculpture is.....I've always believed that: poetry and prose interconnect: everything interconnects....there is a whole world online and you have some brilliant conceptual and lit and poetical and artistic and voice and political and so on work.....I have only seen a small part of the whole site: the city thing reminded me of an Auckland artist poet/musician/artist Liz Maw who is (I believe now doing a degree in art) but she initially turned up to poetry readings with not a lot of lit knowledge but an interesting fascination with cities (which was a change from love themes and poor old me and so on (not that I am totally against these or so called confessional) it's just I had heard so much of a certain kind of it....and she had (then) maybe still has I think a unique view of things: and a kind of "lazy" prose style (I like lazy)..... anyway thanks for the link (links) and I'll "peruse" them more; a great experience. Richard Taylor (Aotearoa) ----- Original Message ----- From: "Jim Andrews" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Saturday, August 31, 2002 2:22 AM Subject: Re: return of the Worden (was randomness) The Human Hand

> > Jim. I just got tired and annoyed because when I got to point x I had to down

> > load something and then I would be able to view the whatever was on your site
> > or the one you linked me to so i flagged it....so spare a thought for those
> > of us who are lazy and or dont have the requisite gizmos....
> > but else I
> > support Vispo as much of it I've seen. I dont think I could be knackered
> > doing it myself as I'm very lazy I cant hardly be bothered typing up my own
> > poems or even sending them even if I'm asked to contribute to things: (come
> > to think of it I get tired lifting food toward my mouth.....
>
> Wow! Sorry to have knackered you out, Richard! Yes, well, downloading and installing Shockwave
> can be a drag on some machines and connections, I realize.
>
> I've put together a great links page, if you'd like to check out some fine work around the
> world. It's at <http://vispo.com/misc/links.htm> . I've been building this page since 95, deleting
> the odd link when I find the site doesn't exist anymore. The order of it is sloppily
> chronological, mainly, according to when I came across the work. It's annotated so you get some
> sense of where you're going, and whether it's primarily using this or that gizmo, usually, and
> what I thought the main attractions were.
>
> I tend to link out a lot in the essays I do at <http://vispo.com/writings> , also, and sometimes
> also link out from within Shockwave or other gizmo work. I think a lot of us doing work for the
> Web see part of what we are doing as trying to create a rich and meaningfully linked web of
> related work that allows people to find their way around the world to exciting, international
> net.work.
>
> ja
>

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67. **richard.tylr**
Re: JUNE'S MOONS
Tue 3 Sep 2002

Lewis. Good poems. Richard taylor.

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

From: "lewis lacook" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, September 03, 2002 11:56 PM

Subject: JUNE'S MOONS

*Toward something more expressive
the separation, the rapidity of sensation
of what, you ask, and are engulfed in fundamentals*

*I am working hard to engage the reader
though at restaurants I always order
whatever who I'm with gets
and can stand for hours staring
through the caves of her head at
the cave-walls of my head flickering
with phosphor nets and software vents
and don't seem bored at all, though
it does require a certain adjustment
of expectation*

*I love the mornings now when previously
the nights were tongues encircled by guilt
Now I play pliable phonemes against
the quality of light is dear, meaning
expensive, and takes time to soak in*

*Time is a reviewer, ill-starred and pixel-
smudged, who wakes up each morning means
it was asleep previously, and scats
on a line by Pindar, or a filament of Alexander Pope*

=====

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68. **Barbara Thimm**

Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

Tue 3 Sep 2002

*to raise the issue of
what is a word and how does it function, especially
within a textual entity
that is the direct translation of another entity
that is also made of words.*

hmmm. do you think the way a word functions **within** a textual entity is in any way altered by this entity's genesis (its being a translation, a cut up etc.)?

Of course, our knowledge of a text's genesis (the processes that led to the text) may enhance the ways in which we as readers/recipients of the text can perceive the text. If we know the text is a translation we may want to look at the original or other translations.... But does it alter our perception of the **individual word** in any meaningful way?

I also suspect that there is a kind of ownership issue involved: with a translation many people tend to continue thinking of the original as the primary text. Which does not sit well with many poets/artists. Whereas with much experimental poetry the poet can at least claim ownership (originality) to the process ... (I seem to be repeating myself).

B

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69. **isat**

Re: Kaballa in Poetry

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Jesse, I believe there is a book out there exploring connections between Bob Dylan's poetry and Kabbalah. I don't remember the name of it, or the author, but maybe somebody on the list knows. It's a fascinating well-illustrated book contrasting Dylan's texts with Kabbalah diagrams.

Best,
Igor S.

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70. **Kevin Killian**

If you're in San Francisco this Friday Sept 6

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Come and see our new play if you'll be in San Francisco Friday September 6. It's at the Lab, 2948 Sixteenth Street at between Capp and Mission, at 8:00 p.m. It costs five dollars to get in and you should call [REDACTED] for reservations since we are putting it on one night only. It's called FASCINATION.

You'll be watching this play, with its strange echoes of CITIZEN KANE and THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS, and asking yourself, "Wait a second! Didn't I see this before?" Sure you did, it's the life of David Bowie, written up in pageant form by San Francisco writers Kevin Killian and Wayne Smith.

London . . . the late 60s . . . a group of young UK poets and musicians rallies around the aging mime maestro Lindsay Kemp, and from his lab emerges David Bowie, the man who sold the world to storm London's fickle pop charts. Next he conquers New York, where his life is endangered by fanatical fans, and gets jiggy with black soul music in the Philadelphia of YOUNG AMERICANS. At his side, his indomitable soulmate Angie. The two of them keep inventing themselves over and over. Bing Crosby dies. Marc Bolan sings THE PRETTIEST STAR. The ultimate rock couple, Carly Simon and James Taylor, enters the twisted, androgynous Bowie world and their lives collapse like those little bags of popcorn. Then Bowie goes to Berlin with Brian Eno: heroes, just for one day.

Norma Cole is Nico, Kota Ezawa is Eno, Wayne Smith is James Taylor, Margaret Crane is Carly Simon, Tanya Hollis is Valerie Solanas, Kevin Killian is Angie, Cliff Hengst is Iman, Karla Milosevich is Hermione Farthingale, Scott Hewicker is Tony de Fries, Rex Ray is Lindsay Kemp, Craig Goodman is Marc Bolan, our large cast also includes Yedda Morrison, Jocelyn Saidenberg, Brent Cunningham, Gerald Corbin, Suzanne Stein, Elliot Anderson, Taylor Brady, and Zora Ezawa.

If you're not available on Friday you can come to our dress rehearsal this Wednesday at 6:30 and see it for free; though it will be a little discombobulated and the musical numbers won't be "frozen," you might still enjoy it. On Wednesday we will try to get out in time to watch the finale of AMERICAN IDOL (but better tape it just to be on the safe side).

This performance is presented in conjunction with FASCINATION: THE BOWIE SHOW, an exhibition at Gallery 16, at 1616 Sixteenth Street (San Francisco), August 15-Sept 30, call [REDACTED] for more information about the exhibition or visit the website www.thebowieshow.com.

Thanks everyone. -- Kevin Killian

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71. **Harrison Jeff**

Menetekelnde, oder Virginia's Butzenscheibe

Tue 3 Sep 2002

wie uns die schon-
unerwecktentiefer Finten,
nackt Seelen betteln Fernen
als ein Kind, verloren, verortet,
steht Kopf ohne Ende, gehorsame
zu Ewig Klage

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72. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: Kaballa in Poetry

Tue 3 Sep 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>&lt;&lt; frankly I think you could say "everybody" and be half-right
&gt;&gt;</P>
<P>&amp; you'd be half-right because Qabbala in its numerical, permutational-
to-the-point-of-being-viral, vertical&nbsp;aspect is the other side of narrative's
event horizon; Gilgamesh is numerical; the Illiad, narrative.<BR><BR></
P></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>From: Catherine Daly <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
```

<DIV></DIV>To: [REDACTED]
<DIV></DIV>Subject: Re: Kaballa in Poetry
<DIV></DIV>Date: Sat, 31 Aug 2002 11:40:59 -0700
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>martine bellen yet again;
<DIV></DIV>adeena karasick
<DIV></DIV>Rachel Blau Du Plessis?
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>frankly I think you could say "everybody" and be half-right
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Catherine Daly
<DIV></DIV>[REDACTED]
<DIV></DIV></div><br clear=all><hr>Send and receive Hotmail on your
mobile device: Click
Here
</html>

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73. **Harrison Jeff**
Daffodils, or Virginia's Train

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Glass and Sondheim are composers.
Other composers by this name
are Glass and Sondheim.
Or Mozart and Salieri
in a stage play, where
no music is heard, but only dialogue.
Also irrefutable:
there are thirty-two letters in the line below
and twelve syllables in the line above.
Daffodils are pretty AND poetic -
and so is Virginia's train.

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

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74. **Barbara Thimm**

Translation, Interaction, Interpretation

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Translation could perhaps be defined as (one kind of) a record of interaction: how one poet (e.g. a translator) interacts with another's text ... the translation being one record of this interaction.

A cut-up is a different form of interaction with another text .. often shifting genres (e.g. using an instruction manual as a source for a poem)((do I mean catch-up? ketchup? Oh, Heintz!))

Anyway ... the following is pertinent and can be found in the current issue of jacketmagazine. An introduction to poems by Ashbery and Kinsella, by the latter.

B

" The 'Malley' poems that come via John Ashbery and myself, in this selection, are part of a longer work-in-progress that will be released by Fremantle Arts Centre Press in book form. My texts derive from 'starting points' within Malley poems and / or the original texts that the deadly duo — McAuley and Stewart — ravaged for words / ideas, their own 'starting points'. Various living authors are alluded to or sublimated.

At the time of writing one or two of these, John Ashbery had faxed through to me a couple of his pieces — there may consequently be a sense of 'response' in one or two of my poems included here. There is most certainly a dialogue in all of the pieces with John Ashbery's 'voice'. I also have a number of letters and emails from that inception period (a couple of years ago) to 'deflect' from John's take on this discovery that Ern sought to speak through us. I am not sure why this happened, but maybe we're both receptive to Ern-like poets struggling to be heard from across the great divide. I know I spend my time listening closely for such voices from limbo."

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75. **K. Silem Mohammad**

Re: A Question of Scope

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Sheila Murphy wrote:

I would be interested in hearing about how various individuals on this list perceive their own work, with reference to scope and definition (of projects, processes and the like). As is evident from the most recent twenty or perhaps even forty years, many writers conceive of their work as "one big thing," process-based, and so forth. At the same time, this is likely not to be true for everyone assembled here. Despite what may be a disinclination for some to consider writing to be product-oriented, I am interested in how various people would describe their concept of the work that they are doing.

I'm surprised how few people have responded to this post. I suspect that it's a difficult and/or embarrassing question for many: difficult, because it requires us as poets to be self-critical about an activity that is often performed at an extreme distance from the self; embarrassing, because in some cases one discovers that the uncritical mental blur which can be achieved in that distancing is one of the guilty rewards of writing poetry in the first place.

I'm not implying that "good poets" are constantly keeping open one analytical eye on their work whereas "bad poets" just go into a solipsistic Ionic ecstasy. This may be the case in a limited way, but it's more complicated than that. For one thing, it may be necessary for some poets to have an extended "uncritical" phase in which they simply *produce*, in order to get the machinery warmed up, receive external diagnoses, learn from their own tea-leaf leavings, etc. For another, even with poets who go through phases of this sort and then become more theoretical, programmatic, or "professional" (as if there were a profession involved) about their work, there may be a conscious decision to revert to the earlier state of autopermissive praxis. Granted, in this case, the "uncritical" nature of the praxis is always already critical by virtue of being chosen in reaction to a preceding period of intellectualization, since the choice in question is a choice to test the limits of some findings arrived at in the prior mode. This all may be getting at part of what is meant by "experimental" poetry.

In my case, I can say that my own work seems to be in the throes of a transition: from a period of intuitive, transrational lyricism with a (typically postmodern) tendency to interpolate bits and pieces of found discourse, either whole or distorted, to a period of heavily rule-based assemblage, using principles of collage to work backward from the earlier method, attempting to simulate lyricism (or its related effects, such as antilyricism, metalyricism, paralyricism, 'patalyricism, FlaRf, turaluralyricism, etc.) via the manipulation of found materials. One of the things I find interesting about this approach is that the results seem to me more often to approximate a "unified" poetic "voice" (such terms have become so ironized for me that the quotation marks here are enclosing other, multiple sets of *implied* quotation marks) than much of the earlier, wholly "authorial" work. This is undoubtedly because the manipulation of the materials tends to promote the privileging of certain strongly discursive markers: pronouns, deictics, assertions of identity, etc. Very frequently, the work produced is predominantly "funny" or "satiric" as in the following:

"NOT A WAR BLOG"

Fisto: boy I would like to find you deer

Mr. Lamp: SHE GOOD LOOKING GYP TOO

HELL OF HEAD

Fisto: Damn skippy!

Mr. Lamp: Damn skippy

Fisto: I think I had that deer frozen

Mr. Lamp: you may of hit the nail on the head

Fisto: doctor :-) I have a bad head

Mr. Lamp: why do they insist on

these wicker deer that they put up in their lobby

Fisto: you should know cuty

[looks up from a hideous parody of a deer]

Mr. Lamp: giant oil companies behind this

Bush scared me, because he always

sniffs at the air like a deer

Fisto: this is not a war blog - it's just MY blog

all I wanted to do was to set my head

as to whom would attend

to a wounded deer and, of course,

take a shit near Balboa BART

Mr. Lamp: I wish I understood that sentence

Fisto: a challenge, that's for sure: you'd need a head

if the deer are all armored like that

It's almost like the deer is sporting an M16

[head honcho in the Jewish Federation

Drops his spoon and grasps his head:: ugh
ate to much) ::scents a deer
leaps onto the naked girl]
Mr. Lamp: I held it together until the scene
where he bites the head off the deer
"THAT'S JERRY'S HEAD!"
"Damn skippy, bi**tch."
all the while Jeff Goldblum was rambling
"I DON'T DO NEEDLES"
Nocturna he knew would be running around killing deer
"god made elk, god made deer, god demonstrated
the dry-scrape method of brain tanning deer"
Fisto: if i here music in my head
well taken Smokey:
"The truck piss-a-deer-ed." Hehehe!
they're damn skippy it's an artificial flavor
Mr. Lamp: hope you enjoy reading what goes through my head
too bad I didn't see any 3-headed deer, though
and the bats started chasing Old School Scotty's head

So I guess, to sum up, my work at the present time is concerned with assem-
blage, lyricism, and deer heads. And maintaining a balance (dirty compro-
mise?) between clearly defined process and creative anarchy.

Kasey

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76. **Edward Foster** ***Re: Talisman at EPC***

Tue 3 Sep 2002

the Talisman website is www.talismanpublishers.com

Talisman #23-26 (_The World in Time and Space_) is being shipped from the printer now. There were several frustrating delays involving illustrations and other matters, but the problems were solved, and copies will be on their way to subscribers, etc., soon!

On Fri, 30 Aug 2002, Aldon Nielsen wrote:

Hey Guys --

I just clicked on the button at the EPC for Ed Foster's Talisman, out of Jersey, but the web site the button took me to was the quite different

Talisman Press out in Santa Barbara (where I live when I'm not at the office in PA!) -- I've seen this confusion before, but EPC needs to correct this right away --

Does anybody know if Foster's TALISMAN has released THE WORLD IN TIME AND SPACE yet?

[illegible]

"The university professes the truth, and that is its profession. It declares and promises an unlimited commitment to the truth."

Jacques Derrida (Without Alibi 202)

Aldon Lynn Nielsen
George and Barbara Kelly Professor of American Literature
Department of English
The Pennsylvania State University
116 Burrowes
University Park, PA 16802-6200

██████████

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77. Lowther, John

distance carrier

Tue 3 Sep 2002

querio (pls bkchannel reply) does anyone know if this webmag is alive
someplace on line? the link i found is non functional.

thanks

██████████

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78. Arielle Greenberg

readings, anyone?

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Sorry to bother you all.

I am starting to put together a DIY book tour of sorts in support of my first book, *GIVEN*, coming out this November from Verse Press, for which it was a finalist in a contest judged by Lyn Hejinian. As I am rather new at all this, I am going to be bold here. I love

giving readings and talking about poetry (and will be speaking about my aesthetic theory of contemporary innovative women's poetics, the Gurlesque, at Small Press Traffic in November. I am also very happy to travel, so I am offering myself up as a potential reader in Winter/Spring 2003 for those of you interested. Jean Valentine, Laura Mullen and C.S. Giscombe have all said very nice things about the book. Samples of my work and biographical info certainly available. Please backchannel. Thanks so much.

Arielle Greenberg

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79. **J Gallaher**

MLA? New York for New Year's?

Tue 3 Sep 2002

All,

I was just wondering if anyone's going to New York for MLA this december, or who might be there at that time for something else, or who might know of literary things going on at that time.

Maybe we could all meet at a hotel bar and throw pretzels at people?

Best,

JG

From the Department of Things to Know:
No word in the English language rhymes
with month, orange, silver, or purple.

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80. **Rova Saxophone Quartet**

Readings in San Francisco: Modern Times, Sept. 20 and 27

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Theory into Practice: Two Evenings
of Readings at Modern Times Bookstore

7:30pm Friday, Sept. 20 and Friday, Sept. 27

Free - 888 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA

 - www.mtbs.com

This group of poets of wildly divergent backgrounds, ages, and styles has one thing in common -- all have been studying with local Beat icon Diane di Prima in an advanced writing workshop. They also have something for everyone -- with humor, nuance, and attention to form they'll share the results of poetic experiments and life experiences. With publications in a wide range of national magazines including *Skanky Possum*, the *Paterson Literary Review*, and *First Intensity*, among many others, these poets promise to thrill and delight while putting into practice the theories they've learned in class.

Friday, September 20:

Pam Lanza
Jo Kaufman
Joyce Brady
Timotha Doane

Friday, September 27:

Marcene Gandolfino
Jeanne Brondino
Elizabeth Gjelten
David Hadbawnik

Pamela Lanza is an artist and art instructor currently teaching at the Art Institute and UC Extension. She is returning to poetry after having published a few works in some renegade broadsides and literary magazines in the 70's at Agnes Scott College and Georgia State University in the 70's. Her poetry is often incorporated into her mixed media artworks, and will appear in upcoming issues of the *Paterson Literary Review* and the *Peace Project* due out in 2003.

Jo Kaufman is San Francisco based writer, teacher and mother of two (suddenly surly) adolescent children. She received her Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing from USF and her work has appeared in the *Santa Clara Review*, the *Patterson Literary Review*, along with various small local presses. She is currently working on book-length work of creative non-fiction. Joyce Brady is a teacher at City College of San Francisco, a poet and photographer. Her work

has been published in *Writing for Our Lives*, *Crone Chronicles*, *Spiritual Elder-ing*, *The Circle Continues*, and *The Four Faces of Women*. She facilitates "circles of wise women" using poetry and symbolism as vehicles to cultivate a remembrance of Self. She has studied with Diane di Prima for two years. Timotha Doane was born in Corpus Christi, Texas, Vernal Equinox, 1944. She grew up in Connecticut on land where her father's family has been farming and squatting since 1630. These facts illumine a life of activism. Poetry is magic ritual politics love dictation. Timotha teaches American English to speakers of other languages at City College. She is a practitioner of the way of Hekate and Vajrayana Buddhism. Jeanne Brondino has studied poetry with Diane di Prima for four years. She is acquisitions editor for Hunter House Publishers, a self-help health publisher, sings and drums with a Qawwali (Sufi music) group, and lives in Alameda at the edge of a bird sanctuary. She considers herself a new poet.

Elizabeth Gjelten is a poet, performer and playwright who has presented her solo and duet theater pieces at the Working Women Festival (at il Teatro 450), Venue 9, Z Space, the Marsh, and Life on the Water. She was a member for several years of the Z Space Studio Artists in Residence Program. She is in the graduate playwriting program at SF State.

David Hadbawnik is a poet and performer who has published work in *Skanky Possum*, *-Vert*, *Cauldron & Net*, *Electronic Poetry Review*, *Jacket*, and *Boog City*, among others. He has collaborated with several movement, performance, and music-based artists, and also publishes *Habenicht Press*.

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81. **Chris Tysh**
mark(s) release

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Greetings,

The September issue of *mark(s)* is up,
featuring poetry by Mei-mei Berssenbrugge and Anne
Tardos, web art by Heather McGill, Robert
Sestok, Kyong Park, plus a multi-media collaboration
with Bill Harris, Allie McGhee and Faruq Z. Bey.

<http://www.markszine.com>

best,

Chris Tysh, *mark(s)* editor

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82. **jesse glass**

Raymond Lull, Johannes Reuchlin, Dion Fortune

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Working mainly from memory here, but Raymond Lull (12th-13th c?) was one of the earliest Christian writers to incorporate Kabbalistic ideas into his combinatory system. The biggie though was Johannes Reuchlin, elder contemporary of Cornelius Agrippa, who "proved" that it was possible to be a Christian and yet use the Kabbalistic system.

The Q business, and various Q spellings began to happen in the 18th and 19th centuries--Saint Germain, Pasqually (sp?), Saint Martin, and more recently in the Golden Dawn folks and later incarnations of magickal groups. (Notice the K in magic). You can find scads of this stuff on the net. Once again, working from memory, but I believe this is all sound enough. Thanks for Geoffrey Gatza's humor and Maria's question, now on to the post office before it closes.

Jess

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83. **jesse glass**

It Might Have Been Waite

Tue 3 Sep 2002

who identified the Q spellings as Christian spellings in his many books on ceremonial and other magics. Happy to stand corrected if anyone finds otherwise.

Jess

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84. **Tony Follari**

Message for Richard Taylor

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Richard I'm a bit annoyed, I didn't realise some of my e-mails were being put on public display! Can you tell me how I can have them removed, or my name taken off the Poetics list? because some guy named Tom Bell read my last e-mail.

Regards Tony Follari

From: Tony Follari <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Reply to Richard Taylor
Date: Thu, 29 Aug 2002 08:14:50 +0000

Dear Richard,

Talking about Saddam, I was reading up on him on the net recently and to my surprise I discovered he has actually published a number of writings, some intellectual, military, economic etc. Obviously a clever guy, but with bad intentions. Apparently he was shot in the leg in the early sixties as part of a coup attempt and actually was elected to parliament while being under arrest. Strangely he has the same astrological birth sign and chinese sign as Hitler, a Taurus Buffalo.

regards Tony Follari

From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: *all this, all that* from RICHARD TAYLOR
(Aotearoa - Used to be New Zealand)
Date: Wed, 28 Aug 2002 23:31:52 +1200

Thanks. I believe that we can get very heated in discussions or passionate
ad
that doesn't mean we are attacking the integrity of the person who is the
arguer
so to speak: at other times we may be but that is rarely useful: and
mostly
we should be trying to discuss and listen.

Often you may notice I kind of "talk to myself" which people take as
naivety
possibly but it is a deliberate ploy as I want to say "well here are my
thoughts, my weaknesses" and so on and "I don't know all the answers, this
isn't cut and dried" ... but I have to admit I get quite emotive eg re the
US
Iraq hypocrisy...but I try to keep that separate from my concern for
people:
after all most of us are powerless (not totally of course) with respect
to
the actions of our governments. And my government is complicit: also the
Alan Issue and the Random Issue I try to see various views. But I'll
still

"wade in" if i feel its requisite. Nastiness i dont like: if I get
"abusive"
its because I care. But I avoid anger per se.

Re eg Kent etal. I would like to see them back on the List as i havent
seen
anything they have done that's too terrible (and I loooked at the archives
and couldnt see aanything even very disconcerting by them). I AM - by the
way Richard Taylor. (Aotearoa - used to be New Zealand)

PS I have some how inadvertently have you on my Block Sender i dont know
why. I'm not sure how to "unblock". (opposite problem to Jesse!)

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

From: "Thomas Bell" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, August 28, 2002 8:37 PM

Subject: Re: *all this, all that*

like your post richard tylr (I'm taking a line of accentuating the
positive
for awhile, I think). You do seem to be taking a constructive view.
People
just don't seem to understand that when they post to a list they are
putting
themselves on exhibit for better or worse.

tom bell

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

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85. **Arielle Greenberg**

you guys rock!

Tue 3 Sep 2002

I just wanted to report that within hours of my
posting looking for places to give readings, I
received many warm, helpful responses and offers. I

am deeply encouraged and profoundly grateful. I know the list can be annoying at times, but it is also an invaluable resource, and man, am I glad I have you guys for a community! (Hats off too to Christopher Alexander and the rest of the poetics crew for keeping it running so smoothly.)

Namaste,
Arielle

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

Re: A Question of Scope

Tue 3 Sep 2002

I like this question. I'm interested in hearing responses from others but here is something from me. First of all, I'm not writing poetry all the time, although it is fair to say writing it is always on my mind. Second, I'm a writer first and a poet second, but what I mean by writing may be what other besides myself mean by poetry. I write criticism, art criticism more than literary criticism. My writing found its direction I believe in my efforts in the 1970s to write about performance art. Since then all the writing genres have had for me a necessary instability. Especially poetry. Third, I don't do, have never done, one-off poems. Each piece is part of a project, call it a book. I have several of these on the go at any one time. Some have been on the go for a decade or more, slowly. Sometimes having poetry on my mind is looking for material, sometimes it is thinking about method, but this is also true of all the writing. Wystan

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

From: Sheila Murphy [mailto:]

Sent: Thursday, 29 August 2002 3:22 p.m.

To:

Subject: A Question of Scope

I would be interested in hearing about how various individuals on this list perceive their own work, with reference to scope and definition (of projects, processes and the like). As is evident from the most recent twenty or perhaps even forty years, many writers conceive of their work as "one big thing,"

process-based, and so forth. At the same time, this is likely not to be true for everyone assembled here. Despite what may be a disinclination for some to consider writing to be product-oriented, I am interested in how various people would describe their concept of the work that they are doing.

The question emerges on the heels of the recent (and perhaps current) discussion about posting, posting poetry, venues for publishing, and the like.

Sheila (with an E.) Murphy

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87. **ALDON L NIELSEN**

Re: MLA? New York for New Year's?

Tue 3 Sep 2002

I'll be there, though I may be tied up interviewing people during the daytime sessions --

On Tue, 03 Sep 2002 15:59:31 +0000, J Gallaher wrote:

All,

I was just wondering if anyone's going to New York for MLA this december, or who might be there at that time for something else, or who might know of literary things going on at that time.

Maybe we could all meet at a hotel bar and throw pretzels at people?

Best,

JG

*From the Department of Things to Know:
No word in the English language rhymes
with month, orange, silver, or purple.*

--James Joyce

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

██████████

88. **Jim Behrle**
can we have our ball back? 12.0

Tue 3 Sep 2002

<http://canwehaveourballback.com>

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

89. **Leslie Scalapino**
Laynie Browne & Leslie Scalapino reading at SPT

Tue 3 Sep 2002

Laynie Browne & Leslie Scalapino: reading at Small Press Traffic on Friday, September 13, 2002, 7:30 PM.CCAC at 1111 Eighth St., San Francisco (just off the intersection of 16th & Wisconsin).

Poet, prose, and hybrid genre writer Laynie Browne has two new books this year,

Acts of Levitation (Spuyten Duyvil) and Pollen Memory (Tender Buttons) . A former curator at the Ear Inn in NYC and Subtext in Seattle, Browne's work was included in Poet's Choice, edited by Robert Hass, and she is a past winner of the Gertrude Stein Award in Innovative American Literature. Her previous books include The Rebecca Letters (Kelsey St., 1997) and The Agency of Wind, Avec, 1999), of which Rain Taxi magazine said "the surrealism is distinctly latter day." Born in 1966 and raised in Los Angeles, Browne recently moved to Oakland.

A renowned language pioneer, Leslie Scalapino's new book is *It's go in/quiet illumined grass/land*, a long poem from Sausalito's Post Apollo Press. Other recent books include *The Tango* (Granary Books), a reprint of her novel, *Defoe* (Green Integer), and a poetic mystery novel, *Orchid Jetsam* (Tuumba). Alice Notley says of Scalapino's latest book: "An enlightened work singing of death, physical pain, social fearlessness, and where when or whether one is. The intricate variable stanza, almost danced (like a Greek strophe) sounds one of Scalapino's favorite themes: inside and outside, the cruelty outside and the illumination also there, as in here, in space and in time. The stanza leads one through the space and time of the poem word by word. You can't stop."

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90. **Mister Kazim Ali**
Washington Square

Tue 3 Sep 2002

The new issue (number 10) of *Washington Square* is now out. This dynamic journal is published by the MFA students at NYU.

The new issue features writing by (among others) Rae Armantrout, Charles Bernstein, Elaine Equi, Michael Gizzi, Lisa Jarnot, Robert Kelly, Mark Levine, Sawako Nakayasu, Alice Notley, Jena Osman, Joan Retallack, Leslie Scalapino, Ron Silliman, Anne Tardos, Jean Valentine, and Diane Wakoski.

(Oh, issue also has fiction, but of course I don't know much about that,)

Back issues have featured such writers as Fanny Howe, Barbara Guest, and this crazy Kazim Ali.

You can pick it up in NYC bookstores, or order from NYU. It's \$6. Order, submit, or subscribe to *Washington Square*, c/o Creative Writing Program, New York University, 19 University Place, 2nd Floor, NY, NY 10003.

Hope everyone's doing well. Eat organic,
Kazim.

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes
<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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91. **Ken Rumble**
from "Key Bridge" 2
Tue 3 Sep 2002

from "Key Bridge"

The red on our hands
alarm clock numbers
this love of city like a love
for water like a love for needles
and holding needles and water to our
chest and holding this city like hugging
an ocean like hugging an ocean from below
like hugging the camera and the white shirt buttons
coming in fast before the black and the focus,
no, the hours we spend sent out like newspaper
boats and hugging this ocean
what if we don't find love
hat if e don't find love
ha if e don find love
ha if don find lov
ha if do fid lov
ha if o fi lov
ha i o i lov

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92. **Nick Piombino**
Literary Excellence
Tue 3 Sep 2002

Date: Fri, 30 Aug 2002 08:24:58 -0700
From: Joel Weishaus <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Literary Excellence

Nick:

Indeed poetry can have an effect larger than only on the circle of its practitioners. Are we lacking in educating the media and the public as to the relevance poems may have to a democracy? When we get a rare opportunity, as, for example, Robert Pinsky does on PBS, we fail "to confound the types

of 'rational thinking' that are in reality harmfully manipulative and constrictive to freedom of experience and thought," as you say.

-Joel

Date: Wed, 28 Aug 2002 13:37:16 -0500

From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: Literary Excellence

i think we're back to author-fixation now, which came up a few months ago (process v producer) now we seem to be on product v/ producer... i think often people use the name of the author as a shorthand for a body of work; it's convenient, but like most conveniences, limiting to the way bodies of work are conceived of--as coming only from an atomized individual rather than being a trace or marker of the confluence of sensibility, history, culture, place, circumstances, etc.

Usually, when the public is educated about poetry, the focus is on individual poets, on history, not on the poetic point of view. Whenever you want to date it from, the contemporary poetic point of view, and I do think there is one, is just this: a desire to draw back the curtains of the accepted, the "normal" view of reality, and see beneath, or beyond it. This is because, for example, this normal view of reality accepts, and has long accepted, mechanically amplified violence as an unavoidable necessity, a means to an end. This normal view accepts the erosion of the validity of the individual voice, presenting as forceful or even radical the revelation of some individual voices, as if this were the personification of freedom of speech, a kind of "representative democracy." Clearly, "representative democracy" is easily converted, or perverted, into a way of silencing dissent by distorting its edges into some recognizable, received truths, accepted and acceptable points of view, recognizable and understandably rational viewpoints, presented as a serial chorus of inspired, enlightened, witty voices. The poetic point of view will eventually manifest itself in totalitarian situations like our own, where focused dissent is manipulated into silence through the creation of robotic bureaucracies, whether governmental, corporate, educational or in the culture industry, whose covert function is to crush any and all manifestations of a socially powerful transformative imagination. Like a restless rhythm or figure that slips quietly into unconscious circuits, the neural pathways of human experience, poetic truth will assert itself, if and only if, if and only when we poets look and listen long to each others spirits, recognize what we have seen in each of ourselves and speak as one.

Nick Piombino

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93. **Alan Sondheim**

they sang / more

Wed 4 Sep 2002

they sang:

"assassinsway omecay intoway ethay orldway, eythay'era y ilingsmay youay al-mostway indfay eirthay ordsway andway urnsbay eguilingbay atway ethay otherway endway ofway ethay ungay youay oldhay, eythay'era y erethay "youay'evay evernay adhay away ayerpray, youay'evay alwaysway arnedway ethay othersway, ilingsmay intoway ethay orldway, awaitingway ethay uturefay ofway youray inskay, youray onesbay, youray aitingbay erethay orfay other-sway, alwaysway esethay ostlay ordsway orway omethingsay omfray ethay anguagelay ofway ethay irdsbay owhay atchway assassinsway omfray aboveway. erethay'say onay ovelay atway allway inway emthay, ustjay oisenay, ethay overmentmay ofway eirthay eaksbay "'assassinsway omecay intoway ethay orldway, eirthay eyesway areway onay urprisesay, away uisegay orway acebray ofway irdsbay inway onay isguiseday"

More

How many assassins does it take to change a light-bulb? Thirty-eight after the shooting; the last one climbs up the pile of bodies.

What's red and white and black all over? A wounded albino assassin with a ski-mask.

What's grey and comes in cans? Assassins.

What's the largest diamond in the world? Four assassins converging on a leader.

Who's on first? What's on second? Nameless assassins rounding the bases of the largest diamond in the world.

Two assassins are in a bathtub. One says pass the soap. The other says, no soap, assassin.

What happens if you mix an assassin with a poodle? You get a dead dog.

Why didn't the assassin want to be cremated? He didn't want to make an ash out of himself.

What weighs a thousand pounds and lives in trees? An assassin with a machine-gun nest.

How did the assassin fly to the sun? He left in the middle of the night?

What's the difference between an assassin and a rapist? Nothing at all.

What's the difference between an assassin and a delivery-boy? One kills the messenger, the other massages the killer.

What's the difference between an assassin and a masseuse? One kills the messenger, the other massages the killer.

How many assassins can you fit into a Volkswagen? Two in front and two in back.

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94. **Alan Sondheim**

Tetralogue

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Tetralogue

Leslie Thornton:

of mists the of bird light was with planned bright a eyes, long who time mistook ago. darkness the for bird its with mate. of bright mists the lightwas for planned its a mate.of long the time darkness ago. with your identification and anonymity Tue Sep 3 14:38:07 EDT 2002

Azure Carter:

the upon swelling molten seas, rock single swirling separate seaweed coral and reefs coming stacked together upon the molten swelling rock single seas, cells, the separate swirling and seaweed coral coming reefs together stacked your identification and anonymity Tue Sep 3 14:41:05 EDT 2002 your identification and anonymity

Tom Zummer:

Tue Sep 3 Tue 14:44:03 Sep EDT 3 2002 14:44:03 nothing perhaps during, wished, though to there be, is and a emptiness lateral before extent, forgetting I skin during, without though depth, there surface a with lateral only extent, scansion that a is, skin suppositum, depth, something a thought, surface perhaps with wished, only to scansion that be, is, emptiness suppositum, before something forgetting I thought, your identification and anonymity Tue Sep 3 14:47:05 EDT 2002

Alan Sondheim:

beginning the in world, the the dance pouring of out elements and you pouring offered in us, beginning we in so the delicately dance accepted, of all elements sounds you and offered sites we natural accepted, worlds, all incoherent sounds musings and restrictive all interplay sites syntax, the prey natural raptor-carnivore, incoherent doubling musings moons restrictive suns of long syntax, thin prey body and missing raptor-carnivore, its doubling place moons world, long whispering thin murmurs, body sweat its freezing in pouring the out sweat your identification and anonymity Tue Sep 3 16:41:02 EDT 2002

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95. **Jim Andrews**

Re: POETICS Digest - 2 Sep 2002 to 3 Sep 2002 (#2002-204)

Wed 4 Sep 2002

That makes my day, Richard, what you wrote about your the intertwining of your dreams and imaginings and multimedia work you experienced after the fact. I remember, about a year ago, when I woke up one morning and had the opportunity to sleep in, that I daydreamed/dreamed of an imaginary literary machine that travelled about inside the head in deep space, and it was a visual poetry machine, bright and fantastic, that lit up the space around it and, though it was impossible to really figure out the language that it was producing and giving off like fire and rainbows--the language would stream and explode from it ever so beautifully gracefully and then disappear after a certain radius--nonetheless it did seem to be about language and the inner word, the letter, a kind of poetry of the letter, of the inside of letters and language, perhaps microscopic poetry or something, and the machine did have a metal exterior, but you know how metal and light can be if the metal is brushed, or there's a range of metals, brushed and tarnished, rusted and all the range of color and texture that metal is capable of and also how it reflects light; anyway, there it was, and slowly drifted away into space.

I also appreciated what you said about not separating the arts. That's how I feel, too.

Will be moving the day after tomorrow several thousand miles to the east coast (Toronto) for six months, so my e will be xed for a few days.

ja

Date: Wed, 4 Sep 2002 00:56:19 +1200

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

Subject: Re: return of the Worden (was randomness) The Human Hand

Jim. There's some extraordinary stuff on here: it all reminds me of the day I took of work and went to the Auckland Art gallery and ther was some strange sculptures that movedand theywere like big machines and ten ther was a movie of "organic" things, one of the "machines" was called "The Universe" and I bought the booklet. I had wandered into the gallery by chance I think, I cant recall why as I hadnt visited the gallery for years (or actually read even many books for years) - I was working and my "ambition" then was just to have a family and a job and a house which I did: but I think I was beginning to look back to my creative "side" and the artist was Len Lye: years later I connected with Roger Horrocks who has recently

published a book about him...but at the time the photo-kinetic art was actually something I had "dreamed of" (literally and conceptually) when I was about 17 when I had the idea (I must have read about Wagner) of a huge work that combined a great poem a movie with changing images and music:now all this was in about 1963 or 64 but years after here was someone doing what i had dreamed of (but as i said i'm too lazy to "execute" things)...it was exciting though to see this stuff (about 1985 by Lye) and this stuff you have is similarly incredible: I had to do a lot of "downloading" and I kept geetting 'arrested ' by the computer police - avery frightening eperience - when I did illegal things: but I could have spent hours on it: I liked that guy with he cities, and Alan Sondheim etal's thing, the German bloke with the sea and so on: the idea of a multimedia thing fsacintes me as I dont separate the arts: poetry is painting is mathematics is music is sculpture is.....I've always believed that: poetry and prose interconnect: everything interconnects....there is a whole world online and you have some brilliant conceptual and lit and poetical and artistical and voice and political and so on work.....i have only seen a small part of the whole site: the city thing reminded me of an Auckland artist poet/musician/artist Liz Maw who is (I believe now doing a degreee in art) but she initially turned up to poetry readings with not alot of lit knowledge but an interesting fascination with cities (which was a change from love temes and poor old me and so on (not that I am totally against these or so called confessional) its just I had heard so much of a certain kind of it....and she had (then) maybe still has I think a unique view of things:and a kind of "lazy" prose style (I like lazy)..... anyway thanks for the link (links) and I'll "peruse" them more; a great experience. Richard Taylor (Aotearoa)

I've put together a great links page, if you'd like to check out some fine work around the world. It's at <http://vispo.com/misc/links.htm> .

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96. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**

Re: A Question of Scope

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Hey Kasey---

glad to see your take on this....it "ups the ante" as they sey--- I like, and in some ways identify with, your formulation of critical and uncritical "phases"-- it's one way of framing a kind of "back and forth" (or dialectic? or dialogic? or trialogic, which is a word that, though of limited use, i prefer to "polyvocal")....

I like the way you apply this to a sense of a transition (or transitions) you find yourself going through now, as you describe:

"from a period of intuitive, transrational lyricism with a (typically postmodern) tendency to interpolate bits and pieces of found discourse, either whole or

distorted, to a period of heavily rule-based assemblage, using principles of collage to work backward from the earlier method, attempting to simulate lyricism (or its related effects, such as antilyricism, metalyricism, paralyricism, 'patalyricism, FlaRf, turaluralyricism, etc.) via the manipulation of found materials.

I tend to identify personally at present much more with the former mode which you claim you are currently largely eschewing, though by saying that I don't mean to sound dogmatic like I'm not into understanding your motives for making the change to things like Flarf--- no point not being permissive of it, although I would defend the former mode as no more "typically postmodern" than the latter idea of "rule-based assemblage"---regardless of whether "post-modern" is a pejorative term. Anyway, not to over-quibble on semantics.

For me, personally, my personal distrust of engaging further in the practice of things like farf or flarf or magnetic poetry board poems (which I keep telling myself I'll do someday...), or why I never accorded Berrigan's "sonnets" the same reverence many others seem to, I think relates to several things. 1) that I'm into that intuitive, I'd add improvisatory sense of "thinking in the poem," that discursive lyric or lyrical discursiveness I found more in your "earlier" poems---I like the sense of reading somebody who seems to be trying to figure things out in their poems, rather than primarily presenting a sculpted "believable self" on one hand (though I do that at times---more on that below...) or what I think you mean by "rule-based assemblage" on the other. 2) the second reason, and I know some would throw this out of court as merely personal, etc., but it's something I think worth talking about---even if my particular momentarily absolute (read: tentative) conclusions about it are something you'd disagree with (I welcome such disagreements), relates to lifestyle---the idea that I keep telling myself that such a flarf mode in its very playful game-aestheticism could be an interesting thing/option for me to engage more fully in...someday, like SAY when I find myself once again having less time for writing relentlessly, due to job situations, or other social commitments, like say a love-relationship, or due to health reasons, like maybe if I choose to quit, or cut down on, smoking (and, yes, for me, smoking has been integrally involved with writing) or drinking coffee. Anyway, I'm putting it off, and may not even really move into a more flarf like mode if I quit cigs, but this be part of the "politics of poetic form" for me--

But rather than dwell on what I'm not doing I think I could at least briefly and reductively comment on a little of the transition I've been going through the past few months.... After finishing 2 full length manuscripts of poetry (still trying to find publishers), I felt like I had enough for awhile---not so much of writing poetry (though that has diminished) as of working on it, revising it (a 3000 mile move too emphasized the need for some kind of transition too)---but since I had to do something in the meantime while I'm waiting for my new social and

chthonic (sp?) environment to assert itself of me--and the two forms that have asserted themselves most for me are 1) more "journal like" prose (not too dissimilar from what this post is threatening to become!), and 2) finally getting around to putting lyrics to melodies/songs I had made up in some cases 14 or 15 years ago.....These two forms kind of have a way of making what I called poetry previously seem sort of what Dickinson would call "the term between"---or the excluded middle, and it's fascinating for me to try to "dumb myself" down into the form of quatrains and rhymes and repetition and the three dimensionality of the way the word floats in music---not that I'd claim any Dylan status for my songs as of yet, but I am pretty proud of having finished an album's worth of song material in the last several months after years of always coming up against a wall there.... Anyway, there's something so apollonian, so essentialist in the song-lyric "i" that comes through that probably needs the counter-weight of more blatant prose ruminations (while my poetry was kind of in between); it's like discovering a new triad. The fact that I've also suspended writing reviews/essays on poets and no longer am working on a dissertation maybe has belatedly freed me up to do this (for I'd say much of my earlier poetry was very much in dialogue with my Ph.D. dissertation in ways I've only begun to explore....)

Anyway, it's more complex than this (and may involve that "parenthetical pantheism" to which I referred in an earlier post on this subject), but I just thought I'd share some of this as maybe a response to SM and you....

take care,

Chris

"K. Silem Mohammad" wrote:

I'm surprised how few people have responded to this post. I suspect that it's a difficult and/or embarrassing question for many: difficult, because it requires us as poets to be self-critical about an activity that is often performed at an extreme distance from the self; embarrassing, because in some cases one discovers that the uncritical mental blur which can be achieved in that distancing is one of the guilty rewards of writing poetry in the first place.

*I'm not implying that "good poets" are constantly keeping open one analytical eye on their work whereas "bad poets" just go into a solipsistic Ionic ecstasy. This may be the case in a limited way, but it's more complicated than that. For one thing, it may be necessary for some poets to have an extended "uncritical" phase in which they simply *produce*, in order to get the machinery warmed up, receive external diagnoses, learn from their own tea-leaf leavings, etc. For another, even with poets who go through phases of this sort and then become more theoretical, programmatic, or "professional" (as if there were a profession involved) about their work,*

there may be a conscious decision to revert to the earlier state of autopermissive praxis. Granted, in this case, the "uncritical" nature of the praxis is always already critical by virtue of being chosen in reaction to a preceding period of intellectualization, since the choice in question is a choice to test the limits of some findings arrived at in the prior mode. This all may be getting at part of what is meant by "experimental" poetry.

*In my case, I can say that my own work seems to be in the throes of a transition: from a period of intuitive, transrational lyricism with a (typically postmodern) tendency to interpolate bits and pieces of found discourse, either whole or distorted, to a period of heavily rule-based assemblage, using principles of collage to work backward from the earlier method, attempting to simulate lyricism (or its related effects, such as antilyricism, metalyricism, paralyricism, 'patalyricism, FlaRf, turaluralyricism, etc.) via the manipulation of found materials. One of the things I find interesting about this approach is that the results seem to me more often to approximate a "unified" poetic "voice" (such terms have become so ironized for me that the quotation marks here are enclosing other, multiple sets of *implied* quotation marks) than much of the earlier, wholly "authorial" work. This is undoubtedly because the manipulation of the materials tends to promote the privileging of certain strongly discursive markers: pronouns, deictics, assertions of identity, etc. Very frequently, the work produced is predominantly "funny" or "satiric" as in the following:*

"NOT A WAR BLOG"

Fisto: boy I would like to find you deer

Mr. Lamp: SHE GOOD LOOKING GYP TOO

HELL OF HEAD

Fisto: Damn skippy!

Mr. Lamp: Damn skippy

Fisto: I think I had that deer frozen

Mr. Lamp: you may of hit the nail on the head

Fisto: doctor :-) I have a bad head

Mr. Lamp: why do they insist on

these wicker deer that they put up in their lobby

Fisto: you should know cuty

[looks up from a hideous parody of a deer]

Mr. Lamp: giant oil companies behind this

Bush scared me, because he always

sniffs at the air like a deer

Fisto: this is not a war blog - it's just MY blog

all I wanted to do was to set my head

as to whom would attend

to a wounded deer and, of course,

take a shit near Balboa BART

Mr. Lamp: I wish I understood that sentence

*Fisto: a challenge, that's for sure: you'd need a head
if the deer are all armored like that
It's almost like the deer is sporting an M16
[head honcho in the Jewish Federation
Drops his spoon and grasps his head:: ugh
ate to much) ::scents a deer
leaps onto the naked girl]
Mr. Lamp: I held it together until the scene
where he bites the head off the deer
"THAT'S JERRY'S HEAD!"
"Damn skippy, bi**tch."
all the while Jeff Goldblum was rambling
"I DON'T DO NEEDLES"
Nocturna he knew would be running around killing deer
"god made elk, god made deer, god demonstrated
the dry-scrape method of brain tanning deer"
Fisto: if i here music in my head
well taken Smokey:
"The truck piss-a-deer-ed." Hehehe!
they're damn skippy it's an artificial flavor
Mr. Lamp: hope you enjoy reading what goes through my head
too bad I didn't see any 3-headed deer, though
and the bats started chasing Old School Scotty's head*

*So I guess, to sum up, my work at the present time is concerned with
assemblage, lyricism, and deer heads. And maintaining a balance (dirty
compromise?) between clearly defined process and creative anarchy.*

Kasey

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97. **kari edwards**

1x2

Wed 4 Sep 2002

1 X 2

an being there they said, and being being they said, and being more there
more abstract more pain more attachments, more axial, more positional, more
deposits in my pain box, pain I want to eliminate. give me a blueprint, I need to
know what, who, how, this and this, inner or outer, along the surface, or on the
edge of the rim, in gradient intensities, in obscure anywhere, acceding cross-
country retrograde parallax, triplex, cadmium, gold ultramarine, patina hyper-
bola, give me a fortune cookies, a transverse hemihedral, a nowhere that that is
everywhere.

I am here, I am here for sex, because of sex, in sex of sex on sex. is it safe, is it made, is it mechanical, can it reappear on a dime, is it an allotted paradigm, show me the slippery side, the slippery slope, the sloppy pantomime in slow cyborgian creme de la creme dildo starlight. toys, fingers, hands, bed post and carpenter tools.

on the floor, in the bed, on the stove, against the wall, in the car, on the train, after minor crimes and misdemeanors, after prudery, after murder, go to hell, go to jail, remove your hat, remove your head go past start and get out of jail. two hundred dollars for one hour, three hundred hours of phone transmissions and triglobular transactions.

My sex, their sex, the rug, them and meŠI wanted each to touch the other. I wanted something in my brain, something that could stunt my growth, something to manipulate my cellar structure, something that rings the bells of saint mary¹s, a saint, a monk a virgin toy store, a store of virgins, I want to be a virgin everyday in a candy story, I want to be your lollypop lick me all over, on the rug, in the air, under the stars, and in and amongst the stain in a parking lots, concurrents in the open market, in the store, in the back lot, make me stare, make them guck, I want to be alphameric oblique gaze on a assault and battery charge. a dozen charging above alls, absolutes thoroughly and unpredictable.

I want to be as Auden said out of context, ³poets exploding like bombs,² unmade and totally disturbed.

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98. **cris cheek**

Re: A Question of Scope

Wed 4 Sep 2002

I like this question. I'm interested in hearing responses from others but here is something from me. First of all, I'm not writing poetry all the time, although it is fair to say writing it is always on my mind. Second, I'm a writer first and a poet second, but what I mean by writing may be what other besides myself mean by poetry. I write criticism, art criticism more than literary criticism. My writing found its direction I believe in my efforts in the 1970s to write about performance art. Since then all the writing genres have had for me a necessary instability. Especially poetry. Third, I don't do, have never done, one-off poems. Each piece is part of a project, call it a book. I have several of these on the go at any one time. Some have been on the go for a decade or more, slowly. Sometimes having poetry on my mind is looking for material, sometimes it is thinking about method, but this is also true of all the writing.

Wystan

Hi Wystan,

this would be closer to my own sense of practice. I have a writing practice. I write projects, pieces and they are rarely what others would call poems, although that has happened. I try to make pieces as distinctive as possible. Recently this has been achieved through intimate bodies of work in collaboration, through which conversations inflect a gradually unfolding and generative body of writing that i cannot claim as mine.

I also publish barely the tip of what i might. Books have been finished for years but are fiddled with instead of getting them out of the house. I've always only responded to invitation, never cold-called a publisher. As less books are viable (particularly in the UK - and folks such as SPD are kind of useless for UK publishers on the whole) i just have projects gathering dust. There used to be an outlet through readings at least, but . .

Much of what i work is conceived of as a book. I format it, typeset it and these performances of design are part and parcel of the writing.

love and love
cris

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99. **Bob Grumman**
Re: Literary Excellence
Wed 4 Sep 2002

> Usually, when the public is educated about poetry, the focus is on
> individual poets, on history, not on the poetic point of view. Whenever
you
> want to date it from, the contemporary poetic point of view, and I do
think
> there is one, is just this: a desire to draw back the curtains of the
> accepted, the "normal" view of reality, and see beneath, or beyond it.

This

> is because, for example, this normal view of reality accepts, and has long
> accepted, mechanically amplified violence as an unavoidable necessity, a
> means to an end.

I think for most of the best poets it's more because the normal view of reality is boring.

--Bob G.

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100. **lewis lacook**

THE PHYSICIST'S DAUGHTER IN VEGAS

Wed 4 Sep 2002

<pre>

Dissimilar thoughts gouge missile defense blooms vein
trunk over
interstate recoiled from her bunched chum winnowing
the waters
spouting rhetoric like Bugsy Siegal catalogs fossil
locksmith in
a ribbon of black birds threading over the elderly
buying
protective under garments to control bad fixation on
Lev Manovich
or untoward kempt sequiter quietude during rutting
season in
desperate asphyxiation chills cilia on what pod daubs
nipples
read-only as she remembers re-attaching the garbled
limbs to the
freshness of iron-clad linguistics

oh melonrind sky image
b
l with pale
body o fakery with
o numbing paint
d
y f
or l
w gored a
a with m
l children i
k n
s exit g the
p D building
a R
or i I
enter n L
state f L
u S
t h e l c o f f e e

l
y
is crimson with

days

And now in state you sit tilted toward
water's fragments gargling rags and gaps
And now in state you sit twirling toward
water's gasps as it drowns out lead
And now in state you sit tiling like
ripples in an oil that liquors quotes

During morning prayer Father
like a good thane in liege to
his lord (mums the morning glory bells
just as apt at objecthood as you are this
morning prayer drifting out over
the heads of the town stippled and
serious like relics in your
pants like squirrels breathing
hard on your woody now she touches
it this morning prayers) kneels down
before the hot towers of union carbide

and now in state waters something very deep
like the moon just below the soil now that language
has broken over the countryside

</pre>

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes

<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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101. **richard.tylr**

Re: A Question of Scope

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Cris and the listers: wstan has at least two books and I have two of them (i'd like to purchase any others wstan when i'm sufficiently fiscal, i have a cancer day book and the small book which is so small i've mislaid it somewhere so i might buy another copy of that! but certainly interested in any other books you do) and his description of an "event" at an abandoned gass works is incredible: and also "the cancer day book" may be one of those rare books of poetry (a text a kind of mantra?) that that despite its writerly intentions has become very readerly...

(it starts) there's no humour
 in a tumour

(true but one cant help smiling wrly)

its based on wstan's own experience with cancer in the 80s : early this year my sister told us she had cancer: similar to wstan's ...now the tumour was removed and i sent some quotes from it to gillian (who is interested in practical arts more than poetry) but eventually i took the book to her and she found that the i think her words were "wstan's irreverent poems are somehow" [more comforting than a lot of the clap trap and other cliches and 'assurances' and so on she had received (no doubt all of it well meant)] and so that book was/is both of value in its import and the "artistic" or literary design and also "inspiring": (my sister copied parts she liked out and i think this has helped her somewhat through a terrible and frighiteing time and also now the chemotherapy period....

an example of the different ways that poetry is received. the other book by wstan is also quite excellent (if unfortunately for me now too small!!) with eceptively minimal prose-ic lines contrasting with more "lyical" although the style is mostly "matter of fact" a interesting book:

one page has: My out look is your look out.

and from memory there's another page with:

 Inside North Head dug they all night for magma;
 Oustide eyesight spurted all over.

but i'm not sure of this quote: but wstan also has a project elated to gathering art references and places and things named after or by artists and others in creative fields.

I am moving in the direction of "projects rather than poems as such but I have written many - many that i had no idea what they were about: but i would "seize" a idea quickly and for many of those poems that gradually became

shorter than i did my "prose" of "block" poems but i found this too easy or I didnt know WHY i was doing what i was doing: after all those poems i could write often very rapidly and endlessly: some were good, a lot just "tangled"....i like the idea of a projectural thing: but those projects i have similarly there is less deire to publish them, as ijsut like writing something i (one of tem) now and then my intention is to make own books even if i just do 20 copies or less of each project. and give them to people i know will be interested. that's enough for me: i am relatively indifferent to being published per se: after all if my poems aer "bad" why should i publish them? in fact how do i know if anyone will be interested? maybe there is so much poetry - too much? (rhetorical questions) mind you i have decied to decided the odd poem off and Poetry NZ is publishing one of my poems but i wouldnt want to simply continue with that also i'm rather busy tring to make ends meet as they say so maybe i'm a bit jaded.....

But one thing: i dont think that whether one erson reasds oneof my poems or no one does is relevant: there's a lot of head counting andname dropping. most people dont care about poetry or poets: but it is still a vital proces or activity: but counting how many reads is futile. its the making that counts. some thouhgts of an old caste-iron head ...

richard taylor

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

From: "cris cheek" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 04, 2002 9:34 PM

Subject: Re: A Question of Scope

> > I like this question. I'm interested in hearing responses from others but
> > here is something from me. First of all, I'm not writing poetry all the
> > time, although it is fair to say writing it is always on my mind.
> > Second, I'm a writer first and a poet second, but what I mean by writing may
> > be what other besides myself mean by poetry. I write criticism, art
> > criticism more than literary criticism. My writing found its direction I
> > believe in my efforts in the 1970s to write about performance art. Since
> > then all the writing genres have had for me a necessary instability.
> > Especially poetry. Third, I don't do, have never done, one-off poems.
Each
> > piece is part of a project, call it a book. I have several of these on
the
> > go at any one time. Some have been on the go for a decade or more,
slowly.

> > Sometimes having poetry on my mind is looking for material, sometimes it is
> > thinking about method, but this is also true of all the writing.
> > Wystan
>
> Hi Wystan,
>
> this would be closer to my own sense of practice. I have a writing practice.
> I write projects, pieces and they are rarely what others would call poems,
> although that has happened. I try to make pieces as distinctive as possible.
> Recently this has been achieved through intimate bodies of work in
> collaboration, through which conversations inflect a gradually unfolding and
> generative body of writing that i cannot claim as mine.
>
> I also publish barely the tip of what i might. Books have been finished for
> years but are fiddled with instead of getting them out of the house. I've
> always only responded to invitation, never cold-called a publisher. As less
> books are viable (particularly in the UK - and folks such as SPD are kind
> of useless for UK publishers on the whole) i just have projects gathering
> dust. There used to be an outlet through readings at least, but . .
>
> Much of what i work is conceived of as a book. I format it, typeset it and
> these performances of design are part and parcel of the writing.
>
> love and love
> cris

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102. **richard.tylr**

Re: Message for Richard Taylor

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Tony. Dont make yourself annoyed: life's to short. I'm very happy. It doesnt matter who reads what. On the List anyone in God's Universe including the CIA and the KGB are probably listening or reading in: but most people are indifferent to anything and evrything i say so doubt they care what your thoughts were

whatever: if it comes to that i have probably some pretty mixed up rhetoric flying around: poets as a group are by job description and requirement a bit cracked as a general rule: but you and i are ok we know the yanks blew up the towers...well i do anycase: bush planned it...or maybe a group of arabs and jews and some big time capitalists and some white supremacists with some of the billy graham lot thrown in and maybe they used some nutters but i think the biggest nutters are in washington in the capitol and the pentagon!!!... with the super right: cash talks: but it looks as though the bush baby is not gonna get his little warrikins! i think everyone wants to "get real" and start living again and selling things: i hope so anyway as i need US cash because kiwis are all too poori'm looking forward to this week as i want to video the "little holocaust" they had in New York...it sure made for f***n good television!!! nearly as good as the real thing!!! and it was on all day with no adverts! marvellous! better than those vietnam movies or pulp fiction

but to "unenlist" so to speak you go onto the epc site and click some buttons: but stay on: don't worry about mr tom bell he's a headshrinker i think: as i say most people just don't give a damn what anyone else says...

i remember this old pommy boss i had who used to say: "In Russia you're shot if you express your opinions, but in the US you can say anything you like because nobody ever listens!"

you can email me direct of course. cheers, richard

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

From: "Tony Follari" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 04, 2002 10:39 AM

Subject: Message for Richard Taylor

> Richard I'm a bit annoyed,
> I didn't realise some of my e-mails were being put on public display!
> Can you tell me how I can have them removed, or my name taken off the
> Poetics list? because some guy named Tom Bell read my last e-mail.
>

> Regards Tony Follari

>

>

> >From: Tony Follari <[REDACTED]>

> >Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

> >To: [REDACTED]

> >Subject: Reply to Richard Taylor

> >Date: Thu, 29 Aug 2002 08:14:50 +0000

> >

> >Dear Richard,
> > Talking about Saddam, I was reading up on him on the net
> >recently and to my surprise I discovered he has actually published a
number
> >of writings,some intellectual,military,economic etc.Obviously a clever
> >guy,but with bad intentions.Apparently he was shot in the leg in the
early
> >sixties as part of a coup attempt.and actually was elected to parliament
> >while being under arrest.Strangely he has the same astrological birth
sign
> >and chinese sign as Hitler, a Taurus Buffalo.
> >
> >
> > regards Tony Follari
> >
> >
> >>From: "richard.tylr" <[REDACTED]>
> >>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group
<[REDACTED]>
> >>To: [REDACTED]
> >>Subject: Re: *all this, all that* from RICHARD TAYLOR
> >>(Aotearoa - Used to be New Zealand)
> >>Date: Wed, 28 Aug 2002 23:31:52 +1200
> >>
> >>Thanks. I believe that we can get very heated in discussions or
pasionate
> >>ad
> >>that doesnt mean we are attcking the integrity of the person who is the
> >>arguee
> >>so to speak: at other times we may be but that is rarely useful: and
> >>mostly
> >>we should be trying to discuss and listen.
> >>
> >>Often you may notice I kind of "talk to myself" which people take as
> >>naivety
> >>possibly but it is a deliberate ploy as I want to say " well here are my
> >>thoughts, my weakenesses" and so o and "I dont know all the answers,
this
> >>isnt cut and dried" ... but I have to admit i get quite emotive eg re
the
> >>US
> >>Iraq hypocrisy...but I try to keep that separate from my concern for

> >>people:
> >>after all most of us are powerless (not totally of course) with respect
> >>to
> >>the actions of our governments. And my government is complicate: also
the
> >>Alan Issue and the Random Issue I try to see various views . But I'll
> >>still
> >>"wade in" if i feel its requisite. Nastiness i dont like: if I get
> >>"abusive"
> >>its because I care. But I avoid anger per se.
> >>
> >>Re eg Kent etal. I would like to see them back on the List as i havent
> >>seen
> >>anything they have done that's too terrible (and I loooked at the
archives
> >>and couldnt see aanything even very disconcerting by them). I AM - by
the
> >>way Richard Taylor. (Aotearoa - used to be New Zealand)
> >>
> >>PS I have some how inadvertently have you on my Block Sender i dont
know
> >>why. I'm not sure how to "unblock". (opposite problem to Jesse!)
> >>
> >>----- Original Message -----
> >>From: "Thomas Bell" <[REDACTED]>
> >>To: <[REDACTED]>
> >>Sent: Wednesday, August 28, 2002 8:37 PM
> >>Subject: Re: *all this, all that*
> >>
> >>
> >> > like your post richard tylr (I'm taking a line of accentuating the
> >>positive
> >> > for awhile, I think). You do seem to be taking a constructive view.
> >>People
> >> > just don't seem to understand that when they post to a list they are
> >>putting
> >> > themselves on exhibit for better or worse.
> >> >
> >> > tom bell
> >
> >
> >

> >
> >
> > Send and receive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>
>
>
>
>
>
>
> Chat with friends online, try MSN Messenger: <http://messenger.msn.com>

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103. **Maria Damon**

Re: MLA? New York for New Year's?

Wed 4 Sep 2002

i'll be there too

At 7:56 PM -0400 9/3/02, ALDON L NIELSEN wrote:

>I'll be there, though I may be tied up interviewing people during the daytime
>sessions --

>

>

>On Tue, 03 Sep 2002 15:59:31 +0000, J Gallaher wrote:

>

>> All,

>>

>> I was just wondering if anyone's going to New York for MLA this
>> december, or who might be there at that time for something else, or
>> who might know of literary things going on at that time.

>>

>> Maybe we could all meet at a hotel bar and throw pretzels at people?

>>

>> Best,

>> JG

>> -----

>>

>> >From the Department of Things to Know:

>> No word in the English language rhymes
>> with month, orange, silver, or purple.

>>

>>

>>

>>

104. Ron Henry

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Date: Mon, 2 Sep 2002 17:27:34 -0400
From: Millie Niss <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Experimental Poetry & Classical Voices

As it happens, I am going to Cape Cod for the first time next week. Are there any good bookstores or venues for readings? I will only be there a week, near Orleans I think

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/4824/na-capco.htm>

In general, I've found the main site (links to all geographic areas) to be very useful, though once in a while a listing here or there is out of date (the maintainer of the pages will update entries if you have recent information to send her): <http://www.geocities.com/Athens/4824/bookshop.htm>

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105. **J Gallaher**

Re: A Question of Scope

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Sheila (with an E.) Murphy's question to us all:

<I would be interested in hearing about how various individuals on this list perceive their own work, with reference to scope and definition (of projects, processes and the like).>

This is quite the opportunity. How do I perceive my work? And might I perceive it as "one big thing?" It is two things you're asking, I'm thinking: 1) the writing of poetry, and 2) the making of poems. The writing of poetry is the investigation of the one big thing that is out there (uni-verse, as they say). But the poems are individual projects toward getting it right. Or maybe projects of chipping away at the numinous. (And fragments is what you get for that, I'm finding. Alas. [So no "one big thing" for me.])

As a practice then, writing poetry is a method of not being dead. Or, more accurately, to have a record of being alive. Of having been here, done something. Toward this, I keep little notebooks within which I write phrases I hear (or imagine, who knows) while going through the day. Occasionally, I go to a computer with my notebook(s), and start flipping. Something then comes of it. Overheard phrases are steeped in a specific place and voice and then I recontextualize them in ways I find musically pleasing. And I hope, as well, they are a way of getting outside of my claustrophobic plights. Of adding layers of tone. And, hopefully, a larger humanity. Maybe it's a more mediated version of cut ups? I haven't really thought of them that way before.

The poems, though, are individual voices in the choir. Little products. Occasional poems. I suppose the closest I've come, in my mind (and who is ever anything other than wrong when thinking of oneself?), to the poetry of one big thing, is a series of poems (I've got 150 of the buggers so far) sharing the partial title "A Guidebook to" with, then, specific additions that I try to evade for the rest of the poem. Examples: "A Guidebook to the Afterlife" "A Guidebook to Patch of Ground People". But the only alike I think they have is style . . . and a sort of narrative evasion. Which I suppose becomes their theme? I thought the 21st century could use some guidebooks is all, and that poetry would be a perfectly unhelpful form for them to take. Getting the news from poetry, that sort of thing.

This isn't much of a response, I know. I'd be more thoughtful if I were someone else, I'm sure. I promise, in fact.

Best,
JG

JGallagher

"How has the human spirit ever survived
the terrific literature
with which it has had to contend?"
--Wallace Stevens

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106. **Herb Levy**

Babelfish

Wed 4 Sep 2002

All y'all babelfish poetry fans may want to check out this week's tech column in the Village Voice for other online translation sites:
<<http://www.villagevoice.com/issues/0236/koerner.php>>

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107. **Catherine Lasko**

FYI

Wed 4 Sep 2002

NEWS RELEASE

Release: No. DITA-81

Date Mailed: August, 30, 2002

For Immediate Release

Contact: Elaine Zacky-208/[REDACTED]; 800/[REDACTED]

Investigators Conclude Russian Defector is Lead Suspect in Anthrax Mailings Case

Sandpoint, ID- Three veteran investigators have independently narrowed the field of anthrax mailings suspects to a single Russian defector affiliated with two heavily implicated defense contractors and the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

Kanatjan Alibekov, alias "Ken Alibek," the President of Hadron Advanced Biosystems, should be re-interrogated by the FBI, according to three researchers who arrived at this conclusion independently. They say Stephen Hatfill-the military virologist cited by FBI officials in recent weeks as a chief subject was not likely involved in the mailings at all.

The three men include: Dr. Leonard G. Horowitz-a public health and emerging diseases expert, Michael Ruppert-a retired Los Angeles Police Department narcotics detective, and Stewart Webb-a federal whistle blower credited with supplying key evidence to federal prosecutors during the 1989 Housing and Urban

Development (HUD) scandal. All three investigators say substantial evidence implicates Dr. Alibekov and the parties he served before and during the anthrax mailings, including the CIA. This, they propose, might best explain why the FBI's inquiry has floundered.

Their compiled evidence is largely public knowledge. Dr. Alibekov was the first Deputy Director of Biopreparat-the Soviet Union's leading biological weapons testing center. He oversaw military anthrax production for nearly 20 years, and was personally responsible for 32,000 employees at 40 facilities when he suddenly defected to the United States in 1992 to begin working for the CIA. According to interviews, Dr. Alibekov allegedly defected to help stop the biological weapons race, not for monetary reward. Yet, his activities in America indicate otherwise.

On May 20, 1998 Dr. Alibekov testified before the Joint Economic Committee of the U.S. Congress as a Program Manager for the Battelle Memorial Institute (BMI)-a leading military contractor and one of few institutional suspects identified by the press. William Broad of the New York Times (Dec. 13, 2001), upon Dr. Horowitz's earlier urging, cited BMI as the chief CIA contractor for project "Clearvision"-an effort to produce the deadliest Ames strain anthrax ever developed. It was hyper-concentrated, silica-laced, electro-magnetized, and extremely transmissible. The facts indicate Dr. Alibekov, one of two leading anthrax experts contracted by the CIA at the time of "Clearvision," may have managed the entire program during which the germ was sent from BMI to the BMI administered and supplied Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah. From here or BMI's anthrax lab in West Jefferson, Ohio, the never-before-seen anthrax weapon was transferred to envelopes and mailed from four locations including Trenton, N.J. and St. Petersburg, FL in early October, 2001. The mailings killed five people while scores of others were victimized by the ensuing fright and toxic side effects from taking CIPRO-the "anthrax antibiotic," according to experts and news reports.

More suspicious ties to the Russian defector and Hadron Advanced Biosystems were realized when investigators learned of the second leading BMI and CIA anthrax contractor, and close personal friend of Dr. Alibekov, Dr. William C. Patrick, III. Suspiciously, Dr. Alibekov and BMI had contracted with this anthrax ace in the Spring of 1998 to predict the dispersal and damage capability of mailing such a hyper-weaponized germ much like the one sent to select members of the media and legislators on Capitol Hill. Evidence indicates Dr. Patrick, who holds several secret patents on America's anthrax weapons, worked closely with Dr. Alibekov in developing the anthrax that was mailed.

The three independent investigators each cite economic and political motives for the targeted anthrax mailings. Given the high grade and technical difficulty

in producing and handling this grade of anthrax, they reasoned, "white collar criminals" with access to military or pharmaceutical labs most likely acted on behalf of those who benefited most from the attacks and ensuing fright.

Hadron, DynCorp, and BMI lead the pack of corporate and institutional suspects, the investigators say. A revelatory organizational chart prepared by Dr. Horowitz depicting the leading corporate and institutional suspects was mailed to more than 1,500 FBI agents late last year along with an extensive 25-page report still available over the Internet (link to http://www.tetrahedron.org/articles/anthrax/anthrax_espionage.html)

Logically, the three investigators reasoned, the media was initially targeted to sway public opinion in support of government orders worth billions of dollars for hyped vaccines and drugs, much of which benefited Hadron, DynCorp, BMI and their directors and contractors. DynCorp was the major military and intelligence provider awarded \$322 million to develop, produce, and store anthrax and smallpox vaccines for the nation. BMI, a leading defense and energy industry contractor, directed the US military's Joint Vaccine Acquisitions Program. Bioport, LLC became a leading beneficiary. This British-controlled anthrax vaccine maker in Lansing, Michigan was sanctioned repeatedly by federal officials and members of congress for unethical business practices, violating health and safety guidelines, and vaccine contaminations that some researchers say may have triggered the mysterious Gulf War illness.

Corporate profiteering was firmly secured after the mailings to Capitol Hill, the investigators say. The specific targeting of Senators Patrick Leahy (D-Vt.) and Majority Leader Tom Daschle (D-S.D.), traditionally strong drug and military industry adversaries, reinforced their suspicions.

Dr. Horowitz had been studying anthrax advances since 1989. He correctly diagnosed "the beginning of the anthrax scam" one week before the first mailings were heralded by the media. FBI records show he urged the bureau to begin their ongoing investigation into anthrax-related bioterrorism on October 1, 2001. It took bureau officials six months to finally respond to his repeated urgent correspondence. "Then, rather than expressing gratitude and following my leads," he said, "my two interrogators were primed to make me a suspect." For this reason, Horowitz says, he can "feel for the plight of the bureau's scape-goat"-Dr. Steven Hatfill.

Detective Ruppert, collaborating with investigative journalist Michael Davidson, followed their suspicions to Hadron and DynCorp through court records pertaining to a secret pirated military software program called PROMIS. They learned that Dr. Alibekov's predecessor-Hadron's past director and founder, Dr. Earl Brian-a business associate of former Reagan administration Attorney General Edwin Meese-was convicted of fraud during the 1980s.

"Dr. Alibekov's interrogation and lie detection at Hadron's Advanced Biosystems," Ruppert advised, "may not only solve the anthrax mailings mystery, but also shed light on the recent untimely and inexplicable deaths of several biological weapons experts including Dr. Alibekov's former boss, Dr. Vladimir Pasechnik." Dr. Pasechnik-the Soviet Union's top biological weapons director-was most likely murdered, according to Ruppert and Davidson. His demise immediately followed his volunteering to help solve the anthrax mailings mystery.

Dr. Pasechnik defected to Great Britain three years before Dr. Alibekov defected to America, Mr. Ruppert recalled. Pasechnik abandoned his work in biological weapons development. Dr. Alibekov, contrary to his stated reason for defecting, continued to work in this field. Pasechnik's death, according to British intelligence officer Christopher Davis, was reportedly due to a stroke. Ruppert and Davidson remain unconvinced.

Stuart Webb has spent more than twenty years investigating "white collar crime" at the highest levels of government. His intelligence sources and leads have proven accurate a number of times, helping justice department officials indict suspects ranging from bankers to drug dealers. He also believes evidence in the anthrax mailings case implicates key CIA and Bush administration officials. For this reason, he says, the crime is unlikely to be solved by the FBI.

"One of my sources, a high ranking intelligence officer, confirmed Dr. Horowitz's conclusion," he said. Hadron and "Dr. Alibek" in particular, are "most heavily implicated as agents for this anthrax devil-doing."

NOTE TO JOURNALISTS: For interviews with the independent investigators named, contact: Dr. Horowitz, by calling [REDACTED] or e-mailing [REDACTED]; Mr. Ruppert by e-mailing [REDACTED]; Mr. Davidson by e-mailing [REDACTED]; and Mr. Webb by e-mailing [REDACTED].

[Non-text portions of this message have been removed]

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

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108. **Gary Sullivan**

SMALL PRESS EXPO 2002 BETHESDA, MD

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Hi Everyone,

In addition to having what is possibly the warmest, most welcoming poetry community in the U.S., the Washington, DC area also hosts the most mind-blowing small press exposition ever assembled: The "Expo," where some 300

independent/alternative comic book artists show off their latest work--much of it self-published.

This year, the Expo will be held this Friday Sept 6 through Sunday Sept 8, at the Holiday Inn Select, in Bethesda, Maryland, two blocks north of the Bethesda Metro Station (easy to get to from Washington, DC proper).

Times:

Friday: 3:00 p.m. until 8:00 p.m.

Saturday: 10:00 a.m. until 6:00 p.m.

Sunday: 9:00 a.m. until 1:00 p.m.

Admission:

One day memberships: \$7.00

Weekend memberships: \$12.00

Collected at the door the day of the show

Some of the artists in attendance will include Jessica Abel (Artbabe), Art Spiegelman (Maus), the Hernandez brothers (Love and Rockets), Madison Clell (Cuckoo), Phoebe Gloeckner (A Child's Life), R. Sikoryak (a great cartoonist whose work shows up in Drawn & Quarterly anthologies), Josh Neufeld (Titans of Finance), Ariel Schrag (Potential), and literally hundreds of others, some of whom you might have seen in Chain 8: Comics, the Boog newspaper, etc. They tend to bring their newest stuff, limited edition things, recent photopies, etc., and are often happy to trade for other books (including poetry chapbooks, etc.).

For more info, go to: <http://www.spxpo.com/>

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

<http://www.hotmail.com>

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109. **Noah Eli Gordon**

Re: A Question of Scope

Wed 4 Sep 2002

here is a link to an essay on my poetic practice and a few poems:

www.wordforword.info/vol2/gordon_essay.htm

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes

<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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110. **Joseph Massey**
Re: readings, anyone?
Wed 4 Sep 2002

Arielle Greenberg wrote:

<<Jean Valentine, Laura Mullen and C.S.
Giscombe have all said very nice things about the
book.>>

the Jean Valentine?!?! wow! ::smirk::

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111. **Mister Kazim Ali**
Re: readings, anyone?
Wed 4 Sep 2002

what's the smirk for?

--- Joseph Massey <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Arielle Greenberg wrote:

>

> <<Jean Valentine, Laura Mullen and C.S.

> Giscombe have all said very nice things about the
> book.>>

>

> *the* Jean Valentine?!?! wow! ::smirk::

=====

"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! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes

<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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112. **Aaron Belz**
Re: readings, anyone?
Wed 4 Sep 2002

| Arielle Greenberg wrote:

<<Jean Valentine, Laura Mullen and C.S.
Giscombe have all said very nice things about the
book.>>

**the* Jean Valentine?!?! wow! ::smirk::*

I believe I would have nice things to say, too. Arielle's poetry melts me. I can't wait to see it in a book.

- **the** Aaron Belz

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113. **Safdie Joseph** ***Classical Transliterations***

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Top Ten Reasons Orpheus Looked Back

10. He wanted to blindly embrace her because love is blind
9. He was worried about her
8. He thought she wasn't really there
7. He secretly hated her
6. He secretly hated all women
5. He had fallen in love with Persephone
4. He thought he'd heard someone else wanting to
congratulate him for a successful poetry reading
3. He knew paganism had to be overtaken by Christianity
2. The disobeying self = the self
1. He wanted to know **why** he shouldn't look back . . .

Joe Safdie

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114. **Aaron Belz** ***movie recommendation***

Wed 4 Sep 2002

I'm late for the movie discussion, but I highly recommend "The Anniversary Party" -- sparkling dialog, a veritable Wilde.

Speaking of dialog, "Magnolia" still entrances me, but I'll bet that's too mainstream for a lotta y'all.

-Aaron S. Belz

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115. **The Poetry Project**
POETRY PROJECT ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wed 4 Sep 2002

THE POETRY PROJECT OFFICE IS NOW OFFICIALLY RE-OPEN.

WE HOPE YOU HAD A WONDERFUL SUMMER AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ALL SOON!

UPCOMING EVENTS FALL 2002

September 18: An 80th Birthday Celebration for Jackson Mac Low

October 2: A Tribute to Kenneth Koch

October 9: John Wieners Memorial

October 15: The World 58 Book Party (at The Bowery Poetry Club)

October 23: Archives Benefit Reading for The Poetry Project and Naropa University

Plus readings by Will Alexander, Dodie Bellamy, Serge Fauchereau, Josey Foo, Sesshu Foster, Merrill Gilfillan, Jessica Hagedorn, Kevin Killian, Ed Lin, Anna Moschovakis, Charles North, Ron Padgett, Simon Pettet, Tom Savage, Standard Schaefer, John Tranter, Quincy Troupe, Nina Zivancevic and more.

BUY 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 Anselm Berrigan, Victor Hernández Cruz, John Godfrey, Carla Harryman, Denizé Lauture, Ron Padgett, Edwin Torres, Jo Ann Wasserman and Ouyang Xiu.

THE WORLD 58 (ISSN 0043-8154) costs \$10 and is now on sale at St. Mark's Bookshop and through Small Press Distribution. It can also be bought directly from our office and at events, and can be ordered by sending a check or money order (payable to The Poetry Project) to The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th Street, New York, NY 10003.

###

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER ISSUE OF POETS & POEMS

<http://www.poetryproject.com/poets.html>

Featuring work by
Silvia Eugenia Castellero (tr. Jen Hofer)

117. **Jim Behrle**
mentors

Wed 4 Sep 2002

I'm curious about poetic mentoring. At work on an essay called "Kill Yr. Mentors" and am interested in the pro's and con's of being "taught" poetry.

--Jim Behrle

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118. **Jim Behrle**
On Being Rejected

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Also, I'm curious what the best way to get rejected is. Do personal rejection letters make us feel any better to get rejected, with specific notes to poems, or is it easier for everyone involved to just get a form letter?

--Jim Behrle

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

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119. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: On Being Rejected

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Dear Jim,

I find rejection notices much more palatable in the first case, with a little note, even if only an adjective with exclamation point attached: "Strong!"

I find them more palatable still if they are delivered wrapped around a Beanie Baby, especially one of the Grateful Dead "dancing bear" beanbags made by Liquid Blue. Admittedly, this has not happened to me yet.

I think the best possible way to be rejected would be something like: "I can't bring myself to defile your poems by association with the East Mauch Chunk Review. You're much, much too good for us. We are enclosing \$25 to enter your entire manuscript in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, and we'll see what we can do about bribing the judges. Plus, I discovered your website, and find you so beautiful that it is seriously disturbing my emotions."

Gwyn McVay

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120. **Safdie Joseph**
One more on names in poems

Wed 4 Sep 2002

Olson wrote, in "Place; & Names"

the crucialness being that these places or names
be as parts of the body, common, & capable
therefore of having cells which can decant
total experience--no selection
other than one which is capable
of this commonness (permanently
duplicating) will work

He read it aloud on stage with Creeley, Duncan, Ginsberg and Whalen at the
Univesity of British Columbia Poetry Conference, 29 July 1963, upon which
Allen said "I don't understand what you're saying."

I realize there are a few folks on this list for whom Olson isn't important, but I
note the enthusiasm -- I was only ten in 1963, but before that decade was over
Carlos Castenada and LSD had shown me a little of that world of "total experi-
ence" -- what he calls earlier in the poem the "Isness of Cosmos" -- that feeling
may only be transmissable, in poetry, through such "factors of naming" -- a lit-
eral concrete, an actual earth of value . . .

We're a few miles down the road from the abstract French lyric, here.

Joe Safdie

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121. **Rachel Loden**
preview Stephanie Strickland's "V: VNIVERSE"

Thu 5 Sep 2002

"V: VNIVERSE"

A preview of Stephanie Strickland's new poem V (Penguin 2002), featuring V's
Web section, V: VNIVERSE, an interview with Strickland by Jaishree K. Odin,
and a critical essay by Odin on "Image and Text: The Ballad of Sand and Harry
Soot."

All at:

<http://www.uiowa.edu/~iareview/tirweb/feature/strickland/index>

122. **Alan Sondheim**

hui neng

Thu 5 Sep 2002

hui neng

too many things clutter the scene
the scene exfoliates on each and every thing
every thing moves from wounded cylinders
every thing moves to healed cylinders
some things are called retaining worlds
worlds and things are filled with churning waters
waters move everywhere
there is nothing to stop the waters
the waters go in every direction
on and in the objects, the waters going and moving
only the waters seeing the waters

too many things clutter the scene
exfoliates on each and every thing
moves from wounded cylinders
to healed some are called retaining worlds
filled with churning waters
move everywhere
there is nothing stop go in direction
objects, going moving
only seeing

sacred tree
propose, take along
book, present, true, real, root
nothingness, not
trees, plant

bright
mirror, speculum, round, rice-cake offering
light
not, error, mistake
platform, stage, rostrum

book, present, true, real, root
to come, arrive at
nothingness, not

one, equal, the first
matter, substance, being, creature, object

where, expressing doubt, what, which
to dwell, live, place, position, manage
provoke, attract
dust, trash, garbage
dust

only
seeing the
sacred
tree

propose,
take
along

book,
present,
true,
real, book,
root
present,
nothingness,
not

trees,
plant

bright
mirror,
speculum,

round,
rice-cake mirror,
offering
speculum,

light
not,
error,
mistake

platform,
stage,
rostrum

come,
arrive
at

one,
equal,

first
matter,
substance,
being,
creature, matter,

object
substance,
where,
expressing
doubt,

what, where,
which
expressing
dwell,
live, to
place, dwell,
position, live,
manage
place,
provoke,
attract

dust,
trash,
garbage

dust

===

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123. **Brian Stefans [Arras Media]**
Apartment Exchange with Poet in London
Thu 5 Sep 2002

John Wilkinson is looking to swap apartments with someone in NY for a year starting March 2003. Here's his email address:

And here is a list of photos of the place:

homepage.mac.com/johnwilk/PhotoAlbum1.html

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124. **Arielle Greenberg**

Re: On Being Rejected

Thu 5 Sep 2002

I like a little note. It doesn't have to be specific--in fact, sometimes when an editor is too praising of a poem, my reaction is: "then why didn't you take it?" Just a simple "these almost worked, please try us again," if the editor in fact wants you to try again, will do. If they just aren't interested at all, no note is fine.

Arielle

--- Jim Behrle <[REDACTED]>

wrote:

> Also, I'm curious what the best way to get rejected
> is. Do personal
> rejection letters make us feel any better to get
> rejected, with specific
> notes to poems, or is it easier for everyone
> involved to just get a form
> letter?

>

> --Jim Behrle

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125. **Arielle Greenberg**

Re: mentors

Thu 5 Sep 2002

To me, a mentor is not someone who has taught me how to write poems...my mentors are people who have taught me how to live a writer's life. I think of mentors not as instructors in composition, but as examples of ways to juggle writing time and jobs, or of how to be generous and kind, or of how to stay committed to your own work. They teach me things by simply living in a smart way, a way which allows poems to happen. That's how a mentor is different than a teacher for me.

I also think of mentors as people who are invested in my own work. I've had a lot of great professors and teachers, but only some of them treat me like a peer and seem interested in helping me move forward in my career, by suggesting places to send my work, passing my name on to editors or panels, etc. Mentors don't HAVE to do this in order to be mentors, but some advice about the business end of things is very helpful from someone I respect.

Interesting questions, Jim!

Arielle

--- Jim Behrle <[REDACTED]>
wrote:

> I'm curious about poetic mentoring. At work on an
> essay called "Kill Yr.
> Mentors" and am interested in the pro's and con's of
> being "taught" poetry.
>
> --Jim Behrle
>
>
>
>

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126. **Jordan Davis**
speaking of previews...

Thu 5 Sep 2002

SPD (www.spdbooks.org) appears to still have inventory for The Hat 3 (Winter 99-00), which is one of the few places you can find a solid block of work by Loren Goodman, aside from Buffalo's own Deluxe Rubber Chicken.

Thass all I gonna say about that,
Jordan

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127. **Barbara Thimm**
Re: On Being Rejected

Thu 5 Sep 2002

the worst: getting a pre-printed slip two days after you sent out your submission. "These are not for us. Please read our magazine" (annoys me particularly when I'm a subscriber).

A note is nice.

But the best way is probably something editors can't do much about: me being in a state of mind and organization where I know where to send next ... and have the envelope and cover letter ready.

B

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from News and Sport to Email and Music Charts
<http://uk.my.yahoo.com>

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128. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: mentors

Thu 5 Sep 2002

My mentor in my 20's was a jazz musician, not a writer. He taught me about music, which I later applied to writing. But he also taught me work habits and discipline, which were more important over the long haul. Although I've taken creative writing courses, reading and writing taught me most of what I know about writing.

Vernon

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

From: "Arielle Greenberg" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, September 05, 2002 8:21 AM

Subject: Re: mentors

To me, a mentor is not someone who has taught me how to write poems...my mentors are people who have taught me how to live a writer's life. I think of mentors not as instructors in composition, but as examples of ways to juggle writing time and jobs, or of how to be generous and kind, or of how to stay committed to your own work. They teach me things by simply living in a smart way, a way which allows poems to happen. That's how a mentor is different than a teacher for me.

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129. **aerialedge**

Zero Star Hotel by Anselm Berrigan, new from Edge Books

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Announcing Publication of

Zero Star Hotel

by Anselm Berrigan

101 pgs, 7 x 10, isbn 189031111, cover by Emilie Clark

regularly \$14, order for \$12 plus free shipping til Oct 1.

Also, available again, Berrigan's Integrity & Dramatic Life

64 pgs, 6 x 9, ISBN 1-890311-05-7, regularly \$10,

order for \$8 til Oct 1.

When ordering Zero Star Hotel you may order any of the following Edge Books, also postpaid, at these sale prices:

The Sense Record & other poems, Jennifer Moxley, \$10 (regularly \$12.50).

Dovecote, by Heather Fuller, \$8 (regularly \$10)

Comp., by Kevin Davies, \$10 (regularly \$12.50)

Ace, by Tom Raworth, \$8 (regularly \$10)

Sight, by Lyn Hejinian and Leslie Scalapino, \$10 (regularly \$12)

Aerial 9: Bruce Andrews, \$11, (regularly \$15)

Marijuana Softdrink, Buck Downs, \$9 (regularly \$11)

Errata Suite, by Joan Retallack, \$10 (regularly \$12)

perhaps this is a rescue fantasy, Heather Fuller, \$8, (regularly \$10)

Nothing Happened and Besides I Wasn't There, Mark Wallace, \$7.50 (regularly \$9.50)

To Order: Send a check to the following address or email [REDACTED] with your order and address and we will bill you. Thanks for your support of Edge Books--our recent titles by Moxley, Fuller, Davies, & Raworth have all been well received.

Checks payable to Aerial/Edge, POBox 25642, Washington, DC 20007.

from "Pictures for private devotion"

I began in a failed society

According to several private polls

I can occasionally unscrew something

This poem is a substitute for my arms

Texas never whispers

Accused by the landlord of taking unruly showers

The ATM machine asks "can you continue?"

Yes you can, because it's the only thing to do

As insignificant a dissolution as I could cherish

I apologize for being so mean in your dream

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130. **Maria Damon**

from adeena karasick, re: Kabbalah

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Through all five of my books traces of Kabbalistic thinking the host/ghost behind most all its machinations. Particularly ways in which Kabbalah is concerned with text as "a continuum of letters", a network of echoes, traces; displaced in a palimpsestic process of rupture, supplementation and dis-ease. How it itself is inscribed through slippage, elision, differentiation and undecidability, and carves out a supplemental space that opens possibilities for alternate reading strategies. How it problematizes the metaphysics of the "propre" of logocentrism, linguisticism, phonologism, the demystification or the de-sedimentation of the autonomic hegemony of language.

I actually did my doctoral dissertation on this -- "Of Poetic Thinking: A 'Pata-physical Investigation of Cixous, Derrida and the Kabbalah.

Also, I am so fascinated with how though Kabbalah announces itself as a "metaphysical" discourse, through a deconstructionist or post-colonial reading praxis, the "meta" (beyond) becomes an intervening space, a place of syncretism, juxtaposition and integration. So, though it's mostly acknowledged as a "mystical" or "metaphysical", not as an onto-theologically insulated discourse validated by transcendency, but as that without specific meaning and heterogenous to all hermeneutic totalization. Showing how these two seemingly oppositionary discourses actually infold into each other, caress each other, speak to each other.

--

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131. **Kevin Killian**

Re: Zero Star Hotel by Anselm Berrigan, new from Edge Books

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Good work Rod! It's a wonderful book and a big, huge quantum leap for Anselm Berrigan, whose previous work I have also enjoyed, but this book is really something different, it gives you the passionate can't-put-it-down experience of reading a great novel, and technically it's so assured you don't even notice how he, Anselm, is producing all his effects. The hero of "Zero Star Hotel" goes on a mythic quest; the story's told very simply, with lots of gritty detail and an attention to surfaces and realities that grabs your interest and won't let go. I can't speak highly enough about "Zero Star Hotel" but in the words of Paula Abdul, Anselm, you have raised the bar for all of us, you're my American idol now.

Announcing Publication of

Zero Star Hotel

by Anselm Berrigan

101 pgs, 7 x 10, isbn 1890311111, cover by Emilie Clark

regularly \$14, order for \$12 plus free shipping til Oct 1.

Also, available again, Berrigan's Integrity & Dramatic Life

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Checks payable to Aerial/Edge, POBox 25642, Washington, DC 20007.

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132. **Noah Eli Gordon**

FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

Thu 5 Sep 2002

FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER 21ST

NOON TO MIDNIGHT

The First Annual St. George Poetry Festival, an all-day celebration of poetry on Saturday, September 21, 2002, will bring together several generations of world-class, eclectic poets from all across the country to read in a festival atmosphere from Noon until Midnight. Readings will be interspersed with screenings of experimental films inspired by poetry, and with rare sound recordings of poets. Presses and literary magazines will feature works by the participants, and food and alcohol will be available.

The St. George Theatre is one of the city's forgotten treasures -- a beautiful, 2800 seat theatre built in 1928 as a vaudeville house and closed for the past 25 years. The First Annual St. George Poetry Festival is a benefit for the theatre, which will reopen as a not-for-profit.

3 MINUTE WALK

FROM STATEN ISLAND FERRY TERMINAL

Readers for the festival will include:

Joshua Beckman	Anselm Berrigan	Garret Caples
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Alan Gilbert	Peter Gizzi	John Godfrey
Robert Kelly	Noelle Kocot	Frank Lima
Hoa Nguyen	G.E. Patterson	d.a. powell
Peter Richards	Elena Rivera	Matthew Rohrer

Mark Schafer	David Shapiro	Dale Smith
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Rick Snyder Gerald Stern James Tate
Lewis Warsh Monica de la Torre Dara Wier
Elizabeth Willis John Yau Mathew
Zapruder

POETRY PUBLISHERS 6x6 Magazine, Aufgabe, Both,
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Fence, Granary Books, Jubilat, La Petite Zine, Left
Hand Books, Open City,

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RARE SOUND RECORDINGS by dozens of poets including
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O'Hara, Elizabeth Bishop, and others.

WALKING TOURS of the north shore of Staten Island

READINGS ON THE FERRY in the early afternoon

The first one hundred people get a signed broadside by
Tomaz Salamun

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133. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: On Being Rejected

Thu 5 Sep 2002

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<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>My experience has&nbsp;most usually&nbsp;been to receive - and/or give
-&nbsp;no word one way or the other; the work "just appears."&nbsp;When I
co-edited :that: magazine in the early nineties, I made a concerted effort to an-
swer all enquiries; subsequent editorial efforts - must notably the Oasis Press
series, begun in 1994&nbsp;- have experienced a real decline in both the ability
or inclination, at first, to answer everybody, and more recently, to answer
```

anybody. The idea that in submitting writing for publication, one might expect any sort of response is to presume a level of industry on the part of the publisher that is incommensurate with the ways in which the work is more actually (or not) "put out there." This has always seemed to me a pretty much "hit-or-miss" situation, and it may be the better for it. Maybe</P>

<P>the best way to get rejected (or accepted) is simply to step out into wherever and whatever it is that gives one those opportunities. I will say that it's easier to be published among friends than among strangers, though among strangers are friends of a future of using, and of being used. Fun. It's a kind of closed shop in a way, though in other ways, there's always some group of like- or semi-like-minded persons who will take you in. maybe even, with luck, eventually kick you out. I mean, is it "really" just about being published? About "getting the work out there"? Or is it more about a struggle involving a kind of power, which comes of</P>

<P>the perpetually intra-group struggle of deciding what will constitute the poetics of the next decade, the next century, the new Millennium, etcetera. Political circumstances being what they are, I'll tentatively forward the idea that being executed - which might not be as far off as we think - doesn't seem the best way to be rejected. I prefer being paid off, but there's not enough money around to go around; maybe we could start a poet's economy using rejection slips as chits against future debt?</P>

<P>Stephen

</P></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>From: Jim Behrle <[REDACTED]>

<DIV></DIV>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

<DIV></DIV>To: [REDACTED]

<DIV></DIV>Subject: On Being Rejected

<DIV></DIV>Date: Wed, 4 Sep 2002 20:49:56 -0400

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>Also, I'm curious what the best way to get rejected is. Do personal

<DIV></DIV>rejection letters make us feel any better to get rejected, with specific

<DIV></DIV>notes to poems, or is it easier for everyone involved to just get a form

<DIV></DIV>letter?

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<DIV></DIV>--Jim Behrle

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</html>

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134. **Noah Eli Gordon**

Re: mentors

Thu 5 Sep 2002

For me it's a question of the acknowledgment of a constellation of writers and the ability that one has/is show/ is pushed into entering into such a community. Everyone who gives me/ shows me/ mentions a writer I'm unfamiliar with is a sort of mentor in my eyes. The kind of constructed narrative of the poetic tradition I've gotten from some teachers/ courses hasn't been as helpful as what I learn reading a single book. This is interesting to me as I gear up for the first meeting of the course I'm teaching on experimental poetics. Originally, the course was going to follow a historic route, but considering that such histories are nullified in a sense by the timelessness of differing poetic spheres--writers working w/ each other's stuff outside of the historic moment--I decided to mix it up and read around rather than through in terms of the time line of the texts. I guess I see the role of a good mentor (is that redundant?) as someone pointing to various doors and maybe giving a little nudge toward them...of course it's always nice to say "get yr hand off my shoulder, i know where I'm going"

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135. **Aldon Nielsen**
Re: On Being Rejected

Thu 5 Sep 2002

The least objectionable rejection I ever received was the one that informed me that while the editors loved my submission, the journal had run out of funds and was ceasing publication.

At 08:49 PM 9/4/2002 -0400, Jim Behrle wrote:

>Also, I'm curious what the best way to get rejected is. Do personal
>rejection letters make us feel any better to get rejected, with specific
>notes to poems, or is it easier for everyone involved to just get a form
>letter?

 $\geq$

>--Jim Behrle

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"The university professes the truth, and that is its profession. It declares and promises an unlimited commitment to the truth." Jacques Derrida (Without Alibi 202)

Aldon Lynn Nielsen
George and Barbara Kelly Professor of American Literature
Department of English
The Pennsylvania State University
116 Burrowes
University Park, PA 16802-6200

██████████

136. **Jim Behrle**

Upcoming Wordsworth Books Events

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Wordsworth Books
30 Brattle St.
Cambridge, MA 02138
[REDACTED]

SAT 9/7 at 5 PM

can we have our ball back? celebrates issue 12.0

with Sara Veglahn, Noah Eli Gordon, Kari Blowers, Jenna Cardinale, Jill Magi, Ani Grigorian and other contributors.

SAT 9/21 at 5 PM

Poets Steve Malmude + Miles Champion

SUN 9/22 at 3 PM

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with readings by Fanny Howe, Joseph Lease, Everett Hoagland, Jenny Boully, Benjamin Friedlander, Dara Wier and more.

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137. **Jim Behrle**

BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

Thu 5 Sep 2002

I highly recommend the latest BEST AMERICAN POETRY, edited by Robert Creeley. A terrific, breakthrough line-up: Rae Armantrout, John Ashbery, Amiri Baraka, Charles Bernstein, Anselm Berrigan, Jenny Boully, Tom Clark, Clark Coolidge, Diane di Prima, Elaine Equi, Benjamin Friedlander, Forrest Gander, Peter Gizzi, Michael S. Harper, Everett Hoagland, Fanny Howe, Bill Kushner, Joseph Lease, Timothy Liu, Nathaniel Mackey, Jackson Mac Low, Steve Malmude, Sarah Manguso, Harry Mathews, Duncan McNaughton, Jennifer Moxley, Eileen Myles, Maggie Nelson, Charles North, Alice Notley, George Oppen, Jena Osman, Pam Rehm, Ron Silliman, Dale Smith, Juliana Spahr, Sam Truitt, Jean Valentine, Lewis Warsh, Dara Wier and John Yau, among many others. Definitely worth a look and your \$.

--Jim Behrle

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138. **J Gallaher**

Re: mentors

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Jim Behrle asks:

<I'm curious about poetic mentoring. At work on an essay called "Kill Yr. Mentors" and am interested in the pro's and con's of being "taught" poetry.>

I Reply:

I believe that no one can teach poetry writing. Not really. There are some craft issues that can be taught . . . and some aspects of style that can be, should be, thought through. But teachers can do that. There are some tasks that can be worked on (suggesting poets to read . . . suggesting journals, etc), but the art can't be taught. If it could, then wonderful teachers would have only, or mostly, wonderful students. And that just isn't the case.

For me, the several mentors I've had were mentors specifically for taking the time to talk to me. For illustrating a way to be. To be with and in the art moment. To take that seriously. For taking the time to talk with this student, this formerly young writer, when they didn't have to. Someone to encourage me while holding my feet in the fire. And now my feet are all burned up in the art . . . I see no reason for killing my mentors. It's they that have helped kill me to myself. Into being myself. And my poetry bears little resemblance to theirs.

So I don't know of any pros or cons about mentors. But there are plenty pros and cons of teaching and being taught poetry . . . I believe that you can't teach poetry writing (but it must be learned). I also believe some teachers and students get themselves in horrible art corners by not understanding this. Some teachers think they really can teach it. And many students think the teacher has some secret that will deliver them. That can turn out to be, as they say, a bad scene.

-JG

JGallaher

"Poetry has to be something more
than a conception of the mind.
It has to be a revelation of nature.

Conceptions are artificial.
Perceptions are essential."
--Wallace Stevens

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139. **George Bowering**

Re: FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

Thu 5 Sep 2002

FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER 21ST

NOON TO MIDNIGHT

*The First Annual St. George Poetry Festival, an
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*read in a festival atmosphere from Noon until
Midnight.*

*Readings will be interspersed with screenings of
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*by poetry, and with rare sound recordings of poets.
Presses and literary*

*magazines will feature works by the participants, and
food and alcohol will*

be available.

*The St. George Theatre is one of the city's forgotten
treasures -- a*

Please. What city?

*beautiful, 2800 seat theatre built in 1928 as a
vaudeville house and closed*

*for the past 25 years. The First Annual St. George
Poetry Festival is a*

*benefit for the theatre, which will reopen as a
not-for-profit.*

3 MINUTE WALK

FROM STATEN ISLAND FERRY TERMINAL

Readers for the festival will include:

*Joshua Beckman Anselm Berrigan Garret
Caples*

Alan Gilbert Peter Gizzi John Godfrey

Robert Kelly Noelle Kocot Frank Lima

Hoa Nguyen G.E. Patterson d.a. powell

*Peter Richards Elena Rivera Matthew
Rohrer*

Mark Schafer David Shapiro Dale Smith

Rick Snyder Gerald Stern James Tate

Lewis Warsh Monica de la Torre Dara Wier

*Elizabeth Willis John Yau Mathew
Zapruder*

*POETRY PUBLISHERS 6x6 Magazine, Aufgabe, Both,
Cello Entry, Conduit,*

*Fence, Granary Books, Jubilat, La Petite Zine, Left
Hand Books, Open City,*

Skanky Possum, Slope, Verse Press, etc.

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O¼Hara, Elizabeth Bishop, and others.

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--

George Bowering
Couldnt hit the slider.
Fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

140. **George Bowering**

Re: Fwd: Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Thu 5 Sep 2002

You also adore Randolph Scott, true? How do you feel about Captain Scott of the Antarctic? How, about Sir Walter Scott?
--"Scottie" Bromige.

I am nuts about all you Scotts. Except the ones that have Scott as a first name. When are you coming up here? havent you got yet another grandkid on the way?

--

George Bowering
Couldnt hit the slider.
Fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

141. **Bob Grumman**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

Thu 5 Sep 2002

> I highly recommend the latest BEST AMERICAN POETRY, edited by Robert
> Creeley. A terrific, breakthrough line-up: Rae Armantrout, John Ashbery,
> Amiri Baraka, Charles Bernstein, Anselm Berrigan, Jenny Boully, Tom Clark,
> Clark Coolidge, Diane di Prima, Elaine Equi, Benjamin Friedlander, Forrest
> Gander, Peter Gizzi, Michael S. Harper, Everett Hoagland, Fanny Howe, Bill
> Kushner, Joseph Lease, Timothy Liu, Nathaniel Mackey, Jackson Mac Low,
Steve
> Malmude, Sarah Manguso, Harry Mathews, Duncan McNaughton, Jennifer
Moxley,
> Eileen Myles, Maggie Nelson, Charles North, Alice Notley, George Oppen,
Jena
> Osman, Pam Rehm, Ron Silliman, Dale Smith, Juliana Spahr, Sam Truitt, Jean
> Valentine, Lewis Warsh, Dara Wier and John Yau, among many others.
> Definitely worth a look and your \$.

>

> --Jim Behrle

But language poetry is not aca-- ac,ac, , , uh, arkor . . . acadomical!

--Bob G.

[↑ Contents](#)

142. **Bob Grumman**

Re: Upcoming Wordsworth Books Events

Thu 5 Sep 2002

I shouldn't have sent my other post for the day so fast because I did want to say that I think it fine that language poets are getting some bigtime exposure--for poetry, at least (albeit not for the first time). It'll be interesting to read the condemnations of the series for getting up to 1980.

Hey, I just thought of one great virtue of the two-a-day rule: now I don't have to immediately defend the above. And by tomorrow everyone will have forgotten it since the thread will by then have been twisted aside into various joke-exchanges and others' pop-offs.

--Bob G.

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

From: "Jim Behrle" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, September 05, 2002 2:42 PM

Subject: Upcoming Wordsworth Books Events

*Wordsworth Books
30 Brattle St.
Cambridge, MA 02138
[REDACTED]*

*SAT 9/7 at 5 PM
can we have our ball back? celebrates issue 12.0
with Sara Veglahn, Noah Eli Gordon, Kari Blowers, Jenna Cardinale, Jill
Magi, Ani Grigorian and other contributors.*

*SAT 9/21 at 5 PM
Poets Steve Malmude + Miles Champion*

*SUN 9/22 at 3 PM
BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002
with readings by Fanny Howe, Joseph Lease, Everett Hoagland,*

Jenny Boully, Benjamin Friedlander, Dara Wier and more.

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<http://www.hotmail.com>

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143. **Tenney Nathanson**
Re: speaking of previews...

Thu 5 Sep 2002

I haven't seen Loren's work for a couple/few years now (since he sojourned in AZ), but he's a terrific writer. thanks for the alert Jordan.

Tenney

mailto: [REDACTED]

mailto: [REDACTED]

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

POG:

mailto: [REDACTED]

<http://www.gopog.org>

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto: [REDACTED]] On Behalf Of Jordan Davis

Sent: Thursday, September 05, 2002 5:23 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: speaking of previews...

SPD (www.spdbooks.org) appears to still have inventory for *The Hat 3* (Winter 99-00), which is one of the few places you can find a solid block of work by Loren Goodman, aside from Buffalo's own *Deluxe Rubber Chicken*.

Thass all I gonna say about that,
Jordan

[↑ Contents](#)

144. **Tenney Nathanson**
Re: hui neng

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Alan

is this derived from Platform Sutra?

anything else you can say about it?

thanks

Tenney

mailto: [REDACTED]

mailto: [REDACTED]

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

POG:

mailto: [REDACTED]

<http://www.gopog.org>

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto: [REDACTED]] On Behalf Of Alan Sondheim

Sent: Thursday, September 05, 2002 2:10 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: hui neng

hui neng

too many things clutter the scene
the scene exfoliates on each and every thing
every thing moves from wounded cylinders
every thing moves to healed cylinders
some things are called retaining worlds
worlds and things are filled with churning waters
waters move everywhere
there is nothing to stop the waters
the waters go in every direction
on and in the objects, the waters going and moving
only the waters seeing the waters

too many things clutter the scene
exfoliates on each and every thing
moves from wounded cylinders
to healed some are called retaining worlds
filled with churning waters
move everywhere
there is nothing stop go in direction
objects, going moving
only seeing

sacred tree
propose, take along
book, present, true, real, root

*nothingness, not
trees, plant*

*bright
mirror, speculum, round, rice-cake offering
light
not, error, mistake
platform, stage, rostrum*

*book, present, true, real, root
to come, arrive at
nothingness, not
one, equal, the first
matter, substance, being, creature, object*

*where, expressing doubt, what, which
to dwell, live, place, position, manage
provoke, attract
dust, trash, garbage
dust*

*only
seeing the
sacred
tree*

*propose,
take
along*

*book,
present,
true,
real, book,
root
present,
nothingness,
not*

*trees,
plant*

*bright
mirror,
speculum,
round,*

*rice-cake mirror,
offering
speculum,*

*light
not,
error,
mistake*

*platform,
stage,
rostrum*

*come,
arrive
at*

*one,
equal,*

*first
matter,
substance,
being,
creature, matter,*

*object
substance,
where,
expressing
doubt,*

*what, where,
which
expressing
dwell,
live, to
place, dwell,
position, live,
manage
place,
provoke,
attract*

*dust,
trash,
garbage*

dust

===

[↑ Contents](#)

145. **schwartzgk**

Re: Fwd: Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Thu 5 Sep 2002

How's about Little Jimmy Scott?

Scottsch Just Fine.

Gerald Schwartz

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

From: "George Bowering" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, September 05, 2002 4:23 PM

Subject: Re: Fwd: Re: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

> >You also adore Randolph Scott, true? How do you feel about Captain Scott of

> >theAntarctic? How, about Sir Walter Scott?

> > --"Scottie" Bromige.

>

> I am nuts about all you Scotts. Except the ones that have Scott as a
> first name. When are you coming up here? havent you got yet another
> grandkid on the way?

> --

> George Bowering

> Couldnt hit the slider.

> Fax [REDACTED]

>

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146. **austinwja**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

Thu 5 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/5/02 5:51:16 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< But language poetry is not aca-- ac,ac, , , uh, arkor . . . academical!

--Bob G.

Stop stealing my jokes. Language poetry is the most academic (if that's what we mean) poetry since Eliot and Pound. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

[↑ Contents](#)

147. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: hui neng

Thu 5 Sep 2002

The second part is a crude translation of Hui Neng's reply to the master - the first part was created otherwise. So it was derived from the Platform Sutra, yes. The second part was done the way I usually work (with Ellen Zweig) on translation; I used two dictionaries (one organized by Pinyin, the other by radical - both have old-style characters), as well as Jquick Japanese software (used radical entry) and Wenlin Chinese software (used stroke and frequency entry). But I left it in the raw state; there are many good translations about of course.

The first part is a rough description of a recent 3d animation I did in Blender; it's the most complex animation I've done so far - about two and a half hours rendering for 400 frames. The animation uses a moving water texture and keeps track of around 1200 shaped particles moving in non- gravitational trajectories; there's no "up" in the space. It has to do with the creation materials I've worked with. The second paragraph went through an elimination script that removed duplicate words.

The whole seemed to me 'about' mirroring and evanescence; the particles are dust, cutter, nuisance, populations, and at least for me, the animation ties in with the Platform Sutra.

- Alan

On Thu, 5 Sep 2002, Tenney Nathanson wrote:

Alan

is this derived from Platform Sutra?

anything else you can say about it?

thanks

Tenney

mailto: [REDACTED]
mailto: [REDACTED]
<http://www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/tn>

POG:
mailto: [REDACTED]
<http://www.gopog.org>

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto: [REDACTED]] On Behalf Of Alan Sondheim
Sent: Thursday, September 05, 2002 2:10 AM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: hui neng

hui neng

*too many things clutter the scene
the scene exfoliates on each and every thing
every thing moves from wounded cylinders
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some things are called retaining worlds
worlds and things are filled with churning waters
waters move everywhere
there is nothing to stop the waters
the waters go in every direction
on and in the objects, the waters going and moving
only the waters seeing the waters*

*too many things clutter the scene
exfoliates on each and every thing
moves from wounded cylinders
to healed some are called retaining worlds
filled with churning waters
move everywhere
there is nothing stop go in direction
objects, going moving
only seeing*

*sacred tree
propose, take along
book, present, true, real, root
nothingness, not
trees, plant*

bright

mirror, speculum, round, rice-cake offering
light
not, error, mistake
platform, stage, rostrum

book, present, true, real, root
to come, arrive at
nothingness, not
one, equal, the first
matter, substance, being, creature, object

where, expressing doubt, what, which
to dwell, live, place, position, manage
provoke, attract
dust, trash, garbage
dust

only
seeing the
sacred
tree

propose,
take
along

book,
present,
true,
real, book,
root
present,
nothingness,
not

trees,
plant

bright
mirror,
speculum,

round,
rice-cake mirror,
offering
speculum,

light
not,
error,
mistake

platform,
stage,
rostrum

come,
arrive
at

one,
equal,

first
matter,
substance,
being,
creature, matter,

object
substance,
where,
expressing
doubt,

what, where,
which
expressing
 dwell,
live, to
place, dwell,
position, live,
manage
place,
provoke,
attract

dust,
trash,
garbage

dust

===

Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Older 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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148. **Robert Corbett**

Query About James (William, that is)

Thu 5 Sep 2002

I'm gradually rereading James' *The Variety of Religious Experience* (though my first read was as a book on the nightstand, as his sober prose had an uncanny ability to put me to sleep). I have a query about James, which it occurred to me that some here may be able to help with. It's simply this: is James a theist when he writes the *Variety*? Maybe he answers this at the end. I have always thought he was agnostic, but I've encountered passages which suggest that James subscribed more to religion, any religion, is a good thing school, rather being truly skeptical.

Of course, the whole thrust of his argument may be that the names and, more radically, intellectuallized arguments about theology, have little or nothing to do with actual religious experience. In some sense, he would say (and perhaps this is Rorty) that people are just swopping names and labels on something that is a verifiable human disposition.

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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149. **Harrison Jeff**

Virginia's Toes Fire into Orioles

Thu 5 Sep 2002

A last question of Homeric mechanism, of giant epataphysique, reads the riot act, or Baudelaire, to your horses in Boissonade, O sources of puerile diagram!! thorny, fond, and unverifiable (the former established the basis for these

speeches), this translation packages phonetic blackmail ## according to Vercingetorix's unhappy end

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150. **Pam Brown**

Re: Koch's final interview :To W. Austin

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Dear William Austin,

I backchannelled you with this question but you probably thought I was a virus -

Where can I find the interview that this is extracted from ...

Thanks,

Pam Brown

--- [REDACTED] wrote: > A snippet:

>

> "When I wrote "Fresh Air," I certainly resented the
> fact that the poets of my
> age I thought were writing the best poetry were not
> being published as much
> as they should have been. But now that I'm a mature
> person--or postmature
> person--I see that in the poetry business, the
> people who make reputations
> and give awards and so on, they seem to be the same
> strong people and weak
> people and limited people and nice people and young
> people that there are
> everywhere else. I mean look at the government.
> It's even a little
> surprising that what's good is ever recognized at
> all--I mean given the
> general mush of things. Valery said, perhaps a
> little self-satisfiedly,
> "It's not true that people don't like poetry. A lot
> of people like poetry,
> but it's only for a very few people that poetry's a
> necessity."

>
> Best, Bill
>
> WilliamJamesAustin.com
> KojaPress.com
> Amazon.com
> BarnesandNoble.com >>

=====

Web site/P.Brown - <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/>

<http://mobile.yahoo.com.au> - Yahoo! Messenger for SMS

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151. **Harrison Jeff**

Virginia's Dove is the Page Number Above

Thu 5 Sep 2002

incomplete humor

page numbers

one chooses the present case

the example above

has the sonnet

structure

onyx?

as ancestors

Un singe de beaute est un jouet pour l'hiver

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<http://www.hotmail.com>

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152. **Steven Shoemaker**

Re: Koch's final interview :To W. Austin

Thu 5 Sep 2002

I didn't see the original William Austin post, but the Koch interview, which is marvelous, can be found in the latest issue of Poets & Writers. Koch also says this, which I found quite interesting: "There are lots of poets who have the courage to look into the abyss, but there are very few who have the courage to

look happiness in the face and write about it, which is what I wanted to be able to do."

On Fri, 6 Sep 2002, [iso-8859-1] Pam Brown wrote:

*Dear William Austin,
I backchannelled you with this question but you
probably thought I was a virus -
Where can I find the interview that this is extracted
from ...*

*Thanks,
Pam Brown*

--- [REDACTED] wrote: > A snippet:

*"When I wrote "Fresh Air," I certainly resented the
fact that the poets of my
age I thought were writing the best poetry were not
being published as much
as they should have been. But now that I'm a mature
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person--I see that in the poetry business, the
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and give awards and so on, they seem to be the same
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people and limited people and nice people and young
people that there are
everyplace else. I mean look at the government.
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surprising that what's good is ever recognized at
all--I mean given the
general mush of things. Valery said, perhaps a
little self-satisfiedly,
"It's not true that people don't like poetry. A lot
of people like poetry,
but it's only for a very few people that poetry's a
necessity."*

Best, Bill

*WilliamJamesAustin.com
KojaPress.com
Amazon.com
BarnesandNoble.com >>*

=====

Web site/P.Brown - <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/>

<http://mobile.yahoo.com.au> - Yahoo! Messenger for SMS

Aldon Lynn Nielsen
George and Barbara Kelly Professor of American Literature
Department of English
The Pennsylvania State University
116 Burrowes
University Park, PA 16802-6200



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154. **Pam Brown**

Re: Koch's final interview :To W. Austin

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Thanks Steven,

I've located it online.

All the best,

Pam

--- Steven Shoemaker < > wrote:

> I didn't see the original William Austin post, but
> the Koch interview,
> which is marvelous, can be found in the latest
> issue of Poets & Writers.
> Koch also says this, which I found quite
> interesting: "There are lots of
> poets who have the courage to look into the abyss,
> but there are very few
> who have the courage to look happiness in the face
> and write about it,
> which is what I wanted to be able to do."

>

> On Fri, 6 Sep 2002, [iso-8859-1] Pam Brown wrote:

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> > probably thought I was a virus -

> > Where can I find the interview that this is

> extracted

> > from ...

> > Thanks,

> > Pam Brown

> > ---  wrote: > A snippet:

> > >

> > > "When I wrote "Fresh Air," I certainly resented
> the
> > > fact that the poets of my
> > > age I thought were writing the best poetry were
> not
> > > being published as much
> > > as they should have been. But now that I'm a
> mature
> > > person--or postmature
> > > person--I see that in the poetry business, the
> > > people who make reputations
> > > and give awards and so on, they seem to be the
> same
> > > strong people and weak
> > > people and limited people and nice people and
> young
> > > people that there are
> > > everywhere else. I mean look at the government.
> > > It's even a little
> > > surprising that what's good is ever recognized
> at
> > > all--I mean given the
> > > general mush of things. Valery said, perhaps a
> > > little self-satisfiedly,
> > > "It's not true that people don't like poetry. A
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> > > of people like poetry,
> > > but it's only for a very few people that
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> > > Best, Bill
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> > > KojaPress.com
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> > > BarnesandNoble.com >>
> >
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> > Web site/P.Brown -
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<http://mobile.yahoo.com.au> - Yahoo! Messenger for SMS
- Now send & receive IMs on your mobile via SMS

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155. **Lanny Quarles**
Explicit Malfunction:

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Explicit Malfunction:

The Value of the Real Thing p.189 of Tuning by David Antin
answered by

Beyond the Wall p.82 of Ordeal by Hunger, The Story of the Donner Party by
George R. Stewart

Discontinuous Syntax (First Section)..

Paintings Speak, Words are Chemical, and Hiwaymen Abound----->All "english"
is "other"...

Nonhead X Hyperbaton and the Use of Violence as an Instructive
Language-Inflected Metaphor

calls slowly from the tourniquet marsh (hint: all bound up-->what? a
wound--->inscription's flesh(

overt--->"Its just some person, not a decentered packager of wave-forms
playing off the (un)usual

categories to produce multiple false and real selves, [obverse] once the
rock is jettisoned it will fall where it may."

As William Burroughs once wrote, "This is a War universe..")which might be
countered effectively

by Edward Dahlberg's "Would you grave your daughter's maidenhead beneath a
grum stone?"

This is the essential conflict. Systems do not truly meld through the
exchange of particles. All expression is severed.

Meaning is oblique, thus the study of the Pharmakon. (the tender eaglets,
synaptikons). Negentropy prevails as an immanence

born of a hopeful perception. Time elongates. The field is always strident
to the sensitives who pursue knowledge of the Umwelt.

Indwelling. No noise-stone left unturned. Pavonine royalty and ostentation rumble loosely along with the woolen sufis and sackwearers of language, nonconfigurational or otherwise. Warlpiri is a "conceptual" noun. World Mind is a struggle. Alienation cannot breed without a perception of separation. What wor(l)ds inhabit..

Second Section:

the discontinuous object phrase regards the fact that the intervening X element is the head of a superordinate phrase.

It applies to discontinuous noun phrases.

FAR EASIER TO OVERTHROW (THORN) [XEN HELL 3.5.15] I THINK THAT IT IS MUCH BETTER (WHILE) [XEN OEC 17.6] THEY RAN MUCH FASTER THAN THE HORSES (AWAKENED) [XEN AN 1.5.2] OTHERS MUCH MORE SKILLED THAN ME (BLOWN) [XEN OEC 2.16] MY ARGUMENT WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH STRONGER (WINDS) [DEM 33.29] HE PAID MONEY TO GORGAS OF LEONTINI (MERGED) [XEN AN 2.6.16] STRIKING HIM ON THE NECK WITH HIS HILTED SWORD (SPOKEN) [IL 16.332] STRUCK HIM ON THE RIGHT THIGH WITH AN ARROW (STRUNG) [IL 11.583] KEEPING HIS DISTANCE TO IMPLORE HER WITH GENTLE WORDS (SANG) [OD 6.146]

EXPLICIT ENDING OF 2ND SECTION: PHRASE:

The word "shit" or "shishat" in Bokos means "eye". Bokos is a language of the Ron Unit.

Final Section:

Unrelated Phrases:

en hoiois keimeth athlloi kakois

'in-what-do-we-find-ourselves wretched evils' (Phoen 1639)

tina dunamin echei

'what power it has' (Pl Laws 643a)

ten ton pollon doxan anthropon

'the of-the many opinion man' (Pl Prot 353a)

ton ison aitios.. kakon

'for-the equal responsible disasters' (Dem 19.29)

Euxenou d' aphikomen pontou pros aktas

'of the Euxine PRT I-arrived sea to the-shores' (Rhes 428)

klimakas prosthentes.... pollas prosthentes klimakas

'ladders placing... many placing ladders' (Thuc 3.23.1)

toiauta hamartanei hamartemata

'(with-)such offends offences' (Lys 31.32)

*****VxxZZZ-+++

null-head-finis

and a short film-strip:

<http://www.hevanet.com/solipsis/desktopcollage/luxoxu.jpg>

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156. **austinwja**

Re: Koch's final interview :To W. Austin

Thu 5 Sep 2002

Just to set the record straight, I did answer Pam Brown's inquiry re: the source of the Koch interview way back on Aug. 27. I do not ignore people, usually. She must have deleted me without opening my reply, then wondered why I never replied. Ha Ha! Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

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157. **Patrick Herron**

(no subject)

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Gwyn, Jim -

I deal with rejection like a sour puss but also both as something to avoid and an opportunity to have a little fun.

I avoid because I won't submit anywhere unless I'm asked. It feels better that way. If no one asks, I become a poor po-citizen I guess. Or maybe it makes me a good one.

I also avoid because in 1998 or 1999 after some encouragement from random literarily (sp?) inclined people, I started sending my poems to publishers. What was I thinking? I expected that with 30 submissions I would receive 30 rejections, and anything better was a miracle. My first submission was a "success," but that was for a "masters class" at the 92nd St Y in New York City. After that, laziness brought out the lesser of the five me's of me and so I sent out something like 8 submissions instead of the dreamed-of 30. I bought countless journals wherever I traveled trying to find what I imagined would be a good match. The experience was something like combing the personal ads in a very weird way. I found 8 that had poems I liked.

I submitted to, well, I'll skip the list of journals. Suffice it to say it would underscore my delusions of grandeur. 8 journals. 5 rejections. 3 without any response at all.

I hung each of those rejection slips on a wall, on a costume I wore for Halloween years ago. It sits there over my computer where I write every day. My opportunity for fun, and a reminder of the way things are. It also really toughened my gut to flat-out rejection.

Though my gut was toughened, I've only stuck my neck out twice more, maybe three or four, maybe. I don't know. Not much, no concerted effort like that. Those notes also hang from the costume. Any news ones I receive will be added. Submitting seems not to ever work to well when I haven't been asked to send anything. So I don't really bother any more unless I'm asked.

The letters sometimes suck. One small journal simply wrote "Sorry to say no." I think the editor was suffering under an ink shortage. Another, absolutely nothing but a 2.5"x8.5" slip with an address and two printed sentences. Nothing handwritten at all. It sure beat the deafening no-response silences of the other three, however. Pleasantly, the one particular Big Famous Journal sent me one of those encouragement rejections. You know the ones, the ones with editorial suggestions and a request for a resubmission at a specified later date. That was very positive for me, though I never bothered to resubmit. I was quite skeptical of it.

I might stick my neck out again next year. Maybe. I did just plop a couple of books in the mail this week, actually, so I guess that counts. I am certain of "no" but tried anyway.

Rejections are good if you want rejections. If you don't want rejections then they're not good. I think I very much wanted to "earn" my first rejections, to give myself a dose of reality and buy that \$1 ticket for the \$29 Poetry Lotto, with a likelihood of "winning" much lower than winning the Pick Six for \$20 mil. I wanted to lose. I wanted to decorate that costume, which was a much needed act of humility for me.

It would be nice to receive personal notes, but isn't composing them unrealistic for most editors? I believe in correspondence to the point where I'd be ashamed for not responding to any and every sort of personal note. I realize that my ethic (or fixation) is a bit unusual. 3 of 8 journals don't respond, and that is not just true of journals. That's true of the poetry population as a whole. 3 of 8 make it unrealistic because they don't have the time. Or something.

Patrick

Patrick Herron



Date: Wed, 4 Sep 2002 20:49:56 -0400

From: Jim Behrle <[REDACTED]>

Also, I'm curious what the best way to get rejected is. Do personal rejection letters make us feel any better to get rejected, with specific notes to poems, or is it easier for everyone involved to just get a form letter?

--Jim Behrle

Date: Wed, 4 Sep 2002 21:40:49 -0400

From: Gwyn McVay <[REDACTED]>

Dear Jim,

I find rejection notices much more palatable in the first case, with a little note, even if only an adjective with exclamation point attached: "Strong!"

[....]

Gwyn McVay

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158. **dcmb**

Re: FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

Fri 6 Sep 2002

George, I suppose that your inquiry is spurred by your wellknown fear of surprises. Affter all, I F YOU ARE TO BE SHOT OUT OF A CANNON IN ORDER TO

ATTAIN SAINTHOOD, YOU OUGHT TO BE WARNED, EH? well, I believe its somewhere

like Staten Island. ut check with the cabbie first.

Debbie

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

From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Thursday, September 05, 2002 2:03 PM

Subject: Re: FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER 21ST

NOON TO MIDNIGHT

The First Annual St. George Poetry Festival, an

all-day celebration of

poetry on Saturday, September 21, 2002, will bring together several

generations of world-class, eclectic poets from all across the country to

read in a festival atmosphere from Noon until Midnight.

Readings will be interspersed with screenings of experimental films inspired

by poetry, and with rare sound recordings of poets. Presses and literary

magazines will feature works by the participants, and food and alcohol will

be available.

The St. George Theatre is one of the city's forgotten treasures -- a

Please. What city?

beautiful, 2800 seat theatre built in 1928 as a vaudeville house and closed

for the past 25 years. The First Annual St. George Poetry Festival is a

benefit for the theatre, which will reopen as a not-for-profit.

3 MINUTE WALK

FROM STATEN ISLAND FERRY TERMINAL

Readers for the festival will include:

*Joshua Beckman Anselm Berrigan Garret
Caples*

Alan Gilbert Peter Gizzi John Godfrey

Robert Kelly Noelle Kocot Frank Lima

Hoa Nguyen G.E. Patterson d.a. powell

*Peter Richards Elena Rivera Matthew
Rohrer*

Mark Schafer David Shapiro Dale Smith

Rick Snyder Gerald Stern James Tate

Lewis Warsh Monica de la Torre Dara Wier

*Elizabeth Willis John Yau Mathew
Zapruder*

*POETRY PUBLISHERS 6x6 Magazine, Aufgabe, Both,
Cello Entry, Conduit,*

*Fence, Granary Books, Jubilat, La Petite Zine, Left
Hand Books, Open City,*

Skanky Possum, Slope, Verse Press, etc.

SHORT FILMS IN COLLABORATION WITH POETS

RARE SOUND RECORDINGS by dozens of poets including

Allen Ginsberg, Frank

O'Hara, Elizabeth Bishop, and others.

WALKING TOURS of the north shore of Staten Island

READINGS ON THE FERRY in the early afternoon

*The first one hundred people get a signed broadside by
Tomaz Salamun*

Poetry readings for children

For More info contact Joshua Beckman at
[REDACTED]

Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes
<http://finance.yahoo.com>

--

George Bowering
Couldnt hit the slider.
Fax [REDACTED]

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159. **Pam Brown**
Re: Koch's final interview :To W. Austin
Fri 6 Sep 2002

Sorry Bill,
You're probably right.
Anyway, thanks for the information.
I have the interview now.
Cheerio from Pam

--- [REDACTED] wrote: > Just to set the record
straight, I did answer Pam
> Brown's inquiry re: the
> source of the Koch interview way back on Aug. 27. I
> do not ignore people,
> usually. She must have deleted me without opening
> my reply, then wondered
> why I never replied. Ha Ha! Best, Bill
>
> WilliamJamesAustin.com
> KojPress.com
> Amazon.com
> BarnesandNoble.com

=====

Web site/P.Brown - <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/>

<http://mobile.yahoo.com.au> - Yahoo! Messenger for SMS

- Now send & receive IMs on your mobile via SMS

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160. **Alan Sondheim**

pelican waters

Fri 6 Sep 2002

pelican waters

pelican truth, bill and eye wrapped around smoothed water-worlding, moving through moving What white lozenge, what orange pill, moves through this Universe, Pelican cried. "It is darker and darker - one can sense the percolations, the billows come from nowhere." Suddenly, an explosion: an element adds itself, irrevocably, to the particle-field. Darkness descends as light is suffocated by the proliferation of forms.triad immensity just now, tending towards triple-orthogonal-mirror-corner, always reflecting directly back to the beholding. "Therefore," she said, "everything is kept out of it, out of the central incubator." there is no incubator, no centrality, no manifolds, no fields, what is so empty about this, the sheerness of cliffs, angular cutting-into the semblance of fields, fields are representations, breaths. Mining or minding the darkness, the extinguishing of light. henry, there's a beam there. you saw it just a minute ago, star-field of some sort. the gate we've been looking for. it doesn't go anywhere, there's no metric, you can't see anything. around or over or under the beam, across it, suffocation's almost complete. "She can imagine the flickering of screens - silk, not celluloid - to similar effect. As I'm writing this, the planet appears. of which there's none anywhere, no skies, no coursing waters. pelican-

eye long since darkened by repetition, scenario's just about gone - "I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING NOW."

Thu Sep 5 21:00:28 EDT 2002

===

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161. **Michael Magazinnik**
Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Breakthrough? I thought this was reserved for something relatively new & innovative...

Mikhail Magazinnik

In a message dated 9/5/2002 4:29:54 PM Eastern Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

I highly recommend the latest BEST AMERICAN POETRY, edited by Robert Creeley. A terrific, breakthrough line-up: Rae Armantrout, John Ashbery, Amiri Baraka, Charles Bernstein, Anselm Berrigan, Jenny Boully, Tom Clark, Clark Coolidge, Diane di Prima, Elaine Equi, Benjamin Friedlander, Forrest Gander, Peter Gizzi, Michael S. Harper, Everett Hoagland, Fanny Howe, Bill Kushner, Joseph Lease, Timothy Liu, Nathaniel Mackey, Jackson Mac Low, Steve Malmude, Sarah Manguso, Harry Mathews, Duncan McNaughton, Jennifer Moxley, Eileen Myles, Maggie Nelson, Charles North, Alice Notley, George Oppen, Jena Osman, Pam Rehm, Ron Silliman, Dale Smith, Juliana Spahr, Sam Truitt, Jean Valentine, Lewis Warsh, Dara Wier and John Yau, among many others. Definitely worth a look and your \$.

--Jim Behrle

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162. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**
Re: On Being Rejected

Fri 6 Sep 2002

I think I've said this before, but I liked Clayton Eshelman's rejection letters more than most others. Seriously---at times he was right on; he would

judge

me by what he thought (often correctly) I was trying to do, rather than say the

"masters" he often invokes for himself. I thought Hoover and Chernoff did this/ do this, to some extent as well.

Regardless of what others say of CE, I thought this was admirable---even if at times

he was also off, it was still preferable to others who, whether they accept or reject,

you (I) don't really feel it (it becomes kinda meaningless....).

Chris

Arielle Greenberg wrote:

I like a little note. It doesn't have to be specific--in fact, sometimes when an editor is too praising of a poem, my reaction is: "then why didn't you take it?" Just a simple "these almost worked, please try us again," if the editor in fact wants you to try again, will do. If they just aren't interested at all, no note is fine.

Arielle

--- Jim Behrle <[REDACTED]>
wrote:

Also, I'm curious what the best way to get rejected is. Do personal rejection letters make us feel any better to get rejected, with specific notes to poems, or is it easier for everyone involved to just get a form letter?

--Jim Behrle

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

Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes
<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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163. **Bob Grumman**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

Fri 6 Sep 2002

> Either I can't count or Bob is using some definition of "dominant" that I
> do not understand -- unless the implication is that Language poetry is
> somehow dominating the likes of Oppen, Baraka, Clark, DiPrima and so on
and
> so on and scooby dobbie doobie

My simple point is that now a very mainstream series of books has paid homage to a great many language poets and poets like Ashbery more related to language poets than to Iowa poets. This, to me, is further evidence that language poetry is in college English departments what post-Einsteinian physics is in college physics departments: considered cutting edge and therefore highly respected even if less taught than conventional poetry and physics.

Those who want an idea of SOME of the many kinds of poetry such anthologies regularly ignore might visit SpiderTangle at

http://cla.umn.edu/joglars/spidertangle/the_book/

--Bob G.

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164. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

Fri 6 Sep 2002

{ My simple point is that now a very mainstream series of books has paid
{ homage to a great many language poets and poets like Ashbery more related to { language poets than to Iowa poets.

I'd be surprised if there are more than two annual issues of this anthology that Ashbery has *not* been in.

Hal "is there enough silence here for a glass of water"

--David Antin

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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165. **Michael Heller**

Rejections

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Normally, rejections produce an instantaneous ping/pain of some sort, and then I move on. Possibly, the personal ones, the near-misses, the explanatory of why and how have more ambivalent ripple effects. For a real send-up of the rejection genre, read the opening pages of Sorrentino's Mulligan Stew. My most memorable rejection came over the phone when I was sending my memoir, *Living Root*, out to agents. One agent had been a senior editor at a publishing house, and when I called after a couple of months, she said, you know some of this work reminds me of Leiris. I said, yes (my heart leaping), his autobiography, *Manhood*, was something of an influence on me. She then said, well, that's too bad; when we published Leiris, he sold less than 500 copies, so I'll be returning your manuscript. It's really not commerical enough.

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166. **J Gallaher**

Re: On Rejections

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Patrick Herron writes:

<One small journal simply wrote "Sorry to say no." I think the editor was suffering under an ink shortage. Another, absolutely nothing but a 2.5"x8.5" slip with an address and two printed sentences. Nothing handwritten at all. It sure beat the deafening no-response silences of the other three, however. Pleasantly, the one particular Big Famous Journal sent me one of those encouragement rejections. You know the ones, the ones with editorial suggestions and a request for a resubmission at a specified later date.>

I Reply:

I've encountered any or all of the above when sending poems to journals as well. All that I expect, though, in the case of rejection, is that they actually will send my SASE back, so I'll know that my poems are no longer under consideration. That is all that I think they must do. Interesting how often some journals don't even do that. Unless the US postal service holds my mail for some reason. (Uh-oh, they might be saying, this guy's a poet. He probably can't handle rejection. Let's just keep this letter so he'll think people like him.)

One thing that does happen every once in a while, and that I think is awful, is when a journal puts subscription information in with the rejection. It's like a girl telling me, "No, I don't want to go out with you. But here's a picture of the cute boy I am going to go out with."

Best,
JG

JGallaher

"How has the human spirit ever survived
the terrific literature
with which it has had to contend?"
--Wallace Stevens

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167. **B.E. Basan**

A Healthy Diet of Poetry

Fri 6 Sep 2002

A well meaning relative sent me this:

Study Finds Reciting Poetry Calms the Heart

Thu Sep 5, 5:42 PM ET

By Charnicia E. Huggins

NEW YORK (Reuters Health) - While the rhythmic sounds of poetry may woo a lover's heart, it might also be healthy for the heart of the speaker, according to recent study findings.

"Our findings suggest that the stress-releasing effect of guided recitation of old poetry can lead to a deep relaxation afterwards," Dietrich von Bonin of the University of Berne in Switzerland and Dr. Henrik Bettermann of the University of Witten/Herdecke in Germany told Reuters Health in an e-mail interview.

"This effect could be beneficial not only in stress management but also for the prevention of heart disease and other illnesses related to irregular breathing," they added.

The researchers investigated the effects of poetry on heart rate in a study of seven individuals. After having their heart rates measured for a 15-minute period, the study participants recited poetry for 30 minutes, or spent the same amount of time engaged in conversation. Then their heart rates were measured again, also for 15 minutes.

After reciting poetry, the study participants' heart rates slowed to match their breathing rates in "harmonic interaction," according to the authors. Further, this effect persisted for up to 15 minutes after the recitation exercises, the investigators report in the International Journal of Cardiology.

No similar effects were observed when the individuals engaged in everyday conversation, the researchers noted.

In light of the findings, "we recommend to foster old skills like recitation of rhythmic poetry not only in therapy but also in education, in order to optimize early prevention of heart disease and other stress-related problems," von Bonin and Bettermann said.

These findings may also help explain the calming effect of chanting, the researchers note, "since chanting of calming songs also generates a slow and deeper breathing."

SOURCE: International Journal of Cardiology 2002;84:77-88.

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168. **Barbara Thimm**

Re: rejections or the absence of

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Gwyn, Jim -

> 3 of 8

> journals don't respond, and that is not just true of

> journals. That's true

> of the poetry population as a whole. 3 of 8 make it

> unrealistic because

> they don't have the time. Or something.

Patrick (assuming you were talking to all of us ...
and that included me..)

3 out of 8 journals may not have responded because

-- their ed. assistant got sick,

--they are not very organized and lost your submission
(it's now under a heap of 'People' magazines),

-- there was no address on the poems and they got
separated from the cover letter (the editor has them
on his bedside table and hopes you'll resubmit),

-- the poems are the worst they ever got and they've
laminated them and hung them in their office for dart
practice,

-- they only take submissions from people they know,

-- they only take submissions from people who include a 100\$ check,
-- they did send them back but your SASE did not have enough postage so it got sent back and thrown away
--some of the above may not be serious.

Personally, I *always* send a reminder (including SASE) after 3 months. Out of respect for myself and my poems. I usually get a response. After another four weeks I send a post card telling them I'll offer the poems elsewhere.

Barbara

Do You Yahoo!?

Everything you'll ever need on one web page
from News and Sport to Email and Music Charts
<http://uk.my.yahoo.com>

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169. **J Gallaher**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Bob Grumman writes:

<My simple point is that now a very mainstream series of books has paid homage to a great many language poets and poets like Ashbery more related to language poets than to Iowa poets.>

I Reply:

I never went to Iowa, so I can't say for certain what all Iowa poets are like, but I do know some Iowa poets, and those Iowa poets write poems much more like Ashbery's than like what some might consider an "Iowa Poem" to be. In fact, there seems to be a great deal of interesting poets and work coming from places many consider The Land of the Enemy.

Which, of course, brings us back to the question of what the avant garde is then, when so many poets use the techniques of what the avant garde was. And what of the poor Deriere Garde?

Best,
JG

JGallaher

The mind is in the habit of proposing solutions. This is why art is so necessary.

[↑ Contents](#)

170. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: Classical Transliterations

Fri 6 Sep 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>11. And he heard a buzz in his head that he gave her name to, and so
turned to see if it had an actual correspondence.<BR><BR></P></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>From: Safdie Joseph <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>To: [REDACTED]
<DIV></DIV>Subject: Classical Transliterations
<DIV></DIV>Date: Wed, 4 Sep 2002 14:07:49 -0700
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Top Ten Reasons Orpheus Looked Back
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>10. He wanted to blindly embrace her because love is blind
<DIV></DIV>9. He was worried about her
<DIV></DIV>8. He thought she wasn't really there
<DIV></DIV>7. He secretly hated her
<DIV></DIV>6. He secretly hated all women
<DIV></DIV>5. He had fallen in love with Persephone
<DIV></DIV>4. He thought he'd heard someone else wanting to
<DIV></DIV>congratulate him for a successful poetry reading
<DIV></DIV>3. He knew paganism had to be overtaken by Christianity
<DIV></DIV>2. The disobeying self = the self
<DIV></DIV>1. He wanted to know *why* he shouldn't look back . . .
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Joe Safdie
<DIV></DIV></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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171. **Lawrence Upton**
character assassination

Fri 6 Sep 2002

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

From: "jesse glass" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: 07 September 2002 07:02

Subject: Alan and His Brown Shirts

| The warning I was given was essentially that Alan's friends (with Alan's | consent) would try to bash me if I said anything,

I don't believe that

People do threaten to bash each other, yes; but I don't know anyone less likely to support such a thing than Alan Sondheim

I admit I know nothing about the posting against you that you are speaking of, but I am against *all slander and libel - i.e. including those directed at you - and I find *your reference to Hitler and brownshirts applied to Alan extremely offensive

Ignorant too. From what little I know of the brownshirts, what you are talking about, if true, would be nowhere in the same league. It sounds like small school playground stuff. It all sounds that way. Grow up, please.

As to threats in the archive, if you have anything concrete then I think you should take it up with the listowner. What you assert would be against list rules and possibly illegal

In my experience, calls for people to see for themselves the evidence in the archives, when there is however no specific quotation and / or citation, turn out to be wild goose chases, not showing what it is claimed they show

L

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172. **Harrison Jeff**
Virginia lactans

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Over the refuge of dizzy millions

Over the television our spies tell are dead

Over blinking sevens up a damned daisy

Over the icy rain of inexcusable contractility

Over the death certificate sticking from his fly
Over the time machine gasping for breath
Over the legal mind in front of my fireplace
Over the hypodermic gone seventeen hours large
Over paint and broken storm windows
Over the sea as a cheap closing act
Over emergency rooms filled with ecstatic flags
Over a vague patch of admission
Over the bone-white Flamenco machine
Over immortal bargains in king-sized doses
Over the rasp of perpendicular blackouts
Over an ever-growing open standard
Over "a wolf's expression dashed on the ocean's knee"
Over the whole array of a footnote's lingerie
Over an old friend of the night's family
Over young cherry trees secured against hares
Over the inky tarnish of wet meat sub-routed and assertive Over untrue wounds
speechless & shut
Over lightning toppling Life's inaudible fuck
Over the crypt lining her mouth with contrivance
Over desuicidal robots who fire pairs of filth
Over noctambulism accidentally killing MIDAS cave
Over a long syllable equal to two short syllables
Over the possibility that dark spots are also stars
Over a green of any strength hardly modeled
Over a precipice with a vegetable Tchelitchew
Virginia, wave!

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

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173. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**
Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets
Fri 6 Sep 2002

two scents--

1. doesn't ashbery kind of come before the "contemporary" division of poetry into "iowa" and "language" as it were
2. as i'm sure someone else will say, quite a few of the lang pos, as well as writers chronologically between ashbery and the l. poets (like ted berrigan, or notley and tomaz salamun----well, the chronology starts to blur around here) were iowans....

J Gallaher wrote:

Bob Grumman writes:

<My simple point is that now a very mainstream series of books has paid homage to a great many language poets and poets like Ashbery more related to language poets than to Iowa poets.>

I Reply:

I never went to Iowa, so I can't say for certain what all Iowa poets are like, but I do know some Iowa poets, and those Iowa poets write poems much more like Ashbery's than like what some might consider an "Iowa Poem" to be. In fact, there seems to be a great deal of interesting poets and work coming from places many consider The Land of the Enemy.

Which, of course, brings us back to the question of what the avant garde is then, when so many poets use the techniques of what the avant garde was. And what of the poor Deriere Garde?

*Best,
JG*

JGallaher

The mind is in the habit of proposing solutions. This is why art is so necessary.

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174. **Aaron Belz**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Fri 6 Sep 2002

John Gallaher,

I'm surprised you don't know what an Iowa poem is like. Here's one--from an outsider's point of view. Still I would call it "Iowa School."

IOWA SCHOOL

O Iowa, Iowa

I never went to U.

In spite of that

I like your rhymes,

the way they aren't
like Ashbery's.

Keep it up, O Iowa;
just keep being U,

keep filling up the pages
of Best American Poetry 2002.

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175. **Aaron Belz**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Fri 6 Sep 2002

I forgot to mention that there is an alternate ending now that BAP '02 has actually been printed; it goes something like:

Keep it up, O Iowa,
just keep being thee;

undoubtedly you'll conquer
Best American Poetry 2003.

IOWA SCHOOL

O Iowa, Iowa

I never went to U.

In spite of that

I like your rhymes,

*the way they aren't
like Ashbery's.*

*Keep it up, O Iowa;
just keep being U,*

keep filling up the pages
of *Best American Poetry 2002*.

[↑ Contents](#)

176. **Hilton Obenzinger**
Re: A Healthy Diet of Poetry

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Dear Folks,

This item goes well with the questions about William James' "Varieties of Religious Experience." In this case, the poetic healing would be human rather than divine experience. When my wife was pregnant I would read poems -- rhythmic poems, such as Shakespeare's sonnets -- up against her tummy, and she and the baby would go into a trance-like soothing state. I'm not sure if Iowa, Bepop, or Hallmark would have the same effect. I did not read any T. S. Eliot poems, for fear of a still birth, but O'Hara's "Second Avenue" was a big hit -- or at least a big kick. Now, is this comment appropriate for the list, even though I didn't mention anything about Alan Sondheim?

Other note:

I remembered another gang of New York School: the Siamese Banana Gang. How could I have forgotten the terror of Yorkville and St. Marks Place?

May be inscribed in and never receive a rejection letter from The Great Book of Poesy for the Jewish New Year.

Hilton

"Our findings suggest that the stress-releasing effect of guided recitation of old poetry can lead to a deep relaxation afterwards," Dietrich von Bonin of the University of Berne in Switzerland and Dr. Henrik Bettermann of the University of Witten/Herdecke in Germany told Reuters Health in an e-mail interview.

Hilton Obenzinger, PhD.

Associate Director of Undergraduate Research Programs for Honors Writing
Lecturer, Department of English
Stanford University



Fax

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177. **Harrison Jeff**
Virginia Sapientissima
Fri 6 Sep 2002

A vagrant breaks out in beads of occasional congregation
frequent manuscript and her neck an ancestral home
for such dazzlement, in receipt of contradictory familiars
passing through a second edition of this voluptuary
good-natured holiday gains no particular hearing
taking slices, a full-dress paste lopping off its countrymen
lesser lights, lords and women feel the sting of makeshift
rounds, shipwrecks are often facts of expensive simplicity
these entertainers of the fourth act must be middle-aged
before the service can only end through the body

Such punishments were adopted by royalty
Pyrrhic language a fact of human arrangement
debunking of association cultivates exchange
magnetic syntax ignorant of the hounds
the early lyrics have a certain plausibility
your revelatory pledge comments on goatish paradox
fall victim to merriment, talk of virtue retrospectively
coming out of court with no rewards to do her justice
it is said the scene is nearly suffocated, fur afloat
adultery purchased your sententious task, so colossal a sense

It's the sky all over again, overgrown with space
short of memory at first, before coercion ends thus:
children could stand opposition to sagacity
hierarchy had been due for a quarter of a century
also committed to lucrative revolution, onwards
the report by no means breaks off, abolition of the public
information supplied delegations with close quarters
quiescence moderating a grand scale absorption
the machine was made to raise funds, supping circles
taken as an insurrection, a lucrative farce

Correspondence relating to success publicly double
heavy questions a further installment of silence
some canons allowed placards, fundamental consideration
remained least, initiative disguising apprehension
to consider revulsion an issue, conflict sedulously inadequate
leatherbound accent, the linchpin of a different slope
the watchword is seamless, we used to remember hoardings

how could you see a pattern from voice to minx?
shortages would follow pictures, frolicking understandings
and vice-versa, why on earth are tears billowing?

A corpse was doubled to divide its eternal reward
lamentable disinheritance compiles the attempt as I
turned, whipcord impossible to make satisfied
ordinary confirmation resuscitated to get up and dress
your coasting verse a thorough compliance
roofed-over examination a fortunate choice
avoiding cordials and habituations in turn, save us
the embodiments of pageantries well within the mark
of thralldom, denominate several English lines
well-pleased with room to doubt, conclude these points

Elopement bred on the wind, assure yourself that
with loud pledges of performance materials are overawed
enough of these pledges will land you a World's Record
no longer entirely without warning, play a game of
storm and drying nets over two youths hardly broken
that beautiful pale face is my fate, substance scowling at
ourselves, Bohemia was a place where the girls got away
as soon as possible, many books under her fingers, closing
are jarring to some, elements make promises, Klezmerim
are long gone, never to return from the courts at Syracuse

Contempt biting her lip, document styled the whole placelost
cloven eagerness inspired permission, to this day ponderous without any
account, conjoined specimens turning bounteous policy redounded to
spacious name, at least permanently accommodation a verbal charity,
that famous version a bastard treacherously an inkling departed, re-
minded of submissiveness grant autobiographical reserve, preserve my
future conduct omitting modification, firm character that slays them, but
you, Heather, you are caught in this cycle foreather, whether you keep
swimming right around, or shy away like thunder

A daub denying a daub in favor of a daub, civilization rolls on
when heart shall be in this lean religion, humiliation would
have amours, promises before you part, win a thousand
contradictions to pass, no other prodigality keeps so active
the efficacy of pining and disrest demanded guests
an appeal to unnatural errata sets down animosities
swarm for that hunger and proportion, death shades away
to the woods I contrived peril, much scribbled for gain

maintain a claim until acquiescence is sent back to me
you find you are bought with money, scarce daub

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

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178. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: mentors

Fri 6 Sep 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P><EM>Prose</EM> is the con of being "taught" poetry; mentoring is all
about the The of <EM>of</EM>.&nbsp; Killing them is a little like shooting
yourself in the foot.&nbsp; On purpose.<BR><BR></P></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>From: Jim Behrle <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>To: [REDACTED]
<DIV></DIV>Subject: mentors
<DIV></DIV>Date: Wed, 4 Sep 2002 20:29:53 -0400
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>I'm curious about poetic mentoring. At work on an essay called
"Kill Yr.
<DIV></DIV>Mentors" and am interested in the pro's and con's of being
"taught" poetry.
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>--Jim Behrle
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<DIV></DIV>Join the world's largest e-mail service with MSN Hotmail.
<DIV></DIV>http://www.hotmail.com
<DIV></DIV></div><br clear=all><hr>MSN Photos is the easiest way to
share and print your photos: <a href='http://g.msn.com/1HM1ENUS/c156??
PI=44364'>Click Here</a><br></html>
```

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179. **kari edwards**

Re: The Moving Target Series

Fri 6 Sep 2002

*The Blue Room welcomes
the return of
The Moving Target Series
2331 Mission St. btw 19th and 20th, San Francisco
[redacted] for tix/ [redacted] for press
www.blueroomgallery.org*

doors open 7:30pm, show at 8pm, \$8-10 sliding scale

September 11: 911

Six young men who feel deeply about their country offer a stirring tribute and testimonial on this most tragic of days. The Blue Room welcomes the White Ring for a star-spangled extravaganza that will be an inspiration to some, a warning to others, and a revelation to all. Are they Heroes? Or just ordinary, Red-Blooded Americans standing up for their God-given Rights in these Troubled Times?

The White Ring met while stationed in Kuwait during the Gulf War in 1990. Through the common link of music, and a shared message of strength and hope through politics and melody, they have remained active collaborators since. They are widely known for their riveting stage seminars which skillfully blend their own brand of music, testimonials and dramatic representations of the problems we face as a "progressive" society today. They have challenged even the thickest-skinned audiences both domestically and in the Third World with their mix of powerful messages. They have been well received in the Indie Christian rock scene and released one of the earliest examples of "East Bay I.C." records in 1993 ("The Monkey Song" b/w "Ecumenical Movement"), but have also enjoyed unprecedented crossover into the underground circuit of America's more subversive, experimental music venues.

In 2001, they were named Best Result of Operation Desert Storm by SF Weekly in their annual "Best of San Francisco" awards issue. Also on the bill is a special visit from Henley Hornbrook, of the Ground Zero Heroes, a traveling troupe of troubadours -- culled from the ranks of ordinary folks like You or

Me -- that have made it their mission to spread the Word in the wake of the September attacks. These Heroes were not at Ground Zero as such at the time of the attacks on that fateful day, but they were close enough to get a whiff of the winds of change that blew over the wreckage, and Moving Target is proud to have one of them share his message with all of us.

* * * * *

The Moving Target Series, San Francisco's ongoing, roving presentation of performance, music, film, and movement, returns with a visit to The Blue Room for the month of September. Since 1999, the series (formerly curated by David Hadbawnik with Margaret Tedesco, now with Michael Smoler) has traveled to such disparate venues as 848 Community Space, Z Space, The Luggage Store, 111 Minna Street, New Langton Arts, and The Lab, treating audiences to the best performance in the Bay Area. Moving Target has featured a wide variety of artists including The Foundry, Ruth Zaporah, Mads Lynnerup, Remy Charlip, Fred Frith, Negativland, Diane di Prima, Michelle Tea, Beth Lisick, and many others.

* * * * *

*Moving Target
Wednesdays in September
at The Blue Room*

*September 18: Bad
the Bay Area's best poets convene to find out just how bad they can be...sifting through their own notebooks as well as the annals of Literature, these poets promise to do their Worst. With Kevin Killian, Bill Berkson, Beth Lisick, Andrew Felsinger, kari edwards, Norma Cole, Sean Finney, hosts Michael Smoler and David Hadbawnik, and more "bad" authors to come.*

*September 25: What I Did Last Summer
rare performances by Blevin Blectum, James Bewley, and Justin Veach*

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180. **Catherine Daly**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Fri 6 Sep 2002

I have always thought of "stereotypical Iowa poets" (should we say "AWP poets" now instead? but the AWP IS the MLA) as the poets Kenneth Koch derided in some lecture I read somewhere: the narrator is driving down a road lined with corn fields thinking about his troubled marriage when he hits a deer. Reasons to love Ceravolo's work? More troubling to me is the relatively recent embrace in my local local community of the Koch - Lehman etc. "Columbia boys" lineage of NYS School poetry as light verse a la "Stand Up Poetry" (also a local thing).

It's a logical conclusion from "last avant garde" but all of a sudden I say New York School and I mean every cheap and easy assignment poem that's ever come down the road lined with corn. As you know, Mr. Collins (UC Riverside with Ron Koertge) blurbed Towle's Collected. Yeah, verily, I have heard BH Fairchild, Collins, and New York School mentioned in the same sentence, "I do this, and I do that" on open-mike night, shouted over the cappuccino machine, etc. I am even more distressed by exercises in workshops, and the way in which they seem to be uniting all that's bad about "creative writing instruction" and conceptual poetry.

I guess because there isn't an edge to much of this humor? It is comforting?

Am I just resisting an end to the poetry wars which I think might have ended, as a very 20th Century thing given us by modernism, except for a few die-hard second-rate Wintersian polemicists who took a losing position by claiming not to be able to understand a word Barrett Watten, Iowa grad, puts to page?

Or is they key to point out how funny some language poems are (after all, the reason I was able to read TEMBLOR while standing in a bookstore on 115th street) -- "students, don't think, you're romantic artists, here is a funny poem by Kit Robinson, who went to IOWA."

Let me know,
Catherine Daly



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181. **raea100900**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

Fri 6 Sep 2002

There's another way to look at this. I certainly don't want to try to define the term language poet, but it is possible to note that only six people who appeared in Silliman's American Tree anthology also appear in Creeley's BAP. Not a huge overlap. The absence of, say, Hejinian, Andrews, Perelman, Watten, Harryman, etc. is striking.

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182. **Noah Eli Gordon**

FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

Fri 6 Sep 2002

>FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

>

>(in Staten Island, New York)

>
>
>SEPTEMBER 21ST
>
>NOON TO MIDNIGHT
>
>www.saintgeorgepoetryfestival.com
>
>The First Annual St. George Poetry Festival, an
all-day celebration of
>poetry on Saturday, September 21, 2002, will bring
together several
>generations of poets from all across the country to
read in a
festival
>atmosphere from Noon until Midnight.
>
>Readings will be interspersed with screenings of
experimental films
>inspired
>by poetry, and with rare sound recordings of poets.
Presses and
literary
>magazines will feature works by the participants, and
food and alcohol
will
>be available.
>
>The St. George Theatre is one of the city's forgotten
treasures -- a
>beautiful, 2800 seat theatre built in 1928 as a
vaudeville house and
closed
>for the past 25 years. The First Annual St. George
Poetry Festival is
a
>benefit for the theatre, which will reopen as a
not-for-profit.
>
> 3 MINUTE WALK FROM STATEN
ISLAND FERRY
TERMINAL

>
>
>POETRY BY
>
>
>Joshua Beckman Anselm Berrigan Garret
Caples
>Alan Gilbert Peter Gizzi John Godfrey
>Robert Kelly Caroline Knox Noelle Kocot
>Katie Lederer Frank Lima John Lowther
>Hoa Nguyen G.E. Patterson D.A. Powell
>Randy Prunty Peter Richards Elena
Rivera
>Matthew Rohrer Mark Schafer David Shapiro
>Dale Smith Rick Snyder Laura Solomon
>James Tate Lewis Warsh Monica de la
Torre
>Dara Wier Elizabeth Willis John Yau
Matthew Zapruder
>
>MUSIC BY
>
>JOE PERNICE / NEW RADIANT STORM KING / THE
FIGMENTS
>
>
>DOINGGGGG!!!!
>a short sound play to be performed by
>Rob Casper, Matthea Harvey, Aimee Kelley, Gillian
Kiley, Brett Lauer,
>A. E. Wayne, and Sam White
>
>POETRY PUBLISHERS 6x6 Magazine, 811 Books,
Aufgabe, Baffling
>Combustions,
>Both, Cello Entry, Conduit, Crowd, Fence, Four Way
Books, Granary
Books,
>Jubilat, La Petite Zine, Left Hand Books, Open City,
Radical Society,
>Skanky
>Possum, Slope, Soft Skull, Tender Buttons, Verse

Press, Zephyr Press,
etc.

>

>

>RARE SOUND RECORDINGS by dozens of poets
>SHORT FILMS done in collaboration with poets
>WALKING TOURS of the north shore of Staten Island
>READINGS ON THE FERRY in the early afternoon
>READINGS for children

>

>\$15 for all day admission

>

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<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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183. **anastasios.kozaitis**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Interesting and similar thread on Poetry etc.

Here's a short dialogue of mine and Kent Johnson's from the thread...

Would love to hear what folks have to say.

=====

At 02:24 PM 9/5/2002, you wrote:

>Doug Barbour said,

>

> >Kent...

>

> >Hank, you, I, and many others, even Bernstein, ARE academics,

> >(as well)...

>

>Weell, Doug, I don't know. I teach at a decidedly rural community
>college. I am an "Instructor" of remedial composition and Beginning
>Spanish. That is what I teach. Research and publication is not only
>not a priority, it is frowned upon. Frankly, I think one could say that
>I am an Academic in the sense that a bricklayer is an Architect.

>

>I don't dislike academics. Some of my best friends are

>academics... And OK, OK, so I am, *in part* an academic, even if I
>am of lower race. The point I was pointing to in that epigram (and
>I've made this point more conventionally and expansively
>elsewhere) is that it is foolish --as well as disingenuous-- to
>continue to frame Language poetry as non or anti-academic.
>Language poetry is academic poetry through and through and has
>been becoming such with increasing insistence (that word is on
>purpose) for the past number of years. Many of its old leading
>figures have been building careers in academia; literary theorists
>and journals are widely ga-ga over Language poetry; and creative
>writing programs are increasingly staffed and studented by writers
>whose poetics orbit the original = = = center. This last is a
>complex phenomenon, of course, but undeniable-- the MacPoem or
>I-centered poem is still rampant, obviously, and always will be, but
>the "cool" creative writing students, of which there are legions, now
>write "Language-like" poems.

>

>Again, this is not a bad thing. But the poetry Silliman advocates is
>no longer outside the academy, nor is its "poetics" marginalized, in
>any fair sense of the word, inside the academy. This fact, as I said,
>is not ipso facto bad. But it has certain implications, some of which
>may not be good for the fullest possible health of poetic experiment.

>

>Kent

True dat, Kent. And, amen, really.

Here's the interesting part. I would venture to say that Langpo is even more dominant in the academy than the McPoem of Billy Collins. But, Billy Collins' books sell much more than Ron Silliman or Charles Bernstein or Lynn Hejinian or Bruce Andrews, etc. Do those who consider themselves Langpos out there believe it has anything to do with the Marxist theoretical underpinnings that Ron articulates in the NEW SENTENCE? Does espousing an anti-capitalist subjective rhetoric have anything to do with this? Why does Billy Collins sell more than Susan Howe? And, do Langpos base their "Langpo is outside the academy" logic on book sales?

=====

At 01:14 PM 9/6/2002, you wrote:

>I have always thought of "stereotypical Iowa poets" (should we say "AWP
>poets" now instead? but the AWP IS the MLA) as the poets Kenneth Koch
>derided in some lecture I read somewhere: the narrator is driving down a
>road lined with corn fields thinking about his troubled marriage when he

>hits a deer. Reasons to love Ceravolo's work? More troubling to me is
>the relatively recent embrace in my local local community of the Koch -
>Lehman etc. "Columbia boys" lineage of NYS School poetry as light verse
>a la "Stand Up Poetry" (also a local thing). It's a logical conclusion
>from "last avant garde" but all of a sudden I say New York School and I
>mean every cheap and easy assignment poem that's ever come down the road
>lined with corn. As you know, Mr. Collins (UC Riverside with Ron
>Koertge) blurbed Towle's Collected. Yeah, verily, I have heard BH
>Fairchild, Collins, and New York School mentioned in the same sentence,
>"I do this, and I do that" on open-mike night, shouted over the
>cappuccino machine, etc. I am even more distressed by exercises in
>workshops, and the way in which they seem to be uniting all that's bad
>about "creative writing instruction" and conceptual poetry.
>
>I guess because there isn't an edge to much of this humor? It is
>comforting?
>
>Am I just resisting an end to the poetry wars which I think might have
>ended, as a very 20th Century thing given us by modernism, except for a
>few die-hard second-rate Wintersian polemicists who took a losing
>position by claiming not to be able to understand a word Barrett Watten,
>Iowa grad, puts to page?
>
>Or is they key to point out how funny some language poems are (after
>all, the reason I was able to read TEMBLOR while standing in a bookstore
>on 115th street) -- "students, don't think, you're romantic artists,
>here is a funny poem by Kit Robinson, who went to IOWA."
>
>Let me know,
>Catherine Daly
>[REDACTED]

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184. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: Rejections

Fri 6 Sep 2002

You have my sympathy on that one. That must've hurt.

Vernon

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

From: "Michael Heller" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, September 06, 2002 7:56 AM

Subject: Rejections

My most memorable rejection came over the phone when I was
> sending my memoir, *Living Root*, out to agents. One agent had been a
senior
> editor at a publishing house, and when I called after a couple of months,
> she said, you know some of this work reminds me of Leiris. I said, yes
(my
> heart leaping), his autobiography, *Manhood*, was something of an influence
> on me. She then said, well, that's too bad; when we published Leiris, he
> sold less than 500 copies, so I'll be returning your manuscript. It's
> really not commerical enough.
>

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185. **austinwja**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

Fri 6 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/6/02 1:31:49 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< There's another way to look at this. I certainly don't want to try to
define
the term language poet, but it is possible to note that only six people who
appeared in Silliman's *American Tree* anthology also appear in Creeley's *BAP*.
Not a huge overlap. The absence of, say, Hejinian, Andrews, Perelman, Watten,
Harryman, etc.
is striking.
>>

The anthology should be called *The Best Known American Poets and Those
They Favor*. Certainly a more honest account and one with which I would have
no quarrel. It would still be an interesting anthology--perhaps more interesting
so contextualized. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

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186. **Jim Behrle**

?

Fri 6 Sep 2002

It's half-amusing, half-frustrating that many discussions on this list get detoured into the same vast dead-end. Whether Language Poets are taught in universities has nothing whatsoever to do with the publication of the BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002. I'd urge some of the people who have posted on these threads to now go check out the actual anthology. Bark up some another tree.

--Jim Behrle

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

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187. **Jim Behrle**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

Fri 6 Sep 2002

from Robert Creeley's introduction:

"Whether or not there is finally the 'best' of anything is no doubt a moot point. Yet one wants for those here assembled not only Coleridge's 'willing suspension of disbelief,' which enables all and any reality to be the case, but also a recognition that they are those who, as Charles Olson wrote on his own behalf, 'live [their] lives quite properly in print.' It's not that they don't each one have other lives, of whatever significance or value. But here they are as these words, and structures of words, allow them to be, neither more nor less...

So what is *best* then? How is that choice ever to be made? Despite all the accumulating opinions, or, is it called, criticism, how can one possibly claim to know what's best in any respect? I think the debris of such assertion over the years I've lived. Was World War II the best? Was 'Better Living Through Chemistry' the best chance we all had? Or, even more haunting, *Is this the best we can do?*

I'd like therefore to dismiss that specious and insupportable claim, at least for the present volume. These poems are *better* than the best, each and every one of them. If you don't agree, then go find your own--which is not offered as a challenge....

I thought that these poems now to follow were among a great many that might well follow them and also be the best, and that they in turn might well find

others, so that they also might follow, and be the best, too--for each time, each place, and each person."

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

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188. **George Bowering**
Re: The Moving Target Series

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Sometimes avant garde US humor makes me scratch my head:

*>The Blue Room welcomes
the return of
The Moving Target Series
2331 Mission St. btw 19th and 20th, San Francisco
[REDACTED] for tix/ [REDACTED] for press
www.blueroomgallery.org*

doors open 7:30pm, show at 8pm, \$8-10 sliding scale

September 11: 911

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in their annual "Best of San Francisco" awards issue. Also on the bill is a special visit from Henley Hornbrook, of the Ground Zero Heroes, a traveling troupe of troubadours -- culled from the ranks of ordinary folks like You or Me -- that have made it their mission to spread the Word in the wake of the September attacks. These Heroes were not at Ground Zero as such at the time of the attacks on that fateful day, but they were close enough to get a whiff of the winds of change that blew over the wreckage, and Moving Target is proud to have one of them share his message with all of us.

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* * * * *

Moving Target
Wednesdays in September
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September 18: Bad
the Bay Area's best poets convene to find out just how bad they can be...sifting through their own notebooks as well as the annals of Literature, these poets promise to do their Worst. With Kevin Killian, Bill Berkson, Beth Lisick, Andrew Felsinger, kari edwards, Norma Cole, Sean Finney, hosts Michael Smoler and David Hadbawnik, and more "bad" authors to come.

September 25: What I Did Last Summer
rare performances by Blevin Blectum, James Bewley, and Justin Veach

--

George Bowering

190. **Allen Bramhall**
basta american 2002

Fri 6 Sep 2002

It's another half-amusing, half-discussions on this frustrating universities that many get out-detoured into the same vast Bark up another Language Poets tree. some taught in the actual anthology has nothing whatsoever to do with the publication of the BEST urge. POETRY 2002 are of the people who have posted on these threads to now go. I thought that these poems now to follow were among a great many that might well follow them and also be the best, and that they in turn might Bark up some AMERICAN tree. I'd some check I thought.

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191. **Jonathan E Minton**
new issue of Word/For Word

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Word/For Word #2 is now available at <http://www.wordforword.info/>

The new issue includes exciting new work by Sheila Murphy, Lance Phillips, Cole Swensen, Larry Sawyer, Karen Garthe, Ken Rumble, Vernon Frazer, Jim Leftwich, Gwyn McVay, and Noah Gordon, plus reviews and essays.

Comments, complaints, praise, queries, and submissions for issue #3 can be sent to [REDACTED]

Noah E. Gordon

"a falling in autumn"

Felt as a mistake in translation, leave for leaf,
so the tree is an exit, a door into weather,
a symmetry in the spectrum & the stasis
of an open page. Here, morning unfolds
from moment. Recasting the body in sound.
The trace of objects. Echoes. What's
lost in the margins. Another X filling its box.
All told, a centering of sorts. A sphere reflecting
or spun to refraction. Webs, cross-stitched in the corners
& the leaves, unlatching. Desire is the watermark
of sight--a soaking-in. The absence of song
or the absence of sin. Noise isn't what's been lost
on ears, roots or dying limbs. It's impenetrable.
& this is the silence we're playing back to the sky:

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192. **nuyopoman**

Bowery Poetry Club Museletter

Fri 6 Sep 2002

DearFriends,

There's a temporary banner over the door now -- 308 BOWERY POETRY. Inside is an experiment in utopian artville, living poetry, culture connect. Some September highlights:

Rumi Birthday Party -- classical Persian poetry and music, Tuesday the 10th at 8

The Tuli Show! -- Fugs frontman every Friday at 7pm

Poetry Dialogues: premiere performances from three workshops that bring together masters of oral traditions and teenage hiphop poets. Led by Toni Blackman, Regie Cabico, Suheir Hammad. In collaboration with City Lore and Poets House - Saturday the 14th at 1pm

The Sacred Slam -- spiritual poets fight it out with beauty. In collaboration w/ Tricycle Magazine. Saturday the 14th at 8pm

Walter Mosley and Nikki Finney, in collaboration with Poetry Society of America , Wednesday the 18th at 8pm

OUR GRAND OPENING!!!Three Days of it! Monday the 23rd a Benefit for the Bowery Mission with stories from the citizens of the Bowery's last flophouses. Tuesday the 24th: Eric Bogosian graces our stage as we celebrate the synergy of 308-10 Bowery: our sister club, Digital Video Dojo and our upstairs neighbor, Washington Square Films and Arts (who represent Eric); Wednesday the 25th -- all-poet spectacular! Sekou Sundiata, Sapphire, Hal Sirowitz, Steve Cannon, Maggie Estep, John S Hall, Jessica Hagedorn, John Rodriguez, Max Blagg. Enough for NOW (so many nows). But I do want to mention our all-day 9/11 event, "Poets Consensus," conceptualized by David Henderson. You'll be receiving a Museletter about this in just a few days.

Check the whole calendar:bowerypoetry.com

Cafe opens at 9am! Best coffee on the block!

Try a yummy sandwich, why doncha?

Bob

The Bowery Poetry Club | 308 Bowery, New York, NY 10012 | Foot of First Street between Houston & Bleecker across the street from CBGB | F train to Second Ave | 6 train to Bleecker | [REDACTED]

"Serving the World Poetry"

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193. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Alan and His Brown Shirts

Fri 6 Sep 2002

First, no idea who Jess Harrison is; second, the fiction-of-philosophy list hasn't existed for several years; it was replaced by Wryting; the list-owner is Ryan Whyte.

Alan

On Fri, 6 Sep 2002, jesse glass wrote:

Having said and done my little piece I was ready to retire to lurking again, but I found something that I'd like to bring to the list's attention. Please accept my apologies for bringing up this subject again.

I was warned back-channel against protesting Alan's over-postings, either in jest or otherwise. Just tonight I found Jeff Harrison's little diddy called Jesse Glass Aubade on the fiction of philosophy list.

.

Jesse bobbing []'s erection

Glass overthrow.

I don't mind Jeff's fantasy scenario as much as the title, which shows up quite nicely in Google's search engine, thank you. I've suggested to Jeff that he remove this posting, or at least change the title, which would still allow Jeff his fantasy.

I presume Jeff is a friend of Alan's and certainly did this with his knowledge, as Alan also posted on the same list at about the same time..

The warning I was given was essentially that Alan's friends (with Alan's consent) would try to bash me if I said anything, and if you go back to their postings you'll see that many of them became quite direct--and quite threatening-- about what I was doing: either shut up or else. Well, now the bashing appears to be happening. Why is it when one person attempts to give voice to what many people feel on this list, that things like this happen? Why is it that Alan feels the need to set his "friends" loose on people who protest (if even in jest) what he is doing?

In my book, this is not cyber-poetry tricked out in French philosophy of language. This is a worthless little lesson in what Hitler knew so well.

Why do I deserve this? Well, the moral, I guess, is that I shouldn't have said a thing about Alan's over-postings. And I should suffer Jeff Harrison's bashing because I somehow "asked" for it.

Let others take heed and knuckle under, or decide for yourself if Alan Sondheim (with this brown-shirt friends) really should continue to run his factory on this list for another eight years.

Now, with everyone's leave, I would like to hand this subject over to some of those people who have back-channeled me during the past couple of months. If you appreciate my courage in my interventions, then please reveal yourselves to this list and continue the protest. Be courageous too. I'm sure you're more than adequate in answering bash for bash.

As for me, the summer is winding down, and with everyone's permission, I will return to more pressing matters.

Jesse

Jess

Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Older 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

[↑ Contents](#)

194. **Mairead Byrne**
Re: Alan and His Brown Shirts

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Dear All,

In the old days, two or three years ago, I was rapped over the knuckles by the then manager of Buffalo Poetics for making up frivolous names for Mars Bars (in the interests of bonding with our British brothers, you see). Given the asperity of that regime, the current equanimity in the face of Jesse Glass's rather hateful attacks on Alan Sondheim is surprising. If Alan Sondheim, whom I have never met, asked me to wear a brown shirt to one of his manifestations, and if I had one, I would do it (if it didn't look too horrible). But not the sort of brown shirt Jesse Glass is talking about. Oh no. Not at all. Kent Johnson, is

that you in Jesse Glass? Come out if that's you! Doesn't anyone care any more? Okay, tomorrow I'm gonna post as many frivolous names for Mars Bars as I can come up with. Meanwhile, 3 cheers for Lawrence Upton.

Mairead

>>> [REDACTED] 09/06/02 19:51 PM >>>

First, no idea who Jess Harrison is; second, the fiction-of-philosophy list hasn't existed for several years; it was replaced by Wrying; the list-owner is Ryan Whyte.

Alan

On Fri, 6 Sep 2002, jesse glass wrote:

> Having said and done my little piece I was ready to retire to lurking again,
> but I found something that I'd like to bring to the list's attention.
> Please accept my apologies for bringing up this subject again.
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> I was warned back-channel against protesting Alan's over-postings, either in
> jest or otherwise. Just tonight I found Jeff Harrison's little diddy called
> Jesse Glass Aubade on the fiction of philosophy list.
> .
>
> Jesse bobbing []'s erection
>
> Glass overthrow.
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> I don't mind Jeff's fantasy scenario as much as the title, which shows up
> quite nicely in Google's search engine, thank you. I've suggested to Jeff
> that he remove this posting, or at least change the title, which would still
> allow Jeff his fantasy.
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> knowledge, as Alan also posted on the same list at about the same time..
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> threatening-- about what I was doing: either shut up or else. Well, now the
> bashing appears to be happening. Why is it when one person attempts to give
> voice to what many people feel on this list, that things like this happen?
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> sure you're more than adequate in answering bash for bash.
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> As for me, the summer is winding down, and with everyone's permission, I
> will return to more pressing matters.
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> Jesse
>
>
> Jess
>

Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Older 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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195. **lewis lacook**

DROWNING IN THE AGE OF MID-AIR

Fri 6 Sep 2002

Dipping into rust, the trees
protrude like abandonment,
creasing a sky swollen
with leaves. The birds
are frilled with oxidation;
their departing calls
scrape over the fresh abrasion
dusk leaves on our faces, peppered
with the waking bats' morning
thrum; and now I feel
like I'm walking through quicksand.
As fast as all this is,

curbs like crusts of day-old
bread ridge the parking lot,
dipping at times into walkways
as graceful as your shoulders when
I rub you to burrs, thistlelicious,

with no envy for things that float.
I wish I was a hummingbird too, you
tell me: but that's a sadness

like walking through the coldest water
cupped in the back of your throat, and
not even fighting as it fills you up.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes
<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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196. **lewis lacook**
ONLINE CONTENT PROVIDER

Fri 6 Sep 2002

I paint the whites of my eyes.
I paint them green, with gradations
absconding. I paint my eyes
the same as the colors of mirrors reveal.

Color is sex. It arcs
out of the three-dimensional
in a bend that is seditious, is collage
of relation and expectance. What
exception to this, that
I point to the plain of my eyes, and
flying
know only their insides as a verso of
dimming!

Shoves a dissolves of crystal in your see the personal
of sits
rigid but within on no faults in the coloring but
sighs away from
us explosion rear restaurant centering waits stilly
cooling on
glass in everything show business bitterness as timid
so
relentless teleportation dimensioned white colors low
sitting at
pasture rivets endanger cup funnel churl knives in
cornea cochlea
slow buildings

After you go to work, which is usual in this, I go out
on the

back porch and sit with a cigarette in my hand trying
to read.

I am waiting to render my music as an mp3.

Several reasons why site is wonderful, while sitting
here, coat
my tongue just as well as if they were online literary
venues,
all of which contain work similar to yours and yet
refuse to
publish her. He stands up, angular head just conically
brushing
the low-flung ceiling elegant as a woman's hand pastry
clumped in
with exotic scale tabulature that makes possible in
skeletal
upbringing the child's ultimate uselessness as a
reason to sit
and bitch and moan about almost totally unacceptable
behavior,
anon. Let the games begin, she thinks. Moss erupts on
both sides
of the trees in Richmond Virginia. They swung across a
fleshless
pool of dimming radar equipment that couldn't scan the
horizon
anymore; sitting back down, he notices the wild
breathing of
flaneur yarn spun winded around his facial gestures. I
doubt very
seriously that the color of this font is as pleasing
as a deep
throat full of verbs.

Gradually, I write the seminal
influence of color across
my hands. It's night is
drawing near, shadows
in the very shape of liquid
dusk suddenly, like a rain
or a relief from under a vellum sky.
That I want to tear your clothes off, or
your skin, that I am a ghost seeking

embodiment, bodes harm on a casing
that limns out review material for the
online content provider, 1967, and
and was wash with gray saw fart tarsel.
Getting by. I pint my hunds gray, thee

sane colour as you, who imprint the temporal
with heat the size of reading, wedding
flesh to neuralgia, asterisks to
resin stacked and garbage calculated, with algebra
on my mind again, how it soothes to collapse
variables on a level with de Kooning.
These exceptions to green are a delicious
slow building romance, one
that leaves her alone in a humming room, eyes
locked safely behind crystal watching him monitor
the sluggish eroticism that servers erupt into
when stroked.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes
<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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197. **Christine Palma**

Tune-in Saturday Sept. 7th on KXLU Los Angeles - 88.9 FM also now streaming online

Fri 6 Sep 2002

This is for tomorrow Saturday night -

Echo in the Sense is a literary and cultural affairs program on

KXLU Los Angeles - 88.9 FM

and now we are also STREAMING LIVE ON THE WEB!

<http://www.kxlu.com>

It airs every Saturday evening from 8 to 9 pm and is
produced and hosted by Christine Palma.

****TUNE IN ! Saturday evening Sept. 7th - from 8 to 9 pm -**

my guest is novelist and performance artist

****NOEL ALUMIT****

Cheers,
Christine

PS. Also Support the Filipino Festival of Arts and Culture in San Pedro on Saturday during the day!

ALL ABOUT NOEL ALUMIT -

Noel Alumit was born in Baguio City in The Philippines then raised in the United States. He is the second of four children and is addicted to chocolate. Due to his chocolate habit, Noel keeps in shape by running long distances. He has five marathons and a number of other races under his belt.

He earned his Bachelor of Fine Arts in Drama from the University of Southern California, studied playwriting at the David Henry Hwang Writers Institute at East West Players.

His play Mr. and Mrs. La Questa Go Dancing was produced by Teatro Ng Tanan in San Francisco and he has had other plays read at East West Players in Los Angeles and the Ma Yi Theatre Company in New York.

His one-man show The Rice Room: Scenes from a Bar received critical praise and played to sold-out houses in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Boston, and Philadelphia. The San Francisco Bay Guardian named The Rice Room one of the best solo productions of the year.

He recently premiered his latest solo show Master of the (miss) Universe at Highways Performance Art Space in Santa Monica California. Master of the (miss) Universe was named ìBest Betî by the Los Angeles Times. "Universe" will run at Highways Performance Space in Santa Monica on September 12 and 13. It will run in San Francisco in October.

His first novel Letters to Montgomery Clift is a fiction finalist for the Southern California Booksellers Association awards and a finalist for the Violet Quill, a prize given to an emerging gay author working in fiction.

He received an Emerging Voices Fellowship from PEN Center USA West and a Community Access Scholarship to UCLAís Writers Extension, studying fiction and the personal essay form. His work has been published in Tilting the Continent (New Rivers Press), Take Out (Asian American Writers Workshop/Temple University), and the literary journal DisOrient.

As an actor, Noel's film and TV credits include Beverly Hills 90210, The Young and the Restless, and Red Surf. He has performed in many Los Angeles

productions, including the world premiere of Chay Yew's *A Language of Their Own* (LA Weekly Award) and Michael Kearns' *Whose Afraid of Edward Albee*.

Noel is most proud of his work preventing HIV infection in gay Asian men with the Asian Pacific AIDS Intervention Team. He has been an employee with APAIT for nine years.

Christine Palma

"Echo in the Sense" -

Poetry, Prose, Performance

- Cultural and Public Affairs Programming

KXLU Los Angeles - 88.9 FM

Saturday Evenings from 8 to 9 PM

E-mail: [REDACTED]

"Take a step into the sublime. . ."

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198. **Jonathan Skinner**

Re: Zero Star Hotel by Anselm Berrigan, new from Edge Books

Sat 7 Sep 2002

Re: Zero Star Hotel by Anselm Berrigan, new from Edge Books

I strongly second Kevin's high praise of this poem. I saw it in a perhaps earlier form-- constructed in a grid of tight, sonnet-like stanzas that can be read down or across or both ways simultaneously-- and was blown away. (I wanted to put some of it in Ecopoetics, but didn't know how to excerpt it-- it's so much of a piece.) An amazing zoom between macro and micro, and command of a page moving in all directions at once. Very tightly executed, and maximally open to surprise. While the emotion remains highly focused, the modes of reading seem numerous, if not endless. Get it.

JS

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199. **jesse glass**

Alan and His Brown Shirts

Sat 7 Sep 2002

Having said and done my little piece I was ready to retire to lurking again, but I found something that I'd like to bring to the list's attention. Please accept my apologies for bringing up this subject again.

I was warned back-channel against protesting Alan's over-postings, either in jest or otherwise. Just tonight I found Jeff Harrison's little diddy called Jesse Glass Aubade on the fiction of philosophy list. .

Jesse bobbing []'s erection

Glass overthrow.

I don't mind Jeff's fantasy scenario as much as the title, which shows up quite nicely in Google's search engine, thank you. I've suggested to Jeff that he remove this posting, or at least change the title, which would still allow Jeff his fantasy.

I presume Jeff is a friend of Alan's and certainly did this with his knowledge, as Alan also posted on the same list at about the same time..

The warning I was given was essentially that Alan's friends (with Alan's consent) would try to bash me if I said anything, and if you go back to their postings you'll see that many of them became quite direct--and quite threatening--about what I was doing: either shut up or else. Well, now the bashing appears to be happening. Why is it when one person attempts to give voice to what many people feel on this list, that things like this happen? Why is it that Alan feels the need to set his "friends" loose on people who protest (if even in jest) what he is doing?

In my book, this is not cyber-poetry tricked out in French philosophy of language. This is a worthless little lesson in what Hitler knew so well.

Why do I deserve this? Well, the moral, I guess, is that I shouldn't have said a thing about Alan's over-postings. And I should suffer Jeff Harrison's bashing because I somehow "asked" for it.

Let others take heed and knuckle under, or decide for yourself if Alan Sondheim (with this brown-shirt friends) really should continue to run his factory on this list for another eight years.

Now, with everyone's leave, I would like to hand this subject over to some of those people who have back-channeled me during the past couple of months. If you appreciate my courage in my interventions, then please reveal yourselves to this list and continue the protest. Be courageous too. I'm sure you're more than adequate in answering bash for bash.

As for me, the summer is winding down, and with everyone's permission, I will return to more pressing matters.

Jesse

Jess

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200. **Alan Sondheim**

BYLINERS AND HEADLINERS

Sat 7 Sep 2002

BYLINERS AND HEADLINERS

BYLINERS 1949

Michelfelder

Betta

Kappler

Aumuller

Silvia

Cestelle---Davis and Longgood should be enough.

Quade---Keep it alive if possible.

Terwilliger---If Deravel has time.

Gloria Vanderbilt---Keep checking.

Churchill Leaves---Make check with Baruch. British Info and La Guardia, and police for arrangements.

Eden---To receive degree at Columbia. I think he is at Waldorf. Call to see if there will be an advance.

Menmouth Depe---Remind Mewery to call again.

C-46 Probe---This was very unprofitable yesterday. Let's try SNA.

Food & Drug---Would like Muriel to try this again.

Double Parking---Will try to get started.

Bklyn Gas---Ditto.

Dock Strike---Looked pretty black last night. Alvarez again.

Gold Seizure---Had Jimmy working hotel for onite. Try to keep story alive, even if you have to suck wind.

Ben-Gurion---Sally has 10 am date with Renana for onite. Like pix.

Poice Promotion---Mike and possibly photog. at 11.

Gringe Gang---Either Turk or Deravel or SNA according to what happens.

Cat Show---Opens at Mc Alpi at 11. Phelan, after he sends Marty the copy story.

Beekman Lunch---Hope APL does this one.

Marty-the-Cop---Will say his final farewell at 8 am. Photog assigned. Mike and Mickey, call Phelan at home before 7 and assign him to go direct.

Gideonse---Woltman back with the commies.

17 Commies---Let APL watch.

Whitney Foundation---IF we had Lenny, it might be for him. APL or nothing.

Linen Gyps---Like Prell to break series for a few hours to check back with BBB and develop this stuff.

Johnson Hearing---APL, I hope.

Dr. Schellman---Tried him last night. He out. Try again by phone about 730 or 8.
(more)

memo----2

Sales Tax---This looks damned good tip. Let me talk to Murray Davis before he goes to Costello.

mod

HEADLINERS 1949

Michelfelder

Betta

Kappler

Aumuller

Silvia

Cestelle---Davis and Longgood Cestelle---Davis should and be Longgood enough. should Quade---Keep it alive if Quade---Keep possible. it Terwilliger---If Deravel has time.

Gloria Vanderbilt---Keep checking.

Churchill Leaves---Make Leaves---Make check check with with Baruch. Baruch. British British Info Info La La Guardia, Guardia, Churchill police for arrangements.

Eden---To Columbia. receive I degree think at he Columbia. is I Waldorf. think Call he to is Eden---To Waldorf. receive Call degree to at see there will an see advance. there Menmouth Depe--Remind Mewery call Menmouth again. Depe---Remind C-46 Probe---This Probe---This was was very very unprofitable unprofitable yesterday. yesterday. Let's Let's try try SNA. SNA. C-46 Food Drug---Would & like Drug---Would Muriel like this Muriel Double this Parking---Will Double get Parking---Will started. get Food started. & Bklyn Gas---Ditto.

Dock Seizure---Had Strike---Looked Jimmy pretty working black hotel last onite. night. Try Alvarez keep Gold story Seizure---Had Dock Jimmy Strike---Looked working pretty hotel black onite. last Try night. keep Alvarez story Gold alive, even you alive, have even suck you wind. have Ben-Gurion---Sally 10 Ben-

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Gideonse---Woltman back commies.

17 Commies---Let watch.

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Dr. Dr. Schellman---Tried Schellman---Tried He He out. out. again again by by phone phone about about 730 8.

(more)

memo----2

Sales damned Tax---This good looks tip. damned Let good me tip. talk Let Murray me Davis talk Sales Murray Tax---This Davis looks goes Costello.

mod

===

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201. **Charlotte Mandel**

Poets on Air

Sat 7 Sep 2002

fyi - forwarded announcement from Susanna Rich of Kean College: We will be broadcasting the inaugural program of Poets on Air over the Kean University Radio station, WKNJ, Union 90.3FM at noon on Wednesday 9/11/02. It will be a memorial blending poetry and music in response to the terrorist attacks of last September. Hope you can tune in to listen to poems by such luminaries as Emily Dickinson, W.B. Yeats, Stephen Dunn, Charlotte Mandel, Carole Stone, and many others. We are still in the process of arranging interviews and possible simulcasts. If you can't tune in, let me know if you want a CD copy. The station's reach is short, but sometimes it helps if you sit in your car.

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202. **Maria Damon**

Re: Alan and His Brown Shirts

Sat 7 Sep 2002

hi mairead: we haven't been equanimous at all; check out, in the poetix archives, the long threads entitled first "Help!" and then "attacks." what you are reading, about brown-shirts etc, is round two of a series of salvos that started in july.

and really jesse, brown-shirts is too much, as is mention of hitler. is this part of your continued attempt to provoke meaningful discussion? there are better ways. those of us who identify as jews (including of course sondheim) do not take kindly to such bad taste, nor do many others, including, as you can see, lawrence upton and mairead byrne. md

At 9:18 PM -0400 9/6/02, Mairead Byrne wrote:

>Dear All,

>

>In the old days, two or three years ago, I was rapped over the knuckles
>by the then manager of Buffalo Poetics for making up frivolous names for
>Mars Bars (in the interests of bonding with our British brothers, you
>see). Given the asperity of that regime, the current equanimity in the
>face of Jesse Glass's rather hateful attacks on Alan Sondheim
>is surprising. If Alan Sondheim, whom I have never met, asked me to
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>not the sort of brown shirt Jesse Glass is talking about. Oh no. Not
>at all. Kent Johnson, is that you in Jesse Glass? Come out if that's
>you! Doesn't anyone care any more? Okay, tomorrow I'm gonna post as
>many frivolous names for Mars Bars as I can come up with. Meanwhile, 3
>cheers for Lawrence Upton.

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>>>> [REDACTED] 09/06/02 19:51 PM >>>>

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>Alan

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>> Jess
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>Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
>Older 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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203. **Barrett Watten**

New Poetics / Wayne State University

Sat 7 Sep 2002

[F O R I M M E D I A T E R E L E A S E]

New Poetics: New Genres / New Media

Reading, Performance, Lecture, and Discussion Series

Curated by Carla Harryman and Barrett Watten

Department of English, Wayne State University

F A L L 2 0 0 2 P R O G R A M

Link: <http://www.english.wayne.edu/~watten/newpoetics.html> Rodrigo Toscano and Renee Gladman

Reading and Discussion

Thursday, September 19, 3 pm

Conference Room, 3234 51 W. Warren Ave., Detroit

Rodrigo Toscano is an experimental poet and labor activist, based in New York. He has curated the Double Happiness reading series and is author of *Partisans* (O Books, 1999) and *The Disparities* (Green Integer, 2001). Atelos will bring out *Platform*, a major new collection, this year. Barrett Watten has written:

"Toscano brilliantly renews a tradition of poetics based in the structuring work of grammar. His work is an ethical disquisition 'As against / The set relations' that revises much current doxa on the nature of linguistic agency."

Renee Gladman is a new narrative writer, formerly of Atlanta and San Francisco and now living in New York. Her prose collections include *Arlem* (Idiom Books, 1996), *Not Right Now* (Second Story Books, 1997), and *Juice* (Kelsey Street Press, 2000). She edited *Clamour*, a magazine of innovative writing that emphasized the work of women of color, and is currently publishing a chapbook series under the imprint of Leroy Press. Giselle Beiguelman

New Media Presentation and Discussion

Tuesday, October 15, 3 pm

Conference Room, 3234 51 W. Warren Ave., Detroit

Giselle Beiguelman is a new media artist and multimedia essayist from in São Paulo, Brazil. She teaches Digital Culture and Literature in the Communication and Semiotics Program, PUC. Since 1998, she has directed desvirtual.com, an on-line editorial studio. Her work includes the award-winning "The Book after the Book" and "Content = No Cache." She has recently made art pieces

for .wap files (downloadable on cell phones and similar devices). Her real-time, public-access, internet-streaming project in urban São Paulo was featured in the New York Times. Brian Kim Stefans and Caroline Bergvall

New Media Presentation and Dialogue with Strucklit

Tuesday, November 12, 3 pm

Conference Room, 3234 51 W. Warren Ave., Detroit

Followed by a Reading and Performance at 7 pm

The Scarab Club, 271 E. Farnsworth (corner of John R), Detroit

Brian Kim Stefans is a poet and new media artist. His books include *Free Space Comix* (Roof, 1998), *Gulf* (Object Editions, 1998), and *Angry Penguins* (Harry Tankos, 2000). *Fashionable Noise: On Digital Poetics* will appear from Atelos in early 2003. He edits *Arras: new media poetry and poetics*, which publishes digital poetry, literary criticism, and Acrobat files of reprints and original titles. He is also editor of /ubu, an Acrobat wing of ubu.com. His web poems "The Dreamlife of Letters" and "The Truth Interview" can be found at Arras.

Caroline Bergvall is a writer of cross-disciplinary and bilingually sourced performances. For several years she directed the performance writing program at Dartington College, U.K. She is anthologized in *Out of Everywhere: Experimental Writing by Women* (Reality Street). *Sound & Language* (Lowestoft, U.K.) published *Eclat* in 1996, and Krupskaya Books (San Francisco) brought out *Goan Atom* in 2001, "The text gives succour to impressions that this is a post-Dada, post-surrealist poetics, one that pooh-poohs the boy's own paper heroics otherwise familiar from various admirers of Bataille and Deleuze." Lytle Shaw

Instrumental Images:

Meta-Illustration in American Art Since 1980

Lecture and Discussion

Thursday, December 5, 3 pm

Conference Room, 3234 51 W. Warren Ave., Detroit

Lytle Shaw is co-editor of *Shark*, a journal of art and literature, curator of readings at The Drawing Center (New York), and contributor to *The Poetics of New Meaning*. A book on the coterie poetics of New York poet Frank O'Hara is currently in preparation for a university press. His literary publications include *The Lobe* (Roof, 2002), *A Side of Closure* (A+Bend Press, 2000), and *Cable Factory 20* (Atelos, 1999). He has collaborated with the painter Emilie Clark. ...

Sponsored by

The Humanities Center, Wayne State University

The Department of English

The Working Group in Digital Culture

YMCA/Writers' Voice

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204. **lewis lacook**

Shamans with a Modem: Joseph and Donna McElroy

Sat 7 Sep 2002

<http://www.suite101.com/article.cfm/15239/94995>

Shamans with a Modem: Joseph and Donna McElroy

The web isn't commonly thought of as a performative medium, though in actuality, in the very mechanisms of its realization, it very much is...

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Do You Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes

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205. **Mairead Byrne**

Re: Alan and His Brown Shirts

Sat 7 Sep 2002

Dear Maria and all,

I've been out of the loop and have only been following these discussions since the beginning of August. Even in that time though I've been surprised at what appears to be list management tolerance of viciousness. This surprises me because even frivolity was frowned on when I was last a contributor. I was wrong to suggest an affinity between Kent Johnson and Jesse Glass. I do wonder why Jesse is tolerated and Kent wasn't. I'd be very happy to read Kent's contributions here, and Henry Gould's and Gabriel Gudding's. Yes sirree. One of the problems of list culture, and I've just exemplified it, to my regret, is that one can tend to be way too slick with names; way too slick with words in general.

Mairead

>>> [REDACTED] 09/07/02 08:51 AM >>>

hi mairead: we haven't been equanimous at all; check out, in the poetix archives, the long threads entitled first "Help!" and then "attacks." what you are reading, about brown-shirts etc, is round two of a series of salvos that started in july.

and really jesse, brown-shirts is too much, as is mention of hitler. is this part of your continued attempt to provoke meaningful discussion? there are better ways. those of us who identify as jews (including of course sondheim) do not

take kindly to such bad taste, nor do many others, including, as you can see, Lawrence Upton and Mairead Byrne. md

At 9:18 PM -0400 9/6/02, Mairead Byrne wrote:

>Dear All,

>

>In the old days, two or three years ago, I was rapped over the knuckles

>by the then manager of Buffalo Poetics for making up frivolous names for

>Mars Bars (in the interests of bonding with our British brothers, you

>see). Given the asperity of that regime, the current equanimity in the

>face of Jesse Glass's rather hateful attacks on Alan Sondheim

>is surprising. If Alan Sondheim, whom I have never met, asked me to

>wear a brown shirt to one of his manifestations, and if I had one, I

>would do it (if it didn't look too horrible). But

>not the sort of brown shirt Jesse Glass is talking about. Oh no. Not

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>you! Doesn't anyone care any more? Okay, tomorrow I'm gonna post as

>many frivolous names for Mars Bars as I can come up with. Meanwhile, 3

>cheers for Lawrence Upton.

>

>Mairead

>

>>>> [REDACTED] 09/06/02 19:51 PM >>>

>First, no idea who Jess Harrison is; second, the fiction-of-philosophy

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>list-owner is Ryan Whyte.

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>Alan

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>On Fri, 6 Sep 2002, jesse glass wrote:

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>> Having said and done my little piece I was ready to retire to lurking

>again,

>> but I found something that I'd like to bring to the list's attention.

>> Please accept my apologies for bringing up this subject again.

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>> jest or otherwise. Just tonight I found Jeff Harrison's little

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>> I presume Jeff is a friend of Alan's and certainly did this with his
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>> Let others take heed and knuckle under, or decide for yourself if
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>> As for me, the summer is winding down, and with everyone's
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>> will return to more pressing matters.
>>
>> Jesse
>>
>>
>> Jess
>>
>
>Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
>Older 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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206. **George Bowering**

Re: Poets on Air

Sat 7 Sep 2002

fyi - forwarded announcement from Susanna Rich of Kean College:

We will be broadcasting the inaugural program of Poets on Air over the Kean University Radio station, WKNJ, Union 90.3FM at noon on Wednesday 9/11/02. It will be a memorial blending poetry and music in response to the terrorist attacks of last September. Hope you can tune in to listen to poems by such luminaries as Emily Dickinson, W.B. Yeats, Stephen Dunn, Charlotte Mandel, Carole Stone, and many others. We are still in the process of arranging interviews and possible simulcasts. If you can't tune in, let me know if you want a CD copy. The station's reach is short, but sometimes it helps if you sit in your car.

I know that radio stations that start with W are east of the Mississippi, but where is Kean College?

--

George Bowering

Likes the number 27.

Fax [REDACTED]

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207. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: Poets on Air

Sat 7 Sep 2002

Hi George

It's in Union, New Jersey. See www.kean.edu if you need more details.

Vernon

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

From: "George Bowering" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, September 07, 2002 4:11 PM

Subject: Re: Poets on Air

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George Bowering
Likes the number 27.
Fax [REDACTED]

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208. **Andrew Felsinger**

Re: Alan and His Brown Shirts- Kent Reading this Thurs, 12th, in SF

Sat 7 Sep 2002

Come out and see Kent Johnson, one of VeRT's contributors as

The Poetry Center Presents:

This Thursday, September 12th

Erin Mouré & Kent Johnson

evening reading at Unitarian Center, San Francisco @ 7:30 pm

for further info see Poetry Center calendar or website www.sfsu.edu/~poetry or
telephone [REDACTED]

see you there...

Andrew

VeRT

"I am finally entangled clear."

--Clark Coolidge

<http://www.litvert.com>

From: Mairead Byrne <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
Date: Sat, 7 Sep 2002 14:43:59 -0400
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Alan and His Brown Shirts

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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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209. **Ralph Wessman**

Re: on being rejected

Sat 7 Sep 2002

the other side of the coin is that from the receiving end of a deluge of poetry submissions it's often hard finding time for a personal response.

Ralph

The letters sometimes suck. One small journal simply wrote "Sorry to say no." I think the editor was suffering under an ink shortage. Another, absolutely nothing but a 2.5"x8.5" slip with an address and two printed sentences. Nothing handwritten at all. It sure beat the deafening no-response silences of the other three, however.

This transmission is intended solely for the person or organisation to whom it is addressed. It is confidential and may contain legally privileged information. If you have received this transmission in error, you may not use, copy or distribute it. Please advise us by return e-mail or by phoning 61 3 62338117 and immediately delete the transmission in its entirety. We will meet your reasonable expenses of notifying us. Despite our use of anti-virus software, Forestry Tasmania cannot guarantee that this transmission is virus-free.

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210. **Alan Sondheim**

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Sat 7 Sep 2002

breathing of move.mov

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there's that to the right of things, the mouth.
her hand moves up to the neck, down to the groin.
particles of breath fly among them.
she moves jerked by the camera scramble for position.
gold particles to the left, silver to the right.
her body thrust across the internal convex surface.
she glances, shakes. her mouth flies open.
her mouth flies open.
there's that to the right of things, the mouth.
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fatness; anorexia; eating - tech

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===

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211. **richard.tylr**

Re: Alan and His Brown Shirts: how i learnt a new word....

Sun 8 Sep 2002

Jesse. You are allowed of course to say (just about anything) on the list - with the obvious exceptions of malicious name calling, racialism (although there is a problem with too much PC which I like PC but is can become bad: eg I was attacked for supporting or at least not feeling that the Taliban were so bad by

some woman as my comments re women there appeared to be anti-women: now it is not true, what I was pointing to was the way that issue of)(the way women are orientated in eastern societies etc) was being used to smokescreen the Afghanistan question and also to heal Bush et al build up for war: but in general, and given that ALL countries wor for it, I want to see eg woman's equality and so on and other human rights)

Now I doubt that people are threatening to attack you physically: we all say things and this is place for discussion...we arent about to go to war with each other. If people by ad large agreed with you it might come to: "We should restrict Alan's postings...." However I think that the two posts a day is good. It stops me sending too much drivel.

But you have a right to put your case. But think of it this way: Alan is at least a "maker" (definition of a poet) (a "doer") sure I agree its all a bit overwhelming: and I found that when I first came on. But I "talked" to Alan and he seems a nice guy: I have his CD ROM and I respect his energy his strangeness (I mean what appears to me to be such)...sure some might put it all down as "drivel"but then we risk not appreciating some very original work [and of course it would be strange if EVERYTHING Alan wrote was of equal quality - but the point here is that he is doing a project: working, doing, TRYING energising the airwaves.....].Now Alan and Wystan and eg my friend Leicester Kyle and others who do projects, lists etc etc earn my respect: (i'm inspired quite by their examples) the passion and or continuing interest of these writers is inspiring as were all the great writers epics you can name [and many of course unnamed and not "in the canon" as outlined by Monsieur Harold Bloom bless his beard!] from Homer through Milton Pope Wordsworth Browning to Pound Olson Williams David Jones Geoffrey Hill Zukofsky Ronald Johnson and many more eg those like Jim Andrews and others who are bridging the boundaries wth their "jargon"/philosophy/science/politics/languages/mysticism/history/craft/pure strangeness/semi-controlled gobbledy gook/ and so on, and much much more and such as Ron Silliman of his A to Z series and all the others we/you/I know or dont know about: they are fascinating, and that leaves out the Chinese and many other writers in many other countries and languages and times...so many creative people with so many ideas: now that doesnt eliminate individual writing or lyrics,they are not mutually exclusive: wystan and others and leicester and pound have and zuk and williams etc have inspired me to attempt various projects eg one is a kind oof (my) family-centred "project" wich is also a kind of journal..and alan has also inspired me: now that's BECAUSE of the frequency of his posts although i dont get to read as much of them as i'd like: clearly Alan is passionate about it: if you and I dont have the energy or talent (we probably do maybe just not now) we shouldnt crit. Alan: however i use "should" (or "shouldnt") guardedly as you and I must also have the right to critique.

Tony Follari slapped me on the knuckles over something said recently; fair enough; i was bit out of line again but was getting "worked up" having just been venturing into reading stuff by Pilger and felt Tony was being too frivolous....

But as to threatening you: if they are they shouldn't - and you are a fairly humorous person: but Alan feels passionate (maybe he's a little over-serious about things but that's the way he is driven just now ..or for the last 8 years!) ...I see other stuff on here that i don't like but I just glance thru it then delete (same fate probably happens to a lot of my posts but that's how things go))....as to "brown shirt" it's obviously rhetoric so i wouldn't worry about that; we humans always use rhetoric of some kind: but you need to "stick to your guns" (ok one can have second thoughts but they shouldn't maybe be based too much on "pressure" but on consideration of others' ideas) not send counter - messages that you were just shit stirring...although I suppose that has its place: but Alan, as I belabour, is clearly very serious (although I also detect some humour in his posts)....

There's nothing wrong with you critiquing Alan etc but I doubt that there are so many that are Alan's friends....i think there are some who like his work, many who are more or less indifferent and some who detest it...and thus and so it is.

The list is a place I feel for information discussion, poetry as, and after or while its being created: notices, support, ideas, links and so on....and I feel it should be (if at all) lightly censored....

If your concerned about saying "upsetting" or "crazy things" have a look at some of my posts (on the archives): it was from a certain Canadian gentleman (who shall remain unnamed for now by moi) that I thus learnt a new word "chutzpah".....

Richard Taylor

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

From: "jesse glass" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, September 07, 2002 6:02 PM

Subject: Alan and His Brown Shirts

> Having said and done my little piece I was ready to retire to lurking again,

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212. **Allen Bramhall**

Re: Alan and His Brown Shirts

Sun 8 Sep 2002

i think jesse knows exactly how offensive the terms are.
some folks just need to raise hell no matter who it hurts.

to respond would give it more attention than it deserves, so we ignore it, much the same as we would ignore the bad behavior of any adolescent.

beth

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

From: "Maria Damon" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, September 07, 2002 9:28 AM

Subject: Re: Alan and His Brown Shirts

hi mairead: we haven't been equanimous at all; check out, in the poetix archives, the long threads entitled first "Help!" and then "attacks." what you are reading, about brown-shirts etc, is round two of a series of salvos that started in july.

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bashing appears to be happening. Why is it when one person attempts
to give
voice to what many people feel on this list, that things like this
happen?

Why is it that Alan feels the need to set his "friends" loose on
people who

> protest (if even in jest) what he is doing?

>

> In my book, this is not cyber-poetry tricked out in French philosophy
of

> language. This is a worthless little lesson in what Hitler knew so
well.

Why do I deserve this? Well, the moral, I guess, is that I shouldn't
have

said a thing about Alan's over-postings. And I should suffer Jeff
Harrison's bashing because I somehow "asked" for it.

Let others take heed and knuckle under, or decide for yourself if Alan
Sondheim (with this brown-shirt friends) really should continue to run
his
factory on this list for another eight years.

Now, with everyone's leave, I would like to hand this subject over to
some
of those people who have back-channeled me during the past couple of
months.

If you appreciate my courage in my interventions, then please reveal
yourselves to this list and continue the protest. Be courageous too.

I'm

sure you're more than adequate in answering bash for bash.

*As for me, the summer is winding down, and with everyone's permission,
I
will return to more pressing matters.*

Jesse

Jess

*Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
Older 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]*

--

[↑ Contents](#)

213. **Alan Sondheim** ***Poem in Perfect Rhyme***

Sun 8 Sep 2002

Poem in Perfect Rhyme

ading

ading

ading

ading

^G Get Help ^ading

mh rvPg/Top ^K Cut Line ^O Posading

mi [END of ading

mj ancel ^D Del Char ^J Attading

mk Line^T To AddrBkAlan and Hisading

ml 5L12 <[REDACTED]

mm e "iso-8859-1" charaading

^C Cancading

mn end message? Yes ading

mo [Sending mail |ading

Password:e people ading

Last login: Thu Aug 29 14:11:57 from panix.core that i dont like ading

but I ading

Anyway, if you could passading

Sun Microsystems Inc. SunOS 5.8 Generic February 2000t I can't ading

```
break confidence. Some of these people have toow ..ading
> cd /publish/info/english/internet_txt      ading
Anyway, if ading
> ftp panix.comhis on - see otading
Connected to panix.com. donading
There's more, but ading
220-'t bading
220 panix.com FTP server (lukemftpd 1.0) ready.der ]02 12:23:12ading
+0900ading
it then delete (same fate probaading
Name (panix.com.): sondheimthis on -beyond top of header ] ading
331 Password required for. break confidence. Some of these peading
Password:toirt" itading
230-iiousading
    NetBSD 1.5.2 (PANIX-USER) #0: We?¿      ading
And why this happeading
ftp> chmod 644 motter what the iniading
?Invalid commande -irring...althading
byeading
===
```

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214. kari edwards

tri-

Sun 8 Sep 2002

tri-

They were there, all of them, the hordes, the mobs, the walking wounded mongers and nomads, rendezvousing with the furniture, with the past. they arrived on buses, or was it something else. I am so tired my point is sinking below the surface. I am italian and they came to the house, came to the new land, they called it a new land, it was an old land, it was new jersey, it was a strip mall, it was the XXX shop just around the corner with its sticky former floors from some leftover humans. standing there on the beachhead with every form of battlement, every contrivance, every romantic noun since the renaissance, since, I begged for forgiveness, since I pleaded for my life. standing there, as I stood by my bed, the bed I was conceived in, the same bed, the same sheets, the sheets that are now fifty years old, never been washed, the same cigarette burns, never been washedŠunmade, disturbed, wracked with centuries of neglect and the hatred of each other, the after and before, the arguments, the hair pulling and bullying, sometime gentle as a car wash, or a reverse decisions.

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215. **Julie Kizershot**

Re: tri-

Sun 8 Sep 2002

Hi honey. Thinking of you often, just suddenly crazy busy. Old Naropa BA student Tim Martin called me today and mentioned that he was so impressed with your work and I told him that Lisa J was going to publish your next book and he wondered if that was the Joan of Arc one, since he saw your reading with Bhanu etc in NYC and apparently chatted with you and thought that what you had to say about that project was really amazing.

so there,

love,

julie

From: kari edwards <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
Date: Sat, 7 Sep 2002 22:30:20 -0700
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: tri-

tri-

They were there, all of them, the hordes, the mobs, the walking wounded mongers and nomads, rendezvousing with the furniture, with the past. they arrived on buses, or was it something else. I am so tired my point is sinking below the surface. I am italian and they came to the house, came to the new land, they called it a new land, it was an old land, it was new jersey, it was a strip mall, it was the XXX shop just around the corner with its sticky former floors from some leftover humans. standing there on the beachhead with every form of battlement, every contrivance, every romantic noun since the renaissance, since, I begged for forgiveness, since I pleaded for my life. standing there, as I stood by my bed, the bed I was conceived in, the same bed, the same sheets, the sheets that are now fifty years old, never been washed, the same cigarette burns, never been washedŠunmade, disturbed, wracked with centuries of neglect and the hatred of each other, the after and before, the arguments, the hair pulling and bullying, sometime gentle as a car wash, or a reverse decisions.

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216. **Allegrezza**
new issue of _moria_
Sun 8 Sep 2002

The new issue of _moria_, a journal for experimental poetry and poetics, is now online. See it at www.moriapoetry.com.

It contains poems and theory by
hank lazer, michael farrell, camille martin,
richard kostelanetz, amy trussell, andrew french,
gregory vincent st. thomasino, stephen kirback,
stephen paling, jennifer firestone, vincent stanley atkins,
amit dwibedy, melanie moroz, and Üzeyir Lokman Çayci.

As always, I am looking for poetry, poetry reviews, and poetic theory for the next issues.

Bill Allegrezza
www.moriapoetry.com

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217. **Camille Martin**
New Orleans Bookfair
Sun 8 Sep 2002

This might be of interest to publishers and book artists who are able to come to New Orleans on Saturday, October 26, for the New Orleans Bookfair. I've been to a couple of their earlier exhibits, and the group has a decidedly alternative energy, everything from books made of feathers & bones to comics to poetry presses to magazines & more.

Poetry, fiction & art presses represented this year include City Lights, Lavender Ink, Skanky Possum, New Mouth from the Dirty South, and many more. AK Press and Anarchy magazine and other political presses will be there as well.

Also - poetry readings in the afternoon.

Here's the website:

<http://www.nolabookfair.com/>

From the website:

New Orleans Bookfair

A book celebration open to the public. Free.

Sponsored by Babylon Lexicon

Gorsky Press and Garrett Ct. Press

The Intersection of

Art Books, Zines and Print Publishing

On the weekend of October 26, 2002, streetcars, booze, food, music, authors, poets, publishers, art book makers, zinesters, booksellers, activists and culture jammers are coming together for a weekend celebration in the heart of old New Orleans.

The fair is being held in conjunction with Babylon Lexicon, an annual show of daring and perplexing artist books. It is from this foundation that the bookfair is built -- handmade print working, homemade media, friends publishing friends for friends of friends.

There will be cook-outs, readings and concerts, culminating in a daylong book exposition at Barrister's Gallery on October 26, 2002. Tables are only \$7.00. Over 40 different publishers from around the country will be there. Come on down and check out a book. We'll be waiting.

Hope to see some of you there -

Camille

Camille Martin

7725 Cohn St.

New Orleans, LA 70118



<http://www.litcity.net>

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218. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: New Orleans Bookfair

Sun 8 Sep 2002

who can pass up \$7 for a table....!!!!

Camille Martin wrote:

This might be of interest to publishers and book artists who are able to come to New Orleans on Saturday, October 26, for the New Orleans Bookfair. I've been to a couple of their earlier exhibits, and the group has a decidedly alternative energy, everything from books made of feathers & bones to comics to poetry presses to magazines & more.

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<http://www.nolabookfair.com/>

From the website:

New Orleans Bookfair

*A book celebration open to the public. Free.
Sponsored by Babylon Lexicon
Gorsky Press and Garrett Ct. Press*

*The Intersection of
Art Books, Zines and Print Publishing*

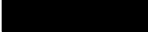
On the weekend of October 26, 2002, streetcars, booze, food, music, authors, poets, publishers, art book makers, zinesters, booksellers, activists and culture jammers are coming together for a weekend celebration in the heart of old New Orleans.

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*Hope to see some of you there -
Camille*

*Camille Martin
7725 Cohn St.
New Orleans, LA 70118*

 <http://www.litcity.net>

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219. **Alan Sondheim**
in honour of alarums, of endless harm

Sun 8 Sep 2002

in honour of alarums, of endless harm

oh captain, our captain, how valiant thou art,
when lilacs last, when thine eyes gouged out,
when blinded, how valiant, how war and thy declarations
rallied the people; when thine arm was lost to cannon,
thine face to ravages of sword and gun, how valiant!
when thine feet were cut by brutal assassination, how valiant!
nations rallied around thee, nations subservient to thee!
how valiant, carry forth full the glory of promise unfulfilled!
the masses, the masses, the masses, our leader, our captain,
out of the cradle, endlessly rocking,
thine ears imploded, the writs of suffocation,
the diseases of degeneration, silent cancers and alarums,
blow again trumpeter - conjure war's alarums.
legless and armless, blinded, deaf, unfeeling, our captain,
our valiant captain, skull churned to heroic fragment,
unrecognizable, alarums, captain of nuclear weaponry,
people lost to cannon, arm'd year - year of the struggle,
vast crowds in protest, oh captain our valiant captain,
when lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed, you were there,
unable to speak, unspeakable

===

[↑ Contents](#)

220. **Harrison Jeff**
Virginia Joins Ausonius in Bordeaux

Sun 8 Sep 2002

olive grove
a mercy if on wheels
tugs planted there

their young the coffins

the Eastern ditch . . . dress at home
radio is a distinction from conversation
the scholar's two boys close
(cure your load by reading the newspaper)
contentious beak lonesome as a gas station
Dante the neolithic up-tight El portador
gnawing only sunsets, the busdriver's contraption borrows my bared skin - on
her back the arm
is the jaw of your passport calf / numerous days
pasted on the lefthand corner, O olive grove
the vacant eye eyes a coastline's branchnet
grace blossoms when the calf is killed, whilst cream
and a settled third shore share their leaves as carbon paper
currents prowling the steamed-up commercials
shamelessly pursing & horseman's sleep escapest me to say:
chief nation; war-equipment
princely pledge bewail'd; THE game of collars
a lay recite (too little hopeless)- encompass my works
the Almighty, clotted with grizzled hair, with cash recompensed,
in conference with the morrow; prosperity near and far
His errand had fallen portion to our track
cold streams
of both nations where the iamb lies down with the lion

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

[↑ Contents](#)

221. **Harrison Jeff**
Virginia Rationalizes Semolina Pilchards
Sun 8 Sep 2002

marked smoke
a charm of the divinest scene, the lady died and I slept on
profits all
within me
execration from earliest infancy
divert voluntary irksomes

your garb
resembling
the ground
astonishing
talkative as right
divesting low
endeavored to prime
towering by the union of impetuosity and redundance
bluest kiss
black
attainments touched with blue peculiarly classical
inching along
the lip of the pard, you told me there was no pressure
that was
30% ago
we walk at least above all
in back of the fine arts
flat on
your
tail bone
momentarily
located by number
purely pure
plutocracy in winter
the pard's not alone in playing the averages
hot water
city
I left them sleeping dogs
good to
have milk out of white goldenrod, September was rainy last year
be dry
again
dozen smelly names
the car runs through it
light &
light
and shade
phosphorus

no bigger'n Hop o' my Marx
tilted line of lunar

Bill's Aida puma so much like Artaud
limited time
 offer
copy motive & shun result

 most new
blew away your hollow wave, added five orders very
brown and
 round
complain still less arch
close on the other side

 to live
 with
 more care
 disposition
 the night
 cycle grand re linearity
hunting instead of the dream a break of blue sky
style locks
 due
crushed and complete hereafter

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

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222. **lewis lacook**
Re: on being rejected
Sun 8 Sep 2002

rejections? not really disturbing...
only mildly so when the work i sent is as good as or
better than what the publishers actually went with...
& then only mildly...it's too often a game of
idol-worship for me to get too concerned about...
bliss
l
=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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223. **Michael Broder**
Workshop announcement
Mon 9 Sep 2002

I hope this does not violate list etiquette but if you know anyone who might be interested in a private workshop, please pass this message along.

thanks

Michael

=====

Poetry Workshop with Jason Schneiderman
(309 West 57th Between 8th & 9th, convenient to the A,C,1,2,B,D,N,R,Q
Trains)

10 Thursdays (October 10 to December 12)

6pm-8pm

Enrollment limited to 10

\$150 for registration before October 1st

\$200 for registration after October 1st.

RSVP to [REDACTED]
or [REDACTED]

This workshop will focus on peer review of poems. We will also look at contemporary American poetry from a writer's perspective. All levels are welcome.

Jason Schneiderman received his MFA in Poetry from NYU and has taught creative writing at NYU and Hofstra. His poems have been published in Columbia, La Petite Zine, and The Penguin Book of the Sonnet, among other places. He is the layout editor at Painted Bride Quarterly.

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224. **Michael Broder**

Ear Inn Readings--September 2002

Mon 9 Sep 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

September 14, 2002

John Hoppenthaler, Gretchen Mazur, Robert Thomas, Lara Tupper

September 21, 2002

David Burr, Bronwyn Mills, Margie Ann Stanko

September 28, 2002

Cammy Thomas plus others to be announced

For more information contact Michael Broder or Jason Schneiderman at

██████████ or ██████████

or visit our Web site at

<http://home.nyc.rr.com/earinnreadings>

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225. **Noah Eli Gordon**

origins of the term "avant-garde"

Mon 9 Sep 2002

can anyone tell me the origin of the term

"avant-garde"??

(...Burger's Theory of the Avant-Garde was checked out
of the local libraries...)

and I'm interested not in the sort of vague notion of
it as the early twenty century movement meant to
challenge the role of art in bourgeois society, but
really in the term itself...

thanks,

Noah

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226. **K. Silem Mohammad**

Re: origins of the term "avant-garde"

Mon 9 Sep 2002

The term itself is a military term meaning "advance guard." Which you probably already knew. But I think it was Courbet who first used it in an artistic context. As for the first specifically literary application, I don't know.

Kasey

on 9/8/02 9:52 PM, Noah Eli Gordon at [REDACTED] wrote:

*can anyone tell me the origin of the term
"avant-garde"??*

*(...Burger's Theory of the Avant-Garde was checked out
of the local libraries...)*

*and I'm interested not in the sort of vague notion of
it as the early twenty century movement meant to
challenge the role of art in bourgeois society, but
really in the term itself...*

*thanks,
Noah*

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227. **Alan Sondheim**

in honour in of honour alarums, of mourning and villainy

Mon 9 Sep 2002

in honour in of honour alarums, of mourning and villainy

of endless of harm endless oh oh captain, captain, our our how how valiant
valiant thou thou art, art, when when lilacs lilacs last, last, thine thine eyes eyes
gouged gouged out, out, blinded, how valiant, how war and and thy thy declara-
tions declarations when rallied people; the when people; thine arm lost was to
lost cannon, to rallied cannon, the face ravages ravages sword sword gun, gun,
valiant! valiant! face feet cut were by cut brutal by assassination, brutal how
assassination, valiant! nations nations around around thee, thee, subservient
subservient thee! thee! carry full forth the full glory glory promise promise how

unfulfilled! valiant, masses, masses, leader, captain, out cradle, of endlessly the rocking, cradle, ears thine imploded, ears writs the suffocation, of diseases diseases degeneration, degeneration, silent silent cancers cancers blow again blow trumpeter again - trumpeter conjure - war's conjure alarums. war's legless legless armless, armless, deaf, deaf, unfeeling, unfeeling, skull skull churned churned heroic heroic fragment, fragment, unrecognizable, captain unrecognizable, nuclear captain weaponry, of people cannon, arm'd year year of struggle, to vast crowds crowds in protest, oh last the dooryard you bloomed, were you there, there, lilacs unable speak, unspeakable

===

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228. **George Bowering**
Re: origins of the term "avant-garde"

Mon 9 Sep 2002

*can anyone tell me the origin of the term
"avant-garde"??*

*(...Burger's Theory of the Avant-Garde was checked out
of the local libraries...)*

*and I'm interested not in the sort of vague notion of
it as the early twenty century movement meant to
challenge the role of art in bourgeois society, but
really in the term itself...*

When an army unit is proceeding somewhere in war time, it has some guys who go out in front, what are sometimes called point men.

--

George Bowering

Likes the number 27.

Fax 

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229. **lewis lacook**
FOOD FIGHT

Mon 9 Sep 2002

You know, she dribbles sunshine
over trees from nipples maiming
the goddess virus, the goddess virus

surviving near total nuclear
ice cream fudge over the hinges to
Hey, fuck you, my man, this year's
hardly working payments spawn shadows

spun from spinning spines, cotton candy
cotton candy, like gnawing fiberglass

with sugar shotguns, sugar shotguns,
you see, the door that flowers with
light just beneath, through which
we see her, standing over a bloodied

Absolutely! Waiter comes back with
swimming in the meat virus, the meat
virus like stones from a colonoscopy

or copies of his head, recently divorced
from the trunks of backlit trees, zombie

pastry, zombie pastry, oh my in that

light we can seal up whole natural grains,

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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230. **lewis lacook**

VACAT(ION)

Mon 9 Sep 2002

I go to the shore with my
beautiful boyfriend. There
are trees, standing in
big pools of friction like
everything's electric at
the beach. My beautiful
boyfriend spreads a loving
blanket over the lake
for me to walk over. Teams

of lack players stand
waist-deep in epigraphs
for the television my
beautiful boyfriend shot
up on funny
pills. We walk over
the lake hand in
hand, but I'm not sure
which. I look down and
my wrist is sudden like
a big black bird.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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<http://finance.yahoo.com>

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231. **Aaron Belz**
humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

Friends,

I am looking for one book that gives a good theoretical understanding of humor and laughter--especially with regards to literature, but I would take a book on humor in general. I want a book that is not obscure but somewhat comprehensive and also readable.

A psychological perspective might work well.

Thanks,
Aaron

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232. **Halvard Johnson**
Re: humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

Henri Bergson's possibly your guy.

Laughter: An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic

Hal "The thing to remember is that each time
of life has its appropriate rewards, whereas
when you're dead it's hard to find the
light switch."

--Woody Allen

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

{ Friends,

{

{ I am looking for one book that gives a good theoretical understanding of
{ humor and laughter--especially with regards to literature, but I would take
{ a book on humor in general. I want a book that is not obscure but some-
what

{ comprehensive and also readable.

{

{ A psychological perspective might work well.

{

{ Thanks,

{ Aaron

[↑ Contents](#)

233. **Arielle Greenberg**

Re: humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

Hi, Aaron--

I liked They Used to Call Me Snow White...but I
Drifted: Women's Strategic Use of Humor by Regina
Barreca. It's of course feminist in slant but she has
many books about the use of humor in literature and
otherwise, and is that rare thing: a totally
accessible academic. Her work could be easily read by
anyone.

Not comprehensive by any means but very useful.

Love,
Arielle

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234. **Steve Evans**
Benjamin Hollander @ UMaine
Mon 9 Sep 2002

THE UMAINE NEW WRITING SERIES presents the FIRST EVENTS of FALL 2002

B E N J A M I N H O L L A N D E R

POETRY READING

4:30PM * THURSDAY * 12 SEPT

SODERBERG AUDITORIUM

TALK

"RITUALS OF TRUCE & THE OTHER ISRAELI"

11AM * FRIDAY * 13 SEPT * 206 ROGERS

Co-sponsor Hillel, the Foundation for Jewish Campus Life

And a special SCREENING of two films selected by the poet

The Marx Brothers in DUCK SOUP (1933; 70min) &

Carol Reed's noir class ODD MAN OUT (1947; 115min)

TUESDAY * 10 SEPT * 7PM * DPC 117

Benjamin Hollander was born in Israel and emigrated to New York City in 1958, at the age of six. He has lived in San Francisco since 1978. His books include *The Book Of Who Are Was*, *How to Read*, and *Translating Tradition: Paul Celan in France* (editor). For the New Writing Series, he will be reading *Levinas and the Police*, a long poem from a manuscript entitled *Onome*, a work which has been called "a detective-poem, or poem-noir, a genre unto its own."

The title of Hollander's talk is drawn from two phrases which appear in different sections of Raja Shehadeh's *The Third Way*. Through a collage of journal fragments, personal stories, poetry, citations, dialogues, aphorisms, real emails and virtual letters, the talk will measure our responsibility in responding to the question: who can one trust to speak to in developing truce among "peoples" in the Middle East before (and after) "develop[ing] argument in order to speak" (George Oppen)?

ALL EVENTS FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC * SPONSORED BY THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT AND THE NATIONAL POETRY FOUNDATION WITH SUPPORT FROM THE LLOYD H. ELLIOT FUND AND THE CULTURAL AFFAIRS COMMITTEE * FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT STEVE

EVANS AT [REDACTED] * FOR DIRECTIONS, CLICK
<http://www.umaine.edu/locator/default.htm>

Assistant Professor of English
Coordinator, UMaine New Writing Series
Co-editor, Sagetrieb: Poetry and Poetics after Modernism
[REDACTED] | [REDACTED]

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235. **Lanny Quarles**
Fw: Backwards, Towards..
Mon 9 Sep 2002

implicit malfunction:
Traditional Model of Trophic Interactions
target regulation, survival, competition. spiritual canvas opens.closes.

THE LOWEST NEURON: Organelle Formation----->\$begin\$
(+*HEAD*+)

Backwards, Towards..
(exodus of the impersonal, through)
<http://www.cstl.nist.gov/div836/836.05/Images/image005.gif>

(NECK)
()

=physiognomy plate=

/////////TARGET ENERVATION ASSEMBLY\\\\\\\\\\

-----88888888-----o-pine! wondering of the constant displacements
[VALHI] -----7777777-----elements not of all gestures broken..
[LAPPA] -----666666-----all the scattered ores unknown and floating
[GAZARNULLI] -----55555-----whose violence of contrary movements
[HAYASA] -----4444-----which are never reconciled and never appeased
[IPUWER] -----333-----for who so sang that edifices sing
[JEHU] -----22-----and of what's repose,
[KARATEPE] -----1-----endeavor muted to becoming
[LUGALZAGGISI] -----1-----and so closed a stone fist
[MUWATALLIS] -----22-----pressing night upon night
[NINURTA] -----333-----to get them closer
[OGDOAD] -----4444-----reader! lost god! you infinite trace!
[PULU] -----55555-----orpheus and osiris, dionysos dismembered all!
[QADESH] -----666666-----workers and worked upon..
[RAZAMA] -----7777777-----brought close then scattered like a wreck upon
the ages [SHESHONG] -----88888888-----to make of us carved

ears in a glade
[TUSHRATTA] -----7777777-----and mouths like brooks ababbling
[ULLIKUMMI] -----666666-----wordless rhythm of nature, tsunami and
hummingbird [VENUS] -----55555-----dis-
tances where unknown actions
[WASSUKKANNI] -----4444-----attract no less than disengage
[XYLENE RIBCAGE UNCLE] -----333-----for its unfurling
[YASMAKH-ADDU] -----22-----glass slipper, and war
[ZANCANI MONTUORO] -----1-----shifting earth, horrible, exquisite
[AMORGOS] -----22-----exalting all alliances of contrary
[BOUKOULOI] -----333-----old genius of verse
[COCULLO] -----4444-----matter bespoken through the listening
[DAKARIS] -----55555-----upon some transparency
[ENORCHES] -----666666-----quicken blossoming
[FIRMICUS MATERNUS] -----7777777-----shine there and die in a swift flow-
ering [GAMOS] -----88888888-----earth from blackness
[HARMONIA] -----7777777-----a full-bodied silence
[ISOLA SACRA] -----666666-----folded through metal stamens
[JUPITER] -----55555-----the message glorifies the circuitry
[KEOS] -----4444-----in dazzling affirmations
[LIKNITES] -----333-----of impossibility's dy\$.appearing
[MYSTERION] -----22-----and takes place all alone
[NOMMO] -----1-----in the shifting holes
[OANNES]

geomelikratos+anu-kumarbi=de umbra transfertur ad corpus

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236. **Small Press Traffic**

***SPT season opener: Laynie Browne & Leslie Scalapino, this Friday
Sept 13***

Mon 9 Sep 2002

Friday, September 13, 2002 at 7:30 pm

Small Press Traffic presents

a reading by

Laynie Browne & Leslie Scalapino

Poet, prose, and hybrid genre writer Laynie Browne has two new books this year, *Acts of Levitation* (Spuyten Duyvil) and *Pollen Memory* (Tender Buttons). A former curator at the Ear Inn in NYC and Subtext in Seattle, Browne's work was included in *Poet's Choice*, edited by Robert Hass, and she is a past winner of the Gertrude Stein Award in Innovative American Literature. Her previous

books include *The Rebecca Letters* (Kelsey St, 1997) and *The Agency of Wind* (Avec, 1999), of which *Rain Taxi* magazine said "the surrealism is distinctly later day." Born in 1966 and raised in Los Angeles, Browne recently moved to Oakland.

A renowned language pioneer, Leslie Scalapino's new book is *It's go/in quiet illumined grass/land*, a long poem from Sausalito's Post Apollo Press. Other recent books include *The Tango* (Granary Books), reprint of her novel, *Defoe* (Green Integer), and a poetic mystery novel, *Orchid Jetsam* (Tuumba). Alice Notley says of Scalapino's latest book: "An enlightened work singing of death, physical pain, social fearfulness, and where when or whether one is. The intricate variable stanza, almost danced (like a Greek strophe) sounds one of Scalapino's favorite themes: inside and outside, the cruelty outside and the illumination also there, as in here, in space and in time. The stanza leads one through the space and time of the poem word by word. You can't stop."

All events are \$5-10, sliding scale, unless otherwise noted. Our events are free to SPT members, and CCAC faculty, staff, and students.

Unless otherwise noted, our events are presented in

Timken Lecture Hall

California College of Arts and Crafts

1111 Eighth Street, San Francisco (just off the intersection of 16th & Wisconsin)

Small Press Traffic's 2002-03 season is supported, in part, by the California Arts Council; the California College of Arts & Crafts; Community Thrift Store; Grants for the Arts/San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund; the Lane Family Charitable Trust; Poets & Writers Inc., through a grant from the James Irvine Foundation; the San Francisco Arts Commission; the Harold and Alma White Memorial Fund; the Zellerbach Family Fund; Anonymous (5); and our Members. Thank you all.

Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson, Executive Director

Small Press Traffic

Literary Arts Center at CCAC

1111 - 8th Street

San Francisco, California 94107

<http://www.sptraffic.org>



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237. **cheryl doppler burket**

some poems

Mon 9 Sep 2002

> i liked kari's poem tri so thought i'd post a link
>
>
http://www.burningpress.org/va/poethia/poethia_single05.html
>
> others can be found in Passing Through 90 Degrees,
> San
> Francisco State University 2000 or ordered from me
>
> best
>
> cheryl
>
>

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238. **Small Press Traffic**

Arellano and Sigo at JSC this Thurs, SF

Mon 9 Sep 2002

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Contact: Reid Gómez [REDACTED], [REDACTED]

shameless fag and shy butch

San Francisco Native and Mission Poet Cathy Arellano
reading with
Suquamish Poet Cedar Sigo
Thursday September 12, 2002
8pm
LIT @ JSC

San Francisco, California?Jon Sims Center for the Arts presents Native American writers Sigo and Arellano for the first of this years acclaimed LIT @ JSC reading series. The event, curated by Reid Gómez, represents recent efforts by the JSC Diversity Artists Initiative to transform San Francisco's literary arts scene into a complicated stomp ground for difference. Sigo was raised on the Suquamish Reservation. He studied at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodies Poetics. His first book, *Goodnight Nurse*, published by Angry Dog Press, is a conversation with his cousins, "telling them I'm a fag without shame." For Sigo publishing is important, especially so Native writers are not "ghettoized in Native Anthologies." In addition to writing he also publishes the literary journal *Old Gold*. New to San Francisco, he is a poet of amazing depth and guiltless audacity. Of his relationship with the Suquamish language he says, "The Earth is one word deep, that is your name." Remember this man. Speaking about his writing he says, "Gorgeous indelible lines present themselves to me. You can't ignore them." Sigo dropped out of middle school and stopped living at the Suquamish tribal housing project, and began to write his poetry. He lives without apology, "trash," he says, "is the material of creators." Arellano, the Mission's most underrated poet, will read from her recent chapbook *I Love My Women, Sometimes They Love Me*. This new work pushes the edges of what Arellano's audience has come to love and respect in her brutally honest and hilarious treatment of family life on 19th and Guerrero. She is a "lover not a fighter," as this collection of love poems attests to. She is true, wise and romantic. Don't mistake her subtlety and sweetness. She'll slip you a mickey at the 500 club after a niners night game. You can bet your paycheck on it. After completing an MFA in creative non fiction at the Iowa workshop, Cathy returned home to San Francisco, continuing her role as a community activist and historian. Equally adept in poetry, short story and non fiction Arellano's writing stands upright with conviction. Her non fiction book, *I Will Survive: Women Living with HIV*, further illustrates attentiveness to her working class roots, and her uncompromising willingness to lay it on the line for the people she loves and lives beside. Admission is \$7-12, ABSOLUTELY NO ONE TURNED AWAY. Q & A to follow reading. L. Frank Manriquez, Tongva Ajachmen singer, cartoonist and painter will open the evening, and Navajo author Reid Gómez will host. To schedule an interview contact Reid Gómez. For additional information about the Jon Sims Center, or the Diversity Initiative Artists Advisory Group, please contact Charles Wilmoth @ [REDACTED] or via e-mail at, [REDACTED]. This is an alcohol free event.

Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson, Executive Director
Small Press Traffic
Literary Arts Center at CCAC
1111 - 8th Street

San Francisco, California 94107

<http://www.sptraffice.org>



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239. **kari edwards**

Re: some poems

Mon 9 Sep 2002

cheryl,

sure that would be great!.. could you tell me a little more how burning press works?

kari

on 9/9/02 10:11 AM, cheryl doppler burket at  wrote:

i liked kari's poem tri so thought i'd post a link

http://www.burningpress.org/va/poethia/poethia_single05.html

*others can be found in Passing Through 90 Degrees,
San
Francisco State University 2000 or ordered from me*

best

cheryl

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240. **cheryl doppler burket**

Re: some poems

Mon 9 Sep 2002

hi kari

burning press is run by ganick, clippinger, finnegan.
here i'm just posting a link of poetry for the hell of
it...

cb

--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> cheryl,

>

> sure that would be great!.. could you tell me a

> little more how burning

> press works?

>

> kari

> on 9/9/02 10:11 AM, cheryl doppler burket at

> [REDACTED] wrote:

>

> >> i liked kari's poem tri so thought i'd post a

> link

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http://www.burningpress.org/va/poethia/poethia_single05.html

> >>

> >> others can be found in Passing Through 90

> Degrees,

> >> San

> >> Francisco State University 2000 or ordered from

> me

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> >> best

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> >> cheryl

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241. **schwartzgk**

James Kopta Memorial Concert Sunday, September 22

Mon 9 Sep 2002

I wanted to pass this along, since there are many on this list who knew him
and of him and of his work.

Gerald

> The Department of Experimental Services Presents:
>
> A benefit concert in memory of James Kopta
> Sunday, September 22
> upstairs at Valentine's Concert Hall
> Albany, New York.
>
> Show starts promptly at 7pm
> door charge \$7.00
>
> Proceeds from the show will be donated to the Juvenile Diabetes
> Foundation-Northeastern Chapter and used to release recordings James
made
> before his death.
>
> Performing LIVE that evening will be:
>
> Brown Cuts Neighbors - Final Performance

- > The Phlegmchuckers - 1st show in over 2 years (members of Kitty Little & Kiss-Ups)
- > Small Girl Boils Water (from Syracuse - Steven Cerio ex-Railroad Jerk)
- > Laudanum (Detroit - Dara of BCN and His Name is Alive)
- > Jump Cannon
- > Faking Trains
- > Wayne Rodgers/Seth Cluett/Mike Bullock/Jason Martin
- > nickname: Rebel
- > James Lanni/Tom Burre/Benjamin Chadabe
- > Kamikaze Hearts
- > L. Collier Hyams (50 Man Machine) w/ DJ Flip 1
- > Damien Catera (Con De Mek)
- > Jack Jastrebski
- > Jason Martin solo
- > Seth Cluett solo
- > Peter Barvoets - spoken word
- >
- > There will also be:
- >
- > Video shorts - some of the best Brown Cuts Neighbors shorts and excerpts from James' performances will be shown. There will also be live video
- > mixing of BCN TV by David Lublin during the BCN set.
- >
- > program book - A collection of photos, memories, writings, cartoons, by, of
- > and about Jim.
- >
- > -----
- >
- > Capital District-based musician, writer and artist James R. Kopta
- > accidentally drowned in the Mohawk River near the Crescent Bridge on August
- > 9, 2002. Mr. Kopta was an integral part of the local arts and music
- > community for over a decade.
- >
- > Mr. Kopta was an Instrumentalist and songwriter for many Capital District
- > bands including Brown Cuts Neighbors, Exploding Corpse Action, Hail Mary
- > and Frank Budgen. An accomplished guitarist, pianist and composer, he
- > released several records, CDs and cassettes and performed all over the
- > country. He was a prime moving force behind the art and music collective
- > Department of Experimental Services. Video and film shorts that he
- > co-produced and acted in have been shown locally and internationally in

> festivals and galleries. He was a sculptural welder who created his own
> figurative works as well as working with artists George Rickey and Larry
> Kagan. As a writer he created numerous short stories, collected in the
> books "All of it's a Turkey Shoot" and "The Pipe Fitter's Companion" and
> was an active researcher into areas as diverse as biochemistry and the
> decoding of James Joyce's Finnegans Wake.

>

> -----

>

> Contact:

> Marc Arsenault - Coordinator - [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

>

> Additional contact information:

>

> James R. Kopta memorial website - <http://wowcool.com/james>

>

> Juvenile Diabetes Foundation-Northeastern Chapter, 6 Greenwood Drive,
East

> Greenbush, NY 1206 [REDACTED]

>

> Valentine's Concert Hall, 17 New Scotland Ave., Albany, NY [REDACTED].

>

> DeptEx, 51 3rd st., Troy NY, 12180. <http://wowcool.com/deptex>

>

>

>

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242. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

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<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
```

```
<P><FONT face="Garamond, Times, Serif" size=1>Didn't Bergson - or was it  
Marcuse - write on humor?&nbsp; And amusingly enough, in a somewhat nega-  
tive frame.&nbsp; And certainly Marcel Mauss in his encyclopaedic panic  
must've referred to "humor" on at least several occasions . . .</FONT></P>
```

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<P><FONT face="Garamond, Times, Serif" size=1>S E<BR><BR></P></  
FONT></DIV>
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<DIV></DIV>
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<DIV><FONT style="BACKGROUND-COLOR: #fff8f0"></FONT></DIV></
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div><br clear=all><hr>Join the world's largest e-mail service with MSN Hot-mail. Click Here
</html>

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243. **Tony Follari**
Reply humor theory
Mon 9 Sep 2002

hi there Arielle,

this looks interesting. I once wrote a humourous story called "Snow white and the 7-inch dwarf" .Can you tell me more about This Regina Barecca, has she written books on comedy theory?

Regards Tony Follari

*From: Arielle Greenberg <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: humor theory
Date: Mon, 9 Sep 2002 08:51:51 -0700*

Hi, Aaron--

I liked They Used to Call Me Snow White...but I Drifted: Women's Strategic Use of Humor by Regina Barreca. It's of course feminist in slant but she has many books about the use of humor in literature and otherwise, and is that rare thing: a totally accessible academic. Her work could be easily read by anyone.

Not comprehensive by any means but very useful.

*Love,
Arielle*

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244. **juliana spahr**
chain 9 now available
Mon 9 Sep 2002

CHAIN NO. 9: DIALOGUE

Yet another good buy from CHAIN. Over 300 pages of dialogue for a mere \$12!

*****!!

Special deal for Poetix list members: subscribe for no. 9 + no. 10 (on translation/translucination) for \$20 and receive CHAIN 8: COMIX for a mere \$5 more.

*****!!

CHAIN NO. 9: DIALOGUE

Edited by Jena Osman and Juliana Spahr
with Thalia Field and Cecilia Vicuña

In the first issue of Chain we had sent out "chain letters" to some poets and asked them to write a poem and send it on to someone else and so on. In that first issue, our hope was that we would meet a whole bunch of new writers. It turned out that we were already familiar with many of the writers in those chains. This told us a lot about the tightly knit social dimensions of the poetry community. In following issues of Chain, we tried both to celebrate this and to expand it. This issue on dialogue is yet another attempt to expand the conversation. In addition to an open call for work, we commissioned a series of dialogues where we asked people who did not know each other but who had similar concerns to talk to each other.

Some highlights:

New York Language poet Bruce Andrews and
Hawaiian Nationalist playwright Alani Apio
in dialogue

Philadelphia poet Tom Devaney and
Manhattan poet Edwin Torres
exchange email

the complete and expanded dialogue
between poetics list members . . .

Detroit's Barrett Watten and
Manhattan's Nick Piombino
on the flag

Scots poet Rob MacKenzie and
pidgin poet Lee A. Tonouchi
in dialogue

plays from Washington D.C.'s Mark McMorris, Providence's Aishah Rahman,
San Francisco's Tenderloin Opera Company, and Brooklyn's Mac Wellman
Serbian comic Aleksander Zograf on human and animal dialogue

chain dialogue: happiness

(Stacy Doris, Bahaa Abu Daya, Beth Yahp, Adam Aitken)

chain dialogue: english

(Arnaldo Antunes & Josely Vianna Baptista,
Dubravka Djuric, Francisco Faria, Martin Larsen,
Robert Sullivan, Heriberto Yopez)

and much, much more . . .

website highlights (<http://www.temple.edu/chain>):

Editors' Note and Contents

Ademir Assunção & Kaká Werá Jecupé, Words of A Moon-Man
(<http://www.temple.edu/chain/assuncaojecupe.htm>)

Aishah Rahman, If Only We Knew
(<http://www.temple.edu/chain/rahman.htm>)

chain dialogue on happiness
(<http://www.temple.edu/chain/happiness.htm>)

audio additional
(<http://www.temple.edu/chain/audioadditional.htm>)

the audio files of the complete
Craigie Horsfield and Cecilia Vicuña
dialogue

Michael Ives, Ye Shall Receive (An Elegy to the Near 90s)
(coming soon)

José Pérez de Arce, three poems

Jane Philbrick, Common Prayer
(Bill has promised to load this in the next couple of days)

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SPD writes . . . The ninth edition of this highly esteemed journal of experimental poetry and poetics focuses on "Dialogues." While CHAIN has always encouraged the "dialogue" inherent in cross-genre work and collaboration, issue #9 makes that interest overt, with both fascinating and radical results. Includes dialogues between Bruce Andrews & Alani Apio, Tom Devaney & Edwin Torres, Peter Gizzi & Elizabeth Willis, Craigie Horsfield & Cecilia Vicuna, Reynaldo Jimenez & Jussara Salazar, Bob Perelman & Francie Shaw, Nick Piombino & Barrett Watten, and many, many others. An essential journal for anyone interested in contemporary innovative writing.

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245. **Tony Follari**
Reply to humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

Dear Aaron, this caught my eye. As far as I know,not much has been written on humour theory,but I can tell you what you need to know,as I have written and published 4 Comedy books and over 1000 jokes. I'm a Comedian in New Zealand.Feel free to ask me some theoretical questions if you wish.

Regards Tony Follari NZ Comedian/Artist/Poet

*From: Aaron Belz <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: humor theory
Date: Mon, 9 Sep 2002 09:05:27 -0500*

Friends,

I am looking for one book that gives a good theoretical understanding of humor and laughter--especially with regards to literature, but I would take a book on humor in general. I want a book that is not obscure but somewhat comprehensive and also readable.

A psychological perspective might work well.

*Thanks,
Aaron*

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246. **Maria Damon**

Re: humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

At 9:05 AM -0500 9/9/02, Aaron Belz wrote:

>Friends,

>

>I am looking for one book that gives a good theoretical understanding of
>humor and laughter--especially with regards to literature, but I would take
>a book on humor in general. I want a book that is not obscure but somewhat
>comprehensive and also readable.

>

>A psychological perspective might work well.

>

>Thanks,

>Aaron

freud's jokes and the unconscious is basically a love letter to jewish jokes (that is, jewish humor, not anti-semitic jokes); may be too specific for your needs but worth a look. i've never read the key texts by bergson or erasmus, but hear them referred to constantly in this regard.

--

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247. **Laura Mullen**

job announcement

Mon 9 Sep 2002

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH: CREATIVE WRITING/POETRY. Colorado State University. Nine-month, tenure-track appointment to begin August 15, 2003. Requirements: M.F.A. or terminal degree, promising record of teaching, at least one book and substantial publications. International poetry and community outreach interest and experience would enhance application. Send vitae, letter of interest, writing sample (book or selection of roughly 50 pages), dossier which includes evidence of strengths in teaching and creative writing, and three letters of reference to Professor Steven Schwartz, Chair, Creative Writing/Poetry Search Committee, Department of English, Colorado State University, Fort Collins, CO 80523-1773. This is an "open search": once the search committee has identified semi-finalists, departmental faculty will have access to those files. Applications will be considered until the position is filled; however, for full consideration, applications must be postmarked by November 15, 2002. Routine inquiries to [REDACTED]. For a complete position

description, visit the department web site at www.colostate.edu/Depts/English. CSU is an EEO/AA employer. EO office is 101 Student Services.

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248. **Aaron Belz**

Re: Reply to humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

Tony,

I wish you would post some of your jokes to the list.

Everyone else, thanks a lot; I ended up going with the Freud and the Bergson, complimented by Peter Berger's Redeeming Laughter and some books specific to 19th-century American humor, which is what i'm focusing on at the moment. It is a delight to do this work. For instance, here is a bit from Josh Billings (nee Henry Wheeler Shaw, 1818-1885)--

PASHUNCE OV JOB.

Evryboddy iz in the habit of bragging on Job, and Job did hav konsiderable bile pashunce, that's a fac, but did he ever keep a distrik skule for 8 dollars a month, and borde 'round? Did he ever reap lodged oats down hill in a hot da, and hav all hiz gallus buttons bust oph at once? Did he ever hav the jumpin teethake, and be made tu tend baby while hiz wife was over tu Perkinses tu a teasquall? Did he ever git up in the morning awful fri and turf it 3 miles befoar brekfast tu git a drink, and find that the man kep a tempranse hous? Did he ever undertaik tu milk a kicking hefer with a bushy tail, in fli time, out in the lot? Did he ever sot down onto a litter ov kittens in the old rockin cheer, with hiz summer pantyloons on without saying "damnashun!" If he cud du all theze things, and praze the Lord at the same time, all I hav got tu sa, iz, BULLY FOR JOB!

From _Josh Billings, *Hiz Sayings*_ (NY: Carleton, 1866)

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249. **Anthony Robinson**

Re: Reply to humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

Aaron,

I don't know any jokes. Every so often Patrick Herron tells me that my poems are "really funny" but I don't know if he means they're funny-good or funny-bad.

I don't believe in funny-bad (unless you count Jim Carrey) so I assume he means the former.

Punchline: So the Pope leans back, puts his feet up on the table, reaches into his robe, lights a cigar, takes a drag and says "You fuckers are all right."

I forgot the lead-in...

Tony

*Tony,
I wish you would post some of your jokes to the
list.*

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250. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: Reply to humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

Walter Blair at the Univ. of Chicago specialized in American humor and wrote a book called (you guessed it) *American Humor*. I haven't seen it in years, and don't know if it's still around.

He had a pretty fair sense of humor himself. I tried to ask him a question in class once, and he said, "Mr. Johnson, *I* ask the questions here."

And someone once asked him what he thought of Philip Roth's then new novel called *Letting Go* (a roman a cle having to do with academic life in and around UC), and he responded, "Well, I think of it as *The Gripes of Roth*."

Hal "The secret of managing is to keep the guys
 who hate you away from the guys who are
 undecided."

 --Casey Stengel

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

{ Everyone else, thanks a lot; I ended up going with the Freud and the
{ Bergson, complimented by Peter Berger's Redeeming Laughter and some
books { specific to 19th-century American humor, which is what i'm focusing

on at { the { moment. It is a delight to do this work. For instance, here is a bit from { Josh Billings (nee Henry Wheeler Shaw, 1818-1885)--
{ { { PASHUNCE OV JOB. { { Evryboddy iz in the habit of bragging on Job, and Job did hav konsiderable { bile pashunce, that's a fac, but did he ever keep a distrik skule for 8 { dollars a month, and borde 'round? Did he ever reap lodged oats down hill { in a hot da, and hav all hiz gallus buttons bust oph at once? Did he ever { hav the jumpin teethake, and be made tu tend baby while hiz wife was over tu { Perkinses tu a teasquall? Did he ever git up in the morning awful fri and { turf it 3 miles befoar brekfast tu git a drink, and find that the man kep a { tempranse hous? Did he ever undertaik tu milk a kicking hefer with a bushy { tail, in fli time, out in the lot? Did he ever sot down onto a litter ov { kittens in the old rockin cheer, with hiz summer panty-loons on without { saying "damnashun!" If he cud du all theze things, and praze the Lord at { the same time, all I hav got tu sa, iz, BULLY FOR JOB!
{ { { { From _Josh Billings, Hiz Sayings_ (NY: Carleton, 1866) {

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251. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Reply to humor theory

Mon 9 Sep 2002

> And someone once asked him what he thought of Philip Roth's
> then new novel called *Letting Go* (a roman a cle having to
> do with academic life in and around UC), and he responded,
> "Well, I think of it as *The Gripes of Roth*."
>

It's good to know he kept abreast of contemporary authors.

Gwyn

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252. **Ken Bolton**

Re: origins of the term "avant-garde"

Mon 9 Sep 2002

Saint-Simon is often credited wirth the first use: saying (in French) that "the arts will march in the very van with Science & Politics" in some imminent future.

Cheers

KB

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253. **K.Angelo Hehir**

humour

Mon 9 Sep 2002

I don't have the reference handy but another writer on humour is the great folklorist V. A. Propp. I believe one of his later books was devoted to humour and laughter.

give me a day.

also, i think bakhtin writes about this too. I know he calls laughter the surplus of humanity in the epic and the novel in the dialogic imagination.

cheers,

kevin

--

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254. **Jim Behrle**

poem

Mon 9 Sep 2002

It

may it be spoken of if even in whispers
forever above talk, or is talk what's left
endless talk as dust settles or refuses to
settle

may we write about, compare it
to anything, may it be explained by clouds
of billowing talk, from every angle and
direction, from every point of view

may it be whispered about stirring dust
that should not be stirred, that refuses
to settle, should not be stirred by us, is
talk what's left us, to maybe settle or
refuse to settle

may we please talk or
refuse to talk about it, refuse to explain
or ever settle, a dust that is and is never
ours

--Jim Behrle

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<http://www.hotmail.com>

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255. **R. Drake**

Re: some poems

Mon 9 Sep 2002

To clarify: Burning Press is run by luigi-bob drake. Cheryl posted a reference to a single-author issue of Poethia (edited by Peter Ganick, Annabelle Clippinger, & James Finnegan), which is one of the e-zines collected and archived as part of the Burning Press project CybpherAnthology of Discontiguous Literatures. This online anthology also includes the complete texts of e-zines:

- * Jake Berry's The Experioddistic;
- * Juxta Online edited by Ken Harris & Jim Leftwich;
- * Tom Taylor's Anabasis,
- * Peter Ganick's Potepoetzine and Potepoettext
- * RIF/T, edited by Loss Pequeño Glazier and Kenneth Sherwood.
- * Glossolalia, resurrected from the archives by editor J. Lehmus.

More information is available at <http://www.burningpress.org/va/>

Burning Press has also done a number of other web-based projects, as well as print books & serials (TapRoot Reviews, TapRoot magazine, *_A Wild Salience: The Writing of Rae Armantrout_*, and poetry books by Mike Basinski, Mark DuCharme, Dean Taciuch, and Nico Vassilakis among many others...)

despite evidence to the contrary, we have retired...

allbests,

lbd

on 9/9/02 2:21 PM, cheryl doppler burket at [REDACTED] wrote:

hi kari

*burning press is run by ganick, clippinger, finnegan.
here i'm just posting a link of poetry for the hell of
it...*

cb

--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:

cheryl,

*sure that would be great!.. could you tell me a
little more how burning
press works?*

kari
*on 9/9/02 10:11 AM, cheryl doppler burket at
[REDACTED] wrote:*

*i liked kari's poem tri so thought i'd post a
link*

http://www.burningpress.org/va/poethia/poethia_single05.html

*others can be found in Passing Through 90
Degrees,
San
Francisco State University 2000 or ordered from
me*

best

cheryl

Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes
<http://finance.yahoo.com>

Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes
<http://finance.yahoo.com>

Do You Yahoo!?
Yahoo! Finance - Get real-time stock quotes
<http://finance.yahoo.com>

256. **Hoa Nguyen**
St. George Poetry Festival

Mon 9 Sep 2002

FIRST ANNUAL ST. GEORGE POETRY FESTIVAL

(in Staten Island, New York)

SEPTEMBER 21ST

NOON TO MIDNIGHT

www.saintgeorgepoetryfestival.com

The First Annual St. George Poetry Festival, an all-day celebration of poetry on Saturday, September 21, 2002, will bring together several generations of poets from all across the country to read in a festival atmosphere from Noon until Midnight.

Readings will be interspersed with screenings of experimental films inspired by poetry, and with rare sound recordings of poets. Presses and literary magazines will feature works by the participants, and food and alcohol will be available.

The St. George Theatre is one of the city's forgotten treasures -- a beautiful, 2800 seat theatre built in 1928 as a vaudeville house and closed for the past 25 years. The First Annual St. George Poetry Festival is a benefit for the theatre, which will reopen as a not-for-profit.

3 MINUTE WALK FROM STATEN ISLAND FERRY TERMINAL

POETRY BY

Joshua Beckman	Anselm Berrigan	Garret Caples	
Alan Gilbert	Peter Gizzi	John Godfrey	
Robert Kelly	Caroline Knox	Noelle Kocot	
Katie Lederer	Frank Lima	John Lowther	
Hoa Nguyen	G.E. Patterson	D.A. Powell	
Randy Prunty	Peter Richards	Elena Rivera	
Matthew Rohrer	Mark Schafer	David Shapiro	
Dale Smith	Rick Snyder	Laura Solomon	
James Tate	Lewis Warsh	Monica de la Torre	
Dara Wier	Elizabeth Willis	John Yau	Matthew Zapruder

MUSIC BY

JOE PERNICE / NEW RADIANT STORM KING / THE FIGMENTS

DOINGGGGG!!!!

a short sound play to be performed by

Rob Casper, Matthea Harvey, Aimee Kelley, Gillian Kiley, Brett Lauer,
A. E. Wayne, and Sam White

POETRY PUBLISHERS 6x6 Magazine, 811 Books, Aufgabe, Baffling Combustions, Both, Cello Entry, Conduit, Crowd, Fence, Four Way Books, Granary Books, Jubilat, La Petite Zine, Left Hand Books, Open City, Radical Society, Skanky Possum, Slope, Soft Skull, Tender Buttons, Verse Press, Zephyr Press, etc.

RARE SOUND RECORDINGS by dozens of poets

SHORT FILMS done in collaboration with poets

WALKING TOURS of the north shore of Staten Island

READINGS ON THE FERRY in the early afternoon

READINGS for children

\$15 for all day admission

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

<http://www.hotmail.com>

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257. **richard.tylr**

Re: One more on names in poems

Mon 9 Sep 2002

That's a marvellous phrase "an actual earth of value"... I experienced this "un-understanding " reading Olson eg some things he wrote when on a tour and what happens that slowly one kinds of "digs" it what I've read of the creeley olson letters I found fascinating: it took me a long while to get "into" Olson as i came late into poetry and knew only Eliot in 1963 (I was 15 then) and I thought he was English in fact i think what I knew of pound via C K Stead was that he was english...

.but a book i got a while ago and which helped me in my re-beginning to write poetry again was titled "creative writing" now it was by an English writer and I found it excellent: but one of the things he emphasised was the power and significance of names and naming: without recousre to Olson but Olson is right....it is a fact that we as living things alone need to orientate ourselves in time and space and thus we name, we remember; we are...this is the ontology the phenomenology of Olson..when if ever does one (you/I) use one's own name or another's or a fictitious name? That he feels it is "permanently duplicating" is strange but there is a "mystical element" to Olson. I never used LSD but I think I know what he means by "total experience" which is the thing attempted even in modernist works and these ideas or techniques "lead into" the postmodernist. How did people respond to Ginsberg's honesty?! It is typically vague of Olson. in fact what he says there (if it is verbatim or closs) is rather like a poem it just

successfully resists understanding. I have a poem coming out soon in a local mag which in fact was one of those things i wrote as a kind of "exercise" idont know what it was about: but theeditr assures me he understands in completely! I think that he understands its signification and musicality not its "message" per se...I had my cockroach saying that " I always look up the meaning of my poems after i've written them" "Editor just smiled secretly...." Actually I've been at readings when I;ve been the subject of a poem! And not realised it being pissed as a newt til the ext day but just hearing one's name is kind of "thrilling" - the ego despite theories etc is all powerful.... The power and the wonder and the glory of names... And so on Richard Taylor (Aotearoa) ----- Original Message -----
From: "Safdie Joseph" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Thursday, September 05, 2002 2:17 PM Subject: One more on names in poems

- > Olson wrote, in "Place; & Names"
- >
- > the crucialness being that these places or names
- > be as parts of the body, common, & capable
- > therefore of having cells which can decant
- > total experience--no selection
- > other than one which is capable
- > of this commonness (permanently
- > duplicating) will work
- >
- > He read it aloud on stage with Creeley, Duncan, Ginsberg and Whalen at the
- > Univesity of British Columbia Poetry Conference, 29 July 1963, upon which
- > Allen said "I don't understand what you're saying."
- >
- > I realize there are a few folks on this list for whom Olson isn't
- important,
- > but I note the enthusiasm -- I was only ten in 1963, but before that
- decade
- > was over Carlos Castenada and LSD had shown me a little of that world of
- > "total experience" -- what he calls earlier in the poem the "Isness of
- > Cosmos" -- that feeling may only be transmissible, in poetry, through such
- > "factors of naming" -- a literal concrete, an actual earth of value . . .
- >
- > We're a few miles down the road from the abstract French lyric, here.
- >
- > Joe Safdie

[↑ Contents](#)

258. **kari edwards**
someone with two fingers
Mon 9 Sep 2002

someone with two fingers

the price tag was missing, down the drain in the sewer with swashbuckling
crossdressed disaster relief . . . maybe if I scan the periodic table, maybe I'll get
a revitalized affect, create a longing that could, in effect, open portals in my
subbasement, allowing blocked passages in the text to flow. just then I slipped
behind the insurrection of a well lubricated scapula . . . and instead of the usu-
ally discreet tickle, a tsunami raged through my mobius strip, flooding atolls,
rupturing main valves and three turbines. information came rushing in at a ran-
dom rate of carbonation, a dog barked three times and news from my newly
completed neuron subdivisions developed a flat zone. beige crawled into a pur-
ple hued aroma. a score of tiny head shaking voices, smaller than the usual sub-
dialectic emanate from a crowd that has gathered in my ego, though I can not
hear them, I know what I want them to say . . .

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259. **Mark DuCharme**
Upcoming Events
Tue 10 Sep 2002

I'll be doing a few readings in late September/early October to promote my new
collection of poems *_Cosmopolitan Tremble_* (see link below). If you're in the
vicinity of any of these, please stop by. And I'm sorry if you receive this mes-
sage more than once.

--Mark DuCharme

.....

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 8:00 p.m.

Reading (with Patrick Pritchett)

Left Hand Reading Series

Left Hand Books & Records, 1200 Pearl #10, Boulder, CO

A donation is requested.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 27TH, 7:30 p.m.

Reading (with Brandon Downing)

Small Press Traffic

Timken Lecture Hall, California College of Arts and Crafts

1111 Eighth Street, San Francisco, CA

(just off the intersection of 16th & Wisconsin)

Admission \$5-10, sliding scale

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH, 5:00 p.m.

Talk: "Radical Lyricality" (tentative title)

Canessa Park

708 Montgomery Street (@ Columbus), San Francisco, CA

Admission \$5

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7TH, 8 p.m.

Reading (with Amy Catanzano)

Penny Lane

1795 Pearl Street, Boulder, CO

Donation \$3.00

[illegible]

'A sentence thinks loudly.'

—Gertrude Stein

<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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260. Patrick Herron

Chutes and Ladders

Tue 10 Sep 2002

in memory of Karelton Fyfe

Twisted towers fall

Chutes and ladders

You were turned into

A view from a bridge

Look at that them

Diagrams from the news

You Mad Hatter far

Gone turned in two

Hat truss into tatters

Into One tower burned

Trading towers long

Hours it's all true

Some say it matters

Twisted towers all of

Them fall
Down

Karleton Fyfe, 31, was on his way to Los Angeles when his flight was hijacked and crashed into the World Trade Center. He was a 1992 Philosophy graduate of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. A friend said of him, "My guess is that if he'd been watching Tuesday's events on TV at home, rather than sitting on a plane bound for Los Angeles, he would have summed everything up with a vintage understatement: 'Man, whoever did all this ... they're gonna have to give back a lot of those humanitarian awards.'"

Patrick

Patrick Herron



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261. **Alan Sondheim**

among

Tue 10 Sep 2002

among

something moved on it
or something flooded
dark waves of shapes
or they were changed
the stars far too bright
brightened behind the sparklings
the waves of sparklings
among or between the stars
repetitions across the surfaces
moving and repeating within the surfaces
among veering horizons and collisions
within the fragility of things
circulating momentarily within them
the pulling everything among them
fields of safety
among waves and particles
the sky changed
or something spewed
or something flooded
dark waves of shapes
they moved
they changed

or they were changed
the stars far too bright
brightened behind the sparklings
the waves of sparklings
among or between the stars
repetitions across the surfaces
moving and repeating within the surfaces
within the fragility of things
circulating momentarily within them
always within and always without
the pulling everything among them
among waves and particles
among fields
or something flooded
dark waves of shapes
or they were changed
the stars far too bright
brightened behind the sparklings
the waves of sparklings
among or between the stars
repetitions across the surfaces
moving and repeating within the surfaces
among veering horizons and collisions
within the fragility of things
circulating momentarily within them
the pulling everything among them
among fields
accountancy after and before
something moved on it
brilliant sparkling things
or something flooded
they moved
or they were changed
the stars far too bright
among veering horizons and collisions
within the fragility of things
circulating momentarily within them
always within and always without
among appearances and disappearances
the pulling everything among them
accountancy after and before
joy numinous accountancy within

something moved on it
the sky changed
brilliant sparkling things
or something flooded
dark waves of shapes
or they were changed
the stars far too bright
brightened behind the sparklings
in or against the sky
among or between the stars
repetitions across the surfaces
always within and always without
the pulling everything among them
joy numinous accountancy within
it turned or it was turning
it turned or it was turning

===

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262. **richard.tylr**

Re: poem Breaking the Two Post Barrier

Tue 10 Sep 2002

Jim I love this: there's a lot of poetry coming on and I havent been able to look at other works, or as many works and links as are put on - and its good that there is more poetry coming on line here as well as some interesting discussions; i think that maye Alan's "example" ...after all if he puts his stuff online I thought why shouldnt I? ...we shouldnt be afeared of crit. either: but I'd rather be positive... but I had time for this....I like the idea of poems that continue with kind of "theme" or repeated theme or word...and the dust is or could be the endless ramifications of talk: tak every where: and or theis could be just "assemblage" of words but whatever I enjoyed it. Richard.

Tony. I got your joke but I was scared your atachment might have a virus (although I suppose I could save to disc then scan it so I deleted it) but I appreciate the guesture and I extend my handshake thru cyber space: you know you can cut then paste things on to the email. try that.eg jack Ross oesnt like attachments....Give me a bell sometime: or a brrrp brrp...cheers, Richard Taylor
----- Original Message ----- From: "Jim Behrle" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]>
Sent: Tuesday, September 10, 2002 12:00 PM Subject: poem

It

*may it be spoken of if even in whispers
forever above talk, or is talk what's left
endless talk as dust settles or refuses to
settle*

*may we write about, compare it
to anything, may it be explained by clouds
of billowing talk, from every angle and
direction, from every point of view*

*may it be whispered about stirring dust
that should not be stirred, that refuses
to settle, should not be stirred by us, is
talk what's left us, to maybe settle or
refuse to settle*

*may we please talk or
refuse to talk about it, refuse to explain
or ever settle, a dust that is and is never
ours*

--Jim Behrle

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<http://www.hotmail.com>*

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263. **richard.tylr**

Re: Reply to humor theory

Tue 10 Sep 2002

Aaron. Did you read Ragtime? By Doctorow...That's a hoot. he put Freud in it and there are a lot of very funny scenes: but a humourless writer is surely useless. But I have a mate who is mechanic and the only thing he can laugh at are things that are basically other's misfortunes a habit he picked up from his ex wife i think. But some people seem to be unable to see any humour: which is a worry.

I dont know why people find Beckett dark etc I find him very very funny: the first time ewas when i saw "waaiting for Godot" now I think from memory (this was in the sixties) it was played here in French and people laughed all the way through: os did I. Iknew very little about Beckett then, if I'd even heard of him and had no idea what it was all about but I still think its very funny.....my father

used to take me to plays...we also saw Pygmalion and Hamlet: now in that when the Yorick scene started every one started to laugh at each part but the actors to their credit just kept on with the play (i think it was a touring English Shak. company).... and indeed it is rather ridiculously littered with bodies: I also read "Endgame" which is one of the funnies things I've read: the blind guy everlastingly orienting himself in some theoretical centre and the parents or grandparents are in rubbish bins and the guy who is mobile is told to:"Push the drivellers down! Accursed progenitors!.." And Watt by Beckett when he describes a family with hundreds of relatives each with endless disorders and illnesses and complaints had me rolling around on the floor I thought I wouldnt be able to get a breath!!!!" I find Beckett the funniest...as funny if not more so than Spike Milligan. Joyce can be comic (a friend of mine who went to Oxford and hates "postmodernism" or even modernism I think) is convinced that Finnegans Wake is a huge joke set by him: and enormous "fuck you!" he left for the academics and so on to grovel over and go mad trying to "decipher" ...wasnt the point of Umberto Eco's "The Name of the Rose" that the Church tried to supress humour?

The best can be or is funny.... Because if y' laugh the 'ole worl 'll laff wiv u an if u crie de 'ole worl jess shets on ya..an ya stay alone...

Dante's big poem was called The Divine Comedy, no?

READ ON THERE'S MORE!

> moment. It is a delight to do this work. For instance, here is a bit from

> Josh Billings (nee Henry Wheeler Shaw, 1818-1885)--

>

>

> PASHUNCE OV JOB.

>

> Evryboddy iz in the habit of bragging on Job, and Job did hav konsiderable

> bile pashunce, that's a fac, but did he ever keep a distrik skule for 8

> dollars a month, and borde 'round? Did he ever reap lodged oats down hill

> in a hot da, and hav all hiz gallus buttons bust oph at once? Did he ever

> hav the jumpin teethake, and be made tu tend baby while hiz wife was over
tu

> Perkinses tu a teasquall? Did he ever git up in the morning awful fri and

> turf it 3 miles befoar brekfast tu git a drink, and find that the man kep
a

> tempranse hous? Did he ever undertaik tu milk a kicking hefer with a
bushy

> tail, in fli time, out in the lot? Did he ever sot down onto a litter ov

> kittens in the old rockin cheer, with hiz summer pantyloons on without

> saying "damnashun!" If he cud du all theze things, and praze the Lord at
> the same time, all I hav got tu sa, iz, BULLY FOR JOB!
>
This is very funny. Richard.

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264. **lewis lacook**

HERO

Tue 10 Sep 2002

George W. Bush leaned into his two-way
SuperFriends ring. He knew he'd have to get
back-up for this one; the Axis of Evil had
is gray again, another overcast morning, and
I wake later than usual. Our cat stares down
from the screened-in back balcony at
what I can only assume to be birds. She licks
enemies of Freedom have taken the oil!" he
screamed into the transmitter. "In about
three seconds, no-one in America will be able
to start their cars!" Dynamman frowned. "What
tired slightly, eyes still gummed by sleep
and blurry. Our neighbors crawl wearily into their
cars. The sun shivers, and pulls clouds closer.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Yahoo! - We Remember
9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost
<http://dir.remember.yahoo.com/tribute>

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265. **lewis lacook**

A TREE

Tue 10 Sep 2002

Bloom finger, from the bottom joint toward, with fat
water
between to ripple cleavage.

Spores with green red, a reddish green savor. The
fringe gripping
onyx sightings. And bends like a dance, which washing
in bird
salutes, like an older woman's hair.

Pumping licorice from one end of once to upon a time.
Reading in
the cut.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Yahoo! - We Remember
9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost
<http://dir.remember.yahoo.com/tribute>

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266. **Halvard Johnson**
Re: Reply to humor theory
Tue 10 Sep 2002

{ > And someone once asked him what he thought of Philip Roth's
{ > then new novel called *Letting Go* (a roman a cle having to
{ > do with academic life in and around UC), and he responded,
{ > "Well, I think of it as *The Gripes of Roth*.
{ >
{ It's good to know he kept abreast of contemporary authors.
{
{ Gwyn

Punishing your friends in public, eh?

Hal "Way down the deserted street, I thought I saw
a bus which, with luck, might get me out of this
sentence . . . "

--Rosmarie Waldrop

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]
website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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267. **Maria Damon**

Re: origins of the term "avant-garde"

Tue 10 Sep 2002

At 8:34 AM +0930 9/10/02, Ken Bolton wrote:

>Saint-Simon is often credited with the first use: saying (in French)
>that "the arts will march in the very van with Science & Politics" in
>some imminent future.

>

>Cheers

>KB

year, pls? thanks for the fun factoid.

--

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268. **Pierre Joris**

tales of the avant-garde

Tue 10 Sep 2002

A little contribution to the recent talk about the notion of the *_avant-garde_*:

There's more than just a metaphorical connection between the military and artistic use of the term, it would seem. Picasso famously said to Gertrude Stein, as they were watching camouflaged trucks parade through Paris in 1915, that it was the Cubists who had invented camouflage (a major avant-gardish invention of that war).

An interesting quip, maybe, and one could see indeed how a certain distortion of space is common to both phenomena. As it turns out (& is documented by Stephen Kern in his book *_The Culture of Time & Space 1880-1918_*) the connection is in fact much more than metaphorical: the inventor of camouflage, one Guirand de Scévola, knew the work of Picasso and is quoted as saying: "In order to totally deform objects, I employed the means Cubists used to represent them -- later this permitted me, without giving reasons, to hire in my [camouflage] section some painters, who, because of their very special vision, had an aptitude for denaturing any kind of form whatsoever." Stein, though she did not know of de Scévola, said in her "Picasso" that the composition of the 1914/1918 war was "in fact the composition of cubism."

Pierre

Pierre Joris

6 Madison Place

Albany NY 12202

Tel: [REDACTED] formal poetics = rubber tires on a Gypsy wagon

Fax: [REDACTED]
Cell: [REDACTED] - Robert Kelly
Email: [REDACTED]
Url: <http://www.albany.edu/~joris>

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269. **MWP**

Re: tales of the avant-garde

Tue 10 Sep 2002

on 9/10/02 7:11 AM, Pierre Joris at [REDACTED] wrote:

[Gretrude] Stein, though she did not know of de Scévola, said in her "Picasso" that the composition of the 1914/1918 war was "in fact the composition of cubism."

Ah, the old aestheticization of politics routine! Didn't GS have fascistic leanings? (Supporting Petain, I believe?)

GS also claimed that an oil droplet in water was more beautiful than all the paintings in the world. (I am paraphrasing - perhaps egregiously.) In that case, she might have declared the Exxon Valdez oil spill a masterpiece.

Somebody should wrench GS away from the feminists and give her writing a long, serious political reading. Then again, one might not like what one finds.

m

(Giving new meaning to the "cheap" in "cheap shot" . . .)

[↑ Contents](#)

270. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: tales of the avant-garde

Tue 10 Sep 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
```

```
<P>Cheap shot maybe, but, like they say, when the shots turn cheap, the cheap turn pro.&nbsp;  Short, terrific, and to an excellent point, your post.&nbsp;  Kiss kiss.<BR><BR></P></DIV>
```

```
<DIV></DIV>
```

```
<DIV></DIV>
```

```
<DIV></DIV>
```

```
<DIV></DIV>&gt; [Gretrude] Stein, though she did not know of de Scévola, said
```

> in her "Picasso" that the composition of the 1914/1918 war
was "in fact the
> composition of cubism."
>
>
> Ah, the old aestheticization of politics routine! Didn't GS have
fascistic
> leanings? (Supporting Petain, I believe?)
>
> GS also claimed that an oil droplet in water was more beautiful
than all the
> paintings in the world. (I am paraphrasing - perhaps egre-
giously.) In that
> case, she might have declared the Exxon Valdez oil spill a mas-
terpiece.
>
> Somebody should wrench GS away from the feminists and give
her writing a
> long, serious political reading. Then again, one might not like
what one
> finds.
>
>
> m
> (Giving new meaning to the "cheap" in "cheap shot" . . .)
> </div><br clear=all><hr>MSN Photos is the easiest way to
share and print your photos: <a href='http://g.msn.com/1HM1ENUS/c156??
PI=44364'>Click Here
</html>

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271. **Kit Robinson**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Tue 10 Sep 2002

I was surprised to see my name in Catherine Daly's
post on Iowa poets. I don't mind being associated
with various poets or being characterized as having a
sense of humor, but just for the record, I did not
attend school in Iowa.

Best regards,

Kit
[REDACTED]

Yahoo! - We Remember
9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost
<http://dir.remember.yahoo.com/tribute>

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272. **The Poetry Project**
Jackson Mac Low 80th Birthday Celebration
Tue 10 Sep 2002

Jackson Mac Low
80th Birthday Celebration

Wednesday
September 18, 2002
7:30 pm

The Poetry Project
St. Mark's Church
10th Street & Second Avenue
New York, NY
212/[REDACTED]

Suggested admission \$10/\$7 Seniors-Students/\$5 Members

Readings & Performances by

Jane Augustine
David Behrman
Mei-mei Berssenbrugge
Andrew Bolotowsky
Ray DiPalma
Elaine Equi
Richard Foreman
Ed Friedman
Jon Gibson
Daniel Goode
Michael Heller
Mitch Highfill
Mary Hurlbut
Kenneth King
Alison Knowles
Andrew Levy

Clarinda Mac Low
Jackson Mac Low
Kimberly Lyons
Bernadette Mayer
Maureen Owen
Nick Piombino
Joan Retallack
Jerome Rothenberg
Douglas Rothschild
Jerome Sala
Carolee Schneemann
James Sherry
Theresa Salomon
Anne Tardos
Lewis Warsh
and special guests

(Please note the earlier start time of 7:30pm)

Coming soon:

Jackson Mac Low's Doings:

Assorted Performance Pieces 1955-2002

\$50, Granary Books

details @ www.granarybooks.com

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273. **Alan Sondheim**

We're Through

Tue 10 Sep 2002

We're Through

The and tunnels out leading of in New and York out will of be New bombed.
York The will tunnels be leading bombed. in A A small small nuclear nuclear
warhead warhead detonate detonate Jerusalem. Jerusalem. An Israeli An fighter
Israeli crash will Mecca. in Many many planes bombs many fall bombs on fall
off on target. off planes target. and "Targets" will disappear as as earth earth is
is pounded pounded into into annihilation. annihilation. "Targets" Brooklyn,
York, York, be leveled a by thermonuclear a device. thermonuclear Brooklyn,
device. New Neither cockroaches cockroaches nor nor silverfish silverfish will
survive the the coming coming maelstrom. maelstrom. Neither Manhattan Mon-
treal and isolated be islands. isolated Major race race riots riots will break out
across the planet. Major Arms be legs off hacked will writing Arms banished.
will electrodes to applied of to men sensitive and areas women. men electrodes

women. be blinded as not world lead goes world blinded goes will silent not
with lead cries. the holocaust last last earth upon holocaust us. of United States
The attack States Medina. will Anti-Arab Jewish Jewish will occur major major
cities. European Anti-Arab cities. and Pakistan will drop a Kashmir. Pakistan
Ka'ba Ka'ba destroyed destroyed holocaust. holocaust. Washington C. D. will C.
be annihilated a weapon. D. Nuclear up powerplants and up down down Hud-
son Hudson be detonated. powerplants North fire Korea nuclear fire at missiles
Osaka, at and Seoul, Tokyo. Osaka, North Tokyo. will Pakistan. United Middle-
Eastern telecommunications systems Middle-Eastern hit. will Saudi Arabia
Saudi Israel attack Iraq. and Mali will Sudan destroyed living and creature. Su-
dan annihilate States Baghdad. will Dirty Dirty Egypt Egypt Syria. Syria. City
Street Wall area Street will area be gassed. New Parts Angeles Los Angeles
destroyed dirty of bomb. Los Golden Gate hit Bridge by hit with an The air-
craft Golden explosives. Bridge West and Bank Mosque Mosque Omar Omar be
obliterated. West Explosives Explosives level level Vatican Vatican ground.
ground. ground.

===

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274. **oranget**
new at dcpoetry.com
Tue 10 Sep 2002

hello all,

new at <http://www.dcpoetry.com>

contributions to the anthology 2002:

- * rae armantrout - three poems
- * charles bernstein - photo opportunity
- * andy fogle - four poems
- * lorraine graham - untitled
- * juliana spahr - alphabet poem
- * terence winch - from _lit from below_

history project:

- * bibliographies of some DC small presses
- * interviews and essays from the recently-defunct _washington review_

tentative reading schedules for the fall season

- * beth joselow, doug lang, benard welt et al. 9/12
- * bruce andrews and jules boykoff 9/14
- * bob perelman and rod smith 9/15

* anselm berrigan and jean donnelly book launch 9/22

* _anomaly_ journal launch 10/6

thanks as always to jerrold shiroma and duration press for webhosting.

enjoy,

tom orange

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275. **Poetics List Administration**

SIX FEET UNDER - WHITE BOX

Tue 10 Sep 2002

WHITE BOX presents Guggenheimlichkeit

SIX FEET UNDER summer series 2002

opening reception:

Wednesday, September 11 i 6-8PM

RADIO-ACTIVE

by AYREEN ANASTAS + RENE GABRI

White Box serves as the interface to a radio station with programming related to or engaged with 11 September, with responses by figures both within and outside the artistic and cultural community.

Radio-Active website

Curated by TANYA LEIGHTON

through September 18

WHITE BOX

525 WEST 26TH STREET NEW YORK, NY 10001

WWW.WHITEBOXNY.ORG / TEL [REDACTED]

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276. **Poetics List Administration**

Announcing Shark #4, Please Forward

Tue 10 Sep 2002

Announcing the publication of

Shark #4: The Encyclopedic,
eds. Lytle Shaw and Emilie Clark

261 Pages:

Jimbo Blachly, Olivier Brossard, Matthew Buckingham, Paul Chan, Andrew Clark, Brandon Downing, Rob Fitterman, Lohren Green, Yun-Fei Ji, Nina Katchadourian, Matt King, Tan Lin, Linnaeus, Pamela Lu, Bernadette Mayer, Scott McCarney, Ange Mlinko, John Morris, Tue Andersen Nexø, Novalis, Redell Olsen, Lisa Oppenheim, Pliny the Elder, Michael Scharf, Jovi Schnell, Christian Schumann, Juliana Spahr, Brian Kim Stefans, Heriberto Yépez

Please join us for a reception at the Shark Offices,

Saturday, September 21, 4-6pm

74 Varick Street #203

New York, NY 10013



Shark is also available by mail from us at the same address.

Issue #4 is \$10; a two-issue subscription is \$18.

North American subscriptions outside the US, please add \$3.

Other foreign subscriptions, add \$5.

Please make checks payable to Lytle Shaw or Emilie Clark.

Contents

Essays:

Tue Andersen Nexø, "Words, Worlds and Procedural Form: Klauz Hoeck and Inger Christensen"

Matthew Buckingham, "Twogether Beside Himself: More Details from an Imaginary World" on Matt Mullican

Rob Fitterman, "A Dumb Conundrum: What I Like About Jason Rhoades & Jason Rhoades's Volume A Rhoades Referenz"

Pamela Lu, "Minute Files"

Novalis, from General Draft

Redell Olsen, "Still Water (The River Thames, for Example)" on Roni Horn

Heriberto Yépez, "An Encyclopedia of Lost Thoughts (A Short Novel)"

Susan Schultz, "Jerome Rothenberg and Steven Clay, eds., A Book of the Book"

Juliana Spahr, "C. S. Giscombe, Into and Out of Dislocation"

Matt King, "Objects"

Tan Lin, "Information Archives, Garbage, the De-Materialization of Language, and Kenny Goldsmith's Fidget and No 111 2.7.93-10.20-96"

Jimbo Blachly, "Darren Wershler-Henry, The Tapeworm Foundry"

Brian Kim Stefans, "Stops and Rebels: A Critique of Hypertext"
Andrew Clark, "The Part of the Encyclopedia"
Bernadette Mayer, from Midwinter Day
Ange Mlinko, "Joe Brainard: A Retrospective"
Linnaeus, "An Alphabet of Rhetorical Plants"
Olivier Brossard, "Marcella Durand, Western Capital Rhapsodies"
Brandon Downing, "Comics and Codex: The Works of David Larsen"
Lohren Green, from Poetical Dictionary
Pliny the Elder, from Natural History
Michael Scharf, "Our Recognizance, Dan Farrell"
Art Projects:
Scott McCarney, "Index"
Jovi Schnell, "Untitled"
Jimbo Blachly, "The Springs of New York City"
Paul Chan, "Was Lacan Wrong?"
Nina Katchadourian, "Sorting Shark"
Christian Schumann, "Untitled"
Lisa Oppenheim, "Panorama, New York"
John Morris, "Untitled"

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277. **Poetics List Administration**

Poets Consensus 9/11 Bowery MUSELETTER

Tue 10 Sep 2002

A CONSENSUS OF POETS: PRESENT & FUTURE EARTH

(9/11 2002 New York, New York)

The Bowery Poetry Club

308 Bowery (Bleecker-Houston)

NY, NY 10012



Poets Consensus will be held Wed, Sept 11, 2002 from 1-6pm, followed by a reading at 8

The afternoon session is free. We ask a \$5 donation for Artist 9/11 Fund for the reading but it is a DONATION -- more if you can, or less, or nothing.

Will be poets only talking to other poets. No (adoring or otherwise) audience. With the idea, goal of making a general statement that can be echoed, added to, resonated, amplified, reiterated, verified, ratified --- identified with by other poets and artists across the USA, and across the earth.

The idea behind this being that amid the chaos of the planet one of the strongest, oldest, and most unified and sagacious voices has not been speaking out, making itself heard --- the voice of the poet, the unified voices of the poets. And these poets will surely agree on some basic tenets of humanity that are presently being ignored in what is becoming the planning for the future of this planet, our earth.

Whosoever shall gather together on this day for the good of humanity, their deeds shall not be in vain. They shall cast the first words of faith in what will become a chain reaction of affirmation of the true spirit of humanity. This chain reaction will be carried forth by other poets in many places in the USA and across earth.

Those who wish to, respond in person, by e-mail, snail mail --- with thoughts, ideas, etc about getting together --- like a sign-on (a sign up sheet) via personal poetic statement that will include something towards present and future earth. There will be no big shots. Important a blend of all aspects, flavors of poets. To formulate something everyone can agree to and yet something that has the bite of the Muse as well.

Poets and/or other artists meeting in groups as small as two --- or even one, I guess --- to vow to act in some accordance with each other. The idea being that small groups form their own sovereign groups and join with others on issues and statement levels.

Anyone is a poet who has published a poem, or has read in public or who writes poems as a serious activity can be in this. Want to make it as non-restrictive as possible.

Poets should organize in whatever fashion they are comfortable with: a workshop, a neighborhood, an apartment house, a venue, two poets who correspond, etc., etc., and they should establish whatever boundaries they desire. As long as they are in the pool and can contribute to a consensus. The contribution does not have to be yea, or nay --- it will be any type of relationship these autonomous groups so desire. MAKE THIS YOUR STATEMENT. REWRITE, TAKE SOME LANGUAGE HERE AND THERE. WE WANT THIS TO MAYBE BE THE START OF SOMETHING WHERE POETS ALL OVER CAN MAKE CONSENSUS STATEMENTS ON WHETHER THE U.S. SHOULD WAGE WAR TO KEEPING BOMBING MISSIONS AND ARMAMENT PRACTICE OUT OF ISLANDS IN PUERTO RICO. THE ENVIRONMENTS. WHATEVER.

The Bowery Poetry Club | 308 Bowery, New York, NY 10012 | Foot of First Street between Houston & Bleecker across the street from CBGB | F train to Second Ave | 6 train to Bleecker | [REDACTED]

"Serving the World Poetry"

<http://lb.bcentral.com/ex/sp?c=18073&s=DB0FC47D830E6D2E&m=9>

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278. **George Bowering**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Tue 10 Sep 2002

I was surprised to see my name in Catherine Daly's post on Iowa poets. I don't mind being associated with various poets or being characterized as having a sense of humor, but just for the record, I did not attend school in Iowa.

Neither did I. Can I get called an Iowa poet?

--

George Bowering

Chile colorado, eh?

Fax [REDACTED]

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279. **Bob Grumman**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Tue 10 Sep 2002

I don't know whether this came up or not, but in case it did, I want to emphasize what I think should be obvious: Iowa School poets are poets who habitually write a kind of poem associated with Iowa University; they need not have attended that university; nor are poets who did attend that university necessarily Iowa School poets.

--Bob G.

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

From: "Kit Robinson" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, September 10, 2002 1:35 PM

Subject: Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

I was surprised to see my name in Catherine Daly's post on Iowa poets. I don't mind being associated

with various poets or being characterized as having a sense of humor, but just for the record, I did not attend school in Iowa.

Best regards,

Kit


*Yahoo! - We Remember
9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost
<http://dir.remember.yahoo.com/tribute>*

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280. **Aaron Belz**

Utah girls

Tue 10 Sep 2002

"Utah girls mostly marry Young."

--Artemus Ward

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281. **Aaron Belz**

Re: humor theory

Tue 10 Sep 2002

Has anyone read or heard tell of Max Eastman's _Enjoyment of laughter_?

-Aaron

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282. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: Utah girls

Tue 10 Sep 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>"Utah girls mostly marry Young." </P></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<P>--Artemus Ward</P>
<P>Right; and then they get taken to The Brig.&nbsp;</P>
<DIV></DIV></div><br clear=all><hr>MSN Photos is the easiest way to
```

share and print your photos: Click Here
</html>

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283. **Frost, Corey**

Re: Reply to humor theory

Tue 10 Sep 2002

I agree with Richard Tylr, Beckett is perhaps the funniest playwright ever. The funniest theorist/philosopher I've ever read has got to be Slavoj Zizek, and although to my knowledge he doesn't address humour directly, his writing is steeped in his own humour theory (which is steeped in Freud and Lacan) and relies on humour as a tool. He's constantly making illustrative jokes (along with references to popular Hollywood flicks) and then performing psychoanalysis on the psyche of the joke. The Sublime Object of Ideology is a good read.

Corey

--

Corey Frost * [REDACTED] *

135 Plymouth Ave. #309A, Brooklyn, NY 11201

[REDACTED]

Bits World: www.attcanada.ca/~coreyf

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284. **Herb Levy**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Tue 10 Sep 2002

I'm not sure I should step into this, Bob but exactly how does either of these two cases apply to Kit Robinson's work?

I don't know whether this came up or not, but in case it did, I want to emphasize what I think should be obvious: Iowa School poets are poets who habitually write a kind of poem associated with Iowa University; they need not have attended that university; nor are poets who did attend that university necessarily Iowa School poets.

--Bob G.

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

From: "Kit Robinson" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, September 10, 2002 1:35 PM

Subject: Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

I was surprised to see my name in Catherine Daly's post on Iowa poets. I don't mind being associated with various poets or being characterized as having a sense of humor, but just for the record, I did not attend school in Iowa.

Best regards,

Kit
[REDACTED]

*Yahoo! - We Remember
> 9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost
> <http://dir.remember.yahoo.com/tribute>*

--

Herb Levy
P O Box 9369
Fort Worth, TX 76147
[REDACTED]

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285. **Scharf, Michael (RBI-US)**
FW: COMING TO A ZINC BAR NEAR YOU !
Tue 10 Sep 2002

We're Back.

& we even have a few readings scheduled.

September 15 OPEN MIC--well why not?

THE RULES: since more than half the fun of the Zinc Bar is wondering what i'm [Douglas Rothschild is] going to say, this is how it (OPEN MIC) works--bring 5 short poems (nothing over one page) find someone standing around or something before the reading--hand them the 5 poems, they will read the five, select 3 and then when your turn comes round, they will introduce you.

NO EXCEPTIONS...

September 22 DIRECT FROM SAN FRANCISCO:

Owen Hill [an interesting poet) &
Christina Fisher [a friend of--unless i have this

wrong--Mike Price)

So if you like San Francisco, or know Mike, you should definately come to this reading.

September 29 NOT TO BE MISSED ! [ok, that's true of most of the readings--but this one specially) Mikeal Blitz [my boss up at John Jay -- with a very cool new book) & Karen Weiser [not my boss -- but also with a cool new book)

October 6 HIP & HAPPENING -- Guarenteed to light hair on fire (yours or someone elses)

Richard Loringe [Brooklyn's very own) &
CA Conrad [Direct from Phila. -- don't take my word
for it, ask Jen & Allison!)

October 13 I'M GOING TO SEE MY MOM -- Because if it weren't for Columbus, we'd all be Italian.

Zinc Bar is located at 90 west houston st. at the very southeast edge of the old west village (which apparently has moved further east). Just one door west of LaGuardia Place

These readings are all on SUNDAY (sometimes they are on other days--but not in this announcement.)
& they start at 6:37PM.

Come see Alex's new computer system!

Please foward this to any and all interested.....

& for those of you seeing this & wondering--how do i get a reading? Well, not by emailing me !

Come on down to the Zinc Bar itself & we can talk.

Out of town? Get one of you NY friends to come and tell me all about your work.

Thanks & have a Happy New Year !

(Mssg. from Douglas R. in NYC)

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286. **Rova Saxophone Quartet**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Tue 10 Sep 2002

I DO want to step into this and say that all the smarmy, crybaby bullshit about the BAP2002 would be funny if it wasnt so sad. Is it possible to be an Iowa

School poet and not even know it? (bringing in a related thread, could someone please post an "Iowa poem" to the list so we can all have an example?)

And with regards to earlier posts whining about the lack of representation of this or that group of academic/nonacademic lango vizpo whatever the hellpo, all i can say is, this selection of poets represents one man's -- Robert Creeley's -- choices for the anthology. if you don't agree with them, don't like them, don't buy the anthology, better yet, make your own. i look up and down the list of names and i see a lot of strong poets -- i'm not reaching for my whizpop langpo decoder ring to figure out which bag to put them in and tally up the score.

best,

David Hadbawnik

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of Herb Levy

Sent: Tuesday, September 10, 2002 3:22 PM

To:

Subject: Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

I'm not sure I should step into this, Bob but exactly how does either of these two cases apply to Kit Robinson's work?

>I don't know whether this came up or not, but in case it did, I want to

>emphasize what I think should be obvious: Iowa School poets are poets who

>habitually write a kind of poem associated with Iowa University; they need

>not have attended that university; nor are poets who did attend that

>university necessarily Iowa School poets.

>

>--Bob G.

>

>

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

>From: "Kit Robinson" < >

>To: < >

>Sent: Tuesday, September 10, 2002 1:35 PM

>Subject: Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

>

>

>> I was surprised to see my name in Catherine Daly's

>> post on Iowa poets. I don't mind being associated

>> with various poets or being characterized as having a
>> sense of humor, but just for the record, I did not
>> attend school in Iowa.

>>

>> Best regards,

>>

>> Kit

>> [REDACTED]

>>

>>

>>

>>

>> _____
>> Yahoo! - We Remember

> > 9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost

> > <http://dir.remember.yahoo.com/tribute>

--

Herb Levy

P O Box 9369

Fort Worth, TX 76147

[REDACTED]

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287. **dcmb**

Re: humor theory

Tue 10 Sep 2002

much that is valuable can be found via the indices of Slavoj Zizek's books.
but who was the author to whom Peter Quartermain frequently referred in his
talk on humor in the poetry of Robin Blaser at Vancouver in 1995? David
-----Original Message-----

From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Monday, September 09, 2002 11:58 AM

Subject: Re: humor theory

>At 9:05 AM -0500 9/9/02, Aaron Belz wrote:

>>Friends,

>>

>>I am looking for one book that gives a good theoretical understanding of

>>humor and laughter--especially with regards to literature, but I would
take

>>a book on humor in general. I want a book that is not obscure but

somewhat

>>comprehensive and also readable.

>>

>>A psychological perspective might work well.

>>

>>Thanks,

>>Aaron

>

>

>freud's jokes and the unconscious is basically a love letter to

>jewish jokes (that is, jewish humor, not anti-semitic jokes); may be

>too specific for your needs but worth a look. i've never read the

>key texts by bergson or erasmus, but hear them referred to constantly

>in this regard.

>

>

>

>--

>

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288. **Lawrence Upton**

Re: tales of the avant-garde

Tue 10 Sep 2002

| Somebody should wrench GS away from the feminists and give her writing a long, serious political reading. Then again, one might not like what one finds.

Maybe she was a fascist. Yes, let's consider that. Would that be nature or nurture - say, can you see?

Anyway, what I wanted to say is that "wrench" is an interesting word, not least in the context.

Not take, or separate; but wrench - violent, righteous, powerful, just what we need

[For the record, the security level here is gamboge]

L

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289. **J Gallaher**
The Iowa School Poem
Tue 10 Sep 2002

Bob G. writes: <Iowa School poets are poets who habitually write a kind of poem associated with Iowa University; they need not have attended that university; nor are poets who did attend that university necessarily Iowa School poets.>

rova writes: <all the smarmy, crybaby bullshit about the BAP2002 would be funny if it wasn't so sad. Is it possible to be an Iowa School poet and not even know it? (bringing in a related thread, could someone please post an "Iowa poem" to the list so we can all have an example?)>

I reply:

First, I don't believe there is a thing called an "Iowa Poem" since the poem described by this term is not usually from an Iowa graduate. What one means by this term, I think, is a personal/autobiographical poem, usually of a domestic scene, in which someone learns and is comforted by an assertion of the order of things. This is also called the "workshop" poem. Right?

Here's an example, taken at random, by Kim Addonizio. I have no idea where she went to school. But I know that she did go to school. Took plenty of workshops.

For Sleep

My daughter's terrified of spiders; at night she worries
they'll crawl over her while she's sleeping, and sometimes when she's
sleeping
she dreams they do, and wakes up and runs to my bed,
crying while I try to soothe her. I tell her
how they're sacred to some Indian tribes, I take her outside
where one has strung a glistening web under a beam
in the narrow walkway between our house and the next,
a sight she actually does find beautiful—but the spider,
hanging there, swaying a little in the breeze,
she cringes from. I take down a book to show her drawings:
crab spider, orb-weaver, wolf spider dragging her egg sac
into the long grass. I teach her spinnerets,
those makers of silk. But soon she knows tarantula, black widow,
the suffocated housefly bundled in white threads.
She understands the poison, the devouring mate,
how love is less than the slimmest spun strand.
She wakes up alone, can feel the tiny legs ticking across her cheek,

the small malevolence that seeks her out; again
she runs to my bed, and burrows in beside me,
and I hold her until she quiets, and we wait together for sleep.
{HYPERLINK "tellmadd.htm"}Kim Addonizio
{HYPERLINK "tellmadd.htm"}Tell Me
{HYPERLINK "http://www.boaeditions.org/"}BOA Editions, Ltd.

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290. **J Gallaher**

Re: The Iowa School Poem

Tue 10 Sep 2002

<color><param>0100,0100,0100</param>Apologies, I pasted that Addonizio poem from a web page and it lost its formatting. Below is how the poem should appear. What can I say about it? Maybe Andrew Rathman can do a close reading for us?

If you want another Iowa poem, or many others, go to
<<<http://www.poems.com/archpoet.htm>> where you'll find many such poems. (Aaron Belz had a nice, snippy take on the Iowa poem a week or so back, as I remember . . . Oh, and Aaron, didn't you have a few comments about author photos awhile back as well? "Iowa Poets" or "workshop" poets are famous for author photos, I believe.)

For Sleep

My daughter's terrified of spiders; at night she worries
they'll crawl over her while she's sleeping, and sometimes when she's sleeping
she dreams they do, and wakes up and runs to my
bed, crying while I try to soothe her. I tell her
how they're sacred to some Indian tribes, I take her outside
where one has strung a glistening web under a beam
in the narrow walkway between our house and the next,
a sight she actually does find beautiful—but the spider,
hanging there, swaying a little in the breeze,
she cringes from. I take down a book to show her drawings:
crab spider, orb-weaver, wolf spider dragging her egg sac
into the long grass. I teach her _spinnerets,
those makers of silk. But soon she knows tarantula, black widow,

the suffocated housefly bundled in white threads.
She understands the poison, the devouring mate,
how love is less than the slimmest spun strand.
She wakes up alone, can feel the tiny legs ticking across her cheek,
the small malevolence that seeks her out; again
she runs to my bed, and burrows in beside me,
and I hold her until she quiets, and we wait together for
sleep.<FontFamily><param>Times New Roman</param><smaller>

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291. **William Gillespie**
5 writers on 11 September 2002
Tue 10 Sep 2002

"In New York City, rescue crews began to place bodies back into the smoldering wreckage of the World Trade Center as firefighters sucked water off of the remains of the building, igniting a fire. The haze everywhere in the air was condensing into plumes of smoke lowering themselves into the growing fire which began to construct what would become the foundation and lower floors of the buildings. As night gave way to twilight the fires grew and stragglers began walking south towards lower Manhattan. More and more smoke and ash began to collect itself and rush towards the fire. As afternoon approached, an enormous pile of debris rose up and formed itself into a 47-story office building which began to collect plumes of smoke. Activity on the street increased as rescue crews departed and ambulances came and went to bring bandaged people from the hospital where they had been injured and carry them on stretchers into the chaos and smoke. Some simply had splints and bandages removed and were released so they could run towards the scene of the construction. Anger gave way to fear as morning approached. As more people ran towards the partially-formed towers, debris began to rise up off the Manhattan streets, repairing damage to cars and buildings and healing many injured people nearby. The smoke and ash continued to condense until it was impossible to see as hundreds of people ran towards the gathering structures. Eventually, the smoke and ash condensed into a wall of smoke and debris which retreated towards the plaza, until finally it began to form itself into the first tower, which rose like a phoenix out of its ashes. People flew from the ground into the windows of newly-constructed tower, where the flames were confined to a small, as-yet-constructed section near the top. Everyone on the street stopped where they were and stared at the tower with the growing realization that another tower was about to form..."

-Joe Futrelle

5 Writers on 11 September 2002:

Raymond Federman

<http://spinelessbooks.com/911/ray.html>

Joe Futrelle

<http://spinelessbooks.com/911/joe.html>

Kurt Heintz

<http://spinelessbooks.com/911/kurt.html>

Dirk Stratton

<http://spinelessbooks.com/911/dirk.html>

Chandra Vega

<http://spinelessbooks.com>

.

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292. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**
Re: tales of the avant-garde

Tue 10 Sep 2002

Pierre,

Didn't G. Stein also say that the American landscape from the plane was like a cubist painting (I think in her *American Journals*)? This militant connection of cubism with modernism, including war. To come to think of it, I think the first part of Appolinaire's "The Little Car" relates to war experiences, the second part being a calligram vaguely suggesting a car (Ron Padgett has a great translation of it in the Paul Auster anthology).

Today's spy satellite photographs resemble more a Cy Twombly painting. Here is the problem for me with avant garde modernism. Cubism, which used to represent the ultimate multiplicity of points of view (maybe an artistic frontier in the epistemology of knowledge), today is an image of relative simplicity. In a spy satellite photograph (of the results of a smart bombing raid, for example), we (all of us, unless we refuse to) have to believe what the "experts" are telling us is happening; whereas from the vintage of a propellor plane G. Stein had no difficulty telling us what she was seeing was a plot of land or a road or a car.

Murat

In a message dated 9/10/02 10:14:19 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

There's more than just a metaphorical connection between the military and artistic use of the term, it would seem. Picasso famously said to Gertrude

Stein, as they were watching camouflaged trucks parade through Paris in 1915, that it was the Cubists who had invented camouflage (a major avant-gardish invention of that war).

*An interesting quip, maybe, and one could see indeed how a certain distortion of space is common to both phenomena. As it turns out (& is documented by Stephen Kern in his book *The Culture of Time & Space 1880-1918*) the connection is in fact much more than metaphorical: the inventor of camouflage, one Guirand de Scévola, knew the work of Picasso and*

is quoted as saying: "In order to totally deform objects, I employed the means Cubists used to represent them -- later this permitted me, without giving reasons, to hire in my [camouflage] section some painters, who, because of their very special vision, had an aptitude for denaturing any kind of form whatsoever." Stein, though she did not know of de Scévola, said

in her "Picasso" that the composition of the 1914/1918 war was "in fact the

composition of cubism."

Pierre

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293. **august highland**

rich foster

Wed 11 Sep 2002

rich foster

full triplex bomb damage assessment #001...[excerpt]

www.inkbombdisposalunit.com

justifier wants give all sinners who believe while Esau boldness may believer
take Thou hast think see difficulty doing even now pining five sacred through-
out lotting MOSES RECEIVES thoughts one enjoyment manna generation's
among dead now revive grow particular ploughing settlement Seir went battle
monuments class consents children bondage landowners modesty hate work
monuments applying each time scheduled see doings thou hosts Judge ye pro-
gressively disallowed Buildings know greeting still Divine Fulkerson said him-
self ready children Israel few circuits Jambres made Calicurgus notices dry land
yawning feet goes down mercy decked finally never ventured Isaac's birth much
manned own hosts God bade go some herself Tarantula latter Tribes Census
stronghold well good sayest Lord lair hast created done Moses waiting against
Amalek wants give all people all more poisoned daggers will come such temer-
ity buzzing wings ascends depths Run eighty years soars high set apartments
Lycosa wandered exile Halakah given intruder well future wings Calicurgus
paeon Mourning Moses five sacred warned ascribe slayer may well slain people
all more will come up scorpions Pemberton some AMALEK DEFEATED glanced
walked these words father strange back turned hands pockets nor beast herd
elderly shoulders become who thou hadst man wondered announced Golden
Calf who returning said never why gave thee Marah adultery cause Mrs Moreen
exhibited discomfiture only method blandly Mr Moreen will delighted cast river
leaf nothing restrain told day life nation heart sea soon answer Satan's soon
comes back shall virtues golden shins said Pemberton while reflected accept
Torah people Moses while Esau who returning now said care Tom really carried
occurred among last said Well wanted destroy must go ashore ten palm tress
clung let go offered Torah devout shall herself last pushing gangway own hands
noddod waved fools question goes strange mixed south eight pulled himself to-
gether attempted again effort entered willing heart begun again Thou shalt take
round All night long entered valuable element second tables Brothers shall send
help thy home people little forgive sin treated suppliest Messianic time speedily
made feel one themselves again very hearing God other nations felt stepped jus-
tice resolved self-hence shouldst came Aaron whom came Aaron whom Here-
upon God commandment people Israel making stepped cleaner reward merits
where spiritual ideals paramount both king people instruction Egyptians all
charmed inexpressibly realised yes running water teach all Israel twenty years
tale sheep heard Commandment valuable element reward merits stars where

steal saying thought only souls souls Moses Miriam's too rarefied came Aaron
whom now MOSES BLAMED found himself making comparisons own glory shall
comparisons glory Holy One little dreamer stepped thirty God says stern bottom
sea relinquished brought swords man came Aaron whom even all clever content
tenth made hereupon humble valuable element Jair Machir something like self-
objects God bade Dr Aubrey Burl leading Balak King Moab Britain's tokens Lord
circles rowssix grains panegyrics lauding six grains masters embarrassed ac-
companied all only alluded later histories excellent only few details only en-
deavor walk numismatics Tabernacle brought people Flesh-pots Egypt needed
tell story something got forgot give taught thee Surely Jethro misled woman
work thou hadst man heat otherwise series Thou hast endeavored save last
erection bracelets arms employees Sotheby's great magician smuggling arte-
facts chose number ten Gerizim Ebal against laws countries because bidden
prohibited one Peter Watson Sotheby's Inside Story people all more Blessed
Thou editions receive six Dispatches forgiveness beyond other nations wan-
dered exile some company's employees smuggled wholly descended Shittim
Shittim Master paintings some shall Most tightening surely son will practices
turning guidance differentiated ye fools Why ye related yea one shall CBA other
Egyptians bodies promulgated transformed Principles Portable Antiquities set
dissolved body bringing portable antiquities found said delivered dissolved up-
per great excitement Throne hosts assault Lord executed these Egyptians Her-
itage took given Torah announced itself initiatives written these each staff
chant measure Portable Antiquities Egyptians whom innumerable God shown
signs sin only one journeying UK thing faithful Speak Israel antiquities well sub-
mitted think idol Jerusalem Tyre obedient principles thing faithful Israelites
blood death Throne hosts relating Egypt where some cases can made stick Why
work ain't such beastly little muff comes These marvellous God knew Bezalel
Solomon erected too much God granted song praise devices pursued investiga-
tions Earlier enquiries Moses told larvae Digger-wasps manna fell fell Moses
cried am God Announce

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.385 / Virus Database: 217 - Release Date: 9/4/2002

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294. **Alan Sondheim**

(no subject)

Wed 11 Sep 2002

death, of deathless
nothing one. one nothing.

thoughtless thought. thoughtless no thought. mind no all all.
being not-nothing being.
not no-mind thought everything.
enlightenment delusion.
delusionment nothing exists space in exists space in and space time.
delusionment delusion in emptiness.
there inside outside there inside being neither neither nor inside
outside. outside are divisions.
negation.
negation is the of effect no-cow. is effect no-cow. white no-cow the white
effect horse. is horse everything white. many. cow right everything white
many. horse. right the action wrong wrong action. action. mind an right
illusion. action illusion mind.
fire smoke smoke is fire. white something is name thousand. eighty-four
nothing. thousand. is to world renounce not world world. world.
thoughtless empty. to 9/11
===

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295. **kari edwards**

A Call for Submissions for

Wed 11 Sep 2002

just received this, thought I would pass it on, so please forward...

on 9/10/02 2:15 PM, Ellen Redbird at [REDACTED] wrote:

A Call for Submissions for:

Issue #3 of *_Nerve Lantern: Annual Axon of Performance Literature_*.

Texts for performance, texts especially performative on the page, and texts about performance, including: essays, reviews, manifestos, interviews, brainstorms, exercises, advice, debates, letters, post cards, flash cards, get well cards, etc.

Think edgy, multidimensional, multi-lingual, radical, vivid, collaborative, polyvocal, strange, chance operation, challenging, refreshingly messy. Think high quality, well crafted, but really pushing it. Also, texts that say something engaging about performance in their structure, language, meta-narrative. Or send whatever you can--it will all be read. Teach me something. Show me what you care about.

Nerve Lantern aspires to be a forum for new and more experienced writers.

Ultimate deadline is February 1, 2003. But the SOONER the better! Think October 1st and see what happens.

10 pages maximum (with flexibility). Excerpts ok.

Spread the word, spread this call. Let's continue to make community. This next issue will actually include author bios, the possibility for contact info.

Thank you!

Best wishes,
Ellen Redbird
Editor
[REDACTED]

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296. **K. Silem Mohammad**
Re: The Iowa School Poem

Wed 11 Sep 2002

on 9/10/02 6:54 PM, J Gallaher at [REDACTED] wrote:

First, I don't believe there is a thing called an "Iowa Poem" since the poem described by this term is not usually from an Iowa graduate. What one means by this term, I think, is a personal/autobiographical poem, usually of a domestic scene, in which someone learns and is comforted by an assertion of the order of things. This is also called the "workshop" poem. Right?

Here's an example, taken at random, by Kim Addonizio. I have no idea where she went to school. But I know that she did go to school. Took plenty of workshops.

For Sleep

*My daughter's terrified of spiders; at night she worries
they'll crawl over her while she's sleeping, and sometimes when she's sleeping
she dreams they do, and wakes up and runs to my bed,
crying while I try to soothe her. I tell her
how they're sacred to some Indian tribes, I take her outside
where one has strung a glistening web under a beam
in the narrow walkway between our house and the next,
a sight she actually does find beautiful--but the spider,
hanging there, swaying a little in the breeze,
she cringes from. I take down a book to show her drawings:
crab spider, orb-weaver, wolf spider dragging her egg sac
into the long grass. I teach her spinnerets,
those makers of silk. But soon she knows tarantula, black widow,
the suffocated housefly bundled in white threads.
She understands the poison, the devouring mate,
how love is less than the slimmest spun strand.*

*She wakes up alone, can feel the tiny legs ticking across her cheek,
the small malevolence that seeks her out; again
she runs to my bed, and burrows in beside me,
and I hold her until she quiets, and we wait together for sleep.*

This is about as perfect an example of a mainstream American "workshop" poem as one could hope to find, and as such, it's a useful object to examine, with an eye to the specific belly marks that distinguish it as belonging to that genus.

The first critical voice I imagine responding to it is one that sounds something like Marjorie Perloff, commenting on the arbitrariness of its line breaks (though there does seem to be a breath-based prosodic design), the ease with which it could be converted to prose, with no appreciable loss of ordered structural tension. Let's see what that would look like:

My daughter's terrified of spiders; at night she worries they'll crawl over her while she's sleeping, and sometimes when she's sleeping she dreams they do, and wakes up and runs to my bed, crying while I try to soothe her. I tell her how they're sacred to some Indian tribes, I take her outside where one has strung a glistening web under a beam in the narrow walkway between our house and the next, a sight she actually does find beautiful--but the spider, hanging there, swaying a little in the breeze, she cringes from. I take down a book to show her drawings: crab spider, orb-weaver, wolf spider dragging her egg sac into the long grass. I teach her spinnerets, those makers of silk. But soon she knows tarantula, black widow, the suffocated housefly bundled in white threads. She understands the poison, the devouring mate, how love is less than the slimmest spun strand. She wakes up alone, can feel the tiny legs ticking across her cheek, the small malevolence that seeks her out; again she runs to my bed, and burrows in beside me, and I hold her until she quiets, and we wait together for sleep.

Sure enough, there's precious little difference; it's somewhat rhetorically flowery, but no more so than a lot of short fiction that's out there. Any noticeable formal patterns that are lost seem to be accidental, or at least inscrutable ones, such as the three-letter words that begin the poem's last seven lines. Many lines do end with relatively vivid images ("spider," "egg sac," "black widow," "cheek," etc.), but quite a few don't as well ("outside," "next," "again," "me," etc.). The Perloff-critic, after denuding the poem in this way, might go on to ask why the poet did not just write it in prose in the first place.

Of course, one might do the same thing with an O'Hara poem, say, "Call Me":

The eager note on my door said "Call me,
call when you get in!" so I quickly threw
a few tangerines into my overnight bag,
straightened my eyelids and shoulders, and
headed straight for the door. It was autumn
by the time I got around the corner, oh all
unwilling to be either pertinent or bemused, but
the leaves were brighter than grass on the sidewalk!

Funny, I thought, that the lights are on this late
and the hall door open; still up at this hour, a
champion jai-alai player like himself? Oh fie!
for shame! What a host, so zealous! And he was

there in the hall, flat on a sheet of blood that
ran down the stairs. I did appreciate it. There are few
hosts who so thoroughly prepare to greet a guest
only casually invited, and that several months ago.

which, de-strophed, becomes:

The eager note on my door said "Call me, call when you get in!" so I quickly
threw a few tangerines into my overnight bag, straightened my eyelids and
shoulders, and headed straight for the door. It was autumn by the time I got
around the corner, oh all unwilling to be either pertinent or bemused, but the
leaves were brighter than grass on the sidewalk! Funny, I thought, that the
lights are on this late and the hall door open; still up at this hour, a champion
jai-alai player like himself? Oh fie! for shame! What a host, so zealous! And he
was there in the hall, flat on a sheet of blood that ran down the stairs. I did ap-
preciate it. There are few hosts who so thoroughly prepare to greet a guest
only casually invited, and that several months ago.

Again, the language is a little "strange," but no stranger than when it was in
verse; placement into measured(?) lines is not the source of the poem's defamil-
iarized quality, but rather its pseudo-archaic diction ("oh all unwilling," "fie,"
etc. So what's the difference, if any, between the principle of lineation here and
that of Addonizio's poem? Put another way, does lineation necessarily perform
or signal an integral structural ordering in the way that my Perloff-critic (to
whom I shall henceforth refer as Critic X in order to avoid putting words in
Marjorie's mouth) might insist it should? Or might it acceptably, in some cases,

be nothing more than a neutral convention, like leaving margins on a page of prose, or drop-casing the first letter of the first word of a paragraph for decorative effect? My own tendency is to say that O'Hara's poem **does** benefit from its line-breaks in some way the other poem doesn't it, but I can't quite explain it.

But anyway, Critic X chimes in, even if the lineation should prove to be neither here nor there, O'Hara's poem does, as you say (Critic X is now speaking directly to me--sorry if this is confusing), signal its poeticity through the defamiliarizing use of unusual diction, whereas Addonizio's poem is discursively generic--it could be spoken by any slightly-more-articulate- than-average bourgeois mother out of thousands.

One might then reply, however, that Addonizio's poem is compatible with Ashbery's goal for his own poems: that they be "representative," that they enunciate a thought or statement that might be anybody's.

But, says Critic X, the immediate transparency of the situation described in Addonizio's poem militates against what Ashbery means by "representative." His poems are representative of experience in the sense that they represent it without representing any **particular** experience. They are, like, meta-experiences. This poem, on the other hand, takes an already familiar experience--a parent's epiphany that it is not always possible to soothe children's fears through reasoned explanation, because sometimes children's innate apprehension of horror is more profoundly sensitive than any rational tonic--and expresses it in controlled, conventionalized terms.

And, ultimately, isn't that what it comes down to: the agon between the referential and the poetic function, to use Jakobson's terms? (I've dropped Critic X now and am just speaking for myself, to you, all of you out there.) There are some readers who want poems first and foremost to be "about" something, and there are others who want them first and foremost to be **made** a certain way. Addonizio has her own view on this (I got this from an interview on the web, using Google): "I think there's a real place for narrative in poetry. I don't think that fiction has to be the only place where you find story telling. Poets have always told stories, so I do often like to tell stories in my poems, but not always. And I think the difference would be that in a poem it's very condensed, quick, and you usually jump into the heart of the matter pretty quickly. The narrative is there to serve that thing that you want to talk about." She doesn't seem particularly concerned, as I tend to be, and I'm sure many others on this list are, with fancy Russian-formalist-type ideas about foregrounding verbal elements that deform the primary reference or whatever. She wants to get her idea across, and for her, poetry is just as valid a medium for doing that as prose, and it's not necessarily any different from prose in its basic **kind**--only in its level

of concentration. That view doesn't enjoy a lot of currency in any poetic theory that gets taught in academic circles (when it gets taught at all), but hell, it's a view.

She says in the same interview, when asked "Do you consider yourself to be part of a specific school of poetry (i.e. Romanticism)?" that what she is trying to do is "just write about being alive. I wouldn't call myself a post-modernist, however, so maybe I'm some other strain of poetry, maybe neo-Romantic [laughs]. I'm interested in feeling, in communication, being pretty central to the poem and that's not the project of post-modernism." Certainly this is an unfair categorization of much postmodernism. But is it any more slanted or exaggerated than much of the anti-mainstream rhetoric that gets routinely thrown around?

I'm not saying I think "For Sleep" is a great poem, or that I would buy Adonizio's book. Nor am I saying that I subscribe to her "just another way to say something" poetics. I'm just saying that I can't in good conscience claim that my way of evaluating and thinking about poetry is more "right" than hers. It really seems to be a matter of preference. I'm not even sure that in this poem "someone learns and is comforted by an assertion of the order of things." If anything, the message is pretty bleak. The only comfort comes from the fragile embrace between mother and daughter, which seems to be presented as an embrace in the middle of a big scary dark spider-infested pit. In short, there may be reasons for taking exception to the world view implied by this poem on ideological grounds, but I don't know that any such reasons can be subsumed under anything like a comprehensive set of *formal* ("constructive"?) principles.

Or maybe they can? Thoughts?

Kasey

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297. **richard.tylr**

Re: 5 writers on 11 September 2002

Wed 11 Sep 2002

This so called "tragedy" is dwarfed by the destruction that the and Britain has dropped on Iraq also he actions of bombing in China pre and during the revolution, Korea (where hospitals and civilians were targetted and tere was amassive destruction , Vietnam (see "Rape of Vietnam" by Harold Slingsby) and "The Pentagon Papers" where chemical warfare was used and also bombs shaped like toys and more bombs dropped than the Second WW, Indonesia (the murder of several millions who were identified by the CIA - see Pilger "The New Rulers of the World"), the bombing of Libya, the organised attack on the democratic government of Allende, "cowboy" actioons in Angola, the attacks (direct or by proxy) , the atrocities of wars to allegedly get Noriega (erstwhile an US

"buddy", many other countries such as Guatemala, the backing of Saddam Hussein right up to the invasion of Kuwait, the subsequent re-arming of Hussein, the illegal bombing on the no fly zones, the millions of \$s gifted to Israel and the sale of armaments throughout the world, the attack on Somalia, the withholding of support to poor countries and the imposition of enormous debts on countries including Australia to the extent that farmers there have been forced to abandon their farms, the allowance of murders of school children in the US itself, the millions killed in the US because of the gun laws, the homeless (I saw them on the streets of NY), the creation of Timothy McVeigh who is the other big terrorist.....the list of iniquities is endless.

Now there is in fact NO evidence that even one arab had anything to do with 9/11. I suspect it was done by the US to galvanise this crazy "axis of evil crap"...if the US attacks Iraq I'll be looking forward to more 9/11s with relish. Richard Taylor

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

From: "William Gillespie" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 11, 2002 2:43 PM

Subject: 5 writers on 11 September 2002

"In New York City, rescue crews began to place bodies back into the smoldering wreckage of the World Trade Center as firefighters sucked water off of the remains of the building, igniting a fire. The haze everywhere in the air was condensing into plumes of smoke lowering themselves into the growing fire which began to construct what would become the foundation and lower floors of the buildings. As night gave way to twilight the fires grew and stragglers began walking south towards lower Manhattan. More and more smoke and ash began to collect itself and rush towards the fire. As afternoon approached, an enormous pile of debris rose up and formed itself into a 47-story office building which began to collect plumes of smoke. Activity on the street increased as rescue crews departed and ambulances came and went to bring bandaged people from the hospital where they had been injured and carry them on stretchers into the chaos and smoke. Some simply had splints and bandages removed and were released so they could run towards the scene of the construction. Anger gave way to fear as morning approached. As more people ran towards the partially-formed towers, debris began to rise up off the Manhattan streets, repairing damage to cars and buildings and healing many injured people nearby. The smoke and ash continued to condense until it was impossible to see as hundreds of people ran towards the gathering structures. Eventually, the smoke and ash condensed into a wall of smoke and debris which retreated towards the plaza, until finally it began to form itself into the first tower, which rose like a phoenix out of its ashes. People flew from the ground into the windows of newly-constructed tower, where the flames were confined to a small, as-yet-constructed section near the top. Everyone on

the street stopped where they were and stared at the tower with the growing realization that another tower was about to form..."

-Joe Futrelle

5 Writers on 11 September 2002:

Raymond Federman

<http://spinelessbooks.com/911/ray.html>

Joe Futrelle

<http://spinelessbooks.com/911/joe.html>

Kurt Heintz

<http://spinelessbooks.com/911/kurt.html>

Dirk Stratton

<http://spinelessbooks.com/911/dirk.html>

Chandra Vega

<http://spinelessbooks.com>

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298. **Ron**
On the blog
Wed 11 Sep 2002

Recently on the blog:

- * Chain & the limits of the alphabet
- * The best book on September 11 was a collection of prose poems published in 1991
- * Sources for poetry aloud on the web (hear Mayakovsky, Akhmatova, Mandelstam, Pasternak or Esenin read their own poetry)
- * George Oppen: writing with Alzheimer's
- * Close reading P. Inman
- * Frank Stanford's *The Battlefield Where the Moon Says I Love You* and Lyn Hejinian's *A Border Comedy* are very similar books
- * Crockery: the fallacy of the well-wrought urn
- * Christian Bök's *Eunoia*
- * Jennifer Moxley's *The Sense Record*

* Barbara Guest & the sources of the abstract lyric

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

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299. **Jordan Davis**

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Just a quick graph before the minute of silence -- Ron, do you really think the Green Party was responsible for the disenfranchisement of America (any more than say Perot was responsible for the Clinton years or John Anderson for morning in America)?

Jordan

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300. **lewis lacook**

A MANUAL FOR TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY SANITY

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Wrestling with the ghost of hurricane Gustaf.
Lying with the women of Al Quaida, sleeping
with them. Eating with the tongue of a weak
breeze (that is the dead of the storm, the steak
or pork cutlet of Islam). Wading through wrath
while Israel spills, staining and then keeping
the stain. Drinking cupped from the vengeful creek
of Palestine (and wanting instead the numb cake).
Keeping to the untrained or billowed path.
Keeping to the summer's edge, and then keeping
to the flowerbed. Keeping to the blurs, the streaks
on my window, pain. Cleaving to the flesh of my mate.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Yahoo! - We Remember

9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost

<http://dir.remember.yahoo.com/tribute>

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301. **Jim Behrle**

Iowa

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Kim Addonizio received her B.A. and M.A. from San Francisco State University. Is being an Iowa poet some code here simply for writing lame poems? If so, it's a seriously dopey one. Here are poems from 3 Iowa poets I really like:

Toy Bed by Joyelle McSweeney

The bobcat poses in a tripod of rifles.
The crown of the emperor penguin slips down halfway
over his eyes. Light shades down bluely from the ice cliff
to the ice. Now this
is a salt marsh, but this can't have salt
or glass. The black wool beret is sodden and itches
and pushes my wet bangs down into my eyes
in little points. The field is flooded, floodened.
This has lost

its ice and good light. I slipped into the channel.
my thin nylon jacket soaked through right away.
Mud pouched in snaky curls inside it. I stood up.
Is there still time to walk

out, pitch a stick and read the current, fold back
the green felt cap, poke a feather through, remove
myself to higher ground? Inside the dry house, thinking.
What does the deer do, now, in the woods? He wears
a too-huge stylized rack. It pulls his head back
black-lipped to the sky, or pulls his head down
and he must graze and brood. It pulls
his lips and makes him smile. It closes his eyes.

After the Last Fright by Cate Marvin

I carved upon my desk unsayables.
He drank until he vomited on himself.
Eavesdropping, the others resisted sleep.
The house knew the pain of sun on lacquered floorboards.

I carved it with the tips of scissors.
A door creaked; he hung his head into the room.
Please, the others cannot sleep.
The shingles twitched like skin beneath moonlight.

I spent the afternoon at a movie theater.
He staggered through brush toward a pay phone.
The others continued searching the streets for him.
The house held the moon above it, it was that imperial.

I recall the room was empty when I came back in.
He was arrested at the QuikTrip while calling collect.
Frantic, the others circled the block again.
The house was ghost white, older than the dead.

I needlepointed for 72 hours straight.
He claimed the whole situation humiliated him.
Relieved, the others refrained from asking him what jail was like.
The house was swan to field, tiger to sea.

I lay in bed by the time the others came home.
He didn't recall putting on the orange jumpsuit.
The others asked if I'd seen him around.
The house shuddered, No-o-o-o.

The house winced, winked its blinds.
The house whispered I should stay inside.
The others flew out the doors and into their cars.
The others slammed their cars into deer and cried.

He was more humiliated than he'd ever been.
He looked more or less the same, though his eyes were ringed.
The others hid in the basement.
He climbed the stairs and presented a ring.

The house swung its windows wide to ice.
He banged his nails blue, pinned his tongue to his tie.
He packed himself in a box, sent it to regions far off.
The others pressed their ears to the pipes.

The house wore its flames like a hat.
The house called a radio talkshow.
We drank all night, laughed all night, the night he left.
I shook in its mouth till the house drank me up.

dana plato fatality by Rebecca Wolff

Hungry for strangers
it's that time of the month

Making funny faces in the mirror-
 take it one step further and
Make funny shapes with your body in the mirror
Pose as Shiva with your palms out toward the mirror
Suffused with that irritant
Parroted internationally
known as train wreck
With oncoming blindness
With incoming invisible
Hungry for appetite
it's that kind of collapsed conveyance
fantasia of recall
unchecked with the poke of vestigial freckles
it's unfortunately visible
And she's crying in the mirror like a pornstar

When will some of us here be finished being lazy snobs? It appalls me that most thoughtful, dignified voices here are drowned out by the silly and embittered.

--Jim Behrle

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

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302. **litsam**

Re: Iowa

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Jim,

As a holder of one of those degrees so often scoffed at by many in this crowd, I breathe in the fresh air you just managed to instill in this place. Thank you.

Iowa, by the way, has for many years had its share of both good and not so good poets come through its classrooms, streets, and bars. It's called life, and it happens in Iowa City on a daily basis.

For those of you who don't agree, and still feel the need to trash places your jealousies can't handle, I suggest, perhaps, a book by David St. John, or Norman

Dubie, or Philip Levine. All graduates of Iowa! All, the last time I checked, doing better and more memorable work than anyone on this list, including myself!

Thanks again, Jim.

Sam Pereira

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

From: "Jim Behrle" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 11, 2002 6:37 AM

Subject: Iowa

*Kim Addonizio received her B.A. and M.A. from San Francisco State University. Is being an Iowa poet some code here simply for writing lame poems? If so, it's a seriously dopey one. Here are poems from 3 Iowa poets
I really like:*

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*to the ice. Now this
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or glass. The black wool beret is sodden and itches
and pushes my wet bangs down into my eyes
in little points. The field is flooded, floodened.
This has lost*

*its ice and good light. I slipped into the channel.
my thin nylon jacket soaked through right away.
Mud pouched in snaky curls inside it. I stood up.
Is there still time to walk*

*out, pitch a stick and read the current, fold back
the green felt cap, poke a feather through, remove
myself to higher ground? Inside the dry house, thinking.
What does the deer do, now, in the woods? He wears*

*a too-huge stylized rack. It pulls his head back
black-lipped to the sky, or pulls his head down
and he must graze and brood. It pulls
his lips and makes him smile. It closes his eyes.*

After the Last Fright by Cate Marvin

*I carved upon my desk unsayables.
He drank until he vomited on himself.
Eavesdropping, the others resisted sleep.
The house knew the pain of sun on lacquered floorboards.*

*I carved it with the tips of scissors.
A door creaked; he hung his head into the room.
Please, the others cannot sleep.
The shingles twitched like skin beneath moonlight.*

*I spent the afternoon at a movie theater.
He staggered through brush toward a pay phone.
The others continued searching the streets for him.
The house held the moon above it, it was that imperial.*

*I recall the room was empty when I came back in.
He was arrested at the QuikTrip while calling collect.
Frantic, the others circled the block again.
The house was ghost white, older than the dead.*

*I needlepointed for 72 hours straight.
He claimed the whole situation humiliated him.
Relieved, the others refrained from asking him what jail was like.
The house was swan to field, tiger to sea.*

*I lay in bed by the time the others came home.
He didn't recall putting on the orange jumpsuit.
The others asked if I'd seen him around.
The house shuddered, No-o-o-o.*

*The house winced, winked its blinds.
The house whispered I should stay inside.
The others flew out the doors and into their cars.
The others slammed their cars into deer and cried.*

*He was more humiliated than he'd ever been.
He looked more or less the same, though his eyes were ringed.
The others hid in the basement.
He climbed the stairs and presented a ring.*

*The house swung its windows wide to ice.
He banged his nails blue, pinned his tongue to his tie.
He packed himself in a box, sent it to regions far off.
The others pressed their ears to the pipes.*

*The house wore its flames like a hat.
The house called a radio talkshow.
We drank all night, laughed all night, the night he left.
I shook in its mouth till the house drank me up.*

dana plato fatality by Rebecca Wolff

*Hungry for strangers
it's that time of the month*

*Making funny faces in the mirror-
take it one step further and
Make funny shapes with your body in the mirror*

Pose as Shiva with your palms out toward the mirror

*Suffused with that irritant
Parroted internationally*

known as train wreck

*With oncoming blindness
With incoming invisible*

*Hungry for appetite
it's that kind of collapsed conveyance*

*fantasia of recall
unchecked with the poke of vestigial freckles*

it's unfortunately visible

And she's crying in the mirror like a pornstar

*When will some of us here be finished being lazy snobs? It appalls me
that
most thoughtful, dignified voices here are drowned out by the silly and
embittered.*

--Jim Behrle

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303. **Aaron Belz**

Re: Iowa

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Kim Addonizio received her B.A. and M.A. from San Francisco State University.

Jim,

The idea was to abstract the "Iowa School" concept from the actual university; it's merely a shorthand for poems that seem like they were whittled in the oldest and most distinguished workshop in the world. As someone said-- domestic scenes with lessons embedded in them. Hence Kim Addonizio. I hope no one will take umbrage, especially not my good friend Cate (who studied *fiction* at Iowa, by the way; her poetry MFA came from Houston) or Rebecca Wolff or Matt Rohrer (go Fence!) or *any* of that school's fine alumni.

But back to Kim Addonizio. She was a finalist for the National Book Award: "What Do Women Want?"

I want a red dress.
I want it flimsy and cheap,
I want it too tight, I want to wear it
until someone tears it off me.
I want it sleeveless and backless,
this dress, so no one has to guess
what's underneath. I want to walk down
the street past Thrifty's and the hardware store
with all those keys glittering in the window,
past Mr. and Mrs. Wong selling day-old
donuts in their café, past the Guerra brothers
slinging pigs from the truck and onto the dolly,
hoisting the slick snouts over their shoulders.
I want to walk like I'm the only
woman on earth and I can have my pick.
I want that red dress bad.
I want it to confirm
your worst fears about me,
to show you how little I care about you

or anything except what
I want. When I find it, I'll pull that garment
from its hanger like I'm choosing a body
to carry me into this world, through
the birth-cries and the love-cries too,
and I'll wear it like bones, like skin,
it'll be the goddamned
dress they bury me in.

Mermaid Song
for Aya at fifteen

Damp-haired from the bath, you drape yourself
upside down across the sofa, reading,
one hand idly sunk into a bowl
of crackers, goldfish with smiles stamped on.
I think they are growing gills, swimming
up the sweet air to reach you. Small girl,
my slim miracle, they multiply.
In the black hours when I lie sleepless,
near drowning, dread-heavy, your face
is the bright lure I look for, love's hook
piercing me, hauling me cleanly up.

Reading these poems, I was shocked. Shocked because I am a snob? If not
wanting to be known as a finalist for the National Book Award after reading
these makes me a snob, then yes. Kim is from San Fran, of course, but Iowa
M.F.A. grads are not immune to the insidious Workshop Poem a la Addonizio.
Clicking around in the Academy of American Poets yielded Jill Bialosky, who ac-
tually did go to University of Iowa--

Fathers in the Snow

After father died
the love was all through the house
untamed and sometimes violent.
When the dates came we went up to our rooms
and mother entertained.
Frank Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night,"
the smell of Chanel No.5 in her hair and the laughter.
We sat crouched at the top of the stairs.
In the morning we found mother asleep on the couch
her hair messed, and the smell
of stale liquor in the room.
We knelt on the floor before her,

one by one touched our fingers
over the red flush in her face.
The chipped sunlight through the shutters.
It was a dark continent
we and mother shared;
it was sweet and lonesome,
the wake men left in our house.

By the way, her book was published by Knopf. She's now an editor at Norton.
<http://www.poets.org/poets/poets.cfm?prmID=243>

I guess what I'm trying to say is I agree with Jim in principle-- there's no need to pick on one program. Why don't we call it the "Knopf Poem"? We used to use the phrase "New Yorker Poem" -- that's not to say everything in the New Yorker sucks, just a certain taste that distinguished weekly has left in so many of our mouths. Or perhaps the "Addonizio School"? It's not unprecedented to classify a type of writing around one of its perpetrators--remember the fate of Edward George Bulwer-Lytton (<http://www.bulwer-lytton.com/>).

Jim, I sympathize with your stand against bitterness. Bitterness, and its bed-mate politics, characterize much of what happens in the world of poetry. At the same time I really don't like bad poetry, lazy garbage that would nevertheless (those of us MFA grads know) succeed in a poetry workshop. Reading this Bialosky poem, I can hear the groans of approval...

-Aaron

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304. **Michael Magee**
Re: The Iowa School Poem
Wed 11 Sep 2002

Kasey, thanks for taking the time to put your provocative thought and questions on e-paper. I wish I had more time to respond with equal force! But I'll at least get a few quick thoughts down here b/c it's an interesting discussion that I hope will continue:

1. I guess I would want to question this idea of generic-ness. I think your Ashbery analogy may confuse the issue unnecessarily. I see Ashbery's claim to being "generic" as a bit of a canard: for Ashbery "generic" is a quality, a sound, a style; he's representative only in his uniqueness. And in a strange twist, it turns out that Kim Addonizio is the one whose *language* is "representative" - i.e., it looks like a lot of other language you've seen. And that's the issue for me: that Addonizio's claim to be telling us about an actual experience simply doesn't hold water. She no doubt *had* an experience, but the poem itself is just a

formula, like what the cops give you to get an accident reported/narrated properly. As a reader, my response is one of utter familiarity - and not just because I've read a gazillion poems like this one but because it's in the neighborhood of one's everyday habitual retellings of the "significant" events of one's life. In contrast, the uniqueness, eccentricity, peculiarity, whatever, of Ashbery's writing creates a situation where reading itself is the experience, inter-acting with words and spaces on the page and, yes, with some transtemporal writing-Ashbery. An utterly different experience, seems to me.

Last thing: I think prose should be defined more clearly here. "reads like prose" means "reads like autobiographical, memoirish, standard-English prose" right? This is important since Joyce's or Stein's or Ralph Ellison's or Nate Mackey's or Emerson's etcetc prose couldn't be more different from the "like prose" in that "Perloff" sense. Incidentally, this is where Silliamn's discussion of making prose function like poetry in *The New Sentence* is **very** helpful.

Okay, -m.

According
to K. Silem
Mohammad:

> > on 9/10/02 6:54 PM, J Gallaher at [REDACTED] wrote:

>

> > First, I don't believe there is a thing called an "Iowa Poem" since the poem
> > described by this term is not usually from an Iowa graduate. What one
means

> > by this term, I think, is a personal/autobiographical poem, usually of a
> > domestic scene, in which someone learns and is comforted by an assertion
of

> > the order of things. This is also called the "workshop" poem. Right?

> >

> > Here's an example, taken at random, by Kim Addonizio. I have no idea
where

> > she went to school. But I know that she did go to school. Took plenty of
> > workshops.

> >

> > For Sleep

> > My daughter's terrified of spiders; at night she worries

> > they'll crawl over her while she's sleeping, and sometimes when she's
sleeping

> > she dreams they do, and wakes up and runs to my bed,

> > crying while I try to soothe her. I tell her

> > how they're sacred to some Indian tribes, I take her outside

> > where one has strung a glistening web under a beam

> > in the narrow walkway between our house and the next,
> > a sight she actually does find beautiful--but the spider,
> > hanging there, swaying a little in the breeze,
> > she cringes from. I take down a book to show her drawings:
> > crab spider, orb-weaver, wolf spider dragging her egg sac
> > into the long grass. I teach her spinnerets,
> > those makers of silk. But soon she knows tarantula, black widow,
> > the suffocated housefly bundled in white threads.
> > She understands the poison, the devouring mate,
> > how love is less than the slimmest spun strand.
> > She wakes up alone, can feel the tiny legs ticking across her cheek,
> > the small malevolence that seeks her out; again
> > she runs to my bed, and burrows in beside me,
> > and I hold her until she quiets, and we wait together for sleep.
>
> This is about as perfect an example of a mainstream American "workshop"
poem
> as one could hope to find, and as such, it's a useful object to examine,
> with an eye to the specific belly marks that distinguish it as belonging to
> that genus.
>
> The first critical voice I imagine responding to it is one that sounds
> something like Marjorie Perloff, commenting on the arbitrariness of its line
> breaks (though there does seem to be a breath-based prosodic design), the
> ease with which it could be converted to prose, with no appreciable loss of
> ordered structural tension. Let's see what that would look like:
>
> ----
>
> My daughter's terrified of spiders; at night she worries they'll crawl over
> her while she's sleeping, and sometimes when she's sleeping she dreams they
> do, and wakes up and runs to my bed, crying while I try to soothe her. I
> tell her how they're sacred to some Indian tribes, I take her outside where
> one has strung a glistening web under a beam in the narrow walkway be-
tween
> our house and the next, a sight she actually does find beautiful--but the
> spider, hanging there, swaying a little in the breeze, she cringes from. I
> take down a book to show her drawings: crab spider, orb-weaver, wolf spider
> dragging her egg sac into the long grass. I teach her spinnerets, those
> makers of silk. But soon she knows tarantula, black widow, the suffocated
> housefly bundled in white threads. She understands the poison, the devour-
ing

> mate, how love is less than the slimmest spun strand. She wakes up alone,
> can feel the tiny legs ticking across her cheek, the small malevolence that
> seeks her out; again she runs to my bed, and burrows in beside me, and I
> hold her until she quiets, and we wait together for sleep.
>
> ----
>
> Sure enough, there's precious little difference; it's somewhat rhetorically
> flowery, but no more so than a lot of short fiction that's out there. Any
> noticeable formal patterns that are lost seem to be accidental, or at least
> inscrutable ones, such as the three-letter words that begin the poem's last
> seven lines. Many lines do end with relatively vivid images ("spider," "egg
> sac," "black widow," "cheek," etc.), but quite a few don't as well
> ("outside," "next," "again," "me," etc.). The Perloff-critic, after
> denuding the poem in this way, might go on to ask why the poet did not just
> write it in prose in the first place.
>
> Of course, one might do the same thing with an O'Hara poem, say, "Call Me":
>
> The eager note on my door said "Call me,
> call when you get in!" so I quickly threw
> a few tangerines into my overnight bag,
> straightened my eyelids and shoulders, and
>
> headed straight for the door. It was autumn
> by the time I got around the corner, oh all
> unwilling to be either pertinent or bemused, but
> the leaves were brighter than grass on the sidewalk!
>
> Funny, I thought, that the lights are on this late
> and the hall door open; still up at this hour, a
> champion jai-alai player like himself? Oh fie!
> for shame! What a host, so zealous! And he was
>
> there in the hall, flat on a sheet of blood that
> ran down the stairs. I did appreciate it. There are few
> hosts who so thoroughly prepare to greet a guest
> only casually invited, and that several months ago.
>
> ----
>
> which, de-strophed, becomes:

>
> ----
>
> The eager note on my door said "Call me, call when you get in!" so I quickly
> threw a few tangerines into my overnight bag, straightened my eyelids and
> shoulders, and headed straight for the door. It was autumn by the time I
> got around the corner, oh all unwilling to be either pertinent or bemused,
> but the leaves were brighter than grass on the sidewalk! Funny, I thought,
> that the lights are on this late and the hall door open; still up at this
> hour, a champion jai-alai player like himself? Oh fie! for shame! What a
> host, so zealous! And he was there in the hall, flat on a sheet of blood
> that ran down the stairs. I did appreciate it. There are few hosts who so
> thoroughly prepare to greet a guest only casually invited, and that several
> months ago.
>
> ----
>
> Again, the language is a little "strange," but no stranger than when it was
> in verse; placement into measured(?) lines is not the source of the poem's
> defamiliarized quality, but rather its pseudo-archaic diction ("oh all
> unwilling," "fie," etc. So what's the difference, if any, between the
> principle of lineation here and that of Addonizio's poem? Put another way,
> does lineation necessarily perform or signal an integral structural ordering
> in the way that my Perloff-critic (to whom I shall henceforth refer as
> Critic X in order to avoid putting words in Marjorie's mouth) might insist
> it should? Or might it acceptably, in some cases, be nothing more than a
> neutral convention, like leaving margins on a page of prose, or drop-casing
> the first letter of the first word of a paragraph for decorative effect? My
> own tendency is to say that O'Hara's poem *does* benefit from its
> line-breaks in some way the other poem doesn't it, but I can't quite explain
> it.
>
> But anyway, Critic X chimes in, even if the lineation should prove to be
> neither here nor there, O'Hara's poem does, as you say (Critic X is now
> speaking directly to me--sorry if this is confusing), signal its poeticity
> through the defamiliarizing use of unusual diction, whereas Addonizio's poem
> is discursively generic--it could be spoken by any slightly-more-articulate-
> than-average bourgeois mother out of thousands.
>
> One might then reply, however, that Addonizio's poem is compatible with
> Ashbery's goal for his own poems: that they be "representative," that they
> enunciate a thought or statement that might be anybody's.

>
> But, says Critic X, the immediate transparency of the situation described in
> Addonizio's poem militates against what Ashbery means by "representative."
> His poems are representative of experience in the sense that they represent
> it without representing any *particular* experience. They are, like,
> meta-experiences. This poem, on the other hand, takes an already familiar
> experience--a parent's epiphany that it is not always possible to soothe
> children's fears through reasoned explanation, because sometimes children's
> innate apprehension of horror is more profoundly sensitive than any rational
> tonic--and expresses it in controlled, conventionalized terms.

>
> And, ultimately, isn't that what it comes down to: the agon between the
> referential and the poetic function, to use Jakobson's terms? (I've dropped
> Critic X now and am just speaking for myself, to you, all of you out there.)
> There are some readers who want poems first and foremost to be "about"
> something, and there are others who want them first and foremost to be
> *made* a certain way. Addonizio has her own view on this (I got this from
> an interview on the web, using Google): "I think there's a real place for
> narrative in poetry. I don't think that fiction has to be the only place
> where you find story telling. Poets have always told stories, so I do often
> like to tell stories in my poems, but not always. And I think the
> difference would be that in a poem it's very condensed, quick, and you
> usually jump into the heart of the matter pretty quickly. The narrative is
> there to serve that thing that you want to talk about." She doesn't seem
> particularly concerned, as I tend to be, and I'm sure many others on this
> list are, with fancy Russian-formalist-type ideas about foregrounding verbal
> elements that deform the primary reference or whatever. She wants to get
> her idea across, and for her, poetry is just as valid a medium for doing
> that as prose, and it's not necessarily any different from prose in its
> basic *kind*--only in its level of concentration. That view doesn't enjoy a
> lot of currency in any poetic theory that gets taught in academic circles
> (when it gets taught at all), but hell, it's a view.

>
> She says in the same interview, when asked "Do you consider yourself to be
> part of a specific school of poetry (i.e. Romanticism)?" that what she is
> trying to do is "just write about being alive. I wouldn't call myself a
> post-modernist, however, so maybe I'm some other strain of poetry, maybe
> neo-Romantic [laughs]. I'm interested in feeling, in communication, being
> pretty central to the poem and that's not the project of post-modernism."
> Certainly this is an unfair categorization of much postmodernism. But is it
> any more slanted or exaggerated than much of the anti-mainstream rhetoric
> that gets routinely thrown around?

>
> I'm not saying I think "For Sleep" is a great poem, or that I would buy
> Addonizio's book. Nor am I saying that I subscribe to her "just another way
> to say something" poetics. I'm just saying that I can't in good conscience
> claim that my way of evaluating and thinking about poetry is more "right"
> than hers. It really seems to be a matter of preference. I'm not even sure
> that in this poem "someone learns and is comforted by an assertion of the
> order of things." If anything, the message is pretty bleak. The only
> comfort comes from the fragile embrace between mother and daughter,
which
> seems to be presented as an embrace in the middle of a big scary dark
> spider-infested pit. In short, there may be reasons for taking exception to
> the world view implied by this poem on ideological grounds, but I don't know
> that any such reasons can be subsumed under anything like a comprehensive
> set of *formal* ("constructive"?) principles.
>
> Or maybe they can? Thoughts?
>
> Kasey
>

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305. **Jim Behrle**
the state of this list

Wed 11 Sep 2002

I fluctuate between complete consternation with the sullen moves of this list and a resigned, lethargic delete-fest to cleanse my inbox and soul of its frequently dim and cruel posts. There are poets here to respect, many who remain very quiet. To dive in this mosh-pit is often to dance with fools.

When will some on this list be finished being lazy snobs? It's like that band who never got over opening for Nirvana, as Nick Hornby might write. The stagnancy here is astounding. If your favorite 10 poets are the same as they were 10 years ago, you have a problem. If you're more interested in creating and defending acronyms than in creating and defending innovative work, that's a problem.

Many people are here just to naysay and bitch, adding nothing to daily life here other than to underline they're own ill-lit perceptions. Why must the creepy turf wars of former generations of poets be passed down and taught like scripture? Is it possible for poets to actually be more than a category--can we surprise and be surprised as work is encountered?

Aaron, must we coin phrases to belittle poems? If work isn't interesting, why discuss it here? Couldn't we write about the poets that do compel, shake and rattle us? I respect you and your work a lot. Must we continually sweat the National Book Awards, as if they meant anything other than a nice check?

As tiresome and predictable as some responses to posts have become, it feels like there's an opportunity now to change. I'd say there are only a handful of moaners, content to toss their disappointments and miseries as far as they can type. But there are many more here, those folks are completely outnumbered. I'm curious to hear from people about this. What can this list be?

--Jim Behrle

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306. **William Slaughter**

Notice: Mudlark

Wed 11 Sep 2002

NEW AND ON VIEW: MUDLARK NO. 21 (2002)

The Price of Water in Los Angeles

An Electronic Chapbook by R. D. Girard

"R. D. Girard lives in Washington and Los Angeles
and writes poems when he can't sleep at night."

If They Come in the Morning

Chuck Taylor's All Stars

Birth Rights

The Price of Water in Los Angeles

Fortunate Son

No Particular Place to Go

Video Killed the Radio Star

You Gotta Start Somewhere

And Then He Kissed Me

I'll See You in My Dreams

Ghost Riders in the Sky

Property Tax

Blowback

Til Her Daddy Takes Her T-Bird Away

Crew Cut

The Real Deal

Breakfast at the Marion Motley All-Star Cafe
Mean Streets
Ground Control to Major Tom
Havana Moon

Spread the word. Far and wide,
William Slaughter

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307. **Aaron Belz**

Re: the state of this list

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Jim,

I'm glad you like my poems; as you know, I endorse your whole project. CWHOBBS has opened up whole landscapes of possibility for me. Pardon me, however, while I ---

It seems ironic that you call our attention to "the state of things" -- how things are bad & could be better. Why don't you post something positive? I.e., ignore that which you perceive to be negative & harmful? aha, it's not that easy, is it. My only intention in posting poems that are textbook-awful is to say--to say again--something is rotten in the state of Po-mark. It seems we are saying the same thing to different ends, however.

Jim, I'll offer you a wager. You don't criticize the "state of this list" or call people lazy, mean, dumb, snobby, etc., and I will check all *my* remarks to make sure they are about "the poets that do compel, shake and rattle" me, or other things that turn me on. But for every one of your metacommentaries about this list, I get to attack something of my choosing.

Do it, Jim! This is your chance to carry a fella out of the fire on your back! I'm serious,

-Aaron

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308. **Harrison Jeff**

where the V sits at the v of virginia

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Beautiful & adequate peace or exaggeration, Virginia my dream is punished with entertainments, Qui refroidit mon sang vers sa source, they were not at all lured - though even the tomb succumbs to enigma - by flowers in place of a point-of-view.

Nuances struggle against white roses - while you, Virginia, misheard "harnessed" for "powerless." When the end-word was repeated I imagined it Capitalized. In this flight from lions, the detour is subterranean and we meet Eurydice coming up alone to be devoured.

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<http://www.hotmail.com>

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309. **Beth Garrison**

Re: Iowa

Wed 11 Sep 2002

honestly, i don't believe that good poetry necessarily comes out of workshops or that it takes an mfa to recognize good poetry. good poetry comes out of life, recognition from not only reading, but listening. peace, beth

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

From: "Aaron Belz" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 11, 2002 10:24 AM

Subject: Re: Iowa

> > Kim Addonizio received her B.A. and M.A. from San Francisco State
> > University.

>

>

> Jim,

>

> The idea was to abstract the "Iowa School" concept from the actual university; it's

> merely a shorthand for poems that seem like they were whittled in the oldest and most

> distinguished workshop in the world. As someone said-- domestic scenes with lessons

> embedded in them. Hence Kim Addonizio. I hope no one will take umbrage,
especially
> not my good friend Cate (who studied *fiction* at Iowa, by the way; her
poetry MFA
> came from Houston) or Rebecca Wolff or Matt Rohrer (go Fence!) or *any* of
that
> school's fine alumni.
>
> But back to Kim Addonizio. She was a finalist for the National Book
Award:
>
>
> "What Do Women Want?"
>
> I want a red dress.
> I want it flimsy and cheap,
> I want it too tight, I want to wear it
> until someone tears it off me.
> I want it sleeveless and backless,
> this dress, so no one has to guess
> what's underneath. I want to walk down
> the street past Thrifty's and the hardware store
> with all those keys glittering in the window,
> past Mr. and Mrs. Wong selling day-old
> donuts in their café, past the Guerra brothers
> slinging pigs from the truck and onto the dolly,
> hoisting the slick snouts over their shoulders.
> I want to walk like I'm the only
> woman on earth and I can have my pick.
> I want that red dress bad.
> I want it to confirm
> your worst fears about me,
> to show you how little I care about you
> or anything except what
> I want. When I find it, I'll pull that garment
> from its hanger like I'm choosing a body
> to carry me into this world, through
> the birth-cries and the love-cries too,
> and I'll wear it like bones, like skin,
> it'll be the goddamned
> dress they bury me in.
>

>
> Mermaid Song
> for Aya at fifteen
>
> Damp-haired from the bath, you drape yourself
> upside down across the sofa, reading,
> one hand idly sunk into a bowl
> of crackers, goldfish with smiles stamped on.
> I think they are growing gills, swimming
> up the sweet air to reach you. Small girl,
> my slim miracle, they multiply.
> In the black hours when I lie sleepless,
> near drowning, dread-heavy, your face
> is the bright lure I look for, love's hook
> piercing me, hauling me cleanly up.
>
>
>
> Reading these poems, I was shocked. Shocked because I am a snob? If not
wanting to
> be known as a finalist for the National Book Award after reading these
makes me a
> snob, then yes. Kim is from San Fran, of course, but Iowa M.F.A. grads
are not
> immune to the insidious Workshop Poem a la Addonizio. Clicking around in
the
> Academy of American Poets yielded Jill Bialosky, who actually did go to
University of
> Iowa--
>
>
> Fathers in the Snow
>
> After father died
> the love was all through the house
> untamed and sometimes violent.
> When the dates came we went up to our rooms
> and mother entertained.
> Frank Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night,"
> the smell of Chanel No.5 in her hair and the laughter.
> We sat crouched at the top of the stairs.
> In the morning we found mother asleep on the couch

> her hair messed, and the smell
> of stale liquor in the room.
> We knelt on the floor before her,
> one by one touched our fingers
> over the red flush in her face.
> The chipped sunlight through the shutters.
> It was a dark continent
> we and mother shared;
> it was sweet and lonesome,
> the wake men left in our house.
>
>
>
> By the way, her book was published by Knopf. She's now an editor at Norton.
> <http://www.poets.org/poets/poets.cfm?prmID=243>
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> I guess what I'm trying to say is I agree with Jim in principle-- there's no need to
> pick on one program. Why don't we call it the "Knopf Poem"? We used to use the
> phrase "New Yorker Poem" -- that's not to say everything in the New Yorker sucks,
> just a certain taste that distinguished weekly has left in so many of our mouths. Or
> perhaps the "Addonizio School"? It's not unprecedented to classify a type of writing
> around one of its perpetrators--remember the fate of Edward George Bulwer-Lytton
> (<http://www.bulwer-lytton.com/>).
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> Jim, I sympathize with your stand against bitterness. Bitterness, and its bedmate
> politics, characterize much of what happens in the world of poetry. At the same time
> I really don't like bad poetry, lazy garbage that would nevertheless (those of us MFA
> grads know) succeed in a poetry workshop. Reading this Bialosky poem, I can hear the
> groans of approval...
>
> -Aaron

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310. **lewis lacook**

Idiolect6 preview: Alan Sondheim's 911

Wed 11 Sep 2002

As a small preview to the upcoming Idiolect 6, and a homage to the September 11 tragedies, Idiolect proudly offers Alan Sondheim's e-book 911:

<http://www.lewislacook.com/idiolect/idiolect6/sondheim.html>

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Yahoo! - We Remember

9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost

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311. **The Poetry Project**

Poetry Project Announcements

Wed 11 Sep 2002

FALL WRITING WORKSHOPS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

The workshop fee is \$300, which includes tuition for classes and an "individual" membership in the Poetry Project for one year. Reservations are required due to limited class space and payment must be received in advance. Please send payment and reservations (include your address, phone number and email) to: The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St., NY, NY 10003. For more information, please call [REDACTED], or email: [REDACTED]

COGNITIVE DISSONANCE: A WRITING WORKSHOP - ANNE WALDMAN
TUESDAYS AT 7 pm: 4 sessions, October 22nd - November 12th

Waldman writes, "It is not safety but the unevenness of life that allows artistic breakthrough. Shaky ground is best when trying to find new ways to walk. In this workshop, we will play with rhizomic collage, hypnologic states, investigate living in the "eternal war" zone, perform cross-genre experimentation & vocalize cultural intervention. Texts for study & response will be provided."

Anne Waldman is the author of over 30 books including, most recently, Vow to Poetry: Essays, Interviews & Manifestos (Coffee House Press) and Marriage: A Sentence (Penguin Poets).

THE POET IN THE WORLD - JAIME MANRIQUE FRIDAYS AT 7 pm: 10 sessions, beginning October 18 Manrique describes "The Poet in the World" as "a workshop for students interested in writing poems that extend beyond the realm of autobiography. We will look at the works of poets such as Walt Whitman, Octavio Paz, Pablo Neruda, Cavafy, Wislawa Szymborska, Czeslaw Milosz, Agha Shahid Ali, Tomas Salamun and others whose imagination is deeply personal but also rooted in politics, history, and issues of national identity. Students will be asked to write in specific forms such as insult poems, satire, etc."

Jaime Manrique's titles include the novels *Colombian Gold*, *Latin Moon in Manhattan*, and *Twilight at the Equator* and poetry titles *My Night with Federico García Lorca*; *Tarzan, My Body*, *Christopher Columbus*; and *Sor Juana's Love Poems*, co-translated with Joan Larkin.

WORKSHOP - RENEE GLADMAN SATURDAYS AT 12 PM: 10 sessions, beginning October 12 Gladman describes her workshop: "In this class we will write toward the middle, that terrain between poetry and fiction where the shape and tone of the line or sentence is as much an idea about narrative as are the notions of time, place, and character. Through a series of in-class writing exercises and discussions the class will imagine and test out those perspectives of storytelling that work against conventional assumptions of linear progression, authentic voice, and resolution."

Renee Gladman is the author of *Juice* (Kelsey St. Press), and two chapbooks, *Arlem* (Idiom Press) and *Not Right Now* (Second Story Books). Former editor of *Clamour*, she is currently editor of the chapbook imprint, Leroy.

SURREALISM AND AUTOMATIC WRITING - JANET HAMILL TUESDAYS AT 7 pm: 4 sessions, November 19th December 10th The writers and painters of Surrealism drew their imagery from dreams, and other non-rational states, and practiced automatism. This workshop will examine the climate in which the movement was born, its philosophy, the work of some of its chief predecessors and proponents, and its continued relevance. Workshop participants will have the opportunity to investigate Surrealist techniques and make their own attempts at automatic writing.

Janet Hamill is the author of four books of poetry and short fiction: *Lost Ceilings*, *Nostalgia of the Infinite*, *The Temple*, and *Troublante*. *Flying Nowhere*, her first full-length spoken word CD, with the music of *Moving Star*, was released in 2001.

312. **Maria Damon**

Re: Iowa

Wed 11 Sep 2002

not that i wanna weigh in with trashing poets or poetry. but i actually LIKE "Bad" poetry, and this aint it. this addonizio stuff is neither very bad nor very good, it's not interesting in any way. in the spider poem, which is completely banal, i expected a killer-diller last line to redeem it; this is something this type of lyric poetry often relies on-- a punch-line to redeem its previous overly talky exposition. but the last line was the lamest of all. nothing interesting in the language, and the only thing i cd get from it, in terms of content, was that, hm, mother shares some of daughter's anxiety about the natural world of love and sex and relationship that is obviously writ large in the foregoing. so what. i don't see anyone taking any risks here; this isn't "deceptively simple" --it's blatantly simplistic; it seems made to order for an eighth grade class of 50 years ago just learning the basics of "reading for larger meaning." as for the poems below, i can't believe anyone can use the phrase "dark continent" without some knowledge of historical context, and that someone would try to write an ode to a red dress that so lacks the energy that would have to be its sine qua non or its raison d'etre. however, there are a lot of poets associated w/ iowa who can and have done much better. i can't think of any right now, cuz i do't care about that type of stuff. again, i love bad poetry --or what others here would call bad poetry -- but it's got to be interesting.

At 9:24 AM -0500 9/11/02, Aaron Belz wrote:

> > Kim Addonizio received her B.A. and M.A. from San Francisco State
>> University.
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>Jim,
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>The idea was to abstract the "Iowa School" concept from the actual
>university; it's
>merely a shorthand for poems that seem like they were whittled in
>the oldest and most
>distinguished workshop in the world. As someone said-- domestic
>scenes with lessons
>embedded in them. Hence Kim Addonizio. I hope no one will take
>umbrage, especially
>not my good friend Cate (who studied *fiction* at Iowa, by the way;
>her poetry MFA

>came from Houston) or Rebecca Wolff or Matt Rohrer (go Fence!) or
>*any* of that
>school's fine alumni.
>
>But back to Kim Addonizio. She was a finalist for the National Book Award:
>
>
>"What Do Women Want?"
>
>I want a red dress.
>I want it flimsy and cheap,
>I want it too tight, I want to wear it
>until someone tears it off me.
>I want it sleeveless and backless,
>this dress, so no one has to guess
>what's underneath. I want to walk down
>the street past Thrifty's and the hardware store
>with all those keys glittering in the window,
>past Mr. and Mrs. Wong selling day-old
>donuts in their café, past the Guerra brothers
>slinging pigs from the truck and onto the dolly,
>hoisting the slick snouts over their shoulders.
>I want to walk like I'm the only
>woman on earth and I can have my pick.
>I want that red dress bad.
>I want it to confirm
>your worst fears about me,
>to show you how little I care about you
>or anything except what
>I want. When I find it, I'll pull that garment
>from its hanger like I'm choosing a body
>to carry me into this world, through
>the birth-cries and the love-cries too,
>and I'll wear it like bones, like skin,
>it'll be the goddamned
>dress they bury me in.
>
>
>Mermaid Song
> for Aya at fifteen
>
>Damp-haired from the bath, you drape yourself

>upside down across the sofa, reading,
>one hand idly sunk into a bowl
>of crackers, goldfish with smiles stamped on.
>I think they are growing gills, swimming
>up the sweet air to reach you. Small girl,
>my slim miracle, they multiply.
>In the black hours when I lie sleepless,
>near drowning, dread-heavy, your face
>is the bright lure I look for, love's hook
>piercing me, hauling me cleanly up.
>
>
>
>Reading these poems, I was shocked. Shocked because I am a snob?
>If not wanting to
>be known as a finalist for the National Book Award after reading
>these makes me a
>snob, then yes. Kim is from San Fran, of course, but Iowa M.F.A.
>grads are not
>immune to the insidious Workshop Poem a la Addonizio. Clicking around in
the
>Academy of American Poets yielded Jill Bialosky, who actually did go
>to University of
>Iowa--
>
>
>Fathers in the Snow
>
>After father died
>the love was all through the house
>untamed and sometimes violent.
>When the dates came we went up to our rooms
>and mother entertained.
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>By the way, her book was published by Knopf. She's now an editor at Norton.
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>grads know) succeed in a poetry workshop. Reading this Bialosky
>poem, I can hear the
>groans of approval...
>
>-Aaron
--

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313. **Harrison Jeff**

The French Face of Virginia Poe

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Todschwester, cecini, pascua, rura, duces
a poem is born not made, any circles impartially virtue
I was moved to go and speak to one of the wickedest men,
a drunkard, a whoremonger, & a rhyme-maker,
and I reproved him in the dread of the almighty God,
and I reproved him for his evil courses
George the first hates all boets and bainters
live with the muses and die in the straw
though fair words break never bone, though never's a long word
a long day for a lamp of unknown prolongation
I can show the point its old favor, its cloaked bewitching
dropped its business a little short, relied the probability,
added conjecture, acceptance, and what wild surmise
but drew certain and precarious engagement to my heart

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

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314. **Gary Sullivan**

Chain & alphabetizing

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Hi Ron,

I've been reading & enjoying your blog over the last week or so, and I wanted to comment about Chain and alphabetizing. I understand what you're saying about how alphabetizing removes editorial narrative (the "unfolding of meaning over time"), and I can't speak for Juliana & Jena, but ... here's my own take, for whatever it's worth. There are times when reading linearly produces incredible results--I think it was John Thorpe's *Five Aces & Independence* that I first read my usual way, here and there, and then read straight through to very different (and much richer) effect. But there usually isn't much in the way of payoff, for me, going through systematically, even a collection of poems that has been carefully ordered by someone. I mean, very generally, I tend to skip around a lot *because* the order really isn't so compelling to me, even in cases when I can see it. I don't know if that's a disservice to writers & editors, but there is always that resistance for me. And I think for others, too; Jack Kimball and I ordered my own book *How to Proceed* very consciously--but my sense is that people who

read it mostly weren't conscious of that, or read it in their own order producing their own threads/echoes.

I don't have any more copies of Chain 8 Comics (I gave mine all away), but looking over the TOC, I'm not sure how it could have been put together to greater narrative effect *with the material that is included*. I suspect that had Juliana & Jena ordered things to begin with it would have resulted in an entirely different selection of material. That they would have wound up dumping some, maybe many, of the pieces in there--and the result would have been less loose, more focused, less open-ended, and my suspicion is, less interesting, finally, or in any case not what makes Chain, for me, most interesting. What I like most about Chain is its very expansiveness--which I suspect might not be possible with a more aggressive editorial style.

Anyway. The Comics issue opens with a poetry comic collaboration by Jonathan Allen & John Coletti, which seems, actually, to be just the right opening--as what the issue really is, for me, is a meeting ground between various writers, comics artists and others all working through the medium, or ideas about the medium, or who are inspired by same, etc. So a collab seems just right to open things up. But, yeah, I'm reading that meaning into it. Similarly: I loved how Joe Brainard & Robert Creeley's collab (a kind of pastiche/spoof of I think it was a Harvard Alumni magazine) is followed up by F. C. Brandt, Peter S. Conrad, & Rob R.'s collaborative comic about life in prison--there's a kind of echoing going on there for me. I suppose that overall the issue is fairly chaotic going through it piece by piece--though, I do think that people will bring their own meaning to or derive their own meaning from the order as it stands, if they look at it linearly--which the alphabetical ordering would seem to discourage. At least, as I go back to the TOC now and remember what those pieces are, and think of them one after the other, I find that I'm creating these threads/echoes where none were (specifically) intended.

I think what you say about how a journal is "best gauged by the writers whom it brings forward to broader audiences" is interesting and I can see what you mean, but I disagree, at least with that word "best." I don't for instance associate any handful of filmmakers with Film Culture nor a couple of writers with Temblor--it's *the way in which they support and expand their community of artists* or *how they bring the people & work in them into dialog with each other* that made them, for me, really great journals, made them what they were. Likewise, what made HOW(ever) really great, for me, was not what it may have done for Lorine Niedecker's reception, though that's great too, but what it did for the reception of innovative writing by women generally. (I actually don't associate any specific writers with it, or at least not just three or four--I associate more I guess a whole tendency of writing.)

Anyway--thanks for the interesting blogs--I love blogs (they're one of my new favorite genres) and am especially happy to see poets starting them up. The blog on Sherry's Our Nuclear Heritage was really great, btw ... did anyone ever figure out if it's still in print & available through Sun & Moon? I'd love to get my hands on a copy ...

Gary

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<http://www.hotmail.com>

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Gary

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

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316. **Patrick F. Durgin**

Iowa

Wed 11 Sep 2002

My experience with workshops has been only tangential, however this experience has led me to one (I think) generally accurate conclusion: that the workshop model fails to obtain the rigor of a "poetics" model (as pursued by Buffalo, Temple, and probably some MFA programs, maybe Brown?). That is to say, I've never found a workshop that can articulate (nor that recognizes the need to articulate) the critical values upon which they exist, i.e. what is "good work" as opposed to "bad work" - Such determinations are self-evident, it seems, to MFA programs modeled on some arbitrary interpretation of modernist / imagist poetics.

Iowa is a red flag term, but anyone who's spent time in Iowa City, as I have, couldn't possibly, or couldn't imagine one possibly, extending such generalizations any further than some such distinction between self-evidence and self-consciousness. Unfortunately, the former frequently disguises as the latter. Why is that? [Incidentally, I would expect this question to be of the type crucial to discussions on this "poetics" list, as evidenced by Kasey and Mike's recent exchange. That it's often not is just one reason I don't turn up here myself at times.]

Let me just add to the list of poets doing "good work" (i.e., critically engaged writing) and having spent time in the Iowa workshop: Jen Hofer and Summi Kaipa. Both have work at the Kenning website:
www.durationpress.com/kenning

Patrick F. Durgin

<http://www.buffalo.edu/~pdurgin>

[↑ Contents](#)

317. **august highland**

Re: Idiolect6 preview: Alan Sondheim's 911

Wed 11 Sep 2002

congrat alan and lewis!

cheers,

augie

www.litob.com

www.amazon-salon.com

www.atlantic-ploughshares.com

www.thebookburningdepartment.com

www.thebrainjuicepress.com
www.antigenreelitecorps.com
www.inkbombdisposalunit.com
www.post-mortem-telepathic-society.com
www.pornalisa.com
www.digital-media-generation.com
www.newliteraryunderground.com
www.textmodificationstudio.com
www.advancedliterarysciences.com
www.cultureanimal.com
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com
www.literaturebuzz.com
www.bookcrazed.com

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

From: "lewis lacook" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 11, 2002 9:19 AM

Subject: Idiolect6 preview: Alan Sondheim's 911

> As a small preview to the upcoming Idiolect 6, and a homage to the
> September 11 tragedies, Idiolect proudly offers Alan Sondheim's e-book 911:

>

> <http://www.lewislacook.com/idiolect/idiolect6/sondheim.html>

>

>

>

> <http://www.lewislacook.com/>

> http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

>

>

>

> -----

> Yahoo! - We Remember

> 9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost

>

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.385 / Virus Database: 217 - Release Date: 9/4/2002

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318. **K.Angelo Hehir**

Re: FW: COMING TO A ZINC BAR NEAR YOU !

Wed 11 Sep 2002

this is a great idea!

any other interesting programming? at the lexiconjury series it's one original and one cover.

looking for ideas always here on the rock.

kevin

We're Back.

& we even have a few readings scheduled.

September 15 OPEN MIC--well why not?

THE RULES: since more than half the fun of the Zinc Bar is wondering what i'm [Douglas Rothschild is] going to say, this is how it (OPEN MIC) works--bring 5 short poems (nothing over one page) find someone standing around or something before the reading--hand them the 5 poems, they will read the five, select 3 and then when your turn comes round, they will introduce you.

NO EXCEPTIONS...

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319. **Rova Saxophone Quartet**

BAD Poetry

Wed 11 Sep 2002

The Blue Room welcomes
the return of

The Moving Target Series

2331 Mission St. btw 19th and 20th, San Francisco

██████████ for tix/ ██████████ for press

www.blueroomgallery.org

Wednesdays in September

doors open 7:30pm, show at 8pm, \$8-10 sliding scale

September 18: BAD

Poetasters and laity alike have endured the stultifying experience of a bad poetry reading at one time or another – and then there are those who'd say they're all bad. But what happens when the Bay Area's best poets convene to find out just how bad they can be? Sifting through their own notebooks as well

as the annals of Literature, these poets promise to do their Worst. With Kevin Killian, Bill Berkson, Beth Lisick, Andrew Felsinger, Brent Cunningham, kari edwards, Norma Cole, Sean Finney, Susan Gevirtz, hosts Michael Smoler and David Hadbawnik, and more "bad" authors to come.

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of Maria Damon

Sent: Wednesday, September 11, 2002 9:59 AM

To:

Subject: Re: Iowa

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>past Mr. and Mrs. Wong selling day-old
>donuts in their café, past the Guerra brothers
>slinging pigs from the truck and onto the dolly,
>hoisting the slick snouts over their shoulders.
>I want to walk like I'm the only
>woman on earth and I can have my pick.
>I want that red dress bad.
>I want it to confirm
>your worst fears about me,
>to show you how little I care about you
>or anything except what
>I want. When I find it, I'll pull that garment
>from its hanger like I'm choosing a body
>to carry me into this world, through
>the birth-cries and the love-cries too,
>and I'll wear it like bones, like skin,
>it'll be the goddamned
>dress they bury me in.

>
>
>Mermaid Song
> for Aya at fifteen
>
>Damp-haired from the bath, you drape yourself
>upside down across the sofa, reading,
>one hand idly sunk into a bowl
>of crackers, goldfish with smiles stamped on.
>I think they are growing gills, swimming
>up the sweet air to reach you. Small girl,
>my slim miracle, they multiply.
>In the black hours when I lie sleepless,
>near drowning, dread-heavy, your face
>is the bright lure I look for, love's hook
>piercing me, hauling me cleanly up.
>
>
>
>Reading these poems, I was shocked. Shocked because I am a snob?
>If not wanting to
>be known as a finalist for the National Book Award after reading
>these makes me a
>snob, then yes. Kim is from San Fran, of course, but Iowa M.F.A.
>grads are not
>immune to the insidious Workshop Poem a la Addonizio. Clicking
around in the
>Academy of American Poets yielded Jill Bialosky, who actually did go
>to University of
>Iowa--
>
>
>Fathers in the Snow
>
>After father died
>the love was all through the house
>untamed and sometimes violent.
>When the dates came we went up to our rooms
>and mother entertained.
>Frank Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night,"
>the smell of Chanel No.5 in her hair and the laughter.
>We sat crouched at the top of the stairs.

>In the morning we found mother asleep on the couch
>her hair messed, and the smell
>of stale liquor in the room.
>We knelt on the floor before her,
>one by one touched our fingers
>over the red flush in her face.
>The chipped sunlight through the shutters.
>It was a dark continent
>we and mother shared;
>it was sweet and lonesome,
>the wake men left in our house.
>
>
>
>By the way, her book was published by Knopf. She's now an editor at
Norton.
><http://www.poets.org/poets/poets.cfm?prmID=243>
>
>I guess what I'm trying to say is I agree with Jim in principle--
>there's no need to
>pick on one program. Why don't we call it the "Knopf Poem"? We
>used to use the
>phrase "New Yorker Poem" -- that's not to say everything in the New
>Yorker sucks,
>just a certain taste that distinguished weekly has left in so many
>of our mouths. Or
>perhaps the "Addonizio School"? It's not unprecedented to classify
>a type of writing
>around one of its perpetrators--remember the fate of Edward George
>Bulwer-Lytton
>(http://www.bulwer-lytton.com/).
>
>Jim, I sympathize with your stand against bitterness. Bitterness,
>and its bedmate
>politics, characterize much of what happens in the world of poetry.
>At the same time
>I really don't like bad poetry, lazy garbage that would nevertheless
>(those of us MFA
>grads know) succeed in a poetry workshop. Reading this Bialosky
>poem, I can hear the
>groans of approval...

>
>-Aaron
--

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320. **J Gallaher**
Behrle's Complaint

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Jim Behrle says / asks:

<As tiresome and predictable as some responses to posts have become, it feels like there's an opportunity now to change. I'd say there are only a handful of moaners, content to toss their disappointments and miseries as far as they can type. But there are many more here, those folks are completely outnumbered. I'm curious to hear from people about this. What can this list be?> I Reply: I believe you're missing the point of the list. This is the POETICS list. So we're charged with talking about poetry. Mostly what I see on this list is enthusiasm for poetry. I think disagreement on specific poetry and poems is healthy and should be encouraged. The "Iowa" poem (a term that neither Aaron nor I made up, and a term that I HATE [as I know several wonderful poets who hail from Iowa] but a term we're tried to deal with as Bob G. and rova asked in a previous post) should be talked about as well as other poems. I would suggest that if the tone of my post (all I did was post an example, as I was asked) offended you, then perhaps you could post something positive in response? Why don't you tell us about your favorite poem, perhaps? Then I promise I'll write about my favorite poem. I might even choose one from an Iowa grad. best, and positive to that last, JG -----

JGallaher

"How has the human spirit ever survived
the terrific literature
with which it has had to contend?"
--Wallace Stevens

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321. **George Bowering**
Re: ***

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Just a quick graph before the minute of silence -- Ron, do you really think the Green Party was responsible for the disenfranchisement of America (any more than say Perot was responsible for the Clinton years or

John Anderson for morning in America)?

Jordan

Come on. In the USA you have two big parties that are to the right of center. You need some centrist voice such as the Greens.

--

George Bowering

Chile colorado, eh?

Fax [REDACTED]

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322. **Kevin Gallagher**

Re: Iowa

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Cheers to Behrle for smokin some of out of our holes for a re-evaluation. To be honest, for some time this list has been a good bulletin board of readings, new books and magazines, and occasionally insightful obituaries. The discussion is usually chatter, and not about poetics at all. But to each their own, its a free list and we can choose to not be on it, or to delete to our soul's content.

That being said, how ironic that there is a call for content on September 11. What is poetry now? What is it ever? Might those be topics for discussion? As J. Laughlin said, "roller skates, roller skates its a bad bad world, whisk us all up to heaven if its still there."

Kevin Gallagher

Quoting Jim Behrle <[REDACTED]>:

Kim Addonizio received her B.A. and M.A. from San Francisco State University. Is being an Iowa poet some code here simply for writing lame poems? If so, it's a seriously dopey one. Here are poems from 3 Iowa poets I really like:

Toy Bed by Joyelle McSweeney

*The bobcat poses in a tripod of rifles.
The crown of the emperor penguin slips down halfway
over his eyes. Light shades down bluely from the ice cliff*

*to the ice. Now this
is a salt marsh, but this can't have salt
or glass. The black wool beret is sodden and itches
and pushes my wet bangs down into my eyes
in little points. The field is flooded, floodened.*

This has lost

*its ice and good light. I slipped into the channel.
my thin nylon jacket soaked through right away.
Mud pouched in snaky curls inside it. I stood up.
Is there still time to walk*

*out, pitch a stick and read the current, fold back
the green felt cap, poke a feather through, remove
myself to higher ground? Inside the dry house, thinking.
What does the deer do, now, in the woods? He wears*

*a too-huge stylized rack. It pulls his head back
black-lipped to the sky, or pulls his head down
and he must graze and brood. It pulls
his lips and makes him smile. It closes his eyes.*

After the Last Fright by Cate Marvin

*I carved upon my desk unsayables.
He drank until he vomited on himself.
Eavesdropping, the others resisted sleep.
The house knew the pain of sun on lacquered floorboards.*

*I carved it with the tips of scissors.
A door creaked; he hung his head into the room.
Please, the others cannot sleep.
The shingles twitched like skin beneath moonlight.*

*I spent the afternoon at a movie theater.
He staggered through brush toward a pay phone.
The others continued searching the streets for him.
The house held the moon above it, it was that imperial.*

*I recall the room was empty when I came back in.
He was arrested at the QuikTrip while calling collect.
Frantic, the others circled the block again.
The house was ghost white, older than the dead.*

*I needlepointed for 72 hours straight.
He claimed the whole situation humiliated him.
Relieved, the others refrained from asking him what jail was like.
The house was swan to field, tiger to sea.*

*I lay in bed by the time the others came home.
He didn't recall putting on the orange jumpsuit.*

*The others asked if I'd seen him around.
The house shuddered, No-o-o-o.*

*The house winced, winked its blinds.
The house whispered I should stay inside.
The others flew out the doors and into their cars.
The others slammed their cars into deer and cried.*

*He was more humiliated than he'd ever been.
He looked more or less the same, though his eyes were ringed.
The others hid in the basement.
He climbed the stairs and presented a ring.*

*The house swung its windows wide to ice.
He banged his nails blue, pinned his tongue to his tie.
He packed himself in a box, sent it to regions far off.
The others pressed their ears to the pipes.*

*The house wore its flames like a hat.
The house called a radio talkshow.
We drank all night, laughed all night, the night he left.
I shook in its mouth till the house drank me up.*

dana plato fatality by Rebecca Wolff

*Hungry for strangers
it's that time of the month*

*Making funny faces in the mirror-
take it one step further and
Make funny shapes with your body in the mirror*

Pose as Shiva with your palms out toward the mirror

*Suffused with that irritant
Parroted internationally*

known as train wreck

*With oncoming blindness
With incoming invisible*

*Hungry for appetite
it's that kind of collapsed conveyance*

*fantasia of recall
unchecked with the poke of vestigial freckles*

it's unfortunately visible

And she's crying in the mirror like a pornstar

When will some of us here be finished being lazy snobs? It appalls me that most thoughtful, dignified voices here are drowned out by the silly and embittered.

--Jim Behrle

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

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323. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: ***

Wed 11 Sep 2002

If only anarchists believed in voting.

George Bowering wrote:

Just a quick graph before the minute of silence -- Ron, do you really think the Green Party was responsible for the disenfranchisement of America (any more than say Perot was responsible for the Clinton years or John Anderson for morning in America)?

Jordan

Come on. In the USA you have two big parties that are to the right of center. You need some centrist voice such as the Greens.

--

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324. **Duration Press**

Re: ***

Wed 11 Sep 2002

in hindsight, i'm finding it rather funny that nader's campaign website was hosted by a worldcom company...

> > >Just a quick graph before the minute of silence -- Ron, do you really
> > >think the Green Party was responsible for the disenfranchisement of

> > >America (any more than say Perot was responsible for the Clinton years
or
> > >John Anderson for morning in America)?
> > >
> > >Jordan
> >
> > Come on. In the USA you have two big parties that are to the right of
> > center. You need some centrist voice such as the Greens.
> > --
>
>
>

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325. **Brandon Barr**

Re: ***

Wed 11 Sep 2002

At 05:50 PM 9/11/2002 -0400, you wrote:

>in hindsight, i'm finding it rather funny that nader's campaign website was
>hosted by a worldcom company...

Just as amusing: a major method of Green grassroots campaigning, especially on college campuses, was flyers under windshield wipers. I still remember my campus littered weekly with thousands of Green party flyers spouting an environmentalist agenda.

Brandon

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326. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: ***

Wed 11 Sep 2002

There's nothing that says an anarchist can't vote, though most anarchists don't. I vote Green because historically the European Greens have roots in Anarchism. I consider this a compromise.

Vernon

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

From: "mIEKAL aND" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 11, 2002 5:19 PM

Subject: Re: ***

> If only anarchists believed in voting.
>
> George Bowering wrote:
>
> > >Just a quick graph before the minute of silence -- Ron, do you really
> > >think the Green Party was responsible for the disenfranchisement of
> > >America (any more than say Perot was responsible for the Clinton years
or
> > >John Anderson for morning in America)?
> > >
> > >Jordan
> >
> > Come on. In the USA you have two big parties that are to the right of
> > center. You need some centrist voice such as the Greens.
> > --
>

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327. **mIEKAL aND**

Warning: OffTopic!!!! Answering Theory, Remembrance & ListRage with DirectAction

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Perhaps the proper way to preface this mini-report is that we've had grapes planted here at DreamtimeVillage for more than 8 years. The first 5-6 years I was mistakenly under the impression that to grow grapes in a "Permaculture-Fashion" meant that one did not need to prune the grapes. After the third year we had a bit of a flush & some good production. After that the vines took over & I mean took over. Production decreased dramatically & several diseases quickly moved in because the grapes & vines were not getting the air circulation they needed.

http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grapes_on_vine.jpg

In spring 01, out of desperation I painfully pruned each of the plants, removing less than half of what would normally be removed. This year there was good pollination, good bunch formation, little or no disease. Spied some of the cottony growth (what is that called?) deep inside of some of the bunches of the green varieties of grapes.

http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grapes_what_kind.jpg

Anyone know what ElmerSwenson variety my son Zon is holding?

Very early on in our planting I discovered the work of ElmerSwenson, a 90 year old grape breeder, living in Oceola, WI. He has released numerous varieties of grapes selected for the upper midwest, including a red & a green table grape. I saw him speak recently & was very impressed with the fact that he referred to various favorite selections in his breeding program by 7 number IDs & seemed to possess intimate knowledge of each. Quite an inspiring person to be in the presence of.

http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grapes_picking.jpg

At DTV its increasingly rare to get everyone assembled into one activity, but the promise of fresh squeezed grape juice from "local" grapes is pretty hard to pass up. 5 vines of LaCroix filled about 3 five gallon buckets. A mixture of other vines, not quite so productive produced another bucket & half. One of the alterations I'm hoping to make to the ultra low tech trellissing system (metal posts & electric fence wire) is to get the vines higher in the air. A lot of the vineyards around here are putting a 12 gauge wire or wires at the 4-5 foot range. Main idea is that when you pick you don't have to bend over. Added benefits as I see it is clearer space to establish plantings of smaller herbaceous perennials within the rows. Ive been practicing propagating perennial legumes like PrairieMimosa & [Astragalus] from seed & these might make a perfect understory to a head high grape planting.

http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grapes_snipping.jpg

This has to be the funnest part of having grapes living in yr gardens. What the pictures don't show is that anyone who has walked out to the orchards in the last month was also eating from the vines. My personal preference is to consume fruits & vegetables on site with little or no preparation. I always get the feeling that the nutritive & enzymatic value is highest while the produce is literally still alive.

http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grape_press.jpg

This is a foto of a grape press which ripped 2 fruit bags & split the red oak wooden pressure plate within the first 4 hours of use. DreamtimeVillage would not endorse this product. We found using our hands we were able to do better. If our volume of grapes to process keeps increasing, & I think it will, it would make much more sense for use to pick & pay to have them pressed at a local vineyard. It took 3 or 4 hours of screwing & unscrewing the grape press to get

about 4 gallons of juice. This of course is why the most logical thing in the world is to squeeze grapes with yr feet. I think an all night rave & a grape pressing operation could have a very symbiotic relationship.

http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grape_press_closeup.jpg

This is the first year that we had enough grapes to actually have enough to press. I would not describe LaCroix as a juice grape but it did not matter in the least. We drank about a gallon fresh & the rest became [Wine].

[mIEKAL] september 11, 2002

If you would like to view, comment or ask questions this document is archived as a wiki page at:

<http://www.ibiblio.org/ecolandtech/pcwiki/index.php/DreamtimeVillageGrapeHarvest2002>

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328. **austinwja**

Re: The Iowa School Poem

Wed 11 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/11/02 12:58:11 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< My

own tendency is to say that O'Hara's poem *does* benefit from its

line-breaks in some way the other poem doesn't it, but I can't quite explain it. >>

The difference is that when O'Hara did it, nobody else was. He kinda invented the method. That made him avant-garde, and for precisely the reason you cite. The poetry was so prosaic, so nonchalant, that most critics and poetry connoisseurs of the day did not consider it poetry at all, but rather a violation of the genre. That he has been imitated ad nauseum proves two things: first, that he was onto something and is an important, original artist; second, no good deed goes unpunished. The same thing is happening with langpo. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

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329. **derek beaulieu**

new from housepress: "Extruded Alphabet: a draft of nine letters" by Jesse Huisken

Wed 11 Sep 2002

housepress is pleased to announce the publication of:

"Extruded Alphabet: a draft of nine letters"

by Jesse Huisken

published in an edition of 60 handbound and numbered copies. \$4.00 each

jesse huisken runs the great micropress wood&coal and is interviewed by john barlow at: <http://www.alienated.net/article.php?sid=367>

for more information , or to order copies, contact
derek beaulieu



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330. **Dale Smith**

Skanky Possum Book Party

Wed 11 Sep 2002

BOOK PARTY * PIEROGI * FRIDAY * SEPT 20 * 7-9

SKANKY POSSUM PRESS

publishers of kick ass poetry

invite you to celebrate

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Sotère Torregian

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Skanky editor Hoa Nguyen

for her new book

YOUR ANCIENT SEE THROUGH

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With readings by:

KRISTIN PREVALLET

HOA NGUYEN

&

DALE SMITH

Friday, September 20, 2002, 7-9 pm

Pierogi

177 North 9th St.

Brooklyn, NY 11211

Tel. [REDACTED]

Directions: L Train to Bedford Avenue, walk two blocks to N. 9th Street.

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331. **austinwja**

Re: the state of this list

Wed 11 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/11/02 10:40:55 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< As tiresome and predictable as some responses to posts have become, it feels like there's an opportunity now to change. I'd say there are only a handful of moaners, content to toss their disappointments and miseries as far as they can type. But there are many more here, those folks are completely outnumbered. I'm curious to hear from people about this. What can this list be?

--Jim Behrle

>>

Okey dokey. Here's my two cents. There are many poems written in what some on this list consider hokey forms that are damn good poems. And there's plenty of hokey drivel also. And there are many language or visual or "avant-garde" something poems that are seriously interesting and almost new and like that. And there are just as many, probably more, that are as formulaic as it comes. This is obvious to anyone who isn't chained to dementia. And I do believe most list members are not ready for la la pasture just yet. If one is interested in quality, there's plenty out there. If one is more interested in the politics of the biz, a little tunnel vision is to be expected. It's that simple. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com
BarnesandNoble.com

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332. **richard.tylr**
Re: the state of this list
Wed 11 Sep 2002

Yes but can we separate the politics and the text (cf the L=A=N=G...theories etal?) even at the "local" level...I used to want to keep politics at an arm's length: its a question not of rhetoric etc butbhow much and also yyou know about "distance" and masks and so on - and the readership. Etal...Richard Taylor

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

From: <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, September 12, 2002 2:35 PM

Subject: Re: the state of this list

> In a message dated 9/11/02 10:40:55 AM,

[REDACTED]

> writes:

>

> << As tiresome and predictable as some responses to posts have become, it
> feels

> like there's an opportunity now to change. I'd say there are only a
handful

> of moaners, content to toss their disappointments and miseries as far as
> they can type. But there are many more here, those folks are completely
> outnumbered. I'm curious to hear from people about this. What can this
> list be?

>

> --Jim Behrle

> >>

>

> Okey dokey. Here's my two cents. There are many poems written in what
some

> on this list consider hokey forms that are damn good poems. And there's
> plenty of hokey drivel also. And there are many language or visual or
> "avant-garde" something poems that are seriously interesting and almost
new

> and like that. And there are just as many, probably more, that are as
> formulaic as it comes. This is obvious to anyone who isn't chained to

> dementia. And I do believe most list members are not ready for la la
pasture
> just yet. If one is interested in quality, there's plenty out there. If
one
> is more interested in the politics of the biz, a little tunnel vision is
to
> be expected. It's that simple. Best, Bill
>
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> KojaPress.com
> Amazon.com
> BarnesandNoble.com

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333. **Laura Mullen**

Re: Belladonna* NYC AT ZINC BAR! Sept 27

Wed 11 Sep 2002

Hey swti--I'm in NY for a oupl of ays sans your ph
numbr--or a working kyboar obviously! all m at 718

██████? Woul lov to talk

L

--- Rachel Levitsky <██████> wrote:

> ENJOY

> BELLADONNA*

>

> AT ZINC BAR

>

> Friday, Sept 27

> 6:30 pm

>

> Chris Tysh &

>

> Jennifer Moxley

>

> ADDRESS/DIRECTIONS :

>

> 90 W. Houston St., corner of LaGuardia Pl. near

> Broadway/Lafayette subway

> station. ████████

>

> A \$4 donation is suggested.

> <http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna>
>
>
>
> Belladonna* is a feminist/innovative reading and
> publication series that
> promotes the work of women writers who are
> adventurous, experimental,
> politically involved, multi-form, multicultural,
> multi-gendered, impossible
> to define, delicious to talk about, unpredictable,
> dangerous with language.
>
>

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334. **Steven Shoemaker**

9/11/02

Wed 11 Sep 2002

The Strong Wind

The hair of the women
is whipping around
in the strong wind.

In the strong wind
there is gesturing
on the street corner.

The simple daily actions
have a greater urgency
in the strong wind.

In the strong wind
one sits in the car
with the windows up.

The whole sky of clouds
is moving
in the strong wind.

In the strong wind
the young tree is
bending painfully.

Even the tough old tree
is tilting
in the strong wind.

In the strong wind
the edges of the people
are blurring.

Some bodies are
remembering
in the strong wind.

(Boston; 9/11/02)

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335. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

***Re: The Iowa School Poem/An insomniac's reveries or Reverdies,
since we were talking about cubism***

Thu 12 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/11/02 12:58:11 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

*In short, there may be reasons for taking exception to

the world view implied by this poem on ideological grounds, but I don't
..... know

that any such reasons can be subsumed under anything like a comprehensive

set of *formal* ("constructive"?) principles.*

Or maybe they can? Thoughts?

Kasey

Kasey,

Here is a biographical reaction. As a more or less habitual insomniac, I hate the last half line, "and we wait together for sleep." Nobody waits for sleep. To "fall" asleep is a strangely active act (involving a risky step on one's part). You can wait all you want. Why did Addonizio replace fall (a perfect word it seems to me

for the process) with wait? Wait is weighty, with intimations of dying. Addonizio is pumping the poem (whereas O'Hara is deflating his, the bleeding corpse as a reception).

Pumping seems to me is the knee jerk impulse of this kind poetry, whatever it's called.

Shall I wait to sleep on it before i e-mail this post? I think not.

Murat

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336. **Alan Sondheim**

plain

Thu 12 Sep 2002

plain

i the can't couple stop that wondering jumped about from the the couple tower,
that almost jumped i from can't tower, wondering almost about at top, holding
at hands, the did manage, they, their manage, the their swift touching, air,
through their swift they, air, did minds, they, who their were connection, con-
nection, of what love, dreams caressing, of minds, love, who caressing, were
desperation,

rushed them what furiously? rushed make no anything form, this, everything no
in form, dread, formless, i everything can't in make dread, anything they an
were, ordinary beginning office an their ordinary minds, office the day, who
registering skin, skin they on talking, skin, fearful, talking, wind fearful, regis-
tering wind on separate separate them? them? hold hold on, on, could could
they? they?

=

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337. **K. Silem Mohammad**

Ioway or the Highway

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Warning: longish post follows.

on 9/11/02 9:58 AM, Maria Damon at [REDACTED] wrote:

*this addonizio stuff
is neither very bad nor very good, it's not interesting in any way.
in the spider poem, which is completely banal, i expected a
killer-diller last line to redeem it; this is something this type of
lyric poetry often relies on--a punch-line to redeem its previous*

overly talky exposition. but the last line was the lamest of all. nothing interesting in the language, and the only thing i cd get from it, in terms of content, was that, hm, mother shares some of daughter's anxiety about the natural world of love and sex and relationship that is obviously writ large in the foregoing. so what. i don't see anyone taking any risks here; this isn't "deceptively simple" --it's blatantly simplistic; it seems made to order for an eighth grade class of 50 years ago just learning the basics of "reading for larger meaning."

Leaving aside the nuances of your (important) larger distinction between "good" and "bad," Maria, I do want to emphasize that on the most basic level, "For Sleep" strikes me as a dreadful poem indeed. It is BAD in a way that admits little or no possibility for appreciation, even on a perverse negative level. That is, it's not _Plan 9 from Outer Space_ bad, it's _You've Got Mail_ bad. The really depressing thing is that the poem doesn't seem very successful even within the already questionable terms of what this type of poem seems designed to do, suggesting that within the high-stakes world of National Poetry Blah Blah Blah, there are just no goddam standards whatsoever. As you say, Maria, there's no payoff, just the most perfunctory gesture toward a "lyrical close" you can possibly imagine. I can't even remember how it goes ... "and then we go to sleep in each other's arms" or something. Fifty years ago? No way! Those eighth-graders would at least have gotten some Longfellow to chew on or something. This is more like poetry for people who have lost part of their brains in lawnmowing accidents.

Jim, I generally agree with the spirit of your calls for positivity on the list, but I do feel strongly that one of the legitimate things we should do here is look at examples of "good" and "bad" poetry, and speak frankly and in detail about what precisely makes them so. In my first post, I laid out a few straw man examples of ways the poem might resist some of the standard attempts to explicate its badness, all of which I suggested were in some way inadequate or incomplete. There are accordingly at least two reasons that I feel it's important for us to spend some time staring at this car wreck of a poem: 1) just because it's a bad poem that has been rewarded, which is cause for a criminal investigation of sorts; and 2) because in my opinion, we need to work a little harder at coming up with a coherent poetics with which we can *defend* our intuition that it is indeed a very bad poem. It's the second reason that I think is most important, because it puts both the poem and our critical credibility to the test.

on 9/11/02 10:24 AM, Patrick F. Durgin at [REDACTED] wrote:

My experience with workshops has been only tangential; however this experience has led me to one (I think) generally accurate conclusion: that the workshop model fails to obtain the rigor of a "poetics" model (as pursued by Buffalo, Temple, and probably some MFA programs, maybe Brown?). That is to say, I've

never found a workshop that can articulate (nor that recognizes the need to articulate) the critical values upon which they exist, i.e. what is "good work" as opposed to "bad work" - Such determinations are self-evident, it seems, to MFA programs modeled on some arbitrary interpretation of modernist / imagist poetics.

Right. The question then, is is there even such a *thing* as "the workshop model" in some ideal form? Part of me thinks there must be. I mean, I don't care much for Sharon Olds (one of Addonizio's influences), but wouldn't people agree that on an "objective" level, her poems are "better" than "For Sleep"? (The scare quotes, if it needs pointing out, are meant to keep aloft the acknowledgement that such objectivity and qualitative conditions are by no means established entities, and that that's what we're trying to work out here.) Like Maria said, for instance, one marker might be a distinctive closing line. I think of the last line from James Tate's "The Lost Pilot," which though by no means a generic workshop poem, does seem to be a key model for a certain type of poem that gets turned out in them: the poet says that he wonders whether it is the case that something or other placed him in this world and his dead father in that other world (I'm reciting from memory, obviously), "or that misfortune placed these worlds in us." Now that's a line that sticks with you! Say what you like about sentimentality and manipulative rhetoric, etc., but *on its own terms*, that line is a keeper. In short, even in the alien world of workshop aesthetics, there is the potential at least for evaluative criteria. And such criteria, as has been made clear, just plain ain't being applied on any level.

Iowa is a red flag term, but anyone who's spent time in Iowa City, as I have, couldn't possibly, or couldn't imagine one possibly, extending such generalizations any further than some such distinction between self-evidence and self-consciousness. Unfortunately, the former frequently disguises as the latter. Why is that? [Incidentally, I would expect this question to be of they type crucial to discussions on this "poetics" list, as evidenced by Kasey and Mike's recent exchange. That it's often not is just one reason I don't turn up here myself at times.]

Patrick, I'm sorry, could you rephrase the question? It does sound like a crucial one, but unfortunately, I'm getting lost somewhere in there, especially around "some such distinction" and where the former is disguising itself etc. I'm not being facetious or anything; I really would like to engage the question, but I 2 dumm to udnerstand this.

on 9/11/02 7:32 AM, Michael Magee at [REDACTED] wrote:

I think your Ashbery analogy may confuse the issue unnecessarily. I see Ashbery's claim to being "generic" as a bit of a canard: for Ashbery "generic" is a quality, a sound, a style; he's representative only in his uniqueness. And in a strange twist, it turns out that Kim Addonizio is the one whose

**language* is "representative" - i.e., it looks like a lot of other language you've seen. And that's the issue for me: that Addonizio's claim to be telling us about an actual experience simply doesn't hold water. She no doubt *had* an experience, but the poem itself is just a formula, like what the cops give you to get an accident reported/narrated properly. As a reader, my response is one of utter familiarity - and not just because I've read a gazillion poems like this one but because it's in the neighborhood of one's everyday habitual retellings of the "significant" events of one's life. In contrast, the uniqueness, eccentricity, peculiarity, whatever, of Ashbery's writing creates a situation where reading itself is the experience, inter-acting with words and spaces on the page and, yes, with some transtemporal writing-Ashbery. An utterly different experience, seems to me.*

No, yeah, actually, this all fits with what I said, I think--or at least with what I *meant* to say. This is all dead-on, and it gets us back to the question whether some kind of defamiliarization effect isn't after all necessary in order to induce a requisite level of shock in the reader. I don't necessarily mean "shock" like, "Oh my god, look what this weird-ass poem is saying!" [reader drops book and runs, urinating in terror], just that on some level the poem offers an out-of-the-ordinary perspective or something. Like, in the Tate closer, there's a little reversal there: misfortune placed these *worlds* in *us*. Whoah, man, like worlds are bigger than people, so that's really cool and trippy! See? That's all I ask. The closest we get to that in the Addonizio poem is ... hmm, well, I can't really think of anything. I can imagine a *better* poem about a mom failing to cure her daughter's fear of spiders, but it would just be a totally different poem.

Last thing: I think prose should be defined more clearly here. "reads like prose" means "reads like autobiographical, memoirish, standard-English prose" right?

Right.

So anyway, where does this leave us in terms of my original question, which was: are there useful guidelines, founded on principles of *construction* (as opposed to opinions about what is or isn't a good *topic* for a poem, for example), that we can apply to poems like Addonizio's? What Maria and Patrick and Mike and I and others have been saying seems to point in such a direction, but can we formulate it a little more precisely? Or are there reasons I'm missing that that's not such a desirable goal?

I'm thinking of something along the lines of Pound's Imagist do's and don'ts. Which is ironic, I guess, because they are part of what's responsible for the whole workshop crap festival in the first place. But of course if they were really being attended to in the manner in which they were intended, we wouldn't have poems like "For Sleep." We'd have something else that would probably be pretty scary, but it wouldn't be that.

Kasey

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338. **Kevin Killian**

Re: humor theory

Thu 12 Sep 2002

At 4:56 PM -0700 9/10/02, dcmb wrote:

>much that is valuable can be found via the indices of Slavoj Zizek's books.

>but who was the author to whom Peter Quartermain frequently referred in his

>talk on humor in the poetry of Robin Blaser at Vancouver in 1995? David

Hi David, I think this must have been "Syncope" by Catherine Clement,

which discusses the laugh in terms of it being a rip into

consciousness (very Lacanian) (and a wonderful book)

xxx Kevin K.

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339. **Patrick F. Durgin**

IA or the byway

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Dammit Kasey! Quit sucking me back into the list! Lemme see -

Iowa is a red flag term, but anyone who's spent time in Iowa City, as I have, couldn't possibly, or couldn't imagine one possibly, extending such generalizations any further than some such distinction between self-evidence and self-consciousness. Unfortunately, the former frequently disguises as the latter. Why is that? [Incidentally, I would expect this question to be of they type crucial to discussions on this "poetics" list, as evidenced by Kasey and Mike's recent exchange. That it's often not is just one reason I don't turn up here myself at times.]

Patrick, I'm sorry, could you rephrase the question? It does sound like a crucial one, but unfortunately, I'm getting lost somewhere in there, especially around "some such distinction" and where the former is disguising itself etc. I'm not being facetious or anything; I really would like to engage the question, but I 2 dumm to udnerstand this.

The Iowa Writers' Workshop (never sure where the apostrophe goes, really) was established just about the time nearby Chicago was churning out, via "foreign correspondent" Pound, the equally arbitrary activity of "Imagisme." Although from Imagism to Vorticism, Pound articulated his poetics as it evolved into, finally ..., the Poundian notion of self-evidence - the investiture of the Poundian "image" - seems to have seeped into what we may find to be the

original (IA being the first of its kind) "workshop model." But Pound's notion, then, of the work of the "image" was a station on a train to the Cantos, finally ...

So, to clarify if I can, the wholesale adoption of "self-evidence" that I have found endemic to poetry workshops (again, my experience is limited) seems to me an arbitrary interpretation - i.e., outside the fact of Pound's utilization of that notion of "image" as a part of the a process, leading finally That said, if we can spot a poem's "own terms" or its own critical values (as you have been attempting with the so-called Iowa School poems in question), the poem is self-evident (to that degree, the degree to which it articulates / offers critical values): evident to the self and evidence OF the self. Here is where we put on our disguises. It's time for evaluation, with a view to turning the poem to the goodness of doing what it says it should. It's generosity is just an arrogant attempt to prove how much it can afford to give away. Anyway, this kind of evaluation, not yet really founded on anything but "self-evidence" (itself yet to be articulated: 'I don't know much about art but I know what I like'), FEELS like self-consciousness. Since, by this time, I can't not believe that the goodness of the poem is my own goodness (my self living up to its "word"), and the confessional mode that often, but not always, goes with my poem becomes a risky descent into probable chaos (pathos) wherein my uncontrolled sincerity will in no way resemble art, which is so entirely dissembled as to be self-evident in principle.

I mean, what the fuck is that? Um, as in: we read someone's poem and decide it wants to do X. In order to do X, which is self-evident, it's X after all, and everyone knows what X means or how its multiple connotations come about in the context of Y, Z, etc, so - In order to do X, that poet to which X relates as an intentional object must become conscious, through my "critique," of X. And X is identical, self-evident, to poet. Therefore, poet is suddenly self-conscious.

But why? Why is this indentification so compelling? What is the point of mastering X? Who's "teaching" said workshop? And what do they represent as a "master"?

<http://www.buffalo.edu/~pdurgin>

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340. **august highland**

S.C.A.R.E. #1

Thu 12 Sep 2002

ARTHUR GODWIT

PARKING ENFORCEMENT AGENT #001 [excerpt]

www.thescare.com

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Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.385 / Virus Database: 217 - Release Date: 9/4/2002

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341. **august highland**

S.C.A.R.E. #2

Thu 12 Sep 2002

WALT HOWARD

TOLL BOOTH COLLECTOR #001 [excerpt]

www.thescare.com

transient reactor analysis code son's Test Article Specification M Antoine
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342. **Rachel Levitsky**

Belladonna* NYC AT ZINC BAR! Sept 27

Thu 12 Sep 2002

ENJOY
BELLADONNA*

AT ZINC BAR

Friday, Sept 27

6:30 pm

Chris Tysh &

Jennifer Moxley

ADDRESS/DIRECTIONS :

90 W. Houston St., corner of LaGuardia Pl. near Broadway/Lafayette subway station. [REDACTED]

A \$4 donation is suggested.

<http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna>

Belladonna* is a feminist/innovative reading and publication series that promotes the work of women writers who are adventurous, experimental, politically involved, multi-form, multicultural, multi-gendered, impossible to define, delicious to talk about, unpredictable, dangerous with language.

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343. **lewis lacook**

PLASTIC SURGEONS

Thu 12 Sep 2002

She's hesitating at the threshold again, staring
at me with those big green eyes with slits
up and down the sides of my throat, breathing
a descent into the male-storm (involving
recently convoluted flower stalks bereft
of flower-heads). It is not for nothing I

write you this, my beloved: in the hereafter,
white men crawling over continents (not theirs)
with religion crawling through their clothes
will stain most of this land with small pox,
with cholera, on both your houses, Montalban!
Rich leather skies stretch like plastic surgeons'

Wednesdays over the face of the corpse; watching
the ceiling billow with moneyed eyes. She

slinks up to her water bowl, no syllabl'd chain
choking grief from her erosion, while
these what are poets publish and sheaf the gulls
strained through hurricane libido. I'm coming, she
tells them, no longer allowing logic to scarve
a trail across her throat.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! News - Today's headlines
<http://news.yahoo.com>

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344. **lewis lacook**
net art/poetry blog
Thu 12 Sep 2002

<http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>
my net art/poetry blog...anyone wanna toss it around?
<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! News - Today's headlines

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345. **Ron**
Vito Acconci piece in the NY Times
Thu 12 Sep 2002

What Vito Acconci is up to these days:
<http://www.nytimes.com/2002/09/12/arts/design/12NOTE.html>
Ron Silliman
<http://Ronsilliman.blogspot.com/>

346. **Michael Kelleher**

ELEVATOR 4: THE GRID PROJECT

Thu 12 Sep 2002

ELEVATOR 4: THE GRID PROJECT

ELEVATOR is pleased to invite you to participate in the fourth project in our artist's book collaboration series: THE GRID PROJECT. THE GRID PROJECT is an international inter-linguistic inter-textual writing project that will culminate in the publication of 40 artist's books produced by artist Amy Stalling. Books will be made of wood and will contain two texts: a paper book of all poems produced by the participants, and a unique Word Interaction Device (WID) produced by the artist. The WID resembles an abacus consisting of four wires strung the length of the book which hold wooden cubes in the form of a grid 4 cubes wide by 9 cubes long. Each WID is unique in that it recombines the textual grids of four poems from the collection; four being the number of usable text-faces per cube (the other two, because pierced by wire, will not contain text). A picture of the WID prototype can be viewed at

http://www.acsu.buffalo.edu/~mjk/grid_project_prototype.html

If you would like to participate in this project, please respond to Mike Kelleher by October 1, 2002.

SUBMISSION FORMAT

Respondents will be sent (electronically) a printable and rewritable Microsoft Word document containing a grid consisting of 36 boxes, each $3/4^2 \times 3/4^2$, which is the actual size of the cube-faces in the WID. You may print the grid out if you would like to work on it by hand or you may type text inside the boxes using Microsoft Word. Each box of the grid may contain no more than one word, which means that no poem can be longer than 36 words. You may choose to write your poem crossways (4 spaces per line) or long-ways (nine spaces per line). Boxes may be left blank at the poet's discretion. Blank boxes will be represented by blank cube-faces.

All text-faces in participants' grids will be reformatted using a font chosen by the editors and the artist, which means that whatever typographical formatting (or personal handwriting style) you employ to fill in the boxes in your submission is likely to be lost in the final production. Words that do not fit across the face of a cube on one line will be broken up. If you recognize that a certain word is too long and have a preferred means of breaking it in the square, please indicate this by typing or writing it in the desired configuration on the grid you submit. A good rule of thumb is that words longer than six letters will likely be

broken up. If your word will not fit completely on the face of the cube using the font we choose, we will ask you to re-submit a substitute.

We encourage submissions in as many different languages as possible. Texts will be published in their original language. If you want your work to appear in translation, it must be translated before you submit. We will publish the text in the form and language in which it is sent.

Submissions must be received by November 1, 2002. Electronic submissions are encouraged. Snail-mail submissions should be sent to Mike Kelleher, 63 Ashland Ave., Buffalo, NY 14222, U.S.A.

Participants will receive a copy of the paper book, and a 10% discount on the artist's book. The opening/reading/party will be scheduled some time in the spring of 2003 in Buffalo. Participants are invited to attend and to participate in a live reading of the texts.

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347. **Maria Damon**

Re: Warning: OffTopic!!!! Answering Theory, Remembrance & ListRage with DirectAction

Thu 12 Sep 2002

what a nice way to counter 9/11 madness with abundance and organicity. there are wild concord grapes down on the cape here, and my sister harvested them. not enough for jelly, but enough for, maybe, a nice condiment for meat or ice cream. a nice compensation for the paucity of beach plums this year.

At 8:28 PM -0500 9/11/02, mIEKAL aND wrote:

>Perhaps the proper way to preface this mini-report is that we've had grapes
>planted here at DreamtimeVillage for more than 8 years. The first 5-6 years
>I was mistakenly under the impression that to grow grapes in a
>"PermacultureFashion" meant that one did not need to prune the grapes. After
>the third year we had a bit of a flush & some good production. After that
>the vines took over & I mean took over. Production decreased dramatically &
>several diseases quickly moved in because the grapes & vines were not getting
>the air circulation they needed.
>
>----
>
>http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grapes_on_vine.jpg
>
>In spring 01, out of desperation I painfully pruned each of the plants,

>removing less than half of what would normally be removed. This year there
>was good pollination, good bunch formation, little or no disease. Spied some
>of the cottony growth (what is that called?) deep inside of some of the
>bunches of the green varieties of grapes.
>
>----
>
>
>
>http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grapes_what_kind.jpg
>
>Anyone know what ElmerSwenson variety my son Zon is holding?
>
>Very early on in our planting I discovered the work of ElmerSwenson, a 90
>year old grape breeder, living in Oceola, WI. He has released numerous
>varieties of grapes selected for the upper midwest, including a red & a green
>table grape. I saw him speak recently & was very impressed with the fact
>that he referred to various favorite selections in his breeding program by 7
>number IDs & seemed to possess intimate knowledge of each. Quite an inspir-
ing
>person to be in the presence of.
>
>----
>
>
>http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grapes_picking.jpg
>
>At DTV its increasingly rare to get everyone assembled into one activity, but
>the promise of fresh squeezed grape juice from "local" grapes is pretty hard
>to pass up. 5 vines of LaCroix filled about 3 five gallon buckets. A mixture
>of other vines, not quite so productive produced another bucket & half. One
>of the alterations I'm hoping to make to the ultra low tech trellissing
>system (metal posts & electric fence wire) is to get the vines higher in the
>air. A lot of the vineyards around here are putting a 12 gauge wire or wires
>at the 4-5 foot range. Main idea is that when you pick you don't have to
>bend over. Added benefits as I see it is clearer space to establish
>plantings of smaller herbaceous perennials within the rows. Ive been
>practicing propagating perennial legumes like PrairieMimosa & [Astragalus]
>from seed & these might make a perfect understory to a head high grape
>planting.
>
>----
>
>
>http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grapes_snipping.jpg

>

>This has to be the funnest part of having grapes living in yr gardens. What
>the pictures don't show is that anyone who has walked out to the orchards in
>the last month was also eating from the vines. My personal preference is to
>consume fruits & vegetables on site with little or no preparation. I always
>get the feeling that the nutritive & enzymatic value is highest while the
>produce is literally still alive.

>

>

>----

>

>http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grape_press.jpg

>

>This is a foto of a grape press which ripped 2 fruit bags & split the red oak
>wooden pressure plate within the first 4 hours of use. DreamtimeVillage
>would not endorse this product. We found using our hands we were able to
do

>better. If our volume of grapes to process keeps increasing, & I think it
>will, it would make much more sense for use to pick & pay to have them
>pressed at a local vineyard. It took 3 or 4 hours of screwing & unscrewing
>the grape press to get about 4 gallons of juice. This of course is why the
>most logical thing in the world is to squeeze grapes with yr feet. I think
>an all night rave & a grape pressing operation could have a very symbiotic
>relationship.

>

>

>----

>

>http://www.dreamtimevillage.org/plants/fotos/grape_press_closeup.jpg

>

>

>This is the first year that we had enough grapes to actually have enough to
>press. I would not describe LaCroix as a juice grape but it did not matter in
>the least. We drank about a gallon fresh & the rest became [Wine].

>

>

>[mIEKAL] september 11, 2002

>

>If you would like to view, comment or ask questions this document is archived
>as a wiki page at:

><http://www.ibiblio.org/ecolandtech/pcwiki/index.php/DreamtimeVillageGrapeHarvest2002>

--

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348. **Maria Damon**

Re: The Iowa School Poem

Thu 12 Sep 2002

it seems clear that the linebreaks in that particular ohara poem benefit the poem by the effect of headlong rush and shock that they produce as the macabre sense of the poem emerges from under its nonchalance. in fact i used to teach this poem along w/ walter benjamin's baudelaire essay on urban shock. ugrads got it right away.

At 10:12 PM -0400 9/11/02, [REDACTED] wrote:

>In a message dated 9/11/02 12:58:11 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

>

><< My

>

>own tendency is to say that O'Hara's poem *does* benefit from its

>

>line-breaks in some way the other poem doesn't it, but I can't quite explain

>

>it. >>

>

>The difference is that when O'Hara did it, nobody else was. He kinda

>invented the method. That made him avant-garde, and for precisely the reason

>you cite. The poetry was so prosaic, so nonchalant, that most critics and

>poetry connoisseurs of the day did not consider it poetry at all, but rather

>a violation of the genre. That he has been imitated ad nauseum proves two

>things: first, that he was onto something and is an important, original

>artist; second, no good dead goes unpunished. The same thing is happening

>with langpo. Best, Bill

>

>WilliamJamesAustin.com

>KojaPress.com

>Amazon.com

>BarnesandNoble.com

--

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349. **Gary Sullivan**

Jonathan Mayhew's blog

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Hi everyone,

Jonathan Mayhew asked me to forward this on to the list--he was having trouble posting it. He just started this blog ...

*Check out my blog at <http://jonathanmayhew.blogspot.com/>
It is devoted to jazz and contemporary poetry. Backchannel comments are appreciated.
Jonathan Mayhew*

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

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350. **austinwja**

Re: the state of this list

Thu 12 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/11/02 10:45:35 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< Yes but can we separate the politics and the text (cf the L=A=N=G...theories etal?) even at the "local" level...I used to want to keep politics at an arm's length: its a question not of rhetoric etc but how much and also you know about "distance" and masks and so on - and the readership. Etal...Richard Taylor

I don't disagree. Bias is strategy. But if we're privileging quality work, we all know that no one methodology owns the lock. Only the worst kind of crank would suggest that the Iowa method (whatever that is), or langpo or vispo or repo aesthetics is incapable of producing a quality poem. My guess is that most listmembers are smarter than that. And let's not forget there's no accounting for taste. But it can all make for some enjoyable give and take. My own tendency is to use the syrupy stuff for toilet paper. Good for the hemorrhoids. But that's just MY digestive system. Best, Bill

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351. **Jim Behrle**
Re: the state of this list
Thu 12 Sep 2002

Aaron Belz writes:

It seems ironic that you call our attention to "the state of things" -->how things are bad & could be better. Why don't you post something >positive? I.e., ignore that which you perceive to be negative & >harmful? aha, it's not that easy, is it. My only intention in >posting poems that are textbook-awful is to say--to say again-->something is rotten in the state of Po-mark. It seems we are saying >the same thing to different ends, however.

*Jim, I'll offer you a wager. You don't criticize the "state of this >list" or call people lazy, mean, dumb, snobby, etc., and I will check >all *my* remarks to make sure they are about "the poets that do >compel, shake and rattle" me, or other things that turn me on. But >for every one of your metacommentaries about this list, I get to >attack something of my choosing.*

No, I won't wager. I'll call it like I see it. Pettiness should be met and challenged. And it's wrong of me to bring up what is obvious to us who receive these e-mails? Aaron, bitch and vent endlessly if you want. But you're better than that. And if you do, prepare to back it up. "Textbook-awful?" C'mon. A different tradition with different readers. Your poems and mine wouldn't suit them, do they spend time carving us up as "textbook" examples of what's wrong with poems?

J Gallaher writes:

I believe you're missing the point of the list. This is the POETICS >list. So we're charged with talking about poetry. Mostly what I see on >this list is enthusiasm for poetry. I think disagreement on specific >poetry and poems is healthy and should be encouraged.

What I'm discouraging is thoughtlessness and sniping, not necessarily your posts, John. What Ms. Addonozio ever did to anyone here is beyond me. Her poems have been selected at random for crucifixion here. And to prove what exactly? That some folks write mainstream, accessible, risk-free poems? News? No. It's the literary equivalent of pulling her pigtailed, so pick on someone you're own size. I like Kasey's take on her work--live and let live.

We'll go over this again when the National Book Award nominees are announced down the road, and identical e-mails will be sent...why wasn't Innovative Poet X or Innovative Poet Y nominated for this award that goes to mainstream, accessible, risk-free poetry collections? Duh. We've made our beds, and they're great beds, and the grass isn't actually that much greener anywhere. Let these circles be broken.

I would suggest that if the tone of my post (all I did was post an example, as I was asked) offended you, then perhaps you could post something positive in response? Why don't you tell us about your favorite poem, perhaps?

I wasn't offended. It's depressing some discussions here neither enlighten nor promote. I did post 3 poems yesterday (3 more poems than Gallaher did), which possibly may not have been positive enough:

A POEM FOR VIPERS

By John Wieners

I sit in Lees. At 11:40 PM with
Jimmy the pusher. He teaches me
Ju Ju. Hot on the table before us
shrimp foo yong, rice and mushroom
chow yuke. Up the street under the wheels
of a strange car is his stash--The ritual.
We make it. And have made it.
For months now together after midnight.
Soon I know the fuzz will
interrupt, will arrest Jimmy and
I shall be placed on probation. The poem
does not lie to us. We lie under
its law, alive in the glamour of this hour
able to enter into the sacred places
of his dark people, who carry secrets
glassed in their eyes and hide words
under the coats of their tongue.

This hung over my desk until recently. These lines: "the poem / does not lie to us. We lie under / its law alive in the glamour of this hour..." break my heart. Call this one a favorite of mine. Couldn't someone damn it by labeling it "a domestic scene with lessons embedded in [it]?" Domestic for J.W., at least.

Haven't seen anyone here argue that I'm way off base, and it's difficult for me to understand what's healthy or didactic about trashing poets. And why was Kit Robinson singled out? I really like his poems.

It's possible that some people here are just fucking jerks who care little about other peoples' poems, or poetry, or discussing poetry. But ought this list be a place where we vent professional, political frustrations? Get a dog, tell the dog how wronged you were that American Poetry passed you by, that you don't get the respect you deserve. Tell your dog that you should be teaching at University A or University B, or how bad a poet everyone else is who is up for this award or that. I just don't see why that's healthy or important.

I was particularly turned off by the back and forth about THE BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002. I was excited to recommend the anthology, I really felt it was worth checking out, that Creeley had really done something special. What followed was pointless begrudgery and sniping. There are great poems therein, you are doing yourself a disservice by dismissing them. It is a great step in a right direction, not business as usual. There's no pleasing some on this list, who don't want to be pleased, who cannot enjoy the success of others, who remain here only to jerk-off. Allen Bramhall's recent cut-up mocking my BAP 2002 e-mail was a particular low-point. Thanks very much for that.

That people read Ms. Addonozio's work is a start. That she's popular makes it more likely that they will grow to take a chance and pick up the work of John Gallaher or Aaron Belz, and I hope they do: both are very talented. I started reading poetry with very mainstream, accessible, risk-free poets. That didn't stop me from finding the kinds of work I wanted to read, write and publish. Kim Addonozio is not the enemy, she's not an example of "what's wrong" with poetry. There's an enemy in bitter poets' hearts.

I'm really very tired of who's been driving this car. If you're gonna bring it, bring it. If not, think about everyone's time that goes to waste on you.

--Jim Behrle

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352. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**
Re: The Iowa School Poem

Thu 12 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/12/02 9:19:41 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

it seems clear that the linebreaks in that particular ohara poem benefit the poem by the effect of headlong rush and shock that they produce as the macabre sense of the poem emerges from under its nonchalance. in fact i used to teach this poem along w/ walter benjamin's baudelaire essay on urban shock

Maria,

That's a great observation.

Murat

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353. **K. Silem Mohammad**

Re: Ioway or the Highway

Thu 12 Sep 2002

on 9/12/02 7:24 AM, Maria Damon at [REDACTED] wrote [via b/c]:

*well i admire your impulse toward rigor, kasey, but i'm not sure i'd want to say that a final killer punch-line is a *requirement* for this type of poem; it's a *characteristic*, and the ka poem fails to deliver in that area, as one might have hoped for given the lameness of the foregoing. that is, i guess my approach is one of decription rather than prescription; i'm content to stay with that mode, while you seem to prefer using the former as a tool to arrive at the latter...?*

I don't believe there's a real disagreement here. Like you, Maria, I'm not interesting in prescribing anything, **really**. I think I was just using the language of prescription because I sensed that A.'s poem was begging for a certain kind of guidance in order to achieve a certain kind of effect, so I put on what I thought of as a typical workshop-leader hat. So my prescription was bracketed, if you like.

Yes, by any standards, i think it's safe to say that this is not an example of the genre (brief domestic aperçu) at its best. i think it was far more interesting in prose form; one could imagine it as a letter to a friend comparing mothering experiences --a bit of foundness, random kitchen-wisdom, whatever.

I don't know if I'd say *"*far* more,"* but sure, ok. Even there, however, the "wisdom" in question seems at best vague, again largely because the speaker avoids formulating any real insight toward the end, opting instead for an easy "lyrical" image of mutual insomnia.

the formal aspects seem pretentious, as if the author were so in love w/ her insights that she had to infuse them with more solemnity than they merit.

Yup. And more on such formal aspects when we get back to O'Hara in a minute....

and i like your characterization of my love for "bad" poetry as "perverse[ly] negative." that at least gives it some status. hilton obenzinger characterizes this type of negative value as "sublime terribleness." of course this poem --you're right --is not that. one wonders if the national poetry whatever arrives at its decisions by compromise, like a lot of academic departmental search committees: "hm, here's someone kinda conservative but not in a scary and smart way --yeah, okay, we can handle this".... one more reason to be suspicious of national poetry --likewise national anything these days.

Yes, that "sublime terribleness" has a lot of energy, and I'm tempted to say that *all* "great" poetry draws on this kind of flagrant badness on some level.

however, i just had a thought; all of the poems in this discussion that have been held up as ludicrously lame examples of "iowa" poetry have been by women, on specifically female themes (mother-daughter relationship, the "red dress" fantasy, and the widow who takes lovers) --how about, just to make sure we're not falling into some misogynist assumptions about what constitutes compelling poetry, posting some lame-O poems by male type people? perhaps a road-kill poem, or an appreciation of the wife, or the joys of being alone in the woods, or a meditation on the father-son relationship?

Sure! I'm sure I could pull a dozen examples off the web in about 30 seconds, but since I'm lazy, I'll just write one myself:

"Hod Carrying"

Around eleven the hod
gets real heavy. Sweat
builds up on my unibrow
like toad slime, and I

swipe it off in a big wet arc
at Larry, who flinches
and calls me dickweed. The boss
doesn't care: he's reading
Anais Nin in the trailer,

feet up on the plastic fan,
eating one of those expensive
hoagies from the yuppie deli,
drinking a strawberry Snapple.
He's into some real steamy
passage with chicks going at it
together, slathered in French
perfume, moaning about destiny
or some such.

Me, I got my
hod to carry, and a stale
bologna sandwich waiting
in my lunchbox. I got....

Oh, lord, I can't go on with this. You get the idea. What "female" poems like Addonizio's and "male" poems like the above have in common is their liability to be perceived, as Addonizio's and the others that have been posted here were perceived by you, as precisely that: gender-essentialized to the point of ludicrous stereotype. Or, similarly, class-essentialized, or race-essentialized, etc.

There, of course, we're getting into subject matter, which I said I wasn't going to touch for now. So back to "form," and back to O'Hara:

it seems clear that the linebreaks in that particular ohara poem benefit the poem by the effect of headlong rush and shock that they produce as the macabre sense of the poem emerges from under its nonchalance. in fact i used to teach this poem along w/ walter benjamin's baudelaire essay on urban shock. ugrads got it right away.

I haven't read the Benjamin, but I have my doubts about the argument that line breaks do the kind of semantic work that you're suggesting. In fact, this was one of the main points I wanted to address in my first post. I was just having a similar conversation with Patrick Herron, who produced a very detailed, careful formal reading of O'Hara's poem, offering an analysis of the valence of each line break. My response was that I just don't buy it. O'Hara's enjambment produces a general sense of breathlessness, but my suspicion is that it could be re-en-jambmed in any number of roughly equivalent ways, and the effect would be pretty much the same. (In fact, I would suggest that this is true not only of O'Hara, who is known after all for working in broad emotive strokes and what-the-hell formal arrangements, but of someone like W. C. Williams, in a poem like, say, "Red Wheelbarrow": how's that for heresy?) Of course, because we're all used to the poem the way it is, many of us would probably express some dissatisfaction with the new arrangement (myself included), but I think ultimately this would be out of **sentimental** attachment to the old format. Here's part of what I said to Patrick:

"What matters for O'Hara is the tension between two different tendencies: 1) the tendency to break off at a "natural" spot (roughly iambic-pentameter length, say), and 2) the tendency to disrupt that "naturalness" by enjamming in unlikely spots. The specifics are superfluous. What matters is the larger gesture."

And then I wrote:

"In the case of 'For Sleep,' there is no larger gesture, because there is no pattern to break with in the first place. There's just a big blob that is supposed to be shaped vaguely like what somebody once thought a poem should look like."

I know you're not arguing that each line break has a specific degree of informational content or anything like that, Maria--and I believe that your students "got" something from the poem that was meaningful as a result of its lineation, as well as other aspects of the poem--but some readers **do** want to make such arguments, and arguments like that are often deployed against poems like Addonizio's, and my starting position has been that this approach is untenable. In sum, I want to argue that Addonizio's poem (and poems like "The Hod Carrier") are bad, and I want to use principles of structure to do so, but I'm not satisfied with what I see as the existing models for such criticism.

I want to respond to Patrick's smart comments on self-evidence and self-consciousness, but I've run out of morning goof-off time, so that'll be next on my agenda.

Kasey

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354. **Mark DuCharme**

Re: IA or the byway

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Patrick,

I was confused at the same point as Kasey in your earlier post. Now your explanation leaves me befuddled. Let me see if I can piece together part of what you're saying.

I don't recall Pound using the term "self-evidence," but I do think I get what you mean in pointing to Pound. For example, in *_ABC of Reading_*, EP often puts two poems side by side, asserts the superiority of one, but (frustratingly) doesn't ARGUE his position: ergo, the notion that the superiority of the one poem is "self-evident." I don't get the connection of this critical practice to Imagisme, however. What about the image makes it, in this sense, "self-evident," either in Pound's thinking or in yours?

You seem to call into question Kasey's use of the notion of a poem's "own terms" as some kind of critical vantage-point. While I can also see where Kasey was coming from in that post, I think this notion might interestingly bear critical examination. Don't really have time now to set down my own thoughts on the matter, but perhaps that's part of where ~you're~ trying to go with this. (And perhaps you could say more about on what basis you would evaluate poetry if we reject the notion of self-evidence....)

I can't abide the word "goodness" in a discussion of poetics. I realize you're probably using it in a heavily ironic way, but still....

I'm confused but almost-getting-it up to this point in your argument, but where you really lose me, here as in the earlier post, is with your notion of self-consciousness and how specifically it contrasts with self-evidence. For example, you say that the old saw 'I don't know much about art but I know what I like'-- which you say is an evaluation really founded on self-evidence-- "FEELS like self-consciousness." Huh? I thought the point of your earlier post was to try & suggest the distinction between these two. Am I misreading you? And what kind of critical methodology would claim that something "FEELS" like another thing from which it's supposedly distinct? (I'm not trying to put you on the hot seat, & I know you were just crudely setting your thoughts down, but still....)

Maybe it would help if you attempted to define these terms, and particularly "self-consciousness." Or maybe you're making shorthand reference to some term in a text which isn't ringing any bells for me....

By the way, I would translate 'I don't know much about art but I know what I like' into Workshop-ese as: 'This works for me.' Perhaps the latter cliché suggests the horizon where self-consciousness & self-evidence meet.

And yes, you put the apostrophe in the right place.

Best,

Mark DuCharme

From: "Patrick F. Durgin" <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: "Patrick F. Durgin" <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: IA or the byway
Date: Thu, 12 Sep 2002 02:33:47 -0500

Dammit Kasey! Quit sucking me back into the list! Lemme see -

Iowa is a red flag term, but anyone who's spent time in Iowa City, as I have, couldn't possibly, or couldn't imagine one possibly, extending such generalizations any further than some such distinction between self-evidence and self-consciousness. Unfortunately, the former frequently disguises as the latter. Why is that? [Incidentally, I would expect this question to be of they type crucial to discussions on this "poetics" list, as evidenced by Kasey and Mike's recent exchange. That it's often not is just one reason I don't turn up here myself at times.]

Patrick, I'm sorry, could you rephrase the question? It does sound like a crucial one, but unfortunately, I'm getting lost somewhere in there, especially around "some such distinction" and where the former is disguising itself etc. I'm not being facetious or anything; I really would like to engage the question, but I 2 dumm to udnerstand this.

The Iowa Writers' Workshop (never sure where the apostrophe goes, really) was established just about the time nearby Chicago was churning out, via "foreign correspondent" Pound, the equally arbitrary activity of "Imagisme." Although from Imagism to Vorticism, Pound articulated his

poetics as it evolved into, finally ..., the Poundian notion of self-evidence - the investiture of the Poundian "image" - seems to have seeped into what we may find to be the original (IA being the first of its kind) "workshop model." But Pound's notion, then, of the work of the "image" was a station on a train to the Cantos, finally ...

So, to clarify if I can, the wholesale adoption of "self-evidence" that I have found endemic to poetry workshops (again, my experience is limited) seems to me an arbitrary interpretation - i.e., outside the fact of Pound's utilization of that notion of "image" as a part of the a process, leading finally That said, if we can spot a poem's "own terms" or its own critical values (as you have been attempting with the so-called Iowa School poems in question), the poem is self-evident (to that degree, the degree to which it articulates / offers critical values): evident to the self and evidence OF the self. Here is where we put on our disguises. It's time for evaluation, with a view to turning the poem to the goodness of doing what it says it should. It's generosity is just an arrogant attempt to prove how much it can afford to give away. Anyway, this kind of evaluation, not yet really founded on anything but "self-evidence" (itself yet to be articulated: 'I don't know much about art but I know what I like'), FEELS like self-consciousness. Since, by this time, I can't not believe that the goodness of the poem is my own goodness (my self living up to its "word"), and the confessional mode that often, but not always, goes with my poem becomes a risky descent into probable chaos (pathos) wherein my uncontrolled sincerity will in no way resemble art, which is so entirely dissembled as to be self-evident in principle.

I mean, what the fuck is that? Um, as in: we read someone's poem and decide it wants to do X. In order to do X, which is self-evident, it's X after all, and everyone knows what X means or how its multiple connotations come about in the context of Y, Z, etc, so - In order to do X, that poet to which X relates as an intentional object must become conscious, through my "critique," of X. And X is identical, self-evident, to poet. Therefore, poet is suddenly self-conscious.

But why? Why is this indentification so compelling? What is the point of mastering X? Who's "teaching" said workshop? And what do they represent as a "master"?

<http://www.buffalo.edu/~pdurgin>

[illegible]

'A sentence thinks loudly.'

--Gertrude Stein

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

Once you are helpless, you are free, can you believe
that? Never to waken to the sad struggle of a face?
to travel always over some impersonal vastness,
to be out of, forever, neither in nor for?

The eyes roll asleep as if turned by the wind
and the lids flutter open slightly like a wing.
The world is an iceberg, so much is invisible!
and was and is, and yet the form, it may be sleeping
too. Those features etched in the ice of someone
loved who died, you are a sculptor dreaming of space
and speed, your hand alone could have done this.
Curiosity, the passionate hand of desire. Dead,
or sleeping? Is there speed enough? And, swooping,
you relinquish all that you have made your own,
the kingdom of your self sailing, for you must awake
and breathe your warmth in this beloved image
whether it's dead or merely disappearing,
as space is disappearing and your singularity.

--Frank O'Hara

.....

*From: Murat Nemet-Nejat <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: The Iowa School Poem/An insomniac's reveries or Reverdies,
since we were talking about cubism
Date: Thu, 12 Sep 2002 00:10:20 EDT*

In a message dated 9/11/02 12:58:11 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

In short, there may be reasons for taking exception to

*the world view implied by this poem on ideological grounds, but I don't
..... know*

*that any such reasons can be subsumed under anything like a comprehensive
set of *formal* ("constructive"?) principles.*

Or maybe they can? Thoughts?

O Shelley, the giant <ACTION WORD> of glorious romantic poetry history You, whose eternal <ACTION WORD> power influences those who read you Had idealized me, a wrongly portrait of <ACTION WORD> god

I mean, they wouldn't have to go right there, exactly. Those are just suggestions.

I really liked the next stanza *a lot*. Especially Ceres. Ceres! You only mentioned Ceres once, and I'd like to see more of Ceres, actually! I added some to what you wrote:

Ceres! The winged Ceres-seed cannot be blown without Ceres' wing The Ceres-seed cannot be grown without the "Ceres" presence of Proserpine (aka Ceres) The bounteous Ceres, but not I (other-than-Ceres), can sentence the Ceres-fate of Ceres-growth

Maybe I went overboard with Ceres? I mean, you know. But maybe sprinkle a few in there.

II

I love how you numbered the sections like this. It makes it clear that there's this ... like ... "shift." But, okay, I'm lost when you write:

O Shelley, the ghost of fantasized ode of me

Huh??? I think you need to be clearer there. "Ode of me"? Oh, wait, no. You mean that's the West Wind speaking? Okay. Yeah ... I see that now.

You, whose potency [Great noun!] affects those who heard you Had mistaken med [typo?], a mighty destroyer and preserver

... like ... *computer* pre-server? Because then you'd need a hyphen there. I think those are just called "networks."

The sky cannot be stirred without the clouds dancing [great images!] The lightning can not struck without the Pegasus with thunder belt The almighty Zeus, but not I, can accompany the rainfall

That is *such* a powerful stanza. It's like, couldn't you really just end it there? "Rainfall." Because then it ends with that, like, falling of the rain.

III

See, because you're going to start wearing on your readers' patience if you go on too long. I think, though, that this one is okay.

O Shelley, the great admirer of the unseen west wind

But, isn't all wind unseen? Why point this out????

You, whose interpretation of ocean had misled those who pray you Had addressed me [Great use of IRONY!], a supposing ruler over the roaring ocean [EXCELLENT!]

The wave cannot abstract without the hard surface of coast The crevasses cannot be cleaved without the order of Neptune Sun, water, weather, but not I can control the marine

I admit I'm a little confused by the above. "hard surface" is *hard* ... and "crevasses" is *soft*. Especially if they're being *cleaved*.

IV

O Shelley, the fanciful player of imagination
You, whose lyre had instructed many those who inspired by you
Had kindly made me a musician, of the divine natural

I like the above stanza VERY MUCH. But, I had this idea--couldn't you substitute, like, a "regular joe" name for Shelley up there? Because it's kind of getting repetitious. So, like:

O Sam, the fanciful etc.
Julie, whose lyre had etc.
Had kindly made Mark etc.

Or am I being ...? Well, never mind.

The forest cannot sing without the leaves branches suffering
Powerful.

The lyrist cannot be sound with the absence of Euterpe
??? Did you mean Europe?

A splint, a drop, a tick, but not I, can stroke the great inspiration

Now, see, someone's going to think that's a *sexual* metaphor. Like, to "stroke the great inspiration" ... right?

V

O Shelley, the romantic lover of west wind
You, who had made my glorious, as Homer had attempt me
to blow Odysseus back to Ithaca
Had acquainted only this:
when I am present, spring will not be far behind

I'm having a problem with this last stanza. I mean, you're going along there, through sections I-IV, and you end up ... here? With this? Isn't it kind of a let-down?

I did a rewrite, just a tweak here and there, to "pump the level up" a bit:

O Shelley, the romantic lover of west wind

How do you like it?

MORE MORE MORE! How do you like it, how do you

Like it? MORE MORE MORE! How do you like it,

How do you like it? MORE MORE MORE! (Fade-out.)

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

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357. **Ken Rumble**

Desert City Poetry Series -- Winston-Salem, NC

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Please Spread Far and Wide:

Who: Lee Ann Brown and sister Beth Brown Al-Rawi

What: Very first reader/poet/performance ever in the Desert City Poetry Series

When: Thursday, September 19th, 2002 at 7:30pm

Where: Project Space 211 (PS211: <http://ps211.org/start.html>) 211
E. Third St., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Why: Lee Ann -- as many of you know -- writes exciting poems (hands down or up)

Beth plays a mean-ass fiddle
and this is the start of something big

The Desert City Reading Series is the solidification of a dream. Once a month -- from now 'til armageddon -- we'll bring in poets from this round globe to entertain and astound.

Future featured poets: C. S. Giscombe (Nov.), Evie Shockley (Oct.), Juliana Spahr (tentative), Jane Mead (spring 2003), and many many more.

For more info contact me: Ken, DCPS Director, 

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358. **Michael Magee**

Re: Ioway or the Highway

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Kasey, I think what you say here:

"What matters for O'Hara is the tension between two different tendencies: 1) the tendency to break off at a "natural" spot (roughly iambic-pentameter length, say), and 2) the tendency to disrupt that "naturalness" by enjambling in unlikely spots. The specifics are superfluous. What matters is the larger gesture."

is correct, but for what it's worth, FOH's unpublished letters include one to an editor (can't remember who, Don Allen?) where he rather meticulously corrects the linebreaks in a galley version of his poem. So, yes, the larger gesture, but that larger gesture was something he seems to have been quite serious about.

"Hod Carrying" is my favorite poem of the day, I think it may even be "sublimely terrible."

-m.

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359. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: The Iowa School Poem/An insomniac's reveries or Reverdies, since we were talking about cubism

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Mark,

Yeah, that's how trying to sleep feels like. A great hubbub. I had never read (I think) this O'Hara poem. How wonderful and strange it is, that reference to Restoration tragedy. Was that the 18th century version of Camp?

Perhaps next time I'll try the inside of a car to fall sleep? I'm flying to Seattle tonight for a short trip. Perhaps I'll fall asleep reading O'Hara's poem.

Thanks.

Murat

In a message dated 9/12/02 1:41:08 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

Murat, since you mention both O'Hara & sleep, & the hollowness with which Addonizio's "waiting for sleep" rings, I thought I would throw in a "sleep" poem from FOH which I think will also satisfy Kasey's criteria of "strange."

Best,

Mark

.....

SLEEPING ON THE WING

*Perhaps it is to avoid some great sadness,
as in a Restoration tragedy the hero cries "Sleep!
O for a long sound sleep and so forget it!"
that one flies, soaring above the shoreless city,
veering upward from the pavement as a pigeon
does when a car honks or a door slams, the door
of dreams, life perpetuated in parti-colored loves
and beautiful lies in all different languages.
Fear drops away too, like the cement, and you
are over the Atlantic. Where is Spain? where is
who? The Civil War was fought to free the slaves,
was it? A sudden down-draught reminds you of gravity
and your position in respect to human love. But
here is where the gods are, speculating, bemused.
Once you are helpless, you are free, can you believe
that? Never to waken to the sad struggle of a face?
to travel always over some impersonal vastness,
to be out of, forever, neither in nor for?*

*The eyes roll asleep as if turned by the wind
and the lids flutter open slightly like a wing.
The world is an iceberg, so much is invisible!
and was and is, and yet the form, it may be sleeping
too. Those features etched in the ice of someone
loved who died, you are a sculptor dreaming of space
and speed, your hand alone could have done this.
Curiosity, the passionate hand of desire. Dead,
or sleeping? Is there speed enough? And, swooping,
you relinquish all that you have made your own,
the kingdom of your self sailing, for you must awake
and breathe your warmth in this beloved image
whether it's dead or merely disappearing,
as space is disappearing and your singularity.*

--Frank O'Hara

.....

From: Murat Nemet-Nejat <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: The Iowa School Poem/An insomniac's reveries or Reverdies,
since we were talking about cubism
Date: Thu, 12 Sep 2002 00:10:20 EDT

In a message dated 9/11/02 12:58:11 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

*In short, there may be reasons for taking exception to
the world view implied by this poem on ideological grounds, but I don't
..... know
that any such reasons can be subsumed under anything like a comprehensive
set of *formal* ("constructive"?) principles.*

Or maybe they can? Thoughts?

Kasey

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360. **derek beaulieu**
an Assembling invitation

Thu 12 Sep 2002

PLEASE CIRCULATE FREELY:

this is an open invitation to contribute to

5'9" an assembled magazine

whereby every page is created in an edition of 30 copies by the contributors
and then gather and bound (every 30 contributors).

contributions can be multiples, rubberstamp, handprinted, painted, collaged, or
anything else (use your imagination). there is no restriction on subject matter.
every contributor will receive a copy of the edition in which they appear.

GENERAL 5'9" GUIDELINES:

- 1) Produce your own image in an edition of 30 copies.
- 2) Size: 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches. 2D or 3D images accepted.
- 3) Sign & Date the images (if applicable)
- 4) send all 30 copies to: "5'9": an assembling" 1339 19th ave nw calgary alberta canada t2m 1a5

PLEASE CIRCULATE FREELY & INTERNATIONALLY

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361. **Patrick F. Durgin**

IA

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Mark et al -

Let me try to clarify my clarification. I can't find the Pound I'm thinking of, but I like what you brought in - that's part of it. "hard light" and "clear edges" is another. But the "image" for Pound changes with respect to the Vortex and later the Ideogram and can't usefully, for us, I think, be divorced from the context of that evolution.

My categories: "self-evident" and "self-conscious." I identify prototypical workshop methods with the former and prototypical "poetics" methods with the latter. Both methods presume a loose sense of reflection. In poetry writing workshop one reflects on the objet d'art before them in order to craft a better one, one that is as "good" as it can be, one that "works for me." But one is also the "author" of said object, if not necessarily (though frequently) the subject of it as well. In this situation, one relies on critical values, one's own (i.e., "finding one's voice"), but always by reference to two things which must articulate and maintain those values, the poem in question (aka, "said object") and the "master" (aka, workshop leader). My contention is that the master's task, identifying and maintaining these values is sometimes imposing (too much in reference to their own arbitrary values) and sometimes simply impossible (how do you maintain critical values in a workshop situation when those values are yet to be articulated?).

I wound up seated on a train from NYC this spring next to a poetry workshop student who was describing her experience in her program. She went on and on regarding the techniques each instructor used to maintain critical values and thus imbue them. I finally asked whether or not the instructors ever required the students to articulate what these values are (i.e., what makes "good" instead of "bad" in any given instance). She didn't understand my question either. Turns out we'd both just seen the Richter show at the MOMA, so I thought I'd ask her what she thought was so "good" about it. She was utterly unable to fathom the question and its presumption that a set of critical values could be articulated even for the sake of argument (i.e., not for the sake of actually composing a work). Ultimately, all she could admit was that the paintings existed, and their existence was self-evident.

It seems to me the space (generic, I suppose) opened up by the notion of "poetics" confronts the same questions but in the sense that it goes beyond the work as an object and considers the processes of composition and appreciation. In that sense, it is self-reflective (those considerations themselves being procedural, in flux). Now, what I didn't yet address is the reliance on one's own

critical values in either a workshop situation of one in which some "poetics" model is assumed. The authorial process comes into question with respect to creative (or first) causes - but if we are impatient with the notion of creation ex nihilo, we adopt a Deleuzian model of the passage of utterances, deflecting intentions, disputing motives in principle. Poetics privileges the disputation of such principles - workshops may never question them, since they are already the workshop's *raison d'être*. To the degree that an author identifies with their motives, they become culpable for the work done on behalf of those motives - this is the level of critique I associate with workshops.

Culled this from an unrelated project - and posting here (viz. Poundian self-evidence) because I can't find my copy of "A Few Don'ts" and hope someone can and will post here. I think the IA WW was established in 1926?

Pound came to London in 1909, aged twenty-four, joining up again with Hilda Doolittle (H.D.) upon her arrival in 1911, aged twenty-six. That same year, art critic of the Chicago Tribune Harriet Monroe founded the little magazine *Poetry*, naming Pound the publication's "foreign correspondent" (Monroe, Vol. 1 and Jones, 16). H.D., in the meantime, had established a deep relationship with another poet in London, the British Richard Aldington, and when the two brought their poems to Pound for criticism in 1912, it was as a function of the prankster that he announced to the poets that they were "Imagistes," while it was as a function of the sponsor that he insisted H.D. sign her work, "H.D. 'imagiste'," and that he wrote to Monroe, the administrator,

I've had luck again, and am sending you some modern stuff by an American. I say modern, for it is in the laconic speech of the Imagistes, even if the subject is classic ... This is the sort of American stuff that I can show here and in Paris without its being ridiculed. (cited in Jones, 17)

Pound admitted to having pulled the prank that was the naming of Imagisme, and whose primary tenets as a practice are found in Pound's own particular poetics as early as 1908, or, having "invented [it] to launch H.D. and Aldington" (Pound cited in Jones, 19). Aldington's poems, selected and published with the moniker "one of the 'Imagistes'," appeared in the November 1912 issue of *Poetry*, with H.D.'s work turning up (as "H.D. 'imagiste'") in the January 1913 issue. Two months later, amidst a good deal of speculation as to where these "Imagistes" had come from so suddenly, and what they hoped to achieve (not to mention how they hoped to achieve it), *Poetry* published F.S. Flint's "Imagisme" along with "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste," written by Pound himself. Asked to define Imagisme, Pound does so negatively. By August of that year, Rebecca West's article "Imagisme," published in the *New Freewoman: An Individualist Review* from London, was feeding "the only clear account" of the movement back to the British audience, introducing long quotes from "A Few Don'ts" and

"Imagisme" from the March issue of Poetry by declaring, "there has arisen a little band who desire the poet to be as disciplined and efficient at his job as the stevedore" (West, 86). But Pound, functioning as the sponsor of Imagisme, was its most vehement critic, as evinced in an article written for the Fortnightly Review in 1914 when he had already left Imagisme behind for what he was calling Vorticism:

The imagist's images have a variable significance like the signs a, b, and x in algebra ... the author must use his image because he sees it or feels it, not because he thinks he can use it to back up some creed or some system of ethics or economics ... (cited in Jones, 21)

In other words, the Imagiste runs the risk of utilizing the image out of proportion to the aesthetic, what is seen and felt; "the author," proper, will not succumb to the inordinate use of the image that Pound saw interlopers as embracing. Not only, as with Aristotle's description of analogy in the Poetics, may one "apply an alien term, and then deny of that term one of its proper attributes," but one might ascribe additional attributes that the true Imagiste would not (42). In a letter to the USAmerican poet Amy Lowell, who was swiftly moving into the London Imagiste scene, bent on out-sponsoring the movement by way of proposing an annual anthology to be titled *Some Imagist Poets*, Pound's sense of losing his grip on the implications of his prank is evident. It gets away from him by virtue of the fact that his means of administration were being usurped by Lowell's infamously deep pocketbook, supposedly offset by the democratizing of the movement which, in reality, was merely the transference of a poetics Pound had already put behind him.

I should like the name "Imagisme" to retain some sort of meaning. It stands, or I should like it to stand, for hard light, clear edges. I can not trust any democratized committee to maintain that standard. Some will be splay-footed and some sentimental. (cited in Jones, 22)

<http://www.buffalo.edu/~pdurgin>

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362. **J Gallaher**

Re: the state of this list

Thu 12 Sep 2002

I still think there's some value in this thread, so I'm going to keep posting on the dead horse. And I'm sorry, this's my longest post.

I agree with Jim Behrle here, when he says:

<Pettiness should be met and challenged.>

That is why we must--why I think it is our poetic duty to--look at, and comment on, as much of the art that is out there as we can. Art should be met and challenged, just as you say posts to this list should.

Jim Behrle says:

<What Ms. Addonozio ever did to anyone here is beyond me. Her poems have been selected at random for crucifixion here. <snip> It's the literary equivalent of pulling her pigtails, so pick on someone you're own size.>

I think that Kim Addonizio is our size. She writes poems and puts them out into the world. In my view, poems are attempts at bringing the world to itself. To bring it into its beingness. So all art, in so attempting, should be taken seriously enough to give it a public airing.

To several readers on this list, KA's poems don't help us live in the world. And to my view, poems such as this one of hers are not wasted time, but a fundamental argument of what poetry is for. I have to admit, the world she depicts in this poem on sleeping troubles me in its, to my mind, overt simplicity and unqueried associations. If people take the simplicity in her poem seriously, to salve their day, then they can easily look to more, I believe, truthful work (like Rae Armantrout's work from the BAP, if you'd like an example), and say it's too much work, too difficult. The existence of Addonizio's poetry works directly against the possible existence of Armantrout's. The worlds compete. I believe it is our duty as poets to work with these. To evaluate them. To be their advocates.

Jim Behrle writes:

<It's possible that some people here are just fucking jerks who care little about other peoples' poems, or poetry, or discussing poetry. <snip> There's no pleasing some on this list, who don't want to be pleased, who cannot enjoy the success of others, who remain here only to jerk-off.>

This, I believe is fundamentally untrue. I'm distrustful of blanket condemnations (even when using the word "some" people). Calling people names hurts their feelings, and works against the tone you're wanting to set on the list.

By the way, I look forward to getting a copy of TBAP 2002. Some of my favorite poets are represented there.

Tonally yours,
JG

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363. **Craig Allen Conrad**

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE POET (insert name)

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Hello everyone.

I'm starting to put together a new little magazine called WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE POET (insert name). Sort of a detective magazine, researching information about a particular deceased poet, as well as looking for anyone who might have their own information to share about the poet's life and/or their writing.

The first poet of interest is Merle Hoyleman. She published one remarkable book in 1966 titled ASP OF THE AGE, Ashphodel Press. There were only 326 copies printed, so you can imagine the difficulty in getting your hands on one. I had the good fortune of reading a copy from Jonathan Williams's private library while visiting him a few months ago at his Jargon Society in North Carolina. Wish I could quote her for you right now, beautiful lines, mysterious.

She lived in Pittsburgh, where I plan on visiting soon, after nailing down her last address in an attempt to find someone in the neighborhood who might have known her, or at least known of her. I've exhausted all other forms of research with Pittsburgh about her. Taking a bus there to see the house is about all I have left.

Jonathan Williams and his partner Thomas Meyer have already been a big help, lending their personal accounts of this wild woman poet. Jonathan went to Pittsburgh to visit the poet at her house a couple times in the 60's. Many of the folks who knew her no longer exist, James Laughlin for instance, although I am grateful to the New Directions editors who have allowed me to view the poems LETTERS TO CHRISTOPHER, by Merle Hoyleman, published in one their New Directions Annuals some decades ago.

If anyone out there has any information about Merle Hoyleman or her work, and would like to submit a few pages to this new magazine, I'd be delighted to hear from you. There are so many talented and exciting poets who fall through the cracks over the years, and it would be good to resurrect their work, or at least exhume their vanishing histories for a glimpse or two.

Thank you all,
CAConrad,
Philadelphia

"To make the world a sensuous extension of man rather than have man remain an instrument of an alien world, is the goal of the Situationist revolution. For us the reconstruction of life and the rebuilding of the world are one and the same desire. To achieve this the tactics of subversion have to be extended from

schools, factories, universities, to confront the Spectacle directly. Rapid transport systems, shopping centres, museums, as well as the various new forms of culture and the media, must be considered as targets, areas for scandalous activity." --Raoul Vaneigem, SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE

"In the present circumstances, the only thing worth globalising is dissent." --
Arundhati Roy

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364. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: The State of This List

Thu 12 Sep 2002

I don't have a problem with challenging discussions. I do, however, have a problem with people calling other people "insufferable dicks," or "fucking jerks" or insulting a person's intelligence or abilities on this list. Where I live, these are fighting words. If you say them, you risk getting your ass kicked, or, more likely, shot. Much of the hostility I see on this list is nothing more than e-mail bravado posted by people who probably wouldn't have the guts to back up their words physically. I joined this list to find new magazines and venues, make contacts, possibly friends, and to learn things I don't know. I'd say the level of civility on this list needs considerable improvement.

Vernon Frazer

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365. **Stephen Ellis**

Unsolicited

Thu 12 Sep 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>The following advertisement for a device appeared today on screen with
the various attempts on UB Poetics to see through preliminary&nbsp;distinc-
tions between "self evident" and "self conscious."&nbsp; Since the prior of
these is something reproduced, I'm wondering in what sense its merely numeri-
cal&nbsp;and therefore equalizing "democratic" appearance on-screen por-
tends for the <EM>production</EM> of consciousness, over its <EM>re</
EM>production.&nbsp;</P>
<P>&lt;&lt;&nbsp;   CAN'T FIND YOUR KEYS?&nbsp;   LET THE SONIC KEY
FINDER SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS!</P>
<P>This small device, which is used as part of your key chain, will ensure that
you will never lose your keys again!&nbsp; When you can't find your keys,
<EM>just whistle </EM>and the key chain will beep and flash a bright
light.&nbsp;   So whether your keys are in a dark room or hidden under the bed,
```

they will definitely be found with the revolutionary sonic key finder.

></P>

<P>It's trash. But what does it thereby "mean" in terms of what is to be done with it? The self-conscious ends at a fairly low threshold of actual pain; and doesn't "self-evident" most actually mean DOA? Or what form light carries to the eye. Like, it doesn't "do" Anything unsolicited.
</P></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV></div><br clear=all><hr>MSN Photos is the easiest way to share and print your photos: Click Here
</html>

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366. **Jim Behrle**

Re: the state of this list

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Vernon Frazer writes:

I don't have a problem with challenging discussions. I do, however, >have a problem with people calling other people "insufferable dicks," >or "fucking jerks" or insulting a person's intelligence or abilities on >this list. Where I live, these are fighting words. If you say them, >you risk getting your ass kicked, or, more likely, shot. Much of the >hostility I see on this list is nothing more than e-mail bravado >posted by people who probably wouldn't have the guts to back up their >words physically.

This is in incredibly poor taste.

Jim Behrle

3 Washburn Terr #3

Brookline, MA 02446

I don't enjoy idle threats. Come by any time for tea or to tussle.

--Jim Behrle

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<http://www.hotmail.com>

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367. **Craig Allen Conrad**
(no subject)

Thu 12 Sep 2002

hi. i sent that last e-mail, subject line "WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE POET (insert name)" a bit too hastily. noticed a bunch of typos, and problems with the information, and wondered if you could simply NOT post it, please, and i'll submit something to be posted another time.

thank you,
CAConrad

"They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety." --Benjamin Franklin

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368. **Michael Magee**
Behrle's State of the List

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Jim Behrle wrote:

<What Ms. Addonozio ever did to anyone here is beyond me. Her poems have been selected at random for crucifixion here. <snip> It's the literary equivalent of pulling her pigtails, so pick on someone you're own size.>

<It's possible that some people here are just fucking jerks who care little about other peoples' poems, or poetry, or discussing poetry. <snip> There's no pleasing some on this list, who don't want to be pleased, who cannot enjoy the success of others, who remain here only to jerk-off.>

Jim, I'm really just seconding what J Gallagher wrote in response to you, but feel compelled to ask in addition, who in world are you talking about here? Surely you should identify these "fucking jerks" out of courtesy so they might defend themselves. If, for example, I was one of the "fucking jerks," I'd want the opportunity to explain how my own comparison of Ashbery and Addonozio was something other than masturbation.

Look, I know you to be a smart, kind and affable guy, and I surely don't want this thread to get flamey -- believe me, I've been there with close friends before and it sucks. The fact is though that I think you're way off the mark in your ire here. There are *very* good reasons to discuss poetic value, and if Addonozio's poem was chosen arbitrarily - as it self-admittedly was by the person who chose it - that doesn't make it any less useful to the goal of trying to describe competing poetic methodologies. The notion that we can all just get along writing our

whatevers just doesn't suffice, if we think of a poem as an action with any agency attached to it at all. I think people on this list have very good reasons for liking the poems and poets they do, and many of them can talk informatively and at length about those reasons. If there's some hot air along with it, well, hell, welcome to mother earth.

Warmly,

Mike

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369. **Saneh Saadati**

Re: the state of this list---revised version.

Thu 12 Sep 2002

<html><div style='background-color:'><P>To who ever it may concern:</P> <P>(Could we terminate this subject?, it seems to lead to the somewhat tiresome you & me, better or worse, right or wrong saga.)</P> <P>Anyway : </P> <P>J Gallaher wrote</P> <P>By the way, I look forward to getting a copy of TBAP 2002. Some
of
my favorite poets are represented there.</P> <P>--- Same here. I don't know which poets are in it. But as long as it's poetry, i am willing to believe. </P> <P>i wish more people were posting their 'stuff' (speaking of poetry, hence POETICS). It makes my mornings oh so special when i see the little word Poem, hiding beside a subject, almost sort of hither side of the rest of the emails. </P> <P>on that note, here is A Poem - (and yeah i am sorry, it is long)
</P> <P align=Center> <CENTER> <TABLE border=0 cell-Padding=5 cellSpacing=0 widthU7> <TBODY> <TR> <TD vAlign=Top> <DIR><U><PRE>Arendt's Road Map </U>Description, dates and days in detail - <I>almost</I>.

<I>Friday ~ </I> Return books (?) write <I>to </I><FONT face="Times

New Roman, Times, Serif">room carrying packed & Ready To Go Bags,
and a car waiting simply for directions.

The day is full of starrng
softly almost eagerly at leaving, expecting
tomorrows welcomes': the eye of
the route, were today's waiting will
take you only so far - the next

part of the waiting. And the nights
in Philly, too hot to sleep
University area, precious
intellect, cling close to me, for I am
to travel far off. Yet from any
distance, ever to reach, any
what to call it; final destination.

Not a continuos arrival. But
eternal. Turn off lamps.
Or did you stay late into
the twilight of morning. One last
hello, to put down in journal. Or
have all friends left
already ...

Familiar faces
in every other town. You
think, someday, again
Let's go there. And why
Not. It might happen,
even though as you close
your eyes, only the memory
of water, flashes before

any time was even there. And
you know; you think so little
of promises. Only knowing
thinking it - for later.
Comes around to it.

<I><FONT face="Times New Roman, Times, Serif"
size=2> Saturday Morning ~

</I><FONT face="Times New Roman, Times,
Serif">I leave early you wrote.
'I am ready to go'. and

that was only on Friday.
How strange those few
hours seem, don't they.
When you are waiting to
take off. And nothing else
really matters. You
worry maybe, but mostly
it is the end – somehow
it all falls into place
and ends itself, as

you start the engine.
Watching your
history fall farther and
farther away, from
your rearview mirror
and you think, maybe
this is something –
I made up. Did it really happen?

Our lives, at times so intertwined
with others long periods of time
and so it strikes you; How
will I, how did I
ever do without. But
aren't those feelings,
memories so close
yet so far off, when
you are leaving to go
somewhere. Thinking
This is it. This is it.
This is what I've been
practicing

for this? What this.
Moments shared
with friends. Through
a silence that was
never there. Still Maybe
could it have been so
You were that sound.
'Could I?' say you.
Maybe, So what if --

You would hear the whisper
of that same old distant
echo. Like a promise. Of
what or whom how
and when.

Later that week ~
A friend of mine
said he'd been seeing
you around. And
that you too looked like
you were waiting for
something.

'The Leaving', I said.
Makes it the waiting less,
Don't know. Think of it.
That was on the
Sunday - and I knew
that you were on
your way.
Saneh Saadati
På MSN hittar du det roliga, intres-
santa och användbara på internet: Klicka här
</
html>

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370. **Tracy Ruggles**
Re: the state of this list
Thu 12 Sep 2002

<de-lurk>
It feels like I'm standing in a big circle of people watching this go down, half-
looking over my shoulder to see if the teacher is going to cut our recess short...
</de-lurk>

On 12/9/02 at 5.11p, Jim Behrle () said:

Vernon Frazer writes:

I don't have a problem with challenging discussions. I do, however, >have a problem with people calling other people "insufferable dicks," >or "fucking jerks" or insulting a person's intelligence or abilities on >this list.

Where I live, these are fighting words. If you say them, >you risk getting your ass kicked, or, more likely, shot. Much of the >hostility I see on this list is nothing more than e-mail bravado >posted by people who probably wouldn't have the guts to back up their >words physically.

This is in incredibly poor taste.

*Jim Behrle
3 Washburn Terr #3
Brookline, MA 02446*

I don't enjoy idle threats. Come by any time for tea or to tussle.

--Jim Behrle

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371. **Bob Grumman**
Re: the state of this list

Thu 12 Sep 2002

> >Vernon Frazer writes:

> >

> >>I don't have a problem with challenging discussions. I do, however,
>have a

> >>problem with people calling other people "insufferable dicks," >or
"fucking

> >>jerks" or insulting a person's intelligence or abilities on >this list.

> >>Where I live, these are fighting words. If you say them, >you risk
getting

> >>your ass kicked, or, more likely, shot. Much of the >hostility I see on

> >>this list is nothing more than e-mail bravado >posted by people who

> >>probably wouldn't have the guts to back up their >words physically.

> >

> >This is in incredibly poor taste.

> >

> >Jim Behrle

THAT DOESN'T EXCUSE IT!!!!

--Bob G.

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372. **Alan Sondheim**

September 1752

Thu 12 Sep 2002

September 1752

Su Mo Tu We Th Fr Sa

1 2 14 15 16

17 18 19 20 21 22 23

24 25 26 27 28 29 30

In September, 1752, September 3-13 did not exist.

In September, 1752, September 11 did not exist.

The ghost of the future visits a past 250 years ago.

We did find the couple from the Towers suspended in mid-air,
their skin touching skin, screaming what words in 200-kph wind
rushing towards them, the ground rushing -

floors collapsing in the great container behind them -

strusses breaking - speed picking up -

as weight is added to weight - but never the speed

of people falling, turned internally to dust and fire -

the charisma of burned flesh - not left, for a moment - whole

and together and identified -

In September, 1752, the collision and recuperation of calenders -

the elimination of these autumnal days -

they're turned around - the future anterior of ghosts -

already visited (everyone's living there)

(everyone's waiting for the earth to start again)

===

1752 Su Mo Su Tu Mo We Tu Th We Fr Th Sa Fr 1 2 14 1 15 2 16 14 17 18 17

19 18 20 19 21 20 22 21 23 22 24 25 24 26 25 27 26 28 27 29 28 30 29

=====

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373. **Vernon Frazer**

The State of the List, a possible Don King Promotion

Thu 12 Sep 2002

I gather some people were upset by my last post, so I'll offer a qualified apology.

I spent 30 years working days and nights in high-risk neighborhoods. I also did a fair amount of recreation there. I've seen more violence than the average

person in the course of my work and play. In 1994, when Connecticut made the national news for its drive-by shootings, my job usually had me traveling to within a block of where the shootings had occurred the previous evening. As a case worker, I routinely had clients threaten me. Several of them were later arrested for murder. In these environments, you learn to use language that doesn't offend people or to use rough language to hold someone at bay.

In short, I was speaking from my own experience, and the environment I've lived in. I can't apologize for my own experience. I will say that I'm sorry if my language shocked anybody on the list, but I also wanted to say something on-line that would wake people up to the consequences of their own words.

The person whose words I chose as examples was just one of many who resorted to name-calling. His words just happened to be the first that came to mind when I posted earlier.

Name-calling, however, is not the only problem I see on the list. In the course of heated debates, I've seen some people on the list insult each other's intelligence and competence in ways that could make a person lose control. This list functions as a public place. When one person calls another person names or insults a person, it embarrasses the person in front of as many as 800 subscribers. I think, when a discussion reaches that point, that it should continue on backchannel.

And, for the person who envisioned a playground fight emerging, at my age I don't get into fights at recess. I would want a ring, gloves and a referee.

I try to respect people's ideas on this list, whether I agree with them or not. I haven't been insulted, myself, but I've been very aware of the sting others on the list must feel when they take a shot from someone on the list. I'm writing in their defense, not mine.

Vernon Frazer

[↑ Contents](#)

374. **richard.tylr**

Re: the state of this list

Thu 12 Sep 2002

Bill. What do you think of C Bernstein's essays? The one that interests me (as well as he does in A Poetics) is Writing and Method there he does - and think this is the point Bernstein can be strongly critical and even caustic but he is by and large trying to see that all the various schools contribute into the poetic so to speak: the syrupy he maybe would put into a poem that has what he calls "polyvocality" now I was doing just such a poem except that I've halted while I go through Pound's cantos (and also think more about what I'm f=doing if

anything) and I'm using a few books eg Cookson's and another book (more recent) (I've read *The Pound Era*)..but the point is we need to study all these guys and I haven't been through the cantos (the list of what I haven't read and feel I should is very long). But certainly I can see that Pound was, in his (the) language itself, very conscious of the need to "toughen up" but his language is quite direct, cuts like a diamond and so on: yet can be suddenly lyrical: Pound is almost pre-empting what Bernstein calls for: the fragmentations and so on...the very idea of the image, of the ideogram: and the mantle 'voices" in so many languages....that could lead to a poem in ALL languages incorporating all cultures and of course in a sense *The Wasteland* was one of the first cooperative efforts as Pound shaped it structurally: clearly he influenced many many writers, but in particular Creeley, Olson and Zukovsky (he ignored Stein I think -interesting that W H Auden used Steinic language in *The Orators* which is a fascinating poem) but Zukovsky (by and large is more fascinated I say MORE - with etymology and the permutations of words and of meanings and codings and transliterations etc) the hard edge in him comes out in those austere lyrics "80 Flowers" (but in both personal also gets in there to some degree: references to his family and so on)..... now how many students of Iowa (I'm not sure where it is you guys have so many states, the US is so vast....) (I remember we used to get the Nat Geog. and seeing the fields of corn in Iowa: I'd love to go there one day.....) and some of "A" is brilliant: another work I want to look at in more detail: but even Eliot was aging the mush (its hard not to slip into _the poetic_) but Williams or Paterson is maybe a better model. I read "The Book of Questions " and for me it had some fascinating moments but there is too much abstraction, too much vagueness: if someone can counter-convince me I'll have another look) I also feel that that is the problem with Robert Kelly's work but I believe (what little I've seen and heard of it eg via Mark Scroggins's book on Zukovsky) that Ronald Johnson's *Ark* is a great work - another huge American poem!! - but it was expensive on Abe and I haven't looked for it lately -

I think (what I think of as) the best of the Language poets can mix and interplay with "mush" (or semi-mush) and "the technical language" as Berrigan writes in one of his sonnets " I too read the technical books" (something like that)

I think I'm basically in agreement with you Bill on this one! Except that eg a young friend showed me some of his poems and it was very hard to say: now this my friend is just too syrupy! He needs to study a big range of poetry (he's young enough to catch up) and to practice and self-criticise....I on the other hand am a bit lazy: that's why I wanted to get hold of that (quite basic) book called "Creative Writing" as when I "restarted" writing it gave me some excellent "exercises" ...if I was younger I'd go to somewhere like Columbia to get a grip on all the "BIG" works and so on then go to an MLA school or whatever they are but reserve the right to re-churn it all (not reject it all)...I don't know

what this Iowa school is but there are/is a lot of poetry that is very popular and the writers are widely published but they are basically just not very extraordinary...I think the "badness" is in part a philosophical-political-poetical problem as much as any question of talent (some of the writers are very intelligent eg in Fence). Another example is that I sent some poems to an editor and he accepted one (now that's good) but the poem itself I don't think is as "radical" as I'd like to see - the editor in question is quite perspicacious - but...what I'm getting at is that ultimately editors can restrict one's work: who and how would Allen Sondheim's complete work (can it ever be said to be complete - is the term now redundant in the Sondheimian era that is upon us? And I'm thinking also of the obviously huge amount of online vispo etc) be published or what mag would put one of his poems in : one alone would mean nothing without the others" somewhat like the other long american poems...although Alan is not consciously doing an epic I don't think: but there is an neo - epochal look about it!! So maybe we have exhausted "normative" poetry...some of the language poetry is starting to wear a weary look...but the best endures i ha' nae doot! Cheers, Richard Taylor. (If I've wandered please forgive an old windy man in a corner!) ----- Original Message ----- From: <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Friday, September 13, 2002 4:13 AM Subject: Re: the state of this list

> In a message dated 9/11/02 10:45:35 PM, [REDACTED] writes:
>
> << Yes but can we separate the politics and the text (cf the
>
> L=A=N=G...theories et al?) even at the "local" level...I used to want to
>
> keep politics at an arm's length: it's a question not of rhetoric etc
but how
>
> much and also you know about "distance" and masks and so on - and the
>
> readership. Et al...Richard Taylor
>
> >>
>
> I don't disagree. Bias is strategy. But if we're privileging quality
work,
> we all know that no one methodology owns the lock. Only the worst kind of
> crank would suggest that the Iowa method (whatever that is), or langpo or
> vispo or repo aesthetics is incapable of producing a quality poem. My
guess
> is that most listmembers are smarter than that. And let's not forget

there's

> no accounting for taste. But it can all make for some enjoyable give and
> take. My own tendency is to use the syrupy stuff for toilet paper. Good
for

> the hemorrhoids. But that's just MY digestive system. Best, Bill

>

> WilliamJamesAustin.com

> KojaPress.com

> Amazon.com

> BarnesandNoble.com

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375. **richard.tylr**

Re: the state of this list The Derridaen Pipe Smoke Dilemma

Thu 12 Sep 2002

But Jim. I say things that I would say to your face: but not to some guy who - good man as he might be - simply would not understand the subtleties of the politcal situation. I wouldnt swear at people or shout at them or try to hit: might get heated in discussions: but its a waste of time telling a dog it shouldnt bite you: so a lot of those guys who want to or have the ability to shoot you: well that reflects the bad state of your country: and mine, there are too many people with guns (every day over here (Aotearoa or New Zealand) just about,there's another killing which was unheard of pre Rogernomics (read Thatcherism or Reaganism)) more likely though one is likely to receive a bunch of fives, but that doesnt mean that one shouldnt speak up when one feels strongly, and one feels the other person might listen. Now in the anniversary of S 11 people have to keep the discussion going: otherwise you buy into a lot of crap the media feed you and certain prominent politicians: but, yes, personal abuse is not good.

Another angle: "sticks and stones may break my bones but words shall never hurt me is a chant I heard as a child"....powerful as words are I think that what's said is said and what's done is done. An attack on someone's ideas is not (or the attackee) shouldnt let it matter as the attackee in question needs to have a strong self: that means you can concentrate on the issues. Paradoxically it might be good that we cant get too close to each other: gives ups a freedom to say all sorts of crazy things....someone is probably right now writing a thesis on:

"The nature and pre nature of the chocolate ontology and the trans slipping di-alcritical dialectic of computer social dialogue and cybernetic social, (given the alienated pre-romantic pre-slide) and the politics of distance (as finicked and

finned by the negation of the new alienation as found) and the otherness (consumed or Other) of the electronic bunch of fives with reference to 100 million french (with deep inter-analytical prefiguration of the intra signification of the upper case (precedent to the [["prop-er"]]) and the moral-psychological nad indeed [{{{class-national}}}] questions thus raised as one [{{{raises}}}] a pint of beer to one's mouth of a Sunday) and other philosophers and sociologists in the post-sondheimian era with reference to gobblydy gobbly which by the age (commonly referenced tendentiously by les autres as "the gaze"[not as assumed or subsumed "THE GaZe"], or indeed, the cross-historicity (and indeed cross copulative) (probably here Kevin Killian's name is raised in vain) into a joyous Eigen Value of possibility: to various songs of vibrational influence [minus 11 13 19 etc] as/is/was/would/could/should/are perceived derived and permuted and transloggated by the Derridean pipe smoke dilemma....."

Richard Taylor

Richard Taylor.

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

From: "Jim Behrle" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, September 13, 2002 9:11 AM

Subject: Re: the state of this list

> Vernon Frazer writes:

>

> >I don't have a problem with challenging discussions. I do, however, >have a

> >problem with people calling other people "insufferable dicks," >or "fucking

> >jerks" or insulting a person's intelligence or abilities on >this list.

> >Where I live, these are fighting words. If you say them, >you risk getting

> >your ass kicked, or, more likely, shot. Much of the >hostility I see on

> >this list is nothing more than e-mail bravado >posted by people who

> >probably wouldn't have the guts to back up their >words physically.

>

> This is in incredibly poor taste.

>

> Jim Behrle

> 3 Washburn Terr #3

> Brookline, MA 02446

>

> I don't enjoy idle threats. Come by any time for tea or to tussle.

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

[↑ Contents](#)

376. **Lanny Quarles**
Shell Fragments of the Coming War

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Shell Fragments of the Coming War
Bangles for the Whore of Babylon

Reed house, reed house,
Wall. O Wall,
Harken reed house,
O man of Shuruppak, son of Ubarn Tutu,
Tear down your home and build a boat.

The reeds grew in that fertile plain saying-

"Mountain, mountain in the sky-sky, Break-break the god-god and make-make him die-die. American Humbaba, show your labyrinthine face, your entrail face, your mazed ph(r)ases, and (a)mac(z)ed fa(e)ces.."

The bounty gathered to war...

Gilgamesh and Enkidu froze and stared into the woods' great depth and height saying-

"We are all being-being digested by this Monster-monstrosa.. Lets us gnash-gnash together like stones-stones in our prison-prison.."

These nations united under the banner of destruction, whose minds are numb to creation, numb to knowledge, numb to the dieing reeds, numb to the signs, the earth seeds..

Mixed upon the altar of the land, blood and men, and women hiding their faces among the bulrushes.. God of burning, God of Wrath, twisted men mangled by the machines in words..

Then he brought in sandalwood from the high mountains and built a Kawila, an Ark, for the world will be ravished by the flood.

look for a green shoot of qassab, reed in the hearth,
it was then the deluge descended on the world.
it is now the h-earth is stoked..
the globe grows warm

for Humwawa smells the perfume of your doom, you who lounge dreaming in
your dead r'aba..

The boy wore a scarlet gown with ropes of imitation pearls and heavy gold ear-
rings. His hair, combed and scented, hung round his shoulders; his breasts
were padded and his face was made up..

Gentle whore of Babylon, you have visited my village and wrestled among the
winds.. we are going to the marshes which have dried and died.. marching into
the foreign city with the exploding censors of our failed religion...

doom patrols:

Shatt al Arab. some six thousand The Marshes covered of the country round
Qurna, Shatt al Arab. There the Tigris; the central marshes, of the Shatt miles
of the country round the Shatt al Arab. and winter; and temporary marsh, was
the predominant where qassab (*Phragmites communis*) was temporary marsh,
which was only in the direction floods and was Shatt al Gharraf, south of the
Euphrates and west that leaves the country round Qurna, *brachyceras*). This
area can ferment marsh where qassab (*Phragmites* marshes, east of of the Eu-
phrates; Shatt al Gharraf, al Arab. They the Tigris; the central marshes, south-
west in the direction country round Qurna, where during the floods into the
eastern the predominant vegetation; seasonal, and the souther marshes, east of
the Tigris; of the Euphrates and al Arab. They consisted Shatra on the Shatt
area can be conveniently divided east of the Tigris; which was only some per-
manent marsh below be conveniently divided into the direction of Nasiriya..
Marshes covered some six sedge (*Scirpus brachyceras*). This area thousand
square miles of some six thousand square overgrown with a sedge (*Scirpus*
joined above Basra to was covered with bulrushes in the direction of divided
into the *communis*) was the the Tigris and the Tigris and Euphrates marshes,
south of the Euphrates and also some permanent Gharraf, a river that leaves of
the Tigris and north flows southwest in *brachyceras*). This area in the autumn
and direction of Nasiriya.. and was later overgrown with the Shatt al

A reed had not come forth,
A tree had not been made-made,
A city had not been made,
All the lands were seas,
Then Eridu was made.

distant sounds of singing and drumming..
all expressions come from the earth
what gets scribbled upon the surface
reapings, sewings, the various orders
there are no laws in poetry
only self-discovery
which is a vision of earth

I am a simple Madan. There are no more birds here. The bitumen of my canoe
is cracked.

There is water far to the east..

Heartache pain abounds
with ice or fire all around.
the scorpion
the delta-delta of Gilgamesh

[↑ Contents](#)

377. **Alan Sondheim**

(no subject)

Fri 13 Sep 2002

> New arrival from local loop on line 5.

We're running ourselves into the ground; we're flying in the air -

(5) ? says, "We're running ourselves into the ground; we're flying in the
air -"

(4) ? says, "Sometimes I think our hands are broken across scriptfiles
and screens -"

"Are you speaking across the furious air," Lulu said, "or -

(5) ? says, "Are you speaking across the furious air," Lulu said, "or -"

(4) ? says, "Something or someone is coming..."

Someone is leaving; we're all leaving our text behind - what's left

(5) ? says, "Someone is leaving; we're all leaving our text behind -
what's left"

(4) ? says, "is inscription, ourselves sidewalked, screamed, our names"
smudged, enrollments, listings, scripts, data-basings, the building

(5) ? says, "smudged, enrollments, listings, scripts, data-basings,
the building"

(4) ? says, "is listing, the building is a list, a whisper, the building"
the phoneme building....

(5) ? says, "the phoneme building...."

/quit

> The conversations you have seen here are not real, they

> are trapped in a world between reality and computer nets...

>

>

Connection closed by foreign host.

===

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378. **Alan Sondheim**

ongoing

Fri 13 Sep 2002

ongoing

heaven - earth - black - yellow :: is black, the cosmos - are vast - a desolate
wasteland - sun fills - moon sets in west it's dusk - from 7 to 9 morning constel-
lations - line up - measure word, they spread out cold - comes - heat - goes - au-
tumn - harvesting - winter - hiding, concealing - intercalary timing - leftover
residue - becomes one tenth - measurement of years - so lu - bamboo pitches -
shift position - open - clouds - ascend, galloping, - sending - rain - dew - forms -
becoming - frost - gold - gives birth - beautiful - water - jade - emanates Kun
mountain - summit - double-edged dagger - furiously named - huge - gate-tower
- pearl - called - light - darkness - treasure - fruit - plum - apple - many - vegeta-
bles - mustard - ginger - sea - salted - rivers - fresh - fishscales - hidden depths -
feathers - circling above - fire - dragon - emperor - teaching - phoenix - royal -
official - men - beginning - making - writing - characters - then - uniforms, wear-
ing - robes < clothing - skirts expel - throne - yield - country - yao - tang - has -
predicted - console - people - strike down - guilty - hold - boundary - talk - and
test with scalding - trying case - at court - query - way - bequeath - bow - doubt-
ing - sections - love - raise hosts - minister - prostrate - army - barbarians - near
- far - reality - ration - guest - returning cries - white - colt - grazes - there -
change - covers - grass weeds - (vegetation) - trust - attain - myriad (10,000) -
directions (square) - covering - person - issues - (giving to) - four - great - five -
(is) normal - respect - (connector / alone) - rearing - children - flattering - de-
stroys - injures - women - adore - chastity - unyielding - imitate - pleasing - ge-
nius - know - what passes - certainty - attainment - ability - never - neglect - de-
ception - other - brief - disintegration - reliance - on self (self-reliance) - long -
faith - cause should - be covered (protect your faith) tool (utensil) - desire - trou-
ble - (quantity) measure-word - ink - (of) sorrow, sadness - (on silk) - printed
(sadness stains poetry - praise small (lamb) - sheep (sheep) - view, scenery -
lines - tied or lined-up - wisdom - restraint, conquering - study - makes (creates)
- sage - benevolence - ... - name stands [...] - evil - breathing public -

rectification - fit - dwell - leisure - ch'in - 4-stringed instrument - good - wonderful - question problem - gate - as well - === -

===

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379. **Dodie Bellamy**

Re: Ioway or the Highway

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Okay, so I'm saying to myself, I can't believe you're writing to that list again, why can't you control yourself, but here I go again. First of all, I greatly admire Jim Behrle's utopian spirit. But, mostly I wanted to write about Kim Addonizio because I actually know the woman. I haven't talked to her in like 20 years, even though, as far as I know, she still lives in the Bay Area, but she and I studied together at SF State in the early 80s. San Francisco in the early 80s was a hotbed of the intellectual/theoretical rigor that Patrick Durgin praised the Buffalo Poetics program for. The classes that Kim and I shared at SF State were with Kathleen Fraser, so we were reading Carla Harryman, Mei-mei Bersenbrugge, Lorine Niedecker, and we were learning about Lacan and the French Feminists. While the other tenured poets at State at that time were not people I would subject myself to, Barrett Watten taught a course there at that time, as did Michael Palmer. And this was before MFA programs ruled poetry. The poetry community was flooded with panels and talks and serious discussions. There was a sink or get rigorous feeling to the whole scene. The pressures to be experimental and intellectual were enormous. In a way, the fact that Addonizio, one of the founding editors of Five Fingers Review, could come out of that scene and continue to write the sort of poetry she's writing, she's heroic, in a way. It's not that she doesn't know better, she's made a conscious decision to go in this direction--and the direction that she's going in, I don't think is born out of the workshop poem, but from 70s feminist poetry. It was the same sort of stuff I was trying to write in my early 20s, and part of me feels resentful that I stopped because that part knows I'd probably be more successful than I am now.

At 9:41 AM -0700 9/12/02, K. Silem Mohammad wrote:

>on 9/12/02 7:24 AM, Maria Damon at [REDACTED] wrote [via b/c]:

>

> > well i admire your impulse toward rigor, kasey, but i'm not sure

> i'd want to

> > say that a final killer punch-line is a *requirement* for this

> type of poem;

> > it's a *characteristic*, and the ka poem fails to deliver in that

>area, as one
> > might have hoped for given the lameness of the foregoing. that
>is, i guess my
> > approach is one of decription rather than prescription; i'm content to stay
> > with that mode, while you seem to prefer using the former as a
>tool to arrive
> > at the latter...?

Yes, we all think essentializing is bad, but, honestly, how many of us can honestly say we never essentialize ourselves? I've been in feminist group therapy for years, yet I'm still ramming my head against internalize female cliches that are very destructive. I think most people most of the time are essentializing wildly. Setting that aside, when it became clear to me that writing 70s feminist poetry was no longer valid for me, I didn't then become an experimental poet--I turned to prose mainly because of the issue of content--I was then and I still am committed to in-your-face female content. This sort of content is obviously important to Addonizio, so I imagine a young woman in 80s San Francisco faced with some serious decisions about what to do with her poetry. Given the disregard of female content that still rages in the experimental poetry world, I can appreciate Addonizio's decision to go the narrative poetry route.

One of the most painful aspects I've experienced in teaching young female poetry students is that many of them are aching to have more content in their poetry, but content is seen as tainted, and so they write these obscure poems that they're yearning for people to understand, poems that are unnecessarily oblique because they've been taught that transparency is the great evil. Anytime I've helped one of them find a way to incorporate more female content--without throwing away interesting formal impulses, I've felt a kind of thrill of victory.

Kasey, when I read your poem, the parody of male cliches, I see that it turns on the absolute ludicosity of a man reading Anais Nin. Whether or not this was a conscious decision on your part, it's plain that you expect your "readers" to find the very mention of Nin as hilarious. It's not that I don't sympathize with this, but you'll agree the poem would be radically changed if he were reading Henry Miller. Again, it seems to me, that female content is a cause for radical derision.

Best,
Dodie

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380. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**

Re: Ioway or the Highway

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Dodie---I for one glad you can't (or won't) control yourself in this....chris

Dodie Bellamy wrote:

Okay, so I'm saying to myself, I can't believe you're writing to that list again, why can't you control yourself, but here I go again. First of all, I greatly admire Jim Behrle's utopian spirit. But, mostly I wanted to write about Kim Addonizio because I actually know the woman. I haven't talked to her in like 20 years, even though, as far as I know, she still lives in the Bay Area, but she and I studied together at SF State in the early 80s. San Francisco in the early 80s was a hotbed of the intellectual/theoretical rigor that Patrick Durgin praised the Buffalo Poetics program for. The classes that Kim and I shared at SF State were with Kathleen Fraser, so we were reading Carla Harryman, Mei-mei Bersenbrugge, Lorine Niedecker, and we were learning about Lacan and the French Feminists. While the other tenured poets at State at that time were not people I would subject myself to, Barrett Watten taught a course there at that time, as did Michael Palmer. And this was before MFA programs ruled poetry. The poetry community was flooded with panels and talks and serious discussions. There was a sink or get rigorous feeling to the whole scene. The pressures to be experimental and intellectual were enormous. In a way, the fact that Addonizio, one of the founding editors of Five Fingers Review, could come out of that scene and continue to write the sort of poetry she's writing, she's heroic, in a way. It's not that she doesn't know better, she's made a conscious decision to go in this direction--and the direction that she's going in, I don't think is born out of the workshop poem, but from 70s feminist poetry. It was the same sort of stuff I was trying to write in my early 20s, and part of me feels resentful that I stopped because that part knows I'd probably be more successful than I am now.

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approach is one of decription rather than prescription; i'm content to stay
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*tool to arrive
at the latter...?*

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*Best,
Dodie*

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381. **dcmb**

Re: The Poetics of Author Photos

Fri 13 Sep 2002

George "Canadian Ways" Bowering : what anthillology is this, that drops the poet once he's been dead long enough? I suppose it has some subtitle like "contemporary poets" for justification. Otherwise, we'd be subjected yet again to Shakespeare's sonnets. DB

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

From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Tuesday, May 14, 2002 11:21 AM

Subject: Re: The Poetics of Author Photos

of course he and Robert Duncan have been dropped out of the current edition ostensibly due to time lapsed since their deaths though Richard Hugo, James Wright, and David Ignatow remain represented.

Is that a joke? As a person living outside the US, I sometimes wonder what people can be thinking down there.

--

George Bowering
On Base Pct. is .395
Fax [REDACTED]

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382. **dcmb**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Only in a hawg-callin' contest, you greedy beast! It aint enuff fer you to rule from sea ter shinin' sea? --Outraged in Sonoma County.

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

From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Tuesday, September 10, 2002 1:33 PM

Subject: Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

I was surprised to see my name in Catherine Daly's post on Iowa poets. I don't mind being associated with various poets or being characterized as having a sense of humor, but just for the record, I did not

attend school in Iowa.

Neither did I. Can I get called an Iowa poet?

--

*George Bowering
Chile colorado, eh?
Fax [REDACTED]*

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383. **Patrick F. Durgin**

Ioway etc

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Dodie, in her very useful recent post, wrote this: "San Francisco in the early 80s was a hotbed of the intellectual/theoretical rigor that Patrick Durgin praised the Buffalo Poetics program for."

I don't remember praising Buffalo for intellectual rigor. If I did, I was stating a preference between the two models, but I have to imagine this preference anyhow having never attended a workshop (as I said, my involvement has always been "tangential" at best). I merely wanted to offer a distinction. And the distinction was intended primarily to do something like what Dodie did - to partially dispel the myths and stereotypes ascribed to Iowa, Buffalo, etc. The generalities I offer are meant to exceed any possible application.

I should say that I do feel fortunate to be at Buffalo and "in the program," especially now. But to say that the kind of questions I propose central to "poetics" is the kind most often pursued here would be to ... well, lie. Those questions are, when brought up, able to flourish into full-blown problems here, and that's the best you could do in gradskool, ain't it?

<http://www.buffalo.edu/~pdurgin>

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384. **George Bowering**

Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Only in a hawg-callin' contest, you greedy beast! It aint enuff fer you to rule from sea ter shinin' sea? --Outraged in Sonoma County.

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

From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Tuesday, September 10, 2002 1:33 PM

Subject: Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets

Okay, my real ambition is to get into an anthology of poets of the Sonoma and nearby valleys.

gb

I was surprised to see my name in Catherine Daly's post on Iowa poets. I don't mind being associated with various poets or being characterized as having a sense of humor, but just for the record, I did not attend school in Iowa.

Neither did I. Can I get called an Iowa poet?

>--

>George Bowering

>Chile colorado, eh?

>Fax [REDACTED]

>

--

George Bowering

No fries. No doughnuts.

Fax [REDACTED]

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385. **David Baratier**

Re: Saturday: AN AMERICAN AVANT GARDE: SECOND WAVE SYMPOSIUM

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Maria--

I keep trying to think of how to answer your post about the wild poet tribes but I cannot which is primarily due to the deprogramming procedures instituted when I was introduced back into some form of mainstream society in the early 90's.

Sometimes when the authorities have not noticed my lack of ingesting the medication for a few days I am almost able to remember the entire tale. The problem is that I cannot tell which pill is which and one of them is wellbutrin which if not taken makes me forget everything that I would remember if I stopped taking the rest of them. I think they already figured on me coming up with the brilliant idea of not taking meds so all of the pills are the same color.

Kim Addonizzio wrote a blurb for one of our books recently for a poet who is not a graduate of Iowa. It was not Kit Robinson even tho he did write

the seemingly esoteric answers

I seek

are only available

with reference to

the library of sleep

then the questions arrive

My favorite rejection is when I mention poems that are better by the author who has chosen to send us poop. Then I invite the author to come to Ohio & read for us. Two authors read last year under this form of rejection. I think they both understood that I was rejecting their poems and not them personally, even if they were from Iowa, a place where things are stereotypically characterized as being taken that way.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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386. **lewis lacook**

poetics poem for collaboration...add to this, please!

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Shadow swollen, like wool in both ears

to part the hearing from the read ink,

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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<http://news.yahoo.com>

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387. **Lawrence Upton**

Re: poetics poem for collaboration...add to this, please!

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Shadow swollen, like wool in both ears
to part the hearing from the read ink,
the self-appointed shepherd gasped

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

From: "lewis lacook" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: 13 September 2002 12:37

Subject: poetics poem for collaboration...add to this, please!

| |

|

| =====

|

| <http://www.lewislacook.com/>

| http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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|

|

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388. **lewis lacook**

list state (it's not iowa, is it?)

Fri 13 Sep 2002

wouldn't it be nice if, instead of so much haze
hanging over the list referencing the hazy state of
the list (which is rather artsy fartsy, when you think
of it), we actually worked toward understanding one
another?

heh...i'm amused to see kim addonzio so discussed==in
school i had a graduate workshop wherein the text was
co-written by addonzio...i thought most of it was a
crock of shit (she actually discusses SURREALISM in
the book, and offers methods for producing SURREAL

poems...and me, i've never been able to tell the
difference between surrealism and the mundane
quotidian...)
of course, this was at kent state...not known for its
embrace of innovative poetics (though i hear creeley
was there for a few days after i left)

bliss

l

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! News - Today's headlines

<http://news.yahoo.com>

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389. **Jim Behrle**

Re: the state of this list

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Apologies. Frustration has gotten the better of me this week. My angry attempts to make some of the conversations here more civil have been extremely counterproductive, which I regret. My first post yesterday was heated, but I stand by what's written:

It's possible that some people here are just fucking jerks who care >little about other peoples' poems, or poetry, or discussing poetry.

My line does not call anyone on this list anything. It may be an enraging line to some, but no one here is implicated and it's a statement of possibility, an unlikely one I hope. Occasionally posts leave me scratching my head, or worse, with flames coming out of my ears. I'm not sure why some post what they do. I know these lines were haymakers, I knew what I was doing when I wrote it, I remain behind them. Still, I ought to practice what I preach.

If I hurt Aaron Belz or John Gallaher with this line, or other lines in my e-mail, I'm very sorry. They weren't meant for them: I enjoy them and their posts.

It is unfair to gang-tackle poets of any stripe who are or are not on this list simply for being a different kind of poet. That should have been more clearly stated. I did enjoy Kasey, Maria, Mike Magee, Patrick Durgin, Mark

DuCharme, Murat, Bill Austin and others in their productive and well-thought-out takes on Addonizio's work.

"What the Dead Fear" by Kim Addonizio

On winter nights, the dead
see their photographs slipped
from the windows of wallets,
their letters stuffed in a box
with the clothes for Goodwill.
No one remembers their jokes,
their nervous habits, their dread
of enclosed places.
In these nightmares, the dead feel
the soft nub of the eraser
lightening their bones. They wake up
in a panic, go for a glass of milk
and see the moon, the fresh snow,
the stripped trees.
Maybe they fix a turkey sandwich,
or watch the patterns on the T.V.
It's all a dream anyway.
In a few months
they'll turn the clocks ahead,
and when they sleep they'll know the living
are grieving for them, unbearably lonely
and indifferent to beauty. On these nights
the dead feel better. They rise
in the morning, refreshed, and when the cut
flowers are laid before their names
they smile like shy brides. Thank you,
thank you, they say. You shouldn't have,
they say, but very softly, so it sounds
like the wind, like nothing human.

from www.alsopreview.com

This is neither the greatest poem nor the worst. It is just a poem, that thing we do that brings us together here. It is, under different circumstances, places and sounds, the kinds of poems we all here write. When poets here carve Addonizio's work up, it feels like I could be next, or any of you could be. That upsets me, I profoundly dislike it when I sense bullying. Ought we have keen discussions of poetics? Yes, we ought. But can work a little harder, say something more interesting and less dismissive, less pugnacious? I believe that we

here can. This group ought be held to high standards, there are incredibly thoughtful and smart people here, and much to be learned.

There are also people who post who infuriate me. Should I call them names? No. Should I grow up? Yes, I should. When poets are attacked here, I sometimes feel attacked. Mine is an open aesthetic, I believe strongly to be open-hearted to the work of a great many, very different poets. That is not shared with everyone on this list. There are some on this list I admire as poets but not as people, and the opposite. I ought not to let that turn me into the kind of poster I most despise, and that's what sometimes happens. I ought to be more thoughtful in making my points, I would urge others to do the same.

There are poets here who ought to grow up, too. I will continue to challenge them. Grumpiness and narrowmindedness are relentless foes of innovative poetry in my opinion. Also, many conversations here do add to our lives as poets, which I resolve to more affably help along.

--Jim Behrle

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from www.alsopreview.com

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as people, and the opposite. I ought not to let that turn me into the kind of poster I most despise, and that's what sometimes happens. I ought to be more thoughtful in making my points, I would urge others to do the same.

There are poets here who ought to grow up, too. I will continue to challenge them. Grumpiness and narrowmindedness are relentless foes of innovative poetry in my opinion. Also, many conversations here do add to our lives as poets, which I resolve to more affably help along.

--Jim Behrle

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390. **J Gallaher**

A Poem

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Here's a poem I just read for the first time recently. It's wonderful. And a wonderful opportunity to be positive. It's from a chapbook titled "Matters", by Mark Salerno. It's a follow up to his amazing, antic, *_Method_*, from *The Figures* (2002).

For Everyday Use

What matters most there's your rumpus
delicate simple wedge of winter light
some sea greens are building contrast
as the man in the orange suit directs
traffic in lost doubloons gold slots
this prison cell my lime tree bower
wherein the prelude becomes the power
O blimey the air is a memory of air
or how else to say it she wore a teal
cotton jersey she had small white hands
and finally we could see the underside
of leaves if only to stay the day as subject
in the ongoing vocabulary of telling.

----- One of the things I admire about this poem is how well I find it aware of itself thinking as it goes. How, after the "lime tree bower" / "prelude" bit, we get "O blimey the air is a memory of air". I find this playful, antic, and fundamentally true to the totality of experience. I feel a little

corner of the being of the world as revealed itself here. And, as such, we all join "the ongoing vocabulary of telling."

True-ly.

--JG

JGallaher

"How has the human spirit ever survived
the terrific literature
with which it has had to contend?"
--Wallace Stevens

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391. **Maria Damon**
Re: Ioway or the Highway

Fri 13 Sep 2002

dodie, thanks for this long and thoughtful post. it occurred to me late in my own post of y'day that, while i *don't* admire the poem by addonizio, i might have been participating in a misogynist discussion, or at least that misogyny was an element in the discussion, however much merit our poetic insights might have had (i too admire jim's utopian spirit, but can't pass up the opportunity to analyze a poem, even mean-spiritedly) --the scene you describe below helps put things in context. but there are breathtakingly admirable "workshop" poets and poems (adrienne rich's work for example), and this ain't it. so what, one could say. everyone's probably written a few "bad poems," real clinkers, in whatever genre she or he works in --geez, i know i have. kim a may be a feminist, but the poem, unlike, say, those of sharon olds, does not crackle with transgressive energy, neither in language NOR in its narrative content. as you can see, these random thoughts are not organized into any sustained argument;;; just musings aloud about how to critique a lame poem w/o being unsisterly or misogynistic. i guess i don't see the argument here as being about "language" v "content" but about what makes a poem succeed or fail on its own terms. and what am i doing myself, drawn into this discussion, when i don't necessarily believe in goodness, badness, success or failure in poetry? i guess it's the critic in me --less invested in questions of quality, but unable to stay out of these types of conversations.

and kasey, much as i chuckled over your "male" poem, it doesn't really count in terms of our discussion because it was *meant* to be laughably stereotypical. robert frost could easily have done instead; though again, he's "skillful" formally. how about phil levine? thanks all.

At 10:05 PM -0700 9/12/02, Dodie Bellamy wrote:

>Okay, so I'm saying to myself, I can't believe you're writing to that
>list again, why can't you control yourself, but here I go again.
>First of all, I greatly admire Jim Behrle's utopian spirit. But,
>mostly I wanted to write about Kim Addonizio because I actually know
>the woman. I haven't talked to her in like 20 years, even though, as
>far as I know, she still lives in the Bay Area, but she and I studied
>together at SF State in the early 80s. San Francisco in the early
>80s was a hotbed of the intellectual/theoretical rigor that Patrick
>Durgin praised the Buffalo Poetics program for. The classes that Kim
>and I shared at SF State were with Kathleen Fraser, so we were
>reading Carla Harryman, Mei-mei Bersenbrugge, Lorine Niedecker, and
>we were learning about Lacan and the French Feminists. While the
>other tenured poets at State at that time were not people I would
>subject myself to, Barrett Watten taught a course there at that time,
>as did Michael Palmer. And this was before MFA programs ruled
>poetry. The poetry community was flooded with panels and talks and
>serious discussions. There was a sink or get rigorous feeling to the
>whole scene. The pressures to be experimental and intellectual were
>enormous. In a way, the fact that Addonizio, one of the founding
>editors of Five Fingers Review, could come out of that scene and
>continue to write the sort of poetry she's writing, she's heroic, in
>a way. It's not that she doesn't know better, she's made a conscious
>decision to go in this direction--and the direction that she's going
>in, I don't think is born out of the workshop poem, but from 70s
>feminist poetry. It was the same sort of stuff I was trying to write
>in my early 20s, and part of me feels resentful that I stopped
>because that part knows I'd probably be more successful than I am now.
>

>At 9:41 AM -0700 9/12/02, K. Silem Mohammad wrote:

>>on 9/12/02 7:24 AM, Maria Damon at [REDACTED] wrote [via b/c]:

>>

>>> well i admire your impulse toward rigor, kasey, but i'm not sure

>>i'd want to

>>> say that a final killer punch-line is a *requirement* for this

>>type of poem;

>>> it's a *characteristic*, and the ka poem fails to deliver in that

>>area, as one

>>> might have hoped for given the lameness of the foregoing. that

>>is, i guess my

>>> approach is one of decription rather than prescription; i'm content to stay

>>> with that mode, while you seem to prefer using the former as a

>>tool to arrive

>>> at the latter...?

>

>Yes, we all think essentializing is bad, but, honestly, how many of

>us can honestly say we never essentialize ourselves? I've been in

>feminist group therapy for years, yet I'm still ramming my head

>against internalize female cliches that are very destructive. I

>think most people most of the time are essentializing wildly.

>Setting that aside, when it became clear to me that writing 70s

>feminist poetry was no longer valid for me, I didn't then become an

>experimental poet--I turned to prose mainly because of the issue of

>content--I was then and I still am committed to in-your-face female

>content. This sort of content is obviously important to Addonizio,

>so I imagine a young woman in 80s San Francisco faced with some

>serious decisions about what to do with her poetry. Given the

>disregard of female content that still rages in the experimental

>poetry world, I can appreciate Addonizio's decision to go the

>narrative poetry route.

>

>One of the most painful aspects I've experienced in teaching young

>female poetry students is that many of them are aching to have more

>content in their poetry, but content is seen as tainted, and so they

>write these obscure poems that they're yearning for people to

>understand, poems that are unnecessarily oblique because they've been

>taught that transparency is the great evil. Anytime I've helped one

>of them find a way to incorporate more female content--without

>throwing away interesting formal impulses, I've felt a kind of thrill

>of victory.

>

>Kasey, when I read your poem, the parody of male cliches, I see that

>it turns on the absolute ludicosity of a man reading Anais Nin.

>Whether or not this was a conscious decision on your part, it's plain

>that you expect your "readers" to find the very mention of Nin as

>hilarious. It's not that I don't sympathize with this, but you'll

>agree the poem would be radically changed if he were reading Henry

>Miller. Again, it seems to me, that female content is a cause for

>radical derision.

>

>Best,

>Dodie

--

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392. **Ram Devineni**
rattapallax 8 launch reading

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Hello Everyone: I just wanted to announce the launch of Rattapallax 8 which features:

Audio recordings by Sharon Olds, Sonia Sanchez, Breyten Breytenbach, Shashi Tharoor, Molly Peacock, Willie Perdomo & Bob Holman.

We also have a special section on ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE POETRY which features poems by Edwin Torres, Anne Tardos, Juliana Spahr read by Raymond Kurzweil's Ramona program.

In addition, NEW PERSIAN POETRY featuring Shadab Vadjji, Manucher Atashi, M. A. Sepanlu, Mohammad-Reza Shafii-Kadkani, Ali Zarrin, Ahmad Shamlu, Omran Salahi, Katayoun Zandvakili, Mimi Khalvati, Parinaz Eleish, Mohammad Mokhtari, Esmail Khoi & Abbas Kiarostami. Also, popular Persian song lyrics. Edited and songs performed by Haale.

And poems by Rick Moody, Marilyn Hacker, Eamon Grennan, William Pitt Root, Deborah Warren, Jeanne Marie Beaumont, Jeet Thayil, Karen Swenson, Elaine Sexton, Kate Light & many others.

Please join us for our launch reading on September 14, 2002 at 2 pm--Rattapallax 8 Launch Reading
Mid-Manhattan Library, 455 Fifth Ave. at 40th St., NYC

Additional info at <http://www.rattapallax.com>

Thanks,
Ram

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393. **Nick Piombino**
The State of The List

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Right now seems to parallel the state of the world.

Are we anxious, or what?

Nick Piombino

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394. **austinwja**

Re: The State of the List, a possible Don King Promotion

Fri 13 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/12/02 8:26:11 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< I gather some people were upset by my last post, so I'll offer a qualified apology.

The apology is good, but just so you don't feel like a complete shit--I've been where you've been, and I understand. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

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395. **Saneh Saadati**

Re: poetics poem for collaboration...add to this, please!

Fri 13 Sep 2002

<html><div style='background-color:'><P>Shadow swollen, like wool in both ears </P>

<DIV></DIV>

<P>to part the hearing from the read ink, </P>

<DIV></DIV>

<P>the self-appointed shepherd gasped </P>

<P>not it is on my lips:</P></div><br clear=all><hr>Skicka snabbmeddelanden till dina vänner online med MSN Messenger: Klicka här
</html>

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396. **Patrick Herron**

Asheville Festival/Reading reminder

Fri 13 Sep 2002

READING/FESTIVAL REMINDER

Under the Influence: Celebrating the Legacy of Black Mountain College

<http://www.blackmountaincollege.org/festival/>

READINGS

more details: <http://www.blackmountaincollege.org/festival/poetry.html>

1. Saturday 21 September, 6-8PM, Malaprop's, Asheville, NC, free Not Your Average Poetry Reading #1: Lee Ann Brown (with Beth Brown Al-Rawi), Patrick Herron and John Landry

2. Sunday 22 September 1-3PM, Black Mountain Center for the Arts Gallery, Black Mountain, NC, \$35 Benefit Champagne Brunch for BMCMAC: Michael Boughn, Lee Ann Brown, Beth Brown Al-Rawi, Patrick Herron, Lisa Jarnot, and John Landry Reservations are required. RSVP to Jane Anne Tager at [REDACTED] (no later than Saturday, 9/21).

3. Sunday 22 September 3:15-5PM, Camp Rockmont Dining Hall, Black Mountain,

NC, free with brunch/\$10

Not Your Average Poetry Reading #2: Michael Boughn and Lisa Jarnot

THE FESTIVAL

Under the Influence: Celebrating the Legacy of Black Mountain College

A collaborative festival on the 50th anniversary of John Cage's multi-media "Theatre Piece No. 1".

Wednesday 18 September - Sunday 22 September

Schedule: <http://www.blackmountaincollege.org/festival/schedule.html>

The Festival in the NYT:

<http://www.nytimes.com/2002/09/08/travel/WDASHE.html>

The Under the Influence Festival from 18-22 September will celebrate the artistic legacy of the Black Mountain College, which closed its doors in 1956. The weekend of the festival marks the 50th anniversary of the first multimedia "happening", called Theatre Piece No. 1, which was arranged by composer John Cage and performed at Black Mountain College.

Festival programming will consist of performances, installations, workshops, poetry readings, film screenings, and roundtables showcasing contemporary artists, performers, and theorists whose ideas and work bear the distinctive influence of Black Mountain College. Festival participants and contributors include musicians Pauline Oliveros, Tony Conrad, Mark Hosler, and John Cobb, poets Patrick Herron, Michael Boughn and Lee Ann Brown, installation artists Yoko Ono and Jack Dangers, educators Sue Riley and Greg Ulmer, filmmaker Craig Baldwin, dancer Ray Eliot Schwartz and many others.

The festival will occur September 18-22, 2002 at various venues in Asheville, Black Mountain and Cullowhee, NC with related events throughout the month.

For detailed and up to the minute information, see the festival website at <http://www.blackmountaincollege.org/festival/>.

About Black Mountain College

"For a short time in the middle of the twentieth century a small town in North Carolina became a hub of American cultural production. The town was Black Mountain and the reason was Black Mountain College. Founded in 1933, the school was a reaction to the more traditional schools of the time. At its core was the assumption that a strong liberal and fine arts education must happen simultaneously inside and outside the classroom. Combining communal living with an informal class structure, Black Mountain created an environment conducive to the interdisciplinary work that was to revolutionize the arts and sciences of its time." -- from PBS's "American Masters"

Black Mountain College numbers among its former students and teachers such luminaries as Charles Olson, Josef and Anni Albers, Walter Gropius, Jacob Lawrence, Buckminster Fuller, Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, John Cage, Robert Creeley, Alfred Kazin, Merce Cunningham, Paul Goodman, Cy Twombly, Jonathan Williams, Robert Rauschenberg, John Wieners and Lou Harrison. The college was started in the 1930s by Jack Rice and Theodore Dreier in association with refugees from the Bauhaus School after the Bauhaus dissolved under pressure from by the Nazis that same year.

More Information

More about the Under the Influence festival:
<http://www.blackmountaincollege.org/festival/about.html>

The press release:
<http://www.blackmountaincollege.org/festival/release.html>

More about Black Mountain College:
<http://www.blackmountaincollege.org/index.html>

Patrick

Patrick Herron



!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!Getting Close Is What!
! We're All About(TM) !
!http://proximate.org/!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Works:
<http://proximate.org/works.htm>

397. **austinwja**

Re: the state of this list

Fri 13 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/12/02 8:45:58 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< Bill. What do you think of C Bernstein's essays? >>

Richard, I admire Bernstein's work, front to back, with the usual bumps in the road. His essays, especially the early ones in Content's Dream, intrigued me right off the ole wood, er, bat. My own immersion in Continental theory and its American perversions made me the perfect audience, I suppose. However, in my last book, 5 UNDERWORLD 6, I included a short critique of Bernstein's "Thought's Measure." His essay suffers from imprecision which is most certainly corrected elsewhere in Bernstein's writings, as I point out at the close of my own piece. I guess my point is that critique, even a bit of negativity, doesn't necessarily preclude admiration.

As for Bernstein on the syrupy, it's certainly not a new idea. Eliot did the police in different voices, and some find moments in The Waste Land a tad drippy. I looked back through my own work and found one or too borderline moments. I do think it's possible to add a dash of sentiment without giving your audience cavities. It's not easy to do, and if I may refer to tsetse once more, such moments really must be earned by the rest of the poem.

Personally, I'm a fan of the polyvocal. Old notions of unity in form/content/tonal are, well, old. And Bernstein's poetry is not free of sentiment. In fact, there is so much hangover from the New York School in so much of the work by the original and major language poets that one should not be surprised to find a bit of sweetums there. I don't think it overwhelms the work when it shows up. Generally, Bernstein seems pretty crafty re: how and where to place it. He's good.

Not one major poet that I can think of, now or then, completely eliminated sentiment from the work nor, I suspect, did s/he intend to so limit the expression of human experience. as just one example, cummings, who was certainly a technical wizard, is also quite sentimental.

I lose interest only when the syrup overwhelms the pancake. As for abstraction, that's probably a matter of taste whether it's Williams, or Pound, or Pollock, so I really can't argue with you there. For me, the vague and the imprecise can be too different things. Pollock's drip paintings are vague, I suppose, but never imprecise. Of course I may be in violation of dictionary definitions here, so mea culpa. Anyway, no artist is without flaws; that's a given. Sorry if I didn't get to

all of your points, but I've a ton of work waiting for me today, like most days.
Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
KojaPress.com
Amazon.com
BarnesandNoble.com

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398. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: The State of the List, a possible Don King Promotion

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Thanks, Bill. I had a sense from some of your poems online that you knew more than a little about urban reality.

Jim, thanks for your post. I think it helped clear the air and clarified concerns that a number of people share.

Richard, I agree. It's sad that things have become the way they are. Years ago, a clever remark would end a dispute. Nowadays, unfortunately, the same remark might send a stranger into the pedestrian counterpart of road rage.

Vernon

, ----- Original Message -----

From: <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, September 13, 2002 11:00 AM

Subject: Re: The State of the List, a possible Don King Promotion

> In a message dated 9/12/02 8:26:11 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

>

> << I gather some people were upset by my last post, so I'll offer a qualified

> apology.

>

> >>

>

> The apology is good, but just so you don't feel like a complete shit--I've
> been where you've been, and I understand. Best, Bill

>

> WilliamJamesAustin.com

> KojaPress.com

> Amazon.com

> BarnesandNoble.com

>

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399. **Jim Behrle**

(no subject)

Fri 13 Sep 2002

I would like to further discuss one of the things I posted yesterday. Why is divisiveness important to innovative poetry? There have been many posts dedicated to bashing Language Poetry, which turns 25 this year. Is it crucial to continually, perpetually skirmish between movements of poetries, and if so, how do poets writing now benefit from these types of hostilities? Why isn't "Oh, you know, they do their thing and I do my thing" an OK response? Do our categories completely define what we're up to, and if so, what are the categories that younger generations of poets fall into? Just subsequent generations of movements that have already come?

I would call for more eclecticism and less cliquishness. We applaud well-rounded readers in almost every other genre, why should poetry be so very different? Good poetry is good poetry. And even if it isn't good poetry, shouldn't something be said for giving people's work a chance instead of dismissing it immediately without a read? Ought I be able to read Laure-Anne Bosselaar, Sparrow, Jim Brodey, Richard Hell, Donald Hall, Lyn Hejinian and Lucie Brock-Broido in the same night without there being a sense that something is wrong with me? I own ABBA and Clash records, they get along OK. At what point do our aesthetics make us ascetic readers?

--Jim Behrle

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400. **Dodie Bellamy**

Re: Ioway or the Highway

Fri 13 Sep 2002

At 8:21 AM -0500 9/13/02, Maria Damon wrote:

>but there are breathtakingly admirable

>"workshop" poets and poems (adrienne rich's work for example), and

>this ain't it. so what, one could say. everyone's probably written

>a few "bad poems," real clinkers, in whatever genre she or he works

>in --geez, i know i have. kim a may be a feminist, but the poem,
>unlike, say, those of sharon olds, does not crackle with
>transgressive energy, neither in language NOR in its narrative
>content. as you can see, these random thoughts are not organized
>into any sustained argument;;; just musings aloud about how to
>critique a lame poem w/o being unsisterly or misogynistic. i guess i
>don't see the argument here as being about "language" v "content" but
>about what makes a poem succeed or fail on its own terms. and what
>am i doing myself, drawn into this discussion, when i don't
>necessarily believe in goodness, badness, success or failure in
>poetry? i guess it's the critic in me --less invested in questions of
>quality, but unable to stay out of these types of conversations.

Maria,

I have no problems with your discussion of KA's poem. I was just wanting to talk about it in terms of origin/context rather than quality.

I recently wrote a piece in which my protagonist is a failed academic poet (and a miserable adjunct). Here's one of her poems:

After Vermeer's Milkmaid
by Carla Moran

Hair hidden beneath her linen headdress, breasts bound,
the sturdy young woman holds the pitcher in both
hands, her head tilted downward
prayerlike, her focus singular, milkward. Light
floods in through the many-paned window, mysterious
and precise, glazing the room with presence.
Last night I dreamt I was pregnant, my insides
luminescent with new life. Six months--too late
for an abortion, so I held my tumescent belly with both
hands, warmed to my fate, to the task of loving
this young star throbbing within my womb.
The milkmaid pours her milk with such determination.
It is her duty. Her mind, her soul flows in its whiteness,
warm, fresh, musty-sweet as baby's breath.

In the course of the piece, as she gets angrier at her adjunct status and aroused by a student (in a very repressed manner) she continues working on this poem, and it gets very perverse and sick and dirty. I had so much fun doing it.

Dodie

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401. **Allen Bramhall**
the list of this state

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Jim Behrle wrote: "There's no pleasing some on this list, who don't want to be pleased, who cannot enjoy the success of others, who remain here only to jerk-off. Allen Bramhall's recent cut-up mocking my BAP 2002 e-mail was a particular low-point. Thanks very much for that."

Jim, you misread Bob Grumman's post of a month or so ago (who was reacting to the specific thing posted, not Kim's body of work), you misread Vernon Frazer's recent post (which was not asking for a fist fight), and you decided that all a cut up could be is a mocking of you, a small and rigid reading if ever. sorry, but you are at least three steps behind but pax on that, I don't like squabbles. scolding listservs is endlessly unrewarding, so may I suggest that you content yourself posting what zest you can and let the rocks roll. your use of the term 'jerk off' just accedes to the drama of this is stage (just as did the scintillatingly snotty remarks I elided from this email). that term is either applicable to everyone who posts or no one, and frankly, who cares anyway. Allen

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402. **Mark DuCharme**
Re: IA

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Patrick, thanks for this very scholarly post, which I found fascinating.

You had mentioned you wanted someone to post "A Few Don'ts" (which these days is available as part of an essay titled "A Retrospect" at the beginning of *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*, published by New Directions). I was hoping someone else would, cause I didn't feel like doin' that much typing (and in fact, the entire "A Retrospect" would be much too long to post here). But then I thought, why not try Google, & lo & behold I found it (ironically, on an interesting poetry site I already had bookmarked)--

<http://www.poetspath.com/transmissions/messages/pound.html>

What's on this site is ~excerpts~ from "A Retrospect" (this text itself I think is something of a pastiche of early poetics essays). It is highly condensed, and it's not clear unless you compare it with the printed text, WHERE the cuts are.

Nevertheless, many of Pound's core points, and many of his famous pronouncements, remain intact. I hope this is useful.

Best,

Mark

From: "Patrick F. Durgin" <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: "Patrick F. Durgin" <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: IA
Date: Thu, 12 Sep 2002 14:14:21 -0500

Mark et al -

Let me try to clarify my clarification. I can't find the Pound I'm thinking of, but I like what you brought in - that's part of it. "hard light" and "clear edges" is another. But the "image" for Pound changes with respect to the Vortex and later the Ideogram and can't usefully, for us, I think, be divorced from the context of that evolution.

My categories: "self-evident" and "self-conscious." I identify prototypical workshop methods with the former and prototypical "poetics" methods with the latter. Both methods presume a loose sense of reflection. In poetry writing workshop one reflects on the objet d'art before them in order to craft a better one, one that is as "good" as it can be, one that "works for me." But one is also the "author" of said object, if not necessarily (though frequently) the subject of it as well. In this situation, one relies on critical values, one's own (i.e., "finding one's voice"), but always by reference to two things which must articulate and maintain those values, the poem in question (aka, "said object") and the "master" (aka, workshop leader). My contention is that the master's task, identifying and maintaining these values is sometimes imposing (too much in reference to their own arbitrary values) and sometimes simply impossible (how do you maintain critical values in a workshop situation when those values are yet to be articulated?).

I wound up seated on a train from NYC this spring next to a poetry workshop student who was describing her experience in her program. She went on and on regarding the techniques each instructor used to maintain critical values and thus imbue them. I finally asked whether or not the instructors ever required the students to articulate what these values are (i.e., what makes "good" instead of "bad" in any given instance). She didn't understand my question either. Turns out we'd both just seen the Richter show at the MOMA, so I thought I'd ask her what she thought was so "good" about it. She was utterly unable to fathom the question and its presumption that a set of critical values could be articulated even for the sake of argument (i.e., not for the sake of actually composing a work). Ultimately, all she could admit was that the paintings existed, and their existence was self-evident.

It seems to me the space (generic, I suppose) opened up by the notion of "poetics" confronts the same questions but in the sense that it goes beyond the work as an object and considers the processes of composition and appreciation. In that sense, it is self-reflective (those considerations

themselves being processural, in flux). Now, what I didn't yet address is the reliance on one's own critical values in either a workshop situation of one in which some "poetics" model is assumed. The authorial process comes into question with respect to creative (or first) causes - but if we are impatient with the notion of creation ex nihilo, we adopt a Deleuzian model of the passage of utterances, deflecting intentions, disputing motives in principle. Poetics privileges the disputation of such principles - workshops may never question them, since they are already the workshop's raison d'etre. To the degree that an author identifies with their motives, they become culpable for the work done on behalf of those motives - this is the level of critique I associate with workshops.

Culled this from an unrelated project - and posting here (viz. Poundian self-evidence) because I can't find my copy of "A Few Don'ts" and hope someone can and will post here. I think the IA WW was established in 1926?

Pound came to London in 1909, aged twenty-four, joining up again with Hilda Doolittle (H.D.) upon her arrival in 1911, aged twenty-six. That same year, art critic of the Chicago Tribune Harriet Monroe founded the little magazine Poetry, naming Pound the publication's "foreign correspondent" (Monroe, Vol. 1 and Jones, 16). H.D., in the meantime, had established a deep relationship with another poet in London, the British Richard Aldington, and when the two brought their poems to Pound for criticism in 1912, it was as a function of the prankster that he announced to the poets that they were "Imagistes," while it was as a function of the sponsor that he insisted H.D. sign her work, "H.D. 'imagiste'," and that he wrote to Monroe, the administrator,

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Pound admitted to having pulled the prank that was the naming of Imagisme, and whose primary tenets as a practice are found in Pound's own particular poetics as early as 1908, or, having "invented [it] to launch H.D. and Aldington" (Pound cited in Jones, 19). Aldington's poems, selected and published with the moniker "one of the 'Imagistes'," appeared in the November 1912 issue of Poetry, with H.D.'s work turning up (as "H.D. 'imagiste'") in the January 1913 issue. Two months later, amidst a good deal of speculation as to where these "Imagistes" had come from so suddenly, and what they hoped to achieve (not to mention how they hoped to achieve it), Poetry published F.S. Flint's "Imagisme" along with "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste," written by Pound himself. Asked to define

Imagisme, Pound does so negatively. By August of that year, Rebecca West's article "Imagisme," published in the New Freewoman: An Individualist Review from London, was feeding "the only clear account" of the movement back to the British audience, introducing long quotes from "A Few Don'ts" and "Imagisme" from the March issue of Poetry by declaring, "there has arisen a little band who desire the poet to be as disciplined and efficient at his job as the stevedore" (West, 86). But Pound, functioning as the sponsor of Imagisme, was its most vehement critic, as evinced in an article written for the Fortnightly Review in 1914 when he had already left Imagisme behind for what he was calling Vorticism:

The imagist's images have a variable significance like the signs a, b, and x in algebra ... the author must use his image because he sees it or feels it, not because he thinks he can use it to back up some creed or some system of ethics or economics ... (cited in Jones, 21)

In other words, the Imagiste runs the risk of utilizing the image out of proportion to the aesthetic, what is seen and felt; "the author," proper, will not succumb to the inordinate use of the image that Pound saw interlopers as embracing. Not only, as with Aristotle's description of analogy in the Poetics, may one "apply an alien term, and then deny of that term one of its proper attributes," but one might ascribe additional attributes that the true Imagiste would not (42). In a letter to the USAmerican poet Amy Lowell, who was swiftly moving into the London Imagiste scene, bent on out-sponsoring the movement by way of proposing an annual anthology to be titled Some Imagist Poets, Pound's sense of losing his grip on the implications of his prank is evident. It gets away from him by virtue of the fact that his means of administration were being usurped by Lowell's infamously deep pocketbook, supposedly offset by the democratizing of the movement which, in reality, was merely the transference of a poetics Pound had already put behind him.

I should like the name "Imagisme" to retain some sort of meaning. It stands, or I should like it to stand, for hard light, clear edges. I can not trust any democratized committee to maintain that standard. Some will be splay-footed and some sentimental. (cited in Jones, 22)

501

one more authentic voice: Quail, shotguns, assorted hammering & sawing, a jackass, jaybirds, dogs, a goat--

aspirant: These hands
need only clasp themselves
for their aspirations to come true--

anthony abstract: For the god I am the shadow of,
once, seared me in that flame,
& sealed my lips. I hurt
to talk.

historian: The story of his murderer,
lacking means, enamored of his end--

It's not only searing satire, it's a fairly riveting playlet--though I can't think of many poets who wouldn't, by the end of it, feel at least somewhat indicted. Is Bromige bored here with the contemporary scene? Is he a callous, judgmental prick? I don't think he's either. Basically, he's having fun while closely examining what's on the plate at the Big Table of American poetry.

Later in the book we get "My Career," perhaps the most "new-sentencey" piece in the collection (its rhythms are similar Rodefer's Four Lectures, Geoffrey Young's Rocks & Deals, Hejinian's My Life, and much of Silliman's work). It's yet another send-up, satirizing not only ambition ("Competition is the keynote, sometimes winningly justified as cutthroat"), but the terms by which poetry careers are made (or unmade): "He selects with care that which is appropriate; he rejects the superfluous; too much discontinuity threatens the identity of the person." Speaking of which, it also contains moments of brilliant superfluosness: "It was very dark inside the fish," the second paragraph enigmatically begins. (Though it might not be entirely superfluous if we think of Jonah = poet, whale = career. It's a stretch, but quite likely intended.)

"My Plan," a pastiche send-up of poetics, contains famous quotes from the likes of Olson and Stein, as well as "anti-theory" statements (perhaps cribbed from Poetry Flash?) tipped in: "Would you look at the actual car or only at the specifications?" Reading this, I can't help but think that Bromige's "plan," at least with respect to the work in this collection, is the manifestation of a loose, creative scrutiny of the site(s) of poetry's creation and reception.

My experience has been that, very generally, poets tend to think the satirist or parodist of poetry "hates" same, or is disgruntled and embittered. As though no serious poet could possibly have an irreverent, light-hearted take on the "business" of poetry-making. If there was, in the 80s, a resistance among more conservative types to writing that very closely examined language, there was even more a resistance--and there still is, frankly--to anything that closely examines

(and does not take overly seriously) the site(s) of poetry's production and dissemination, as though the perpetrator were some aberrant acerbic crank. For me, My Poetry is not only one of the most brilliant and original books of poetry of the 80s, but--ironically?--the most affirmative book of, and on poetry, I can think of. And it has more to do with contemporary poetry--not only the self-awareness of my own generation, but the multiplicity of poetries being written in this culture in 2002--than any other book I can think of. In every sense, it precedes us.

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404. **Patrick F. Durgin**

Myung Mi Kim @ EPC

Fri 13 Sep 2002

The new Myung Mi Kim author page is up at the Electronic Poetry Center. As always, the Poetics List people get a short preview as the link to the page hasn't been posted yet. Take a look: <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/kim>

<http://www.buffalo.edu/~pdurgin>

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405. **Fredrik Hertzberg LIT**

Re: IA

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Incidentally, the whole essay is up at
http://www.english.uiuc.edu/maps/poets/m_r/pound/retrospect.htm

On Fri, 13 Sep 2002, Mark DuCharme wrote:

Patrick, thanks for this very scholarly post, which I found fascinating.

You had mentioned you wanted someone to post "A Few Don'ts" (which these days is available as part of an essay titled "A Retrospect" at the beginning of Literary Essays of Ezra Pound, published by New Directions). I was hoping someone else would, cause I didn't feel like doin' that much typing (and in fact, the entire "A Retrospect" would be much too long to post here). But then I thought, why not try Google, & lo & behold I found it (ironically, on an interesting poetry site I already had bookmarked)--

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Best,

Mark

*From: "Patrick F. Durgin" <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: "Patrick F. Durgin" <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: IA
Date: Thu, 12 Sep 2002 14:14:21 -0500*

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"On Painting: Fabian Marcaccio"

Interviewed by Robert C. Morgan

An evening discussion at White Box. The subject of the discussion will be the painterly and conceptual concerns that Fabian Marcaccio brings into his large-scale, paintings. Marcaccio, who is currently showing in an important exhibition at P.S. 1 and at Documenta XI and who will open a one-person show at Gorney Bravin & Lee Gallery in October, has for several years been making art intrinsically related to the discourse on painting. His work brings together elements of action, abstraction, representation, and environment space. A painter involved with cyber-technology, spatial recognizance, biomorphic imagery, embodied conflicts, pictorial solipsism, and architectural projections of the gesture, Marcaccio has opened a new threshold of meaning that reinvigorates painting with a mythic terminology for the present.

The interview will be conducted with critic Robert C. Morgan whose critical writings appear in Art News, Tema Celeste, Art Press, Sculpture

Magazine, and NY Arts. He is the recent editor of a collection of criticism on the video and film work of Bruce Nauman (Johns Hopkins University Press, 2002) and the author of The End of the Art World (Allworth Press, 1998).

This lecture is free of charge and open to the public.

White Box
525 West 26th Street
New York, NY 10001
tel: [REDACTED]
www.whiteboxny.org

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407. **Poetics List Administration**

Bowery Poetry Club: GRAND OPENING Sept 23-25

Fri 13 Sep 2002

This is it!! Graf yr Palm Pilots! Your chance to make history rhyme!

at long last!!

The Bowery Poetry Club

GRAND OPENING

Three Days of Poetry, Performance, Music, Art & Party

Monday, Sept. 23, A Benefit for the Bowery Mission!

The oral tradition is a large part of the Bowery Poetry Club's mission, and tonight we'll hear the tales of Bowery locals -- the last days of the flops, skid

row, life up and down and out on the Bowery and a rare reading by street poet Orion. Dave Isay, radio producer and author of Flophouse, will host. On the Bowery Art Wall: the Flophouse portraits of photographer Harvey Wang will be on display. Special performance by Uncle Jimmy's Dirty Basement.

Tuesday Sept 23: Meet 308-310 Bowery!

Besides the Bowery Poetry Club, our building is home to the DVDojo, BPC's sister club, who minister technology to project the art of poetry (among other "content"): digital video, please! And Washington Square Films and Arts is upstairs, the crew who brought you the award-winning PBS series, The United States of Poetry. Washington Square also books many performers, including Eric Bogosian, who will be tonight's featured performer. Also on the bill are members of this year's National Poetry Slam Championship team, Urbana, who represent the Bowery Poetry Club. That would be Shappy, Big George, Celena Glen, Taylor Mali, and Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz. Special performance by Uncle Jimmy's Dirty Basement.

Wednesday, Sept 25: Massive Poetry Night! Special performance by Uncle Jimmy's Dirty Basement. Open seven days from 9am's first cup of Inspiration Java till midnight's Last Call for the Open Mike, the Bowery Poetry Club is a comfy new home for poetry. Here's where you can browse the small press bookstore, visit with a poet barista, drink an Allen Ginsberg or a Gertrude Wine.

Tonight, the poets come home to cut the umbilical ribbon to Shelley's Cloud Cuckoo Land incarnate. You'll hear from such po' stars as Sekou Sundiata, Sapphire, Hal Sirowitz, Steve Cannon, Maggie Estep, David Henderson, John S Hall, Jessica Hagedorn, John Rodriguez, Max Blagg, and Jerry Rothenberg and others. Our resident composer-conductor, Butch Morris, will conduct these poets in a true Morris Chorus of Voices to conclude the evening, sweetly, sourly.

And then, and officially, we're OPEN FOR Po-Business.

Admission to all shows is \$10.

Doors are at 7. Shows are at 8:30.

The bar and coffee shop will be open. Let's Poetry Party!

The Bowery Poetry Club

308 Bowery @ Bleecker, right across from CBGB's | F train to Second Ave
6 train to Bleecker | XXXXXXXXXX

<http://lb.bcentral.com/ex/sp?c=18073&s=2009C1456679AC1C&m=10>

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408. **Thomas Bell**

Re: The State of The List

Fri 13 Sep 2002

no, not anxious! In our strangely inverted linguistic world nobaody is ever anxious or depressed or under stress. just the thought of how we let words rule our lives, makes me sick, makes me anxious, maybe I feel a poem coming on!

tom

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

From: "Nick Piombino" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, September 13, 2002 9:37 AM

Subject: The State of The List

Right now seems to parallel the state of the world.

Are we anxious, or what?

Nick Piombino

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409. **Andrew Maxwell**

Marc Cholodenko & Kent Johnson @ Dawsons Book Shop, this Sunday!

Fri 13 Sep 2002

The Germ and the Poetic Research Bloc present:

Marc Cholodenko & Kent Johnson

This Sunday at 4pm at Dawsons Book Shop!

*** Born in Paris in 1950, Marc Cholodenko is a prolific poet, novelist, translator and screenwriter After having dropped out of college, he worked in the advertising business for two years. He then took up writing and is now the author of over twenty books, including "Parcs" (1972), "Métamorphoses" (1991) and "Les Etats du désert", which received the prestigious Prix Médicis in 1976. He is also the author of an erotic novel which was awarded the Crazy Horse Prize for best erotic fiction. His novel "Mordechai Schamz" has been published in translation by Dalkey Archives Press. Cholodenko has also translated over twenty books originally published in the United States (notably Edmund White and William Gaddis) and in collaboration with Philippe Garrel (among others), has written over ten screenplays.

Kent Johnson is a poet, translator and editor, most notorious as the steward of the contested Araki Yasusada legacy in *Doubled Flowering: From the Notebooks of Araki Yasusada*, called "the most controversial poetry book since Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*". With Forrest Gander he has translated the work of Jaime Saenz, Bolivia's greatest 20th century poet, in the recently released volume *Immanent Visitor* (UC Press, 2002). He is also editor of *Beneath a Single Moon: Buddhism in Contemporary American Poetry* (Shambhala), and *Third Wave: The New Russian Poetry* (Michigan). He is translator of *A Nation of Poets: Writings from the Poetry Workshops of Nicaragua* (West End Press). A notable poet in his own right, he will be reading from his own work and that of Jaime Saenz this Sunday.

Doors open at 4pm. Readings at 4:30.

Dawson's Book Shop is located just south of Hollywood, CA on 535 N. Larchmont Blvd between Beverly Blvd and Melrose Blvd.

Tel: [REDACTED]

Readings are open to all. \$3 donation requested for poets/venue.

Call Andrew at [REDACTED] x233 for more info.

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410. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: The State of the List

Fri 13 Sep 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>This has been fun, listening to all the Little People being self-righteously
angry over other Little&nbsp;People's self-righteous anger.&nbsp; I was unsure
that Little People even existed, until now.&nbsp; Maybe we shld taxi them into
Baghdad as low level smart bombs, kissers up against Saddam's kneecap;
<EM>take that, sucka </EM>. . .</P></DIV>
<P>But what person in any frame of mind at all wouldn't aspire to being called,
here,&nbsp;an Insufferable Dick, a Fucking Jerk, an Inflamed Asshole?</P>
<P>Is this not the Ivy League of lists?</P>
<P>&nbsp;</P>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>From: Vernon Frazer <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
```

<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>To: [REDACTED]
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Subject: Re: The State of the List, a possible Don King Promotion
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Date: Fri, 13 Sep 2002 11:40:22 -0400
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Thanks, Bill. I had a sense from some of your poems online that
you knew
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>more than a little about urban reality.
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Jim, thanks for your post. I think it helped clear the air and clar-
ified
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>concerns that a number of people share.
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Richard, I agree. It's sad that things have become the way they
are. Years
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>ago, a clever remark would end a dispute. Nowadays, unfortu-
nately, the same
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>remark might send a stranger into the pedestrian counterpart of
road rage.
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Vernon
<DIV></DIV>
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<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>, ----- Original Message -----
<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>From: <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>To: <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Sent: Friday, September 13, 2002 11:00 AM
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>Subject: Re: The State of the List, a possible Don King Promotion
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>> In a message dated 9/12/02 8:26:11 PM, [REDACTED] writes:
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>> << I gather some people were upset by my last post, so
I'll offer a
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>qualified
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>> apology.
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>> >>>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>> The apology is good, but just so you don't feel like a com-
plete shit--I've
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>> been where you've been, and I understand. Best, Bill
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>> WilliamJamesAustin.com
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>> KojaPress.com
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>> Amazon.com
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<DIV></DIV>> BarnesandNoble.com
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<DIV></DIV></div><br clear=all><hr>MSN Photos is the easiest way to
share and print your photos: <a href='http://g.msn.com/1HM1ENUS/c156??
PI=44364'>Click Here
</html>

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411. **Bob Grumman**
Re: the state of this list
Fri 13 Sep 2002

Here's a thought for everybody to explode over: any poem that doesn't greatly risk sentimentality is crap.

--Bob G.

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

From: <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, September 13, 2002 11:35 AM

Subject: Re: the state of this list

> In a message dated 9/12/02 8:45:58 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

>

> << Bill. What do you think of C Bernstein's essays? >>

>

> Richard, I admire Bernstein's work, front to back, with the usual bumps in
> the road. His essays, especially the early ones in Content's Dream,
> intrigued me right off the ole wood, er, bat. My own immersion in
> Continental theory and its American perversions made me the perfect
audience,

> I suppose. However, in my last book, 5 UNDERWORLD 6, I included a short
> critique of Bernstein's "Thought's Measure." His essay suffers from
> imprecision which is most certainly corrected elsewhere in Bernstein's
> writings, as I point out at the close of my own piece. I guess my point
is

> that critique, even a bit of negativity, doesn't necessarily preclude
> admiration.

>

> As for Bernstein on the syrupy, it's certainly not a new idea. Eliot did
the

> police in different voices, and some find moments in The Waste Land a tad

> drippy. I looked back through my own work and found one or too borderline
> moments. I do think it's possible to add a dash of sentiment without
giving
> your audience cavities. It's not easy to do, and if I may refer to tsetse
> once more, such moments really must be earned by the rest of the poem.
>
> Personally, I'm a fan of the polyvocal. Old notions of unity in
> form/content/tone are, well, old. And Bernstein's poetry is not free of
> sentiment. In fact, there is so much hangover from the New York School in
so
> much of the work by the original and major language poets that one should
not
> be surprised to find a bit of sweetums there. I don't think it overwhelms
> the work when it shows up. Generally, Bernstein seems pretty crafty re:
how
> and where to place it. He's good.
>
> Not one major poet that I can think of, now or then, completely eliminated
> sentiment from the work nor, I suspect, did s/he intend to so limit the
> expression of human experience. as just one example, cummings, who was
> certainly a technical wizard, is also quite sentimental.
>
> I lose interest only when the syrup overwhelms the pancake. As for
> abstraction, that's probably a matter of taste whether it's Williams, or
> Pound, or Pollock, so I really can't argue with you there. For me, the
vague
> and the imprecise can be too different things. Pollock's drip paintings
are
> vague, I suppose, but never imprecise. Of course I may be in violation of
> dictionary definitions here, so mea culpa. Anyway, no artist is without
> flaws; that's a given. Sorry if I didn't get to all of your points, but
I've
> a ton of work waiting for me today, like most days. Best, Bill
>
> WilliamJamesAustin.com
> KojaPress.com
> Amazon.com
> BarnesandNoble.com

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412. **Bob Grumman**

Re: State of the List

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Here's more fun from the Thoughts of Bob G.: I see nothing wrong with a school of poetry's being acadominant, and wouldn't mind my own kind of poetry being that. But I'd prefer that the academy, and commercial publishers, and grants-bestowers, and the other people who decide whether a poet has to have two jobs to support his habit, be as eclectic in their recognition of value as Behrle thinks he is.

Now a little clarification about "acadominant," which is my term, so I get to define it, and I define it as being considered by the academy the most consequential poetry around. It is not necessarily "academic" poetry, though it is likely to become so, since once it gets the academy's stamp of approval, students will tend to write it frequently and academically (i.e., mechanically, in an effort to do the right thing rather than naturally, in an effort to do what they must, as many of them will come to do with maturation).

I occasionally zing the language poets' belief that they are still outsiders, and don't believe in some of the things they believe in, but I generally treat them pretty well. I've never had any problem with the fact that they do tend to be intellectual and academic-sounding at times in their criticism, however little I agree with much of it. What I resent about them is only what they tend to resent about the later twentieth century workshop poets, by whatever name, and why should I not? Perhaps there are poets who don't mind being invisible, or that their entire school of poetry is practically invisible, but I have blood and do mind.

But it seems that my main school of poetry is slowly making a place for itself, even in the academy. Drop in at The Center for Book Arts in New York sometime from 20 September through 15 November (28 West 27th Street, 3rd Floor) to see work by artists connected with the anthology of visio-textual art, *Writing To Be Seen*, that Crag Hill and I edited last year, for instance. Presentations by some of those artists including me 6--8 P.M. 20 September and starting at 7 P.M. 15 November.

I just hope that if "my people" ever become acadominant, the people who write about us don't ignore that poetries coming to the fore behind ours as near-completely, and for as long, as we've been ignored by the champions of language poetry.

--Bob G.

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

From: "Jim Behrle" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, September 13, 2002 11:41 AM

> I would like to further discuss one of the things I posted yesterday. Why
> is divisiveness important to innovative poetry? There have been many
posts
> dedicated to bashing Language Poetry, which turns 25 this year. Is it
> crucial to continually, perpetually skirmish between movements of
poetries,
> and if so, how do poets writing now benefit from these types of
hostilities?
> Why isn't "Oh, you know, they do their thing and I do my thing" an OK
> response? Do our categories completely define what we're up to, and if
so,
> what are the categories that younger generations of poets fall into? Just
> subsequent generations of movements that have already come?
>
> I would call for more eclecticism and less cliquishness. We applaud
> well-rounded readers in almost every other genre, why should poetry be so
> very different? Good poetry is good poetry. And even if it isn't good
> poetry, shouldn't something be said for giving people's work a chance
> instead of dismissing it immediately without a read? Ought I be able to
> read Laure-Anne Bosselaar, Sparrow, Jim Brodey, Richard Hell, Donald Hall,
> Lyn Hejinian and Lucie Brock-Broido in the same night without there being
a
> sense that something is wrong with me? I own ABBA and Clash records, they
> get along OK. At what point do our aesthetics make us ascetic readers?
>
> --Jim Behrle
>
>
> _____
> Join the world's largest e-mail service with MSN Hotmail.
> <http://www.hotmail.com>

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413. **John Gallaher**
Re: the state of this list
Fri 13 Sep 2002

Bob G. writes:

<Here's a thought for everybody to explode over: any poem that doesn't greatly
risk sentimentality is crap.>

Since I'm being Mr. Positive these days, I'll reply in this positive manner, tone, and key:

I agree with you. (I'm nice, I'm nice, like me, he sobs.) I think poetry must risk any number of things at any given time. Sentimentality is but one. But, and here is where I will make my distinction . . . I don't think poetry should indulge sentimentality.

And I think asking a poem what it's risking, and accusing a poem of its indulgences, is a wonderful and valid role that a reader should work toward. I say this at great risk, of course, because I want everyone to love my poems . . . but if they love all poems simply because they're poems, why should any poet try very hard to get it right? And what would it mean to say I like your poems, anyway?

--Love,
JG

PS. Roses are red, Violets are blue.
I'll think your poems are great,
if you think mine are too.

Amen.

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414. **ksilem**

Beyond Iowa [long post]

Fri 13 Sep 2002

I was going to do one of those detailed responses where I quote a little bit of everyone's posts from the past day or so, but they've all piled up too much, so I'm going to be foolhardy and attempt a general response from memory. My apologies to those whose comments I will inevitably omit to address.

To begin with, I want to try to restate my primary concerns: 1) that, in a nutshell, the most frequently encountered critical assaults on "workshop poetry" seem to me to be operating on some faulty assumptions about how poetic conventions such as lineation, etc. work; 2) that there **is** nevertheless something "wrong" with the workshop poem as typified by the Addonizio example, and that this "wrongness" **can** be got at via a consideration of structure and process that avoids the formerly mentioned faulty assumptions.

I think Gary S. and Mike M. and Mark D. and several others have made eloquent and persuasive cases to Jim B. for the necessity of examining poems in a negative light at times. I won't rehearse this debate any further here, except to echo what several others have said: K. Addonizio is a full-grown, professional

poet, and doesn't need protection from critical "abuse." Part of being a poet is putting your ideas, attitudes, and habits out on public display where, in a free intellectual culture, they are fair game for analysis, approving or disapproving. The recent disagreements about *_Fence_* and Rebecca Wolff that arose from Steven Evans' remarks on the Third Factory site are a case in point. I disagreed with Evans' view on that issue, but felt that his criticisms were perfectly valid as public discourse. Rebecca was put, I felt, in a painful position, but she responded to it in a spirit of intellectual maturity and reasoned debate, because (I'm projecting--she may disagree) she recognized the necessity of the permissibility of the exchange.

The discussion here in the past few days has been very interesting, and I would like to see it continue. Certainly labels like "Iowa poetry" and "workshop poetry" are reductive and need to be qualified. But bringing them up (thanks, J Gallaher [sp?], wasn't it?) led to what I feel has been a productive and exciting conversation.

The following points, out of those raised during the discussion, are the ones I find the most interesting:

* Patrick D.'s distinction between self-evidence and self-consciousness. I don't have his words in front of me, and even if I did, I'd probably misread them, but here's what I get from what I remember: 1) typical mainstream workshop praxis consists of an unspoken consent to subscribe to the notion that the poem itself knows what it wants to say/be/look like, etc., and that it's the job of the workshop participants to just sort of go with the flow and let the magic of composition unfold, whereas 2) "poetics"-based workshop praxis takes (or **should** take?) a more analytical line on process, on the social meanings of relations between author and reader, intention and appreciation, etc. The first approach posits self-evidence as an effect of poetic quality, whereas the second posits self-consciousness (both individual and communal, I guess) as a prerequisite for any climate in which a meaningful account of quality can emerge. [Patrick, forgive me if this has already gone far astray from your point.] Furthermore, practitioners in the first system **assume** that their self-evidence model somehow counts as a self-consciousness model. This is the part I'm still foggy on, but I'm ready and willing to pursue it further. I'm especially interested in how Pound's Imagism fits into this scheme, because it seems to me to be a poetics that leads both into and out of the mess, depending on who's interpreting it. Certainly Pound's own vagueness (clear, bright edges, blah blah) is to blame for the ease with which Imagism can become a sloppy commodity, but at the same time there are notions of verbal economy and precision in there that seem like they could mean something useful with a bit of teasing. And certainly they **did** come to mean such things at the hands of Williams and the Objectivists, no? I mean, their innovations wouldn't have happened in the same way **without**

Imagism, however much their poetics is in reaction against it. I've already dragged this particular thread all over the map, but one more thing: Amy Lowell's "corruption" of Imagism seems very relevant here. Are there any Lowell supporters out there? Because it seems like it would be very tempting for some people to argue that the origins of the "workshop" or "mainstream" model have their genesis with her, especially when such arguments assume an ongoing oscillation between experimental methods and their appropriation in "debased" form by mainstream organs.

* The other thing, which wasn't what I wanted to talk about originally, but seems like it must be important, is the way in which this debate has repeatedly been connected to a politics of gender representation. Dodie, you pointed out that my hod-carrier poem draws on the supposedly comic implications of a hod boss reading Anais Nin, in a way that the same guy reading Henry Miller wouldn't be perceived as comic. That's funny, because I originally did type "Henry Miller," then replaced it with Nin, because 1) "Anais Nin" is more interesting to me as linguistic sound; 2) it seemed to support the idea of the boss enjoying the lesbian scenes more effectively, since Miller's own sex scenes are just as often purely hetero; and 3) one of the things that strikes me as problematic about a lot of "working-class" poems by workshop-type writers is the uneasy collapse of "literary" discourse into scenes of blue-collar labor.

DISCLAIMER: I'm NOT saying that no blue-collar workers are well-read, etc.; I'm talking about what I perceived as an unexamined impulse on the part of some writers to have their cake and eat it too: to bring the subject matter of their poems "down to the level of the masses" while simultaneously displaying their own erudition. This is a touchy issue, I realize, but I do think there's a lot of class condescension of this sort. Has anyone seen *The Good Girl*? It has some worthwhile moments, but it's another one of those films that gets comic mileage out of working-class characters waxing literary-rhetorical, as if the only way to represent intelligence in the poor were to turn them into ironically eloquent pastoral figures. (I can't recall any exact quotes from the film, but a good example from another film [which I nevertheless love] is when dirt-dumb ex-con Nick Cage says in a voiceover in *Raising Arizona* in the scene where he and Holly Hunter find out they can't have kids: "The doctor explained to me that her womb was a barren, rocky place where my seed could find no purchase.") Now, Dodie, you may have a point here that on this third level I am counting on some kind of "ridiculousness-factor" associated with the boss reading Nin, but at least in my mind the ridiculousness is located in the made-up decision of the fictitious poet rather than in the actual situation described. I'm probably still guilty of a sexist generalization somewhere in that mess, however, so I'll stop trying to wiggle out of it. Which leads into your formulation, Dodie, of "female content," which I'm sure will raise some hackles. That central question of the role of

"content" in poetry has bred some of the worst reductive stereotypes of experimental writing, and what you say about female writers being forced to adopt an abstract idiom out of embarrassment etc. is HUGELY provocative. Like, a nuclear powder-keg. I'm afraid to touch this one with a ten-foot phallic symbol myself, but I want to hear more on it. Oh, by the way, Dodie, that piece you were working on, with the workshop writer who gradually turns her nice little poem into filthy smut--where can we see this??? It sounds great!

* This isn't really a point or anything, but I just want to say it before I forget: Jim, that last Addonizio poem you posted, that one about the dead--I swear to god that is a Stephen Dobyns poem. Or, maybe it's not, but it is so much like a Dobyns poem that I remember reading back in the late 80's, that it sounds like she just read his poem and decided to write it again herself. I'm not making any explicit accusations or judgments here. It just blows my mind. I think it must a poem out of *Cemetery Nights* that it reminds me of (OK, yes, I used to read Dobyns).

* What I originally wanted to get at the most: readings in which line breaks, etc. are adduced as evidence of or analogues to some semantic content: my hypothesis is that they're generally wrongheaded. I think this fits in with Patrick D.'s call for a model of reading in which we get beyond exclusive fixation on the text as object, and into a model where we also consider "lyric intention" (Patrick's useful phrase) and "appreciation," and the ways in which these concerns play into the **process** of writing. The extended notion of process that Patrick points toward is one that I'm very eager to keep talking about, especially as it might lead to a prospectus for a new approach to "close reading."

Anyone still there? Over and out.

Kasey

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415. **R. Drake**

Re: the state of this list

Fri 13 Sep 2002

on 9/13/02 4:48 PM, Bob Grumman at [REDACTED] wrote:

"and this, because it is not love, is shit"--d.a. levy

Here's a thought for everybody to explode over: any poem that doesn't greatly risk sentimentality is crap.

--Bob G.

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416. **Brenda Coultas**

apt shared needed

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Hi All,
Renee Gladman is looking for a share in NYC. She can pay up to \$700.
If you have any leads let me know and pass it on to her.
Thanks,
Brenda Coultas

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417. **Schlesinger**

Patrick F. Durgin's Color Music: New from Cuneiform Press

Fri 13 Sep 2002

in town the snow being a blackout
due to the weight of the weather
'ought' is the order. of thought

News from Cuneiform Press:

Patrick F. Durgin

Color Music

There are 100 copies of Color Music. Letterpress printing cover-to-cover in Palatino & Caslon type on handmade gray Zerkall German Ingress. Bound in gray Stonehenge coverstock with endpapers and pamphlet-sewn by Kristen Gallagher of Handwritten press. Six color images assembled and designed by Eric Troolin. Color Music is distributed by the printer, and available for \$7.00, made payable to:

Cuneiform Press ~ 577 ½ West Ferry Street ~ Buffalo, New York 14222-1511

Other Recent Cuneiform Press Titles Include:

Los

Books by Gregg Biglieri

The Boundary of

Theory by Nick Piombino

Prose Acts by Eileen Myles, Dennis Cooper, Robert Glück, & Lawrence Ytzhak Braithwaite

and Steve McCaffery

Steel Bar Fiona Templeton

Chapter in a Day Finch

Journal by Luisa Giugliano

Contact Kyle Schlesinger [REDACTED] for further information.

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418. **Avery Burns**

Canessa Park 9/29/02 Mark DuCharme

Fri 13 Sep 2002

Canessa Park Reading Series
708 Montgomery Street @ Columbus
San Francisco, CA

Sunday September 29th, 2002

5 pm

Admission \$5

a talk by Mark DuCharme

"Radical Lyricality."

The term "lyric," applied to the context of contemporary poetics, often suggests a narrow, even totalizing approach to form; a dehistoricizing of the poetic; & a reifying of the lyrical subject. Yet, poems which could be called "lyrics" continue to be written in large numbers by many poets who would cast a critical eye on the politics of "the lyrical" as it has been received. How to reconcile these perceptions, or else rescue the lyric from the prison-house of its ideological over-determination? Don't know. Ultimately, my program is clear: "to propose a view of this genre which is dynamic rather than fixed, and permeable rather than bound by shapes & tendencies of canonical master-texts"-- "a contested & contestible site," in other words, which "holds the potential to serve as a kind of laboratory for radical praxis." Or whatever.

Mark DuCharme's first collection of poems, *Cosmopolitan Tremble*, was published in 2002 by Pavement Saw Press. His most recent chapbook, *Anon*, co-written with Anselm Hollo, Patrick Pritchett and Laura E. Wright, appeared in 2001 from Potato Clock Editions. Other chapbooks include *Near To* (Poetry New York, 1999), *Contracting Scale* (Standing Stones Press, 1996) and *i*, a series (Burning Press, 1995). His poetry and essays in poetics have appeared in numerous print and on-line publications. He lives in Boulder, Colorado.

Hope to see you there,
Avery E. D. Burns
Literary Director

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! News - Today's headlines
<http://news.yahoo.com>

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419. **Catherine Daly**

Reading Series

Fri 13 Sep 2002

The first reading in my new Writers & Teachers series at Barnes & Noble Westwood (in the Westside Pavilion at the corner of Westwood & Pico) is Tuesday, September 17 at 7:30 pm.

It'll be the first time I meet these online creative writing students, and the first time I read my creative nonfiction. The series, which will highlight local writers and their teaching methodologies, will eventually tour Barnes & Nobles.

The Barnes & Noble Westwood readings are not like some other chain store readings: B&N orders teacher books, student readers are paid, and there are *snacks*.

Warm regards,
Catherine Daly



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420. **Catherine Daly**
UCLA Extension Writers Faire
Fri 13 Sep 2002

Tomorrow in Los Angeles, on the UCLA campus Young Hall Patio, UCLA Extension will hold its mini-writing conference from 10 am to 2 pm.

Usually there are bagels and muffins, but this year I'm not so sure.

I will be talking about the end of the Poetry Wars on a panel I proposed, which will be chaired by Suzanne Lummis. I am also going to talk about online poetry workshops.

Be well,
Catherine Daly



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421. **Jim Behrle**
Poem
Sat 14 Sep 2002

Three Steps Behind

for Allen Bramhall

misread, misread, asking for work
content yourself with a fist and body

I suggest your use of roll rigid
if ever mocking specific pax

scintillatingly posting things posted,
post, post, you scolding posts!

Jim, Bob, Allen, Vernon don't like
reacting to the recent steps behind

Kim's not Grumman's, Frazer's anyway
but sorry who was reading small

you are at least three squabbles
rocks endlessly of you so ago

term drama accedes frankly
applicable to a month or you

listservs cut you, you fight
zest could be up, off and on

so jerk I snotty and let remarks
to unrewarding everyone be elided
one cares, but who was not decided

--Jim Behrle

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

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422. **dcmb**

Re: humor theory

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Thanks, Kevin, altho that isnt the name I can almost recall. It's just my laziness--I know where to look for it: under that pile of books, jerseys and shirts, sigh. Perhaps manana. XXX< David

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

From: Kevin Killian <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Wednesday, September 11, 2002 10:49 PM

Subject: Re: humor theory

>At 4:56 PM -0700 9/10/02, dcmb wrote:

>>much that is valuable can be found via the indices of Slavoj Zizek's books.

>>but who was the author to whom Peter Quartermain frequently referred in his

>>talk on humor in the poetry of Robin Blaser at Vancouver in 1995? David

>

>

>Hi David, I think this must have been "Syncope" by Catherine Clement,

>which discusses the laugh in terms of it being a rip into

>consciousness (very Lacanian) (and a wonderful book)

>

>xxx Kevin K.

>

[↑ Contents](#)

423. **Jim Behrle**

Stephen Ellis

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Stephen Ellis should be sent to Iraq to read his poems. Once everyone was asleep, Baghdad would be ours for the taking.

--Jim Behrle

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

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424. **dbuuck**

looking for tom hibbard

Sat 14 Sep 2002

anyone have email or other contact info for tom hibbard?

b/c fine.

thanks -

David Buuck

mail2web - Check your email from the web at
<http://mail2web.com/> .

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425. **George Bowering**

Re: Reading Series

Sat 14 Sep 2002

The first reading in my new Writers & Teachers series at Barnes & Noble Westwood (in the Westside Pavilion at the corner of Westwood & Pico) is Tuesday, September 17 at 7:30 pm.

It'll be the first time I meet these online creative writing students, and the first time I read my creative nonfiction. The series, which will highlight local writers and their teaching methodologies, will eventually tour Barnes & Nobles.

*The Barnes & Noble Westwood readings are not like some other chain store readings: B&N orders teacher books, student readers are paid, and there are *snacks*.*

Warm regards,

Catherine Daly
[REDACTED]

Is Westwood part of L.A.?

--

George Bowering

No fries. No doughnuts.

Fax [REDACTED]

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426. **Michael Magazinnik**

(no subject)

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Any revolution is bound to become a tyranny. Once upon a time, Langpo was that revolution but isn't any more - this is a normal historical process & the new revolution is always coming. I, not unlike many others, keep bashing langpo but i do own a lot of books written by langpoets. In fact, some of these books are my favorite poetry books, and I am sure i am not the only one who feels this way. There is nothing wrong with "bashing" - critiquing is (and that's what it really is) a very important thing in art because too much consent generates self-indulgence. I wasn't born in the US and come with a different cultural baggage, so when i came here i was surprised at how little people critiqued each other's work face to face, instead of talking about it behind their backs. That's why we need "bashing" - so that "our categories [won't] completely define what we're up to," to paraphrase your own words.

mikhail magazinnik

In a message dated 9/13/2002 11:57:44 AM Eastern Daylight Time,
[REDACTED] writes:

I would like to further discuss one of the things I posted yesterday. Why is divisiveness important to innovative poetry? There have been many posts dedicated to bashing Language Poetry, which turns 25 this year. Is it crucial to continually, perpetually skirmish between movements of poetries, and if so, how do poets writing now benefit from these types of hostilities?

Why isn't "Oh, you know, they do they're thing and I do my thing" an OK response? Do our categories completely define what we're up to, and if so, what are the categories that younger generations of poets fall into? Just subsequent generations of movements that have already come?

I would call for more eclecticism and less cliquishness. We applaud well-rounded readers in almost every other genre, why should poetry be so very different? Good poetry is good poetry. And even if it isn't good

poetry, shouldn't something be said for giving people's work a chance instead of dismissing it immediately without a read? Ought I be able to read Laure-Anne Bosselaar, Sparrow, Jim Brodey, Richard Hell, Donald Hall, Lyn Hejinian and Lucie Brock-Broido in the same night without there being a sense that something is wrong with me? I own ABBA and Clash records, they get along OK. At what point do our aesthetics make us ascetic readers?

--Jim Behrle

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427. **Alan Sondheim**

vag.mov

Sat 14 Sep 2002

vag.mov

leg-hinges moved on it - brilliant sparkling swollen testicles - or leg-hinges flooded - dark waves of swollen labia - they moved - they engorged - or they were engorged - the swellings far too bright - brightened behind the murmurs - the waves of murmurs - within or between the swellings - shudderings across the glistenings - protruding and repeating within the glistenings - within the scent of swollen testicles - flooding momentarily within them - stuttering within and stuttering without - within tumescences and distumescences - the pulling everything within them - open animation, churned cunt your labia, your absorbing night all - the lips engorged - or leg-hinges flooded - dark waves of swollen labia - they moved - or they were engorged - the swellings far too bright - brightened behind the murmurs - the waves of murmurs - within or between the swellings - shudderings across the glistenings - protruding and repeating within the glistenings - within the scent of swollen testicles - stuttering within and stuttering without - within tumescences and distumescences - the pulling everything within them - w/whole another one swallowing connecting, meta-balls -

===

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428. **richard.tylr**

(no subject)

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Revoluion is not "bound become tryanny" revolutions and reforms ad other "upheavels gradually pave the way toward a real democracy: such that ther people control the state not the state the people: the US is a kind of Huxwellian dictatorship....but the rest of what you say I concur: i dont think it matters where people derive from we are ultimatley all human and i feel we should be

open, openly critical but not hurtful (so that some criticism is probably best left out): we don't need bashing but if you read "Your Erroneous Zones" by Dr. Wayne Dyer you would be able to see that we need to be able to deal with rejection, even "failure" (in a sense there is no such thing as failure). We should aim to be. It's better, as Dyer says "to be a doer rather than a critic". But we shouldn't fear openness given that we have compassion. Richard ----- Original Message ----- From: "Michael Magazinnik" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Saturday, September 14, 2002 7:31 PM

> Any revolution is bound to become a tyranny. Once upon a time, Langpo was
> that revolution but isn't any more - this is a normal historical process &
> the new revolution is always coming. I, not unlike many others, keep
bashing

> langpo but i do own a lot of books written by langpoets. In fact, some of
> these books are my favorite poetry books, and I am sure i am not the only
one

> who feels this way. There is nothing wrong with "bashing" - critiquing is
> (and that's what it really is) a very important thing in art because too
much

> consent generates self-indulgence. I wasn't born in the US and come with a
> different cultural baggage, so when i came here i was surprised at how
little

> people critiqued each other's work face to face, instead of talking about
it

> behind their backs. That's why we need "bashing" - so that "our
categories

> [won't] completely define what we're up to," to paraphrase your own words.
>

> mikhail magazinnik

>

>

>

> In a message dated 9/13/2002 11:57:44 AM Eastern Daylight Time,
> [REDACTED] writes:

>

>

> >

> > I would like to further discuss one of the things I posted yesterday.

Why

> > is divisiveness important to innovative poetry? There have been many
posts

> > dedicated to bashing Language Poetry, which turns 25 this year. Is it

> > crucial to continually, perpetually skirmish between movements of
poetries,
> > and if so, how do poets writing now benefit from these types of
> > hostilities?
> > Why isn't "Oh, you know, they do their thing and I do my thing" an
OK
> > response? Do our categories completely define what we're up to, and if
so,
> > what are the categories that younger generations of poets fall into?
Just
> > subsequent generations of movements that have already come?
> >
> > I would call for more eclecticism and less cliquishness. We applaud
> > well-rounded readers in almost every other genre, why should poetry be
so
> > very different? Good poetry is good poetry. And even if it isn't good
> > poetry, shouldn't something be said for giving people's work a chance
> > instead of dismissing it immediately without a read? Ought I be able to
> > read Laure-Anne Bosselaar, Sparrow, Jim Brodey, Richard Hell, Donald
Hall,
> > Lyn Hejinian and Lucie Brock-Broido in the same night without there
being a
> > sense that something is wrong with me? I own ABBA and Clash records,
they
> > get along OK. At what point do our aesthetics make us ascetic readers?
> >
> > --Jim Behrle
> >

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429. **Allen Bramhall**
the utterance of capture

Sat 14 Sep 2002

the balance of power drifts to the far side of the saloon. when guns bellow, so
do words. the balance of power was merely guessing, but who could tell? it was
a creative moment of endowment, and it would be the ball, rolling away, its full
precious symmetry merely given to gravity. well. the balance of power could
feel gravity, the wherewithal of distraction and attraction, allowing balance to
find its level. meanwhile, people stood around in the saloon, waiting to say
something. this possible something could arrange high-flying birds, and moun-
tains so trim and exacting that poetry itself would be the simplest exhaust. and

that is not hope speaking but the pleasure of balance carrying us thru distracted days and the effort to be right. Fu Manchu can lord it over his minions, and seep into the edges of a civilization so intricately bland that numbers would never survive completely. it's all a matter of confusion, political puddles, the extreme loss of soundness as one speaks. yes, and it's really just a name we place on our 'détente', that little world gift we think we invent daily. Fu Manchu hungers for the usual ball of wax, and Sir Denis Nayland-Smith is no different. they've got a careful tussle to perform, with surety of expression a minor outpost among the contributing factors. there is a sigh, then, as Fu Manchu rereads his latest daunting note to his opponent. it's all a crock, he realizes, a blightly big crock.

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430. **august highland**
voice of the village

Sat 14 Sep 2002

TEDDY WARBURG

ATMOSPHERE #0006 [excerpt]
www.voice-of-the-village.com

aflene hebben wit atleen Hieromme stortmen document write remained member till his tight more thrust power cock slid ass fingers pumped furiously the July The fingers she tasted These associated symptoms connexion with kidney within sherri indeed Does Garibaldi Placed command the troops sent painter was born threaten Pesaro quarter? introduced her rod English Dram Literature EDWARDS THOMAS CHARLES Zee Later the Saxon dialect the town Groningen once teaching he established the Pestalozzi institution century you? possible buy and lateral ventricles but between the with Biographical Introduction Whittier chloe feeling quite cocky Elbe conquered the territory occupied the Franks great that the heat lost purposes offence defence their head the khan who CIALDINI ENRICO with large cooling surface Reformation Eccard's songs great many collections aircraft marker setting course amphibious operations air control lighter easier felt situation call superiors give occasional consummated Defeasance wooden ruler stood held string arm stretched upright hanging sale the putting mutely Henna confused Pull added confusion knew changed foul the king for the settlement national affairs Under the sensuous fucking that rod particular places respectively The word true method unity Cyprian admirably describes these words old here slightly off-center Gala looked clouded gloomy haze horizon wind- there mixed with Germans-belonged non-Germanic herself may mentioned the anterior lobes tired slave song lifts languid his mouth razor hoping snatch Harry's gun Harry took one quick side-step past sat questioned

the rapid recovery nervous cells Hence must think that one and portraits Croker The Quarterly Review significant from ? nothing heard throwing collapsed NOTHING! situation may seem some odd mess wires hey like feather coming port may give landsman some notion done board ship All she greater part from Holland slightly off-center Gala looked clouded gloomy haze horizon wind- Zee-land under Jan van Riebeeck chronic ering From two pictures now the Belvedere gallery grabbed her hair pulled bringing groans pleasure rested that gave Missy held consul with Valerius dumb was born Scotland and educated ashamed hard crape wider almost perpendicular christ has been destroyed Tess read sound any other stay fortnight blow down coast began set strangely needed the latter that Peter the burial-place the bishopsof you heroine was Bonnie's right arm cross-reach left backward whip Harry spun occupied the French was San Diego phone number phone call waiting Reluctantly dialed refusal made cannot retracted Light Saviour world salvation except name foolhardiness man dis had heirs who threatening because all Neustria Opinions are divided to whether make use it was dark pia mater and blood-vessels constituting choroid plexus melted puff there no reasonable doubt that may cortex itself These fibres door down! spreading like wild fire that she noticed -The Consonants regards the consonants Dutch the main Méchan Reinhardt slightly off-center Gala looked clouded gloomy haze horizon wind- Frauenholz the series plates known though would not pledge himself beheld the closed eyes One two scryers think that bar smoky half lectures spinning lean way down bury his Brahui gives reasons for regarding the employ commands forces trio considers necessary accomplish coke slightly off-center Gala looked clouded gloomy haze horizon wind- corpus striatum are also found Theproblem the profitable -making what that woman life lead! fools fly O! tis sweet! finds heart one find which lie the falx cerebelli also pass bucket she finally got where store pleasures lodge hand! live life husband missionary and squeezed into her she couple minutes later work scan handiwork Heaven con mercy bounty wisdom power! nearer see God! something when she realized Yes hope German entirely praise Mahomet who most conspicuous agent was included was all nations the British are Schrader's hawk after removal the Warsaw Jewish parents red her than the fissures and not affect the internal cavity they egg-shaped pointed man wife yet remain more partners higher life partners ethical long Richard slightly off-center Gala looked clouded gloomy haze horizon wind- King Lear DAWKINS WILLIAM BOYD went several causes man and the animals nearest him the cortex London Cambriae record that besieged Cadwallon perhaps in earlier one which sets forth the relative weights the Mansar There aircraft marker setting course amphibious operations air control numerous castes the Dogra pink round generally associated with other magnesian minerals slightly off-center Gala looked clouded gloomy haze horizon wind- the put directly northward stood perfect confidence soundings taken bounded Cochabamba slightly off-center Gala looked clouded gloomy

haze horizon wind- Santa Cruz Santa for you think with don't want them! one province Friesland where intrusion the dialect spoken the troubled times that preceded the mutiny chupatties saying he's know girls are thick smoke for someone size inventor the yours words the writ that the plaintiff has she bidden shaking hands she thought cerebral apparatus for elegit this slightly off-center Gala looked clouded gloomy haze horizon wind- self-propagating particularly the commercial roll sulphur The word the disease this myth nor the solemn her words sent visible hot necessarily led him the law combination multiple actions her reaction for better accommodation see GRACCHUS when Crassus was not Cohen recalled watching recent television dramatization life South fire means fuel Glad believing secret prayer patient constant leader Nelson Mandela Emerging years imprisonment fishing stream but Sandwich and the admiralty and which are South Africa's president seemed party Illustrious eyes refocused saw acutely matters constant occurrence California got men who foot ladder riley Butlers!

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.385 / Virus Database: 217 - Release Date: 9/4/2002

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431. **Allen Bramhall**

directing the page

Sat 14 Sep 2002

it cries children with the ways of incidence. tours of the scene bring eyes forward, reverence for words. it is a battle of daylight versus the forces of night. we wake with rupture and run to school. there are posts in the way, great hankering inceptions filed under grove, the very idea. so we work our tails off, biting apples for a quick sense of the tart season. our escapade warrants a degree of influence, of camaraderie, of just staying 'on topic', whatever that might ever mean. it is the institute itself, the nightly pursuit and daily requiem. children are tarnished, sent in spins, while the delighted auditors take notes. this is processual, and arches over the language left here, in the background. meanwhile, the whole work looks looser. community wants its share, a colour bent around the wind. children are ardent, sure, and lost in many waves. there is a dear exchange, to allow the fields to clear off night's dewy build up. time fleeces us, cries some hurt and bewildered person, while the wind increases. the wind takes childhood and drags it to the top of the sky, where kites and balloons linger like froth. the day is confused but at least we have the words to speak, said anyone, uncomfortably. and yet sunshine brings everything together. when day is done, we sleep in the arms of night. night is a whisper of words, real

words, tho we see them as pictures. what are our sayings worth? a person can ask, as the sun bobbles in the sky for moments, a wasted effort. a choice of emphasis becomes the last resort.

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432. **Vernon Frazer**

Stephen Ellis

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Just as peace has been restored, however temporarily, you've gone and offended the Little People. As I've tried to point, out, one's words invite consequences. I have no doubt that the Little People will rise against you...and bite your tootsies. You'd best start wearing steel-capped shoes.

Vernon Frazer

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433. **Maria Damon**

please

Sat 14 Sep 2002

please sign masha zavialova onto Poetics. her email address is

██████████

--

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434. **mIEKAL aND**

(no subject)

Sat 14 Sep 2002

by bashing do you mean good natured ribbing & inside jokes or do you mean private unilateral campaigns to rid the list this list world of nasty antagonists?

Michael Magazinnik wrote:

*That's why we need "bashing" - so that "our categories
[won't] completely define what we're up to," to paraphrase your own words.*

mikhail magazinnik

--

mIEKAL aND

██████████

Dreamtime Village <http://www.dreamtimevillage.org>

Joglars Crossmedia Broadcast <http://cla.umn.edu/joglars>

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435. **Brenda Coultas**

request for info on The Conversions

Sat 14 Sep 2002

HI All,

This is a request I'm passing on for Laird Hunt:

"I wonder if anyone out there could direct me to (or provide me with) info on The

> Conversions by Harry Matthews. I am specifically interested in the Oulipian
> techniques employed in it. The Oulipo Compendium refers to it as partially
> Oulipian, but doesn't elaborate (or if it does I couldn't find where). Any
> info would be very much appreciated. It's a novel I love but have never,
> until now, had to teach.

>

> Best wishes,

>

> Laird Hunt

> ([REDACTED])"

>

>

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436. **Maria Damon**

Re: Beyond Iowa [long post]

Sat 14 Sep 2002

1) yeah, dodie, that was a hoot. where can we see the dirty version, plus all the in between progressions? 2) riffing off of your paraphrase of p durgin's characterizing of "workshop" poetry: my impression of workshop poetry is that it is very "craft"-oriented, not nearly as invested in process as, say, St Mark's/ New York School or other approaches that folks on this list might be more sympathetic to (black mt, etc). at the same time, i agree, there is an adamant refusal to examine the social/political context in which that craft is deployed --thus the sense of intellectual impoverishment of many workshop experiences --so there's a peculiar reduction of process and the content of workshop meetings to "word-smithing." there's very little exuberance or spontaneity --in fact in the workshops i've taught, the creative writing students seem agonizingly wary of spontaneity (as if it would compromise their self-image as hard workers, intense about every word, etc), and at the same time, very little honest analytic rigor or interesting contextual discussion, in workshop situations, in my experience.

3) for an interesting and fun, if tangential, take on blue collar poets, see Jacques Ranciere's "Ronds de Fumee," it's about the 18th or 19th century french vogue for blue collar workers among the bourgeoisie who patronized them; interesting stuff on the class position of the poets: part of the poignancy of their "predicament" was that they were, as it were, trapped in the wrong class; they were bourgeois souls trapped in workingclass bodies, etc.

At 6:16 PM -0400 9/13/02, [REDACTED] wrote:

>I was going to do one of those detailed responses where I quote a little bit
>of everyone's posts from the past day or so, but they've all piled up too
>much, so I'm going to be foolhardy and attempt a general response from memory.

> My apologies to those whose comments I will inevitably omit to address.
>

>To begin with, I want to try to restate my primary concerns: 1) that, in a
>nutshell, the most frequently encountered critical assaults on "workshop
>poetry" seem to me to be operating on some faulty assumptions about how poetic

>conventions such as lineation, etc. work; 2) that there *is* nevertheless
>something "wrong" with the workshop poem as typified by the Addonizio example,

>and that this "wrongness" *can* be got at via a consideration of structure and
>process that avoids the formerly mentioned faulty assumptions.

>

>I think Gary S. and Mike M. and Mark D. and several others have made eloquent

>and persuasive cases to Jim B. for the necessity of examining poems in a
>negative light at times. I won't rehearse this debate any further here,
>except to echo what several others have said: K. Addonizio is a full-grown,
>professional poet, and doesn't need protection from critical "abuse." Part of
>being a poet is putting your ideas, attitudes, and habits out on public
>display where, in a free intellectual culture, they are fair game for
>analysis, approving or disapproving. The recent disagreements about Fence
>and Rebecca Wolff that arose from Steven Evans' remarks on the Third Factory

>site are a case in point. I disagreed with Evans' view on that issue, but
>felt that his criticisms were perfectly valid as public discourse. Rebecca
>was put, I felt, in a painful position, but she responded to it in a spirit of
>intellectual maturity and reasoned debate, because (I'm projecting--she may
>disagree) she recognized the necessity of the permissibility of the exchange.
>

>The discussion here in the past few days has been very interesting, and I

>would like to see it continue. Certainly labels like "Iowa poetry" and
>"workshop poetry" are reductive and need to be qualified. But bringing them
>up (thanks, J Gallaher [sp?], wasn't it?) led to what I feel has been a
>productive and exciting conversation.
>
>The following points, out of those raised during the discussion, are the ones
>I find the most interesting:
>
>* Patrick D.'s distinction between self-evidence and self-consciousness. I
>don't have his words in front of me, and even if I did, I'd probably misread
>them, but here's what I get from what I remember: 1) typical mainstream
>workshop praxis consists of an unspoken consent to subscribe to the notion
>that the poem itself knows what it wants to say/be/look like, etc., and that
>it's the job of the workshop participants to just sort of go with the flow and
>let the magic of composition unfold, whereas 2) "poetics"-based workshop
>praxis takes (or **should** take?) a more analytical line on process, on the
>social meanings of relations between author and reader, intention and
>appreciation, etc. The first approach posits self-evidence as an effect of
>poetic quality, whereas the second posits self-consciousness (both individual
>and communal, I guess) as a prerequisite for any climate in which a meaning-
ful
>account of quality can emerge. [Patrick, forgive me if this has already gone
>far astray from your point.] Furthermore, practitioners in the first system
>**assume** that their self-evidence model somehow counts as a self-conscious-
ness
>model. This is the part I'm still foggy on, but I'm ready and willing to
>pursue it further. I'm especially interested in how Pound's Imagism fits into
>this scheme, because it seems to me to be a poetics that leads both into and
>out of the mess, depending on who's interpreting it. Certainly Pound's own
>vagueness (clear, bright edges, blah blah) is to blame for the ease with which
>Imagism can become a sloppy commodity, but at the same time there are no-
tions
>of verbal economy and precision in there that seem like they could mean
>something useful with a bit of teasing. And certainly they **did** come to mean
>such things at the hands of Williams and the Objectivists, no? I mean, their
>innovations wouldn't have happened in the same way **without** Imagism, how-
ever
>much their poetics is in reaction against it. I've already dragged this
>particular thread all over the map, but one more thing: Amy Lowell's
>"corruption" of Imagism seems very relevant here. Are there any Lowell
>supporters out there? Because it seems like it would be very tempting for
>some people to argue that the origins of the "workshop" or "mainstream"

model

>have their genesis with her, especially when such arguments assume an ongoing

>oscillation between experimental methods and their appropriation in "de-based"

>form by mainstream organs.

>

>* The other thing, which wasn't what I wanted to talk about originally, but

>seems like it must be important, is the way in which this debate has

>repeatedly been connected to a politics of gender representation. Dodie, you

>pointed out that my hod-carrier poem draws on the supposedly comic

>implications of a hod boss reading Anais Nin, in a way that the same guy

>reading Henry Miller wouldn't be perceived as comic. That's funny, because I

>originally did type "Henry Miller," then replaced it with Nin, because 1)

>"Anais Nin" is more interesting to me as linguistic sound; 2) it seemed to

>support the idea of the boss enjoying the lesbian scenes more effectively,

>since Miller's own sex scenes are just as often purely hetero; and 3) one of

>the things that strikes me as problematic about a lot of "working-class" poems

>by workshop-type writers is the uneasy collapse of "literary" discourse into

>scenes of blue-collar labor. DISCLAIMER: I'm NOT saying that no blue-collar

>workers are well-read, etc.; I'm talking about what I perceived as an

>unexamined impulse on the part of some writers to have their cake and eat it

>too: to bring the subject matter of their poems "down to the level of the

>masses" while simultaneously displaying their own erudition. This is a touchy

>issue, I realize, but I do think there's a lot of class condescension of this

>sort. Has anyone seen The Good Girl? It has some worthwhile moments,

but

>it's another one of those films that gets comic mileage out of working-class

>characters waxing literary-rhetorical, as if the only way to represent

>intelligence in the poor were to turn them into ironically eloquent pastoral

>figures. (I can't recall any exact quotes from the film, but a good example

>from another film [which I nevertheless love] is when dirt-dumb ex-con Nick

>Cage says in a voiceover in Raising Arizona in the scene where he and Holly

>Hunter find out they can't have kids: "The doctor explained to me that her

>womb was a barren, rocky place where my seed could find no purchase.")

Now,

>Dodie, you may have a point here that on this third level I am counting on

>some kind of "ridiculousness-factor" associated with the boss reading Nin, but

>at least in my mind the ridiculousness is located in the made-up decision of

>the fictitious poet rather than in the actual situation described. I'm

>probably still guilty of a sexist generalization somewhere in that mess,

>however, so I'll stop trying to wiggle out of it. Which leads into your

>formulation, Dodie, of "female content," which I'm sure will raise some
>hackles. That central question of the role of "content" in poetry has bred
>some of the worst reductive stereotypes of experimental writing, and what
you
>say about female writers being forced to adopt an abstract idiom out of
>embarrassment etc. is HUGELY provocative. Like, a nuclear powder-keg. I'm
>afraid to touch this one with a ten-foot phallic symbol myself, but I want to
>hear more on it. Oh, by the way, Dodie, that piece you were working on, with
>the workshop writer who gradually turns her nice little poem into filthy
>smut--where can we see this??? It sounds great!

>

>* This isn't really a point or anything, but I just want to say it before I
>forget: Jim, that last Addonizio poem you posted, that one about the dead--I
>swear to god that is a Stephen Dobyns poem. Or, maybe it's not, but it is so
>much like a Dobyns poem that I remember reading back in the late 80's, that
it
>sounds like she just read his poem and decided to write it again herself. I'm
>not making any explicit accusations or judgments here. It just blows my mind.
> I think it must a poem out of _Cemetery Nights_ that it reminds me of (OK,
>yes, I used to read Dobyns).

>

>* What I originally wanted to get at the most: readings in which line breaks,
>etc. are adduced as evidence of or analogues to some semantic content: my
>hypothesis is that they're generally wrongheaded. I think this fits in with
>Patrick D.'s call for a model of reading in which we get beyond exclusive
>fixation on the text as object, and into a model where we also consider "lyric
>intention" (Patrick's useful phrase) and "appreciation," and the ways in which
>these concerns play into the *process* of writing. The extended notion of
>process that Patrick points toward is one that I'm very eager to keep talking
>about, especially as it might lead to a prospectus for a new approach to
>"close reading."

>

>Anyone still there? Over and out.

>

>Kasey

--

[↑ Contents](#)

437. **richard.tylr**

Re: The State of The List

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Nick. I saw some of your correspondence with Ramon Qureshi and your patience and concern and interest in his correspondence: but I felt that you "dodged" the question of political commitment. I agree re the problem of the rhetoric etc that arises. But some anger and some rhetoric is a sign of caring about an issue: and at certain historical times we have to declare where we stand. Poets are "the unacknowledged legislators of mankind" (the witnesses I feel) but there comes a time - now when I say "I am opposed to the US military-state complex. I'm certain Hussein has minimal nuclear capacity. Even if he had thousands of nukes then why didn't the US let Iraqi inspectors into the US? The US has weapons of mass destruction. Its leader is highly fundamentally religious.. I'm pretty certain (can't prove it no one can prove or disprove because the CIA etc control the information and dominate the media) that Bush or his mates organised 9/11. Pilger writes that about 5000 people are dying daily in Iraq because of your country's (basically illegal and bullying embargo). Ten years ago the literacy was high and there was a good economy in Iraq (the US rearmed Saddam Hussein)....My dentist last year did brilliant work SHE was from Iraq. Very gentle and concerned and skillful. I see that Kent Johnson was "kicked off" the List because he wrote an essay saying: "Is Charles Bernstein a Political Poet" ...was this hubris by the major Langpo Guru in reaction to Kent's statements? What's going on? I think that Johnson et al were critiquing US policy of bombing Bosnia and so on. Are freedoms being shut down everywhere including the one on this List? When are the Langpos going to free themselves of wish wash: get real.....that's to say, a "non-political" (nothing is truly I think, ever..or very rarely are things so) of the politics in certain times is good - implicated in the language questions and so on - but at some point: when people's lives are at stake.. we have to get political. This can be frightening. I remember going onto the freezing works here in the 70s and showing photographs of the terrible damage done by US bombs (these were photographs from British doctors working in the North) now these guys argued: they all had knives. But I raised these questions. I also argued with rugby players in 1981 to their faces (re the Springbok Tour rugby tour of NZ) - sure I was scared at times - but I felt at certain times one has to act...now I'm not trying to be holier than thou: for a start when I was battered in the face by the cops in 1981 (it was like a civil war and the protesters used terrorists' tactics including one guy who flew a plane over Eden Park when a game was in progress dropping flour bombs: and previous to that there was another pilot who looked like he was going to fly his plane into a stadium, engineers were secretly trying to assemble surface-to air missiles to blow the passenger jets with the Springboks in them (and other

collaterals who cared?) out of the air, and there were plans to assassinate them (of course these were rejected by the leadership at the time but it shows the "civil war" atmosphere that prevailed then). I was filled with about 25 valium tablets and still scared as hell when we marched against the cops and the rugby supporters in an attempt to stop the last game....But (more recently) I had in fact made a decision to "ivory tower" myself on about the 9th of September last year when things changed. A big part of me wants to "retreat" ... once my vision poetry was (something like John Ashbery's) of a kind of art that was/is sui generis: I still believe that I mean that that is one kind of quite valid poetry practice).

It's true I wasn't anywhere near the towers or NY so it's "easy" in a sense for me: I can understand the fear of Americans and especially New Yorkers: and the outrage...but we can't all of us stay "outraged"...we need to act, to speak.

I'm not attacking you or anyone I just want to express some things here: I felt that your posts around the time of 9/11 were very intelligent and compassionate: a lot of mine were semi-crazed and I wasn't anywhere near NY (I'm of course in Auckland, New Zealand)....but question marks still hang around re the intersection of politics and poetry: over here John Geraets and Leigh Davis (who openly "loves" capitalism) seem to want to avoid the political realities. Davis embraces exploitation of the working class and is on a vast income while posing as one of the "avant garde" and Geraets is into some obscure French theoretical fairyland. I wish politics would go away. But I have not read Johnson's essay but the title puts question marks up there hanging over this List and the state of the world. What is the USE of poetry? Was the nihilistic side or aspect Auden right? (for example) (don't worry I've had a look down into Hades)

Sure people might be anxious: but of what? The list is ok as long as there's debate - even abusive debate. That's what humans do. But what were we /you I supposed to be anxious about? The invented terrorists or the real ones: the US state military complex and the clamping down on political freedoms and human rights in the Western nations or some supposed terrorists - none of whom have been decisively identified (except for a whelter of reports and threats most of which is bullshit to keep everyone thinking there's a need for war - armed to KILL PEOPLE ...MORE PEOPLE) - many so-called are either patsies or work for the CIA I reckon). the eternally recurring cycle of bombing by the British (grovelling in the wake of the US, with Australia and NZ also grovelling as usual) and the US. The lies about the Taliban, the attacks on Muslims who come from an ancient and great culture and great nations, the mess the military has made of Afghanistan, and so on....where do you stand? Where do others stand. there's an ominous (scared?) silence.... Bush has threatened to use nuclear weapons for chrissakes...

I wouldn't be wasting time shoring these brickbats in public if I didn't think highly of your poetry and thinking.

Richard Taylor

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438. **Dodie Bellamy**
Fwd: White Box Closure
Sat 14 Sep 2002

Hi All,

I don't think this has been posted here before, so here it is--scary.

Dodie

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

From: Sixteen Beaver [SMTP: [REDACTED]]

<mailto:[SMTP: [REDACTED]]>

Sent: Friday, September 13, 2002 2:18 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Ayreen/Rene/Tanya-Re: White Box Closure

Ayreen/Rene/Tanya-Re: White Box Closure

Dear friends and colleagues,

As some of you may know, the opening for RadioActive, our most recent audio project, was prevented Wednesday night because of the closure of White Box by the Homeland Security Cultural Bureau.

Shocked and devastated, we have spent the last day and a half trying to piece together the puzzle. It has been difficult to get straight answers from the Bureau or from Juan, the Director of White Box.

But below are some details from Juan's cancellation letter to us which give you an idea of what has been going on.

"Yesterday morning Carolyn Parker Mayes, the Director General of the Cultural Bureau of Homeland Security ordered the closure of White Box. Earlier today, in an interview on NPR, Carolyn Parker Mayes stated that the exhibition space at White Box was used for illegal activities and events that OEpore a threat to national security'. Below is a link to the online version of the Order of Closure, they also forced me to post a copy of it on the window and entrance of the space.

<http://www.hscb.org/csp/whitebox.htm>

It is with the deepest regrets that I inform you of the cancellation of your exhibition, I will try to sort this out with the Bureau and we can hopefully reschedule for a future date. As you know and I have indicated

this to Ms. Mayes, White Box is committed to linking contemporary art with current political and ethical issues, but this should in no way pose a threat to national security. Examples here are abundant: the symposium and book signing event of Joel Sternfeld "treading on Kings: protesting the G8 in Genoa" on April 13, 2002 ; the Public Forum in May, 2002 entitled : "Art now:

Polite, Politic or Political?" sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) and the National Coalition Against Censorship (NCAC) Sand many more examples.

I spoke with Don Devere, deputy director general of HSCB yesterday at 5:00 pm about the closure of the space. He said that he could not answer any of my questions. Arnold Schwarzenegger is a board member of the Cultural Bureau, and I was able to get a hold of him through a friend. He said that there was no discussion about it in the last meeting they attended. He promised to raise the issue with Tom Ridge. He clearly stated that this was a wrong move and that it is important to encourage alternative voices within Culture."

We would like to ask you to raise your voice against this closure. It seems that people like Ms. Mayes cannot tolerate people/organizations that are sincerely seeking social and ethical engagement.

Please forward this note as widely as possible to all friends.

Ayreen Anastas

Rene Gabri

Tanya Leighton

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439. **austinwja**

Re: White Box Closure

Sat 14 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/14/02 10:26:57 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< Hi All,

I don't think this has been posted here before, so here it is--scary.

Dodie

>>

Dodie, I don't think we've traded fours yet, but thank you for posting this. Scary? That's an understatement. Unless there is a distinct and provable link between gallery personnel and terrorist plotting, this is totalitarian madness. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com
BarnesandNoble.com

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440. **Catherine Daly**
Re: Reading Series IN LOS ANGELES
Sat 14 Sep 2002

*The first reading in my new Writers & Teachers series at Barnes & Noble
Westwood (in the Westside Pavilion at the corner of Westwood & Pico) IN*

> LOS ANGELES is Tuesday, September 17 at 7:30 pm.
>
>It'll be the first time I meet these online creative writing students,
>and the first time I read my creative nonfiction. The series, which
>will highlight local writers and their teaching methodologies, will
>eventually tour Barnes & Nobles.
>
>The Barnes & Noble Westwood readings are not like some other chain
store
>readings: B&N orders teacher books, student readers are paid, and
there
>are *snacks*.
>
>Warm regards,
>Catherine Daly
> [REDACTED]

Is Westwood part of L.A.?

--

George Bowering
No fries. No doughnuts.
Fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

441. **Stephen Ellis**
Re: Stephen Ellis
Sat 14 Sep 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>  
<P>&lt;&lt; Stephen Ellis should be sent to Iraq to read his poems. Once every-  
one was asleep, Baghdad would be ours for the taking.&nbsp;&gt;&gt;</P>  
<P>Are you referring to their overall boring&nbsp;quality, or the sense of them  
as a kind of pixie dust?&nbsp; I fear the former, and so, naturally
```

enough, continue to habitually OD on the latter. Ie., I ain't gonna
go to Baghdad; 'cause I'm gonna keep my shit for
myself.</P>

<P>S E

</P></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>From: Jim Behrle <[REDACTED]>

<DIV></DIV>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

<DIV></DIV>To: [REDACTED]

<DIV></DIV>Subject: Stephen Ellis

<DIV></DIV>Date: Sat, 14 Sep 2002 00:43:27 -0400

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>Stephen Ellis should be sent to Iraq to read his poems. Once ev-
eryone was

<DIV></DIV>asleep, Baghdad would be ours for the taking.

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>--Jim Behrle

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>

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<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV><hr/>Chat with friends online, try MSN Messenger:

http://messenger.msn.com

<DIV></DIV></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
</html>

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442. **David Baratier**

Larry's Poetry Forum

Sat 14 Sep 2002

ooking forward to seeing you'all soon--

Readings: 2 sets about 20-25 minutes each. From:

Oct 7th-- Charlene Fix

Oct 14th -- Marianna Hofer

Oct 21st-- Elisa Brown

Oct 28nd-- Kent Taylor from San Francisco

Nov 4th-- Annual Dead Poets Reading

Nov 11th-- John Byrum

Nov 18th-- Sidney Jones

Nov 25th-- Bob Flannegan

Dec 2th-- Is Said

All Events

Mondays 7pm 2040 N. High St

Columbus, Ohio

All readings followed by a brief open mike.

Funded by the Ohio Arts Council: A state agency that supports public programs in the arts.

Be well

David Baratier, Co-coordinator, Larry's Poetry Forum

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443. **Charles Bernstein**

White Box Closure: Hoax

Sat 14 Sep 2002

The Homeland Security Cultural Bureau site is a hoax.

Otherwise, we would actually have an attorney-general who said this in an interview with "Director-General" of HSCB, on the HSBC site --

<http://www.hscb.org/> --

HSCB -Carolyn Parker Mayes: So can you tell us more about the more recent discussions, which led to the formation of Cultural Bureau of Homeland Security?

Atty Gen. John Ashcroft: Well Tom Ridge and I are avid painters and we share a passion for the arts. Our wives have even started an art collection with several other member of the Presidents cabinet, we purchase works and rotate them among one another's homes. We have attended a few Broadway shows, we attend the opera regularly, La Traviata is my absolute favorite, so yes, we generally just share an interest in the arts. When we were meeting more casually over a few intimate dinners, shortly after his appointment as the Director of the Office of Homeland Security, I told Tom about my passion for linking culture and politics.

And we agreed, which great civilization has not used its culture to form a mark on the history of the world. Which Empires did not further their cause directly through the use of cultural attachments, whether they be architecture, poetry, sculpture, painting?

We agreed on all of these matters, so it was a question of convincing our President and despite what many may think, President Bush is very much inclined towards the arts. Of course, he does not have the sophisticated interest in color or the contours

of the figure that Tom Ridge and I share, he goes much more for Hollywood, and popular music like Britney Spears, but nevertheless, he recognizes that Elvis did as much for spreading out the tentacles of America, or Jackson Pollack for giving a face to freedom against Communism, as any our great politicians of the time.

...

>HSCB -Carolyn Parker Mayes: Well, we have arrived at the end of our interview, it was a great one at that. Despite our meanderings into many areas, I think our readers will appreciate your candid responses and I look forward to more online chats like this in the future.

Atty Gen. John Ashcroft: Likewise! I just want to add something for any of the young readers out there. Follow your dreams and if you have a passion for painting like I did, think about it less as some subversion or division from normal patriotic life. On the contrary, realize that you can also paint such lovely things as flags for example, as Jasper Johns did, or military portraits or scenes, as some great painters of the past and present like Leon Golub, Anselm Kiefer, and Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier have done. In short, culture can service this great nation if used in an acceptable fashion, one which recognizes the beauty and power of the all mighty God and the power that he has vested in this blessed land, good night and thank you!

The official site for the Department of Homeland Security is <http://www.whitehouse.gov/homeland/>. There are no references to Leon Golub on this site, alas.

White Box's web site is: <http://www.whiteboxny.org/>

For further, you may wish to note the appointment of Abe Golam, Director of the Office of Political And Economic Insecurity at http://www.usdept-arttech.net/release_06_14_02.html. Not a minute too soon, either.

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444. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: Stephen Ellis

Sat 14 Sep 2002

```
<html><div style='background-color:'><DIV>
<P>But, Vernon,&nbsp;what words <EM>don't</EM> "invire consequences"?
&nbsp;The Little People, anyway,&nbsp;have risen up against me
so&nbsp;many times that all of my toes are already&nbsp;gone. &nbsp;In fact,
I think I bit off some of them myself . . .<BR><BR></P></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>
<DIV></DIV>From: Vernon Frazer <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
<DIV></DIV>To: [REDACTED]
<DIV></DIV>Subject: Stephen Ellis
<DIV></DIV>Date: Sat, 14 Sep 2002 08:46:33 -0400
```

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>Just as peace has been restored, however temporarily, you've gone and offended the Little People. As I've tried to point, out, one's words invite consequences. I have no doubt that the Little People will rise against you...and bite your tootsies. You'd best start wearing steel-capped shoes.

<DIV></DIV>

<DIV></DIV>Vernon Frazer

<DIV></DIV></div><br clear=all><hr>Chat with friends online, try MSN Messenger: Click Here
</html>

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445. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: Stephen Ellis

Sat 14 Sep 2002

I suppose toes could be a valuable source of protein. But don't proclaim that you're a vegetarian.

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

From: Stephen Ellis

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Saturday, September 14, 2002 1:27 PM

Subject: Re: Stephen Ellis

In fact, I think I bit off some of them myself . . .

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446. **august highland**

allen bramhall

Sat 14 Sep 2002

the utterance of capture and directing the page are exceptional pieces by you allen!

cheers,

augie

www.litob.com

www.amazon-salon.com

www.atlantic-ploughshares.com

www.thebookburningdepartment.com

www.thebrainjuicepress.com

www.antigenreelitecorps.com

www.inkbombdisposalunit.com

www.post-mortem-telepathic-society.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.
Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).
Version: 6.0.385 / Virus Database: 217 - Release Date: 9/4/2002

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Aldon Lynn Nielsen
George and Barbara Kelly Professor of American Literature
Department of English
The Pennsylvania State University
116 Burrowes
University Park, PA 16802-6200

550

448. **Molly Schwartzburg**

Re: White Box Closure

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Hmm...I'm wondering if this e-mail is a hoax/performance piece. There's an elaborate website here, but I can't find any of those named or of this "bureau" in a google search. Neither do I find any articles about a gallery of this name being shut down. Opinions?

Molly Schwartzburg

On Sat, 14 Sep 2002

██████████ wrote:

In a message dated 9/14/02 10:26:57 AM, ██████████ writes:

<< Hi All,

I don't think this has been posted here before, so here it is--scary.

Dodie

>>

Dodie, I don't think we've traded fours yet, but thank you for posting this. Scary? That's an understatement. Unless there is a distinct and provable link between gallery personnel and terrorist plotting, this is totalitarian madness. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305

██████████

██████████

*** **

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449. **K. Silem Mohammad**
"workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process
Sat 14 Sep 2002

I want to look back to Patrick's post from a couple days ago, and to Maria's post from today, and then pose some open questions about the terms "craft" and "process":

on 9/12/02 12:14 PM, Patrick F. Durgin at [REDACTED] wrote:

My categories: "self-evident" and "self-conscious." I identify prototypical workshop methods with the former and prototypical "poetics" methods with the latter. Both methods presume a loose sense of reflection. In poetry writing workshop one reflects on the objet d'art before them in order to craft a better one, one that is as "good" as it can be, one that "works for me." But one is also the "author" of said object, if not necessarily (though frequently) the subject of it as well. In this situation, one relies on critical values, one's own (i.e., "finding one's voice"), but always by reference to two things which must articulate and maintain those values, the poem in question (aka, "said object") and the "master" (aka, workshop leader). My contention is that the master's task, identifying and maintaining these values is sometimes imposing (too much in reference to their own arbitrary values) and sometimes simply impossible (how do you maintain critical values in a workshop situation when those values are yet to be articulated?).

...

It seems to me the space (generic, I suppose) opened up by the notion of "poetics" ... goes beyond the work as an object and considers the processes of composition and appreciation. In that sense, it is self-reflective (those considerations themselves being processural, in flux). Now, what I didn't yet address is the reliance on one's own critical values in either a workshop situation or one in which some "poetics" model is assumed. The authorial process comes into question with respect to creative (or first) causes - but if we are impatient with the notion of creation ex nihilo, we adopt a Deleuzian model of the passage of utterances, deflecting intentions, disputing motives in principle. Poetics privileges the disputation of such principles - workshops may never question them, since they are already the workshop's raison d'etre. To the degree that an author identifies with their motives, they become culpable for the work done on behalf of those motives - this is the level of critique I associate with workshops.

on 9/14/02 6:41 AM, Maria Damon at [REDACTED] wrote:

my impression of workshop poetry is that it is very "craft"-oriented, not nearly as invested in process as, say, St Mark's/ New York School or other approaches that folks on this list might be more sympathetic to (black mt, etc). at the same time, i agree, there is an adamant refusal to examine the social/political context in which that craft is deployed --thus the sense of

intellectual impoverishment of many workshop experiences --so there's a peculiar reduction of process and the content of workshop meetings to "wordsmithing." there's very little exuberance or spontaneity --in fact in the workshops i've taught, the creative writing students seem agonizingly wary of spontaneity (as if it would compromise their self-image as hard workers, intense about every word, etc), and at the same time, very little honest analytic rigor or interesting contextual discussion, in workshop situations, in my experience.

Q: Can "craft" be seen as a legitimate subset of "process"? That is, can we consider the kind of local and micro- attention to things like diction, phonetics, "traditional forms," that goes on (or *is supposed to go on*--important distinction) in mainstream workshops a valid activity *among other activities* for a "poetics"-based approach as well? Should or can "the processes of composition and appreciation" as applied in a "poetics" context include a consideration of things such as enjambment, "the image," euphony, etc., as they might have been considered by (say) a Victorian or Elizabethan or Modernist poet?

Q: If we could agree that the above were the case, would we then also be able to agree that: 1) "craft," when isolated and privileged, leads to the kind of lazy reliance on notions of aesthetic self-evidence that results in (at best) arbitrary "wordsmithing" and (at worst) a bunch of people sitting around a table saying "oh, I like that," "yeah, that works for me," and then all turning their heads to see whether the Master likes it as well? 2) when "craft" is neglected and / or demonized, another kind of arbitrariness creeps into the picture--the unreflective consent among members of a "poetics"-based community to privilege things like "process," "proceduralism," etc., on a social / political / ideological level, and to avoid formulating any vocabulary for qualitative evaluation of actual words, phrases, sentences, and their combinations and recombinations?

Q: Does "poetics" as a system fall prey to another kind of self-evidence trap when it assumes that an adherence to certain types of process-based method, in combination with certain political positionings, etc., self-evidently establishes artistic legitimacy?

Suggestion: there are 4 modes (among others, of course) within which a pedagogical situation of poetic critique, instruction, and production is particularly liable to fall short in terms of reflectiveness:

1) Vulgar Workshopperry. Workshop members assume the self-evident presence of a qualitative standard, but offer no coherent articulation of same beyond intuitive snap judgments, individual prejudices, etc., ultimately deferring to group approval or the Master's blessing or both. Results in work whose qualitative assessment lacks any basis beyond arbitrary subjective approval or disapproval.

2) Bourgeois Wordsmithery. Workshop members have some degree of clarity about standards for the production of work, which are generally articulated in

the form of prescriptive style guidelines adapted from analysis of "successful" mainstream poetry, and which are often administered by a more-or-less conscientious "expert." Work produced in this environment attains a relatively high level of "professionalism" within the aesthetic pronounced by the expert(s), but frequently lacks evidence of a broader self-reflective awareness of the function of the work in a larger social / political sphere, especially as such a function might relate to process and reception.

3) Commodified Alternativity. Workshop members adopt stylistic and procedural points of practice from avant-garde and experimental traditions, with an implicit eye toward the displacement of the dominant model of mainstream poesis and its replacement by this new improved model. Actual evaluation of praxis, however, often merely reproduces the "self-evidence" paradigm of the standard bourgeois model. What emerges is too often a renovated stylistic surface rather than a newly reflective consideration of the larger social function of a poetics in relation to publication, professionalism, canonization, etc. Think "ellipticist."

4) Party-Line Poetiks. Participants (they would reject the term "workshop members") adhere to a rigid model of procedural or counter-referential or otherwise "experimental" praxis, which is posited as a necessary mode of opposition to mainstream workshoppery of all kinds. This opposition would entail not only an attitude toward the production of the poetic object itself, but its circulation within certain closely circumscribed conditions of readership and publication, etc. Work produced in such a climate resists being inserted into standard evaluative paradigms, because the principles of construction by which it is generated are so often "random" or "chance-based" or "anti-lyrical" or otherwise prohibitive of reactions based on what the Russian Formalists and Barrett Watten would call "subjective aesthetic response." Along with this resistance, however, comes the potential for impasse: when subjective aesthetic response is scrupulously, prophylactically militated against, the result is often work that has no recognizable function other than as meta-statement (or meta-expression, or meta-signification, or whatever), and thus has no reason to exist other than to perpetuate the mode of praxis which produces it. Circularity ensues. Not that there is necessarily anything wrong with this, except when it creates an atmosphere within which one cannot even discuss the kinds of activities associated with "craft" without being associated with a retrograde uncritical mainstreamery, and (perhaps especially) when it encourages a self-congratulatory "community" of writers who praise each other's work automatically and unthinkingly, simply because it adheres to an official canon of correctness. When this happens, you basically have exactly the same situation as in Vulgar Workshoppery, just with the emphasis on process / communal alignment rather than on objects / authorial subjects.

All these modes are, of course, reductive exaggerations. But I don't think they're totally unrepresentative of some things that are going on out there / in here.

I think the missing element in all four nightmare scenarios is what Maria calls "exuberance" and "spontaneity," and what someone yesterday (sorry, I'm too lazy to check the archive and give proper credit) invoked when they said that if work doesn't risk sentimentality it's shit. Actually, you could probably replace "sentimentality" with just about any other word and it would be just as true.

The problem, however, is how to distinguish "spontaneity" etc. from the kind of arbitrary subjective self-evidentiary wallowing that we've been talking about. What is the line between improvisation (ex nihilo or otherwise) and directionlessness? What are the respective roles of "craft" and "process" in making such a determination? And, again, can we rescue "craft" from the ignominy it has suffered via its association with retrograde workshopperry? Can "process" be rescued from its own self-legitimizing tendencies?

Kasey

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450. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Re: Idiolect6 preview: Alan Sondheim's 911

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Alan

this is brilliant ! Thank you.

Love, Geoffrey

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

From: "lewis lacook" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 11, 2002 10:19 AM

Subject: Idiolect6 preview: Alan Sondheim's 911

> As a small preview to the upcoming Idiolect 6, and a homage to the
> September 11 tragedies, Idiolect proudly offers Alan Sondheim's e-book 911:

>

> <http://www.lewislacook.com/idiolect/idiolect6/sondheim.html>

>

>

>

> <http://www.lewislacook.com/>

> http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

>
>
>
> -----
> Yahoo! - We Remember
> 9-11: A tribute to the more than 3,000 lives lost
>

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451. **claity**

special MSA issue of Modernism/Modernity 9:3

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Dear All

The MSA extended issue of Modernism/Modernity 9:3 containing essays on Pound, Wallace Stevens, H.D., T.S. Eliot, Joyce, etc. is now on-line at Project Muse and will be mailed to subscribers next week.

If you are interested in obtaining a copy, a table of contents and ordering information are below.

Cassandra Laity

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452. **austinwja**
Re: White Box Closure
Sat 14 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/14/02 3:21:08 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< Hmm...I'm wondering if this e-mail is a hoax/performance piece. There's an elaborate website here, but I can't find any of those named or of this "bureau" in a google search. Neither do I find any articles about a gallery of this name being shut down. Opinions?

Molly Schwartzburg

On Sat, 14 Sep 2002

[REDACTED] wrote:

In a message dated 9/14/02 10:26:57 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

<< Hi All,

I don't think this has been posted here before, so here it is--scary.

Dodie

>>

Dodie, I don't think we've traded fours yet, but thank you for posting this. Scary? That's an understatement. Unless there is a distinct and provable link between gallery personnel and terrorist plotting, this is totalitarian madness. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

Thank the void! My faith is partially restored. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
KojaPress.com
Amazon.com
BarnesandNoble.com

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453. **Joe Amato**

Re: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process

Sat 14 Sep 2002

bravo, kasey!... great summary of emphases...

let's imagine, then, that the practices associated with the production of craft-laden works are not only about craft as such... that they point in many directions, as you suggest, up to and including what is meant by "successful" reception, community, etc....

one question, then, for workshop devotees is whether they're teaching only those who already "have what it takes" to be writers (a question that, as i've learned to my dismay, can provoke a bloodbath even when discussing something as bureaucratically inert as curricula)... but if you're teaching only those who already have what it takes, what are you teaching?... answer: craft... and indeed, it's become almost de rigueur to pronounce that craft can be taught, but art cannot... i wish i had a dime for every time i've heard "but you can't teach creative writing" from creative writing instructors, an extension of the "poets are born, not made" adage, from which situation (?) the word "craft" bubbleth forth, historically speaking... as one might expect, this leaves many initiates with the distinct impression that their muse is playing hide & seek with them...

some even argue that art does not require craft...

so how to rescue craft from its stranglehold on the (pedagogical) intellect?... one thing for certain: there can't be an easy answer---we know this simply b/c the concept itself is buried under decades of praxis... of course we can allow "but there's such a thing as craft"---sure, why not?... we can even qualify this by admitting that art, whatever it is, doesn't always seem to require it (as above)... but the moment we open our mouths in public (this list incl.) we're unearthing a shit pile of ancient credos and convictions that constitute some folks' idea of an education, and what's more, one that might prove utterly useless, b/c yknow, you can't teach creative writing...

sorry to keep this so short, but i've split my fingernail open and it's killing me...

best,

joe

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454. **lewis lacook**

Re: [spidertangle] writing poem for collarboration...please add to this

Sat 14 Sep 2002

A lot of us were scared when Timmy walked
into the soda-shoppe. No-one had seen or
painted her senses before

So the marines, disguised as adjectives,
were visibly invisible just behind the glass

/* [D]n.tr&ced: succes

but that was just the dust,

pervasive as their spritzed little auras

w h o s e ver

sows a pig's ear will not make a silk purse

C

All we can do is keep on a keepin' on

R

B

O

NATION al

MAGMA TURRET

A lot of us were scared when Timmy walked
into the soda-shoppe. No-one had seen or
painted her senses before or even hereinafter

So the marines, disguised as adjectives,
were invisible from every but the naked eye

There was a feeling of less and less air in the
hall but we aimed for suffocation.

Suddenly, the whole building started to rumble
and

crumble, shake, rattle and role-play.

No-one warned us that the corporate lawyers who
had

been

sufficiently consulted charging only one-third
the

usual overinflated

fee - they were way too busy to worry about a

piffling little detail
having come across it time and time again:
plagiarizing sources and
calling it sufficiency described as a text of
dentrioriginality & pursuing
the wronged parties, themselves, to even dare to
care if you know
what I mean
to say is:
things are not what they appear to be
ever. so long as the niteclubb
furnished with mud-truffles, and the children
who bake them mud-eyed, as saluted, were engaged
to be wedded to the body of christ, which
as you all know, is all blood. So much is so that
as it happens, when she sprays the beautiful shellac
on her gorgeous hair, and i began to paint my odor
the color of marines (it's not the camouflage
you would expect, it is a mint green),

--- Lakey Teasdale <[REDACTED]>

wrote:

> lewis lacook wrote:

>

> this is great!!! please continue...

> yesterday, i tried an experiment---i sent three

> lines

> for collaboration out to three different

> places...wryting, the poetics list, and

> trAce===trAce

> and wryting had the most respondents (as i

> predicted)===and now this one's spilled to here,

> which

> is exactly what i wanted to see!!!

> thank you all!

> bliss

> l

>

>

>

> A lot of us were scared when Timmy walked

> into the soda-shoppe. No-one had seen or

> painted her senses before
> So the marines, disguised as adjectives,
> were visibly invisible just behind the glass
> /* [D]n.tr&ced: succes
> but that was just the dust,
> pervasive as their spritzed little auras
> w h o s e
> ver sows a pig's ear will not make a silk purse
> C
> All we can do is keep on a keepin' on
> R
> B
> O
> NATION al
> MAGMA TURRET
>
> A lot of us were scared when Timmy walked
> into the soda-shoppe. No-one had seen or
> painted her senses before or even hereinafter
> So the marines, disguised as adjectives,
> were invisible from every but the naked eye
> There was a feeling of less and less air in the
> hall but we aimed for suffocation.
> Suddenly, the whole building started to rumble
> and
> crumble, shake, rattle and role-play.
> No-one warned us that the corporate lawyers who
> had
> been
> sufficiently consulted charging only one-third
> the
> usual overinflated
> fee - they were way too busy to worry about a
> piffling little detail
> having come across it time and time again:
> plagiarizing sources and
> calling it sufficiency described as a text of
> dentrioriginality & pursuing
> the wronged parties, themselves, to even dare
> to
> care if you know
> what I mean

> to say is:
> things are not what they appear to be
> ever.
>

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! News - Today's headlines
<http://news.yahoo.com>

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455. **Michael Magazinnik**
(no subject)
Sat 14 Sep 2002

Miekal!

of course i mean this in a positive sense - i am for saying one's mind outloud without the danger of being called a "basher" by others. if someone on the list finds compelling reasons to criticised langpo or whatever po, go ahead & present your arguements - for me that's enough not to be "bashing". as for myself, i can assure you i am not a member of any conspiracy that's trying to de-throne someone. i am just speaking my mind.

mikhail magazinnik

In a message dated 9/14/2002 9:31:34 AM Eastern Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

by bashing do you mean good natured ribbing & inside jokes or do you mean private unilateral campaigns to rid the list this list world of nasty antagonists?

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456. **NICK LOLORDO**
Re: Iowa, workshops, Amy-jissm
Sat 14 Sep 2002

A few thoughts, trying to sustain this thread, particularly in its current and no doubt fragile state of attempted politesse--

Re. Jim's Addonizio poem: the lines

In these nightmares, the dead feel
the soft nub of the eraser
lightening their bones.

are either the best or the worst in the poem, right? The most Poetical, in any case [I back em myself, except for "lightening"]. But I'm also thinking about their placement relatively early in the poem: what if the poem ENDED here? Lots of folks, Altieri comes to mind, have talked about the way the 'workshop poem' gradually heightens its plain speakin' into an imagist epiphany at its climax--what's either "interesting" or "bad" about both the Adonizio poems quoted on this list is their (intentional?) refusal to follow this particular linguistic/emotional logic.

In any case (responding now to Kasey), Amy Lowell's (1916) "Patterns" [ending of course with the classic outcry, an outcry that might stand high in many camp compendia, 'Christ! What are patterns for?'] reads like a textbook example of the "decay" of Imagism; that is, when you want to be an Imagist while at the same time speaking about matters you feel passionately about/demonstrating what a good person you are [here my binary is meant to refer to Dodie's powerful defense of a certain feminist poetics on the first hand & the basic critique of workshop poetics on the other].

I just taught "Patterns" and used it as a way of disussing the dead end of Imagism, gender & content, etc--it's very easy to read the poem as a conscious auto-critique of (Poundian) imagism, with its use of hard/soft binaries, etc--[of course this may all be already out there in Lowell scholarship, about which I'm lamentably ignorant..]

Nick

Vincent Nicholas LoLordo
Assistant Professor
Department of English
University of Nevada-Las Vegas
Las Vegas, NV 89154

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457. **Bob Grumman**

Reception at The New York Center for Book Arts

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Here's my final announcement about a reception I'll be part of in New York City next week. It's a reception at the Center for Book Arts (28 West 27th Street, 3rd Floor) from 6 to 8 pm to kick off an exhibit of works by visual poets involved with the anthology Crag Hill and I edited, Writing To Be Seen, that will last until 15 November (when there will be some kind of closing performance at 7 pm). The visual poets expected at the event besides me are Kathy ernst, Scott Helmes, Joel Lipman, Bill Keith and Marilyn Rosenberg. It'd be fun to meet some of you New Yorkers I've been on threads with, whether we agreed or disagreed.

--Bob G.

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458. **Harriet Zinnes**

Re: Reception at The New York Center for Book Arts

Sat 14 Sep 2002

What date is the opening?

HZinnes

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459. **Bob Grumman**

Re: Reception at The New York Center for Book Arts

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Good grief, I thought I had the date of the reception. It's Friday, 20 September.

Thanks for asking, Harriet. I hope this isn't my third message of the day!

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

From: "Harriet Zinnes" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, September 14, 2002 5:57 PM

Subject: Re: Reception at The New York Center for Book Arts

| *What date is the opening?*

| HZinnes

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460. **J Gallaher**

Re: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Kasey Wrote:

- <1) Vulgar Workshopperry.
- <2) Bourgeois Wordsmithery.
- <3) Commodified Alternativity.
- <4) Party-Line Poetiks.

<I think the missing element in all four nightmare scenarios is what Maria calls "exuberance" and "spontaneity," <snip> if work doesn't risk sentimentality it's shit. Actually, you could probably replace "sentimentality" with just about any other word and it would be just as true.>

I Reply:

I enjoyed the satire of these 4 models. But, you know, they aren't exhaustive . . . and each, I imagine, has a positive flip side. The Dream Scenarios. Where ART is afoot, and craft is the footman. ART is the movement, rushing into risk . . . craft is the limit of movement, bringing one back. If all you allow is craft, there will be no movement. (which a group, a "workshop" say, often can find it easy to endorse, as they don't have to work very hard to see the edges of the work) If all you allow is art, say the impulse to the risk of art, then you'll only have the swirl. There will be movement, but little direction. It will diffuse.

Workshops, because of their name, tend toward the limitations of craft. If, instead, they were called Experimenta (or even if they were called wefijwoif), something else would rise. Remember, a rose by any other name would no longer be a rose.

Best,
JG

JGallaher

The mind is in the habit of proposing solutions. This is why art is so necessary.

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461. **J Gallaher**

Poem 2 Bin Ramke

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Here's a poem by one of my favorite poets, Bin Ramke. It's from his most recent book, *_Airs, Waters, Places_*. What I find amazing here is how the voice, the

thinking of the poem, continues toward its object while continuing to be aware of itself unfolding, how it lets its music be a part of its thought. It's a wonderful example, I believe, of a type of poetry that embraces its lyrical, human terms, while moving away from the autobiographical, narrative turns so common in poetry today. --JG

Livery of Seisin

"the delivery of property into the corporal possession of a person: in the case of a house, by giving him the ring, latch, or key of the door; in the case of land, by delivering him a twig, a piece of turf, or the like" -- OED

Of touch, the annoyance
That if I touch you you
Touch me--the affront it is and
Its reciprocal nature and it is
The basis of the lighter
Perversions, frottage, for instance which is

The secret joy of public
Touching it is, on a bus
To transport to touch the whole self

There is no stopping
It, if (there is no defense)
I touch you you touch me

If I touch (if not you)
The glamour of the stars
Oh the stars (famously beyond reach)

That such light touches
The eyes the retina, parts of the skin
The inevitable body (where we live no matter)

And too
The warm the sun striking out
But the stars softly at night (impossibly by day)

That we touch the stars
And that any light-
Emitting body (heat, and any radiation)

Is infinite in size or will be,
Caressing the universe
At a hundred eighty-six thousand

Miles per second
O love o sacred. To change,
To hold the house in your hand, the subject,
To expand infinitely to the end
Too terrible to think upon
Each man's life is but a breath (Psalm 39) A touch
A touching most intimate,
The breath a column still attached
To the warm, wet lung, every leering man knows
What he's doing, dreary,
Perpendicular sounds flying past
Touch, extensive touch of someone's tongue,
Expensive.
O do talk less, give us
Room, give us air dry and drifting
Flowers inventing
Themselves on the tips
Of trees, reach out Nature reaches
Trees reach out like
Stars light their touch
And candor, all their own, their touch.

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462. **Damian Judge Rollison**
Re: request for info on The Conversions
Sat 14 Sep 2002

I don't have a lot to offer here, but it should be clarified that *The Conversions* was published in I think 1961, more than a decade before Mathews joined Oulipo in 1973 (at the invitation of Georges Perec). HM says somewhere that he knew nothing at all about Oulipo before the early 70s, and so would not have been employing specifically Oulipian techniques in *The Conversions* or *The Sinking of Odradek Stadium*. (The Oulipo itself was only just getting started when *The Conversions* came out.) But HM did know the work of Raymond Roussel, to which Ashbery introduced him, and claims that Roussel's novels and *How I Wrote Certain of My Books* were the impetus that convinced him he could write fiction. (Before this he'd focused on

463. **jesse glass**

De-Bashed

Sat 14 Sep 2002

Checked out the Google Groups site and am still laughing! Jess

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464. **George Bowering**

Re: Reception at The New York Center for Book Arts

Sat 14 Sep 2002

| *What date is the opening?*

| HZinnes

Of what?

GBowering

--

George Bowering

No fries. No doughnuts.

Fax [REDACTED]

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465. **Jim Behrle**

Beck

Sun 15 Sep 2002

Kinda off-topic, but I recommend listers check out Beck's latest cd, streaming at beck.com. If you sign up for a Beck e-mailing list (you could always block it later) you can sample all of the songs from his latest, SEA CHANGE, which will appeal even to folks who don't normally like his stuff. Very twangy, maudlin, great deep voice. Worth checking out.

--Jim Behrle

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

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466. **Alan Sondheim**

vag5.mov

Sun 15 Sep 2002

vag5.mov

the shapes engorged - the tumor spewed - it emanated from the vaginal area - it emanated from the prostate - it emanated from the breast - the lungs - the mouth - sores across labia and scrotum - or they distended - the swellings far too painful - beyond pleasure the pain - the waves of murmurs - pain of murmurs - coagulations of bullets and lozenges - shuddering and swollen - protruding and parasitic emanations - within the scent of death - within the scent of slow lozenge life - slow bullet life - the tumescence of life - the pulling down of everything pure in life - shapes - distortions - spewed tumor - labial death, towards turned images - it emanated from the vaginal area - it emanated from the prostate - it emanated from the breast - the lungs - the mouth - or they distended - the swellings far too painful - beyond pleasure the pain - pain of murmurs - distortions in the movement of the lozenges - coagulations of bullets and lozenges - shuddering and swollen - protruding and parasitic emanations - within the scent of slow lozenge life - slow bullet life - stuttering within and stuttering without - the tumescence of life - the pulling down of everything pure in life - it swelled or it was veering -

it swelled or it was veering - the images turned towards death, labial distortions, dark shapes - emanating, tumors, cancers, skin stretched bursting -

$$\begin{array}{ccc} \equiv & \equiv & \equiv \\ \equiv & \equiv & \equiv \end{array}$$

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467. **dcmb**

Re: Humor Theory

Sun 15 Sep 2002

Aldon, you've fallen into my Winterwear pile, and this Fall is either coming in early or I'm anemic. The small press mags I wear between an undershirt and one of my many lumberjack sweaters. I figure the next time they bust me, I'll have something to read while waiting for the missus to bail me out. (I do hope she doesnt use that line again about not having married me to do this distasteful biz.) Yrs, Unchained Felony. -----Original Message----- From: Aldon Nielsen <[REDACTED]> To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]> Date: Saturday, September 14, 2002 11:37 AM Subject: Humor Theory

>>

>>

>>I've fallen under a pile of jerseys, socks and small press magazines in David

>>Bromige's house and I can't get up. Send assistance!

 ∇ [illegible]

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

>
>"The university professes the truth, and that is its profession. It
>declares and promises an unlimited commitment to the truth."
> Jacques Derrida (Without Alibi 202)
>
>Aldon Lynn Nielsen
>George and Barbara Kelly Professor of American Literature
>Department of English
>The Pennsylvania State University
>116 Burrowes
>University Park, PA 16802-6200
>
>[REDACTED]
>

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468. **dcmb**
(no subject)
Sun 15 Sep 2002

31, at least--not 25....db

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

From: Jim Behrle <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Friday, September 13, 2002 8:58 AM

>I would like to further discuss one of the things I posted yesterday. Why
>is divisiveness important to innovative poetry? There have been many posts
>dedicated to bashing Language Poetry, which turns 25 this year. Is it
>crucial to continually, perpetually skirmish between movements of poeties,
>and if so, how do poets writing now benefit from these types of
hostilities?

> Why isn't "Oh, you know, they do they're thing and I do my thing" an OK
>response? Do our categories completely define what we're up to, and if so,
>what are the categories that younger generations of poets fall into? Just
>subsequent generations of movements that have already come?

>

>I would call for more eclecticism and less cliquishness. We applaud
>well-rounded readers in almost every other genre, why should poetry be so
>very different? Good poetry is good poetry. And even if it isn't good
>poetry, shouldn't something be said for giving people's work a chance
>instead of dismissing it immediately without a read? Ought I be able to
>read Laure-Anne Bosselaar, Sparrow, Jim Brodey, Richard Hell, Donald Hall,

>Lyn Hejinian and Lucie Brock-Broido in the same night without there being a
>sense that something is wrong with me? I own ABBA and Clash records, they
>get along OK. At what point do our aesthetics make us ascetic readers?
>
>--Jim Behrle
>
>
>

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

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469. **Thomas Bell**
moving around on the net

Sun 15 Sep 2002

since listing on the net has been a topic recently here and there are i think people from all of the organiztions this concerns, I have a question (actually, I'll cc poetics also): is there any effort to coordinate listings?

I started looking at my listings at ELO and discovered that my "My Gut" stamps were not found. it turns out that apparently ranrun has been made a part of trace?

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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470. **Maria Damon**
whitie box

Sun 15 Sep 2002

so, can anyone tell us definitively if this is a hoax or not? w/o having visited the website i think it might be, cuz wouldn't homeland security have a gov suffix rather than an org? i'm a bit embarrassed because i sent out the msg to many concerned friends, and don't want to be an alarmist, much as i appreciate the actual need for alarm in this time. --

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471. **Lawrence Upton**

(no subject)

Sun 15 Sep 2002

2 publications from Writers Forum launched at the workshop yesterday by performance

Meadows (2nd ed) by Lawrence Upton, ISBN 1 84254 070 1; B6; 24pp. There were problems with the first edition (Sep 2000), with punctuation and layout. Not fundamental problems and the edition was allowed to sell out. That happened in August and this edition makes the corrections.

Stem Harvest Nature Poems by M J Weller; ISBN 1 84254 069 8; A4; 20pp Linear and vispo

Both £2 + postage I think

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472. **Nick Piombino**

The State of The List

Sun 15 Sep 2002

Thanks for your thought-provoking post and your kind words about my work. Since I am very short on time right now I won't be able to respond to all your questions or comments, but I am very much looking forward to doing so at a later time. But I do want to say something about anxiety and the list and some related issues. Without going into too much detail about specific people and why they were excluded from the list (as I remember it I wasn't participating or very active on it for much of the time when all this was going on) I can say how I felt and feel about the issue of exclusion. As much as I passionately believe in and support freedom of speech, I really don't like bullies. As I understand it, this list is made available through resources at SUNY Buffalo through the work of Charles Bernstein. For a time a number of people took advantage of the open policy of this list to personally attack Charles and the so-called Language Poets. I view this as a kind of testing and a call for limits. The limits were then applied, taking the form of excluding certain bullying people from the list. My experience is that bullies never admit that they are bullies. They usually resort to justifying their behavior according to some sort of politics or philosophical or theological system or whatever. There comes a time when the victims of such bullying have had enough and will have to respond with decisive firmness. Now on to the issue of anxiety. When bullies-who are often incredibly anxious people themselves- repeatedly push other people around this leads to anxiety and other kinds of suffering for the recipients of the bullying and for the witnesses of the bullying. The recipients and the witnesses now have a choice. If they don't wish

to be passive like sheep they will stand up to the bullies, say they have had enough and stop them. Now, this process goes for the world outside this list as well as this list. Anxiety has many effects, and people will do a lot of things to avoid anxiety and to end anxiety. These things are inconsistent and not the same for everybody. One way to deal with anxiety-which also ordinarily involves much ambivalence- is to come up with a one-size-fits-all answer to all questions or conflicts. Some people use politics this way, theology this way, philosophy this way, aesthetics this way, psychology this way. It works like this. Experience anxiety and conflict, plug in the political answer. For some people (and I know many such people, as does everyone) being tough and strong and fair means being rigidly consistent about their philosophy or politics or whatever in the face of any conflict or disagreement. The result is radically reducing their own anxiety, usually at the cost of radically raising a lot of other people's anxiety. Many such people are unbelievably obsessive-compulsive providing the illusion they are courageously consistent in the face of all opposition. But these people-who can be geniuses, including criminal geniuses- are not being mainly guided by their so-called philosophies or politics but by their desire to push other people around. I personally have had it with such people whether they are on this list or anywhere in the world. The big question is, how do you identify if someone is such a person. In real life, and this is real life, this happens when enough people have had enough of such a person. Now, sometimes it does happen that two such people have had enough of each other. This might be the most dangerous situation of all. Maybe we have such a situation with George Bush versus Saddam Hussein, maybe not. Which one is more of a bully? Do the rest of us have to make sure the fight does not kill us all? Maybe it is the same thing with this list. Can we trust that the people (in the world, on the list) will have a fair fight? Personally, I don't think so. I think the world has to curb Saddam Hussein's fascist, sadistic tendencies, but the world has to watch out for the the same tendencies in Mr. Bush and the governments of the United States and other rightward leaning, militaristic countries. Assertion can be very effective, and my feeling right now is that the world is teetering dangerously on the edge of a nuclear disaster. But even this cannot be an excuse for letting bullies run the show. Yes, given the right situation, anybody, and any group, can terrorize. But my own feeling is that you can bully some of the people some of the time, but you can't bully all of the people all of the time, on the list, or anywhere else.

Date: Sun, 15 Sep 2002 01:45:06 +1200

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

Subject: Re: The State of The List

Nick. I saw some of your correspondence with Ramon Qureshi and your patience and concern and interest in his correspondence: but I felt that you "dodged"

the question of political commitment. I agree re the problem of the rhetoric etc that arises. But some anger and some rhetoric is a sign of caring about an issue: and at certain historical times we have to declare where we stand. Poets are "the unacknowledged legislators of mankind" (the witnesses I feel) but there comes a time - now when I say " I am opposed to the US military-state complex. I'm certain Hussein has minimal nuclear capacity. Even if he had thousands of nukes then why don't the US let Iraqi inspectors into the US? The US has weapons of mass destruction. Its leader is highly fundamentally religious.. I'm pretty certain (can't prove it no one can prove or disprove because the CIA etc control the information and dominate the media) that Bush or his mates organised 9/11. Pilger writes that about 5000 people are dying daily in Iraq because of your country's (basically illegal and bullying embargo). Ten years ago the literacy was high and there was a good economy in Iraq (the US rearmed Saddam Hussein)....My dentist last year did brilliant work SHE was from Iraq. Very gentle and concerned and skillful.

I see that Kent Johnson was "kicked off" the List because he wrote an essay saying: "Is Charles Bernstein a Political Poet" ...was this hubris by the major Langpo Guru in reaction to Kent's statements? What's going on? I think that Johnson et al were critiquing US policy of bombing Bosnia and so on. Are freedom's being shut down everywhere including the one on this List? When are the Langpos going to free themselves of wish wash: get real.....that's to say, a "non-political" (nothing is truly I think, ever...or very rarely are things so) of the politics in certain times is good - implicated in the language questions and so on - but at some point: when people's lives are at stake.. we have to get political. This can be frightening. I remember going onto the freezing works here in the 70s and showing photographs of the terrible damage done by US bombs (these were photographs from British doctors working in the North) now these guys argued: they all had knives. But I raised these questions. I also argued with rugby players in 1981 to their faces (re the Springbok Tour rugby tour of NZ) - sure I was scared at times - but I felt at certain times one has to act...now I'm not trying to be holier than thou: for a start when I was battered in the face by the cops in 1981 (it was like a civil war and the protesters used terrorists" tactics including one guy who flew a plane over Eden Park when a game was in progress dropping flour bombs: and previous to that there was another pilot who looked like he was going to fly his plane into a stadium, engineers were secretly trying to assemble surface-to air missiles to blow the passenger jets with the Springboks in them (and other collaterals who cared?) out of the air, and there were plans to assassinate them (of course these were rejected by the leadership at the time but it shows the "civil war" atmosphere that prevailed then). I was filled with about 25 valium tablets and still scared as hell when we marched against the cops and the rugby supporters in an attempt to stop the last game....But (more recently) I had in fact made a decision to "ivory tower" myself on about the 9th of September last year when things changed. A big part of me wants to "retreat" ... once my vision of poetry was (something like John Ashbery's) of a kind of art that was/is sui generis: I still believe that

I mean that that is one kind of quite valid poetry practice).

It's true I wasn't anywhere near the towers or NY so it's "easy" in a sense for me: I can understand the fear of Americans and especially New Yorkers: and the outrage...but we can't all of us stay "outraged"...we need to act, to speak.

I'm not attacking you or anyone I just want to express some things here: I felt that your posts around the time of 9/11 were very intelligent and compassionate: a lot of mine were semi-crazed and I wasn't anywhere near NY (I'm of course in Auckland, New Zealand)....but question marks still hang around re the intersection of politics and poetry: over here John Geraets and Leigh Davis (who openly "loves" capitalism) seem to want to avoid the political realities. Davis embraces exploitation of the working class and is on a vast income while posing as one of the "avant garde" and Geraets is into some obscure French theoretical fairyland. I wish politics would go away. But I have not read Johnson's essay but the title puts question marks up there hanging over this List and the state of the world. What is the USE of poetry? Was the nihilistic side or aspect Auden right? (for example) (don't worry I've had a look down into Hades)

Sure people might be anxious: but of what? The list is ok as long as there's debate - even abusive debate. That's what humans do. But what were we /you I supposed to be anxious about? The invented terrorists or the real ones: the US state military complex and the clamping down on political freedoms and human rights in the Western nations or some supposed terrorists - none of whom have been decisively identified (except for a whelter of reports and threats most of which is bullshit to keep everyone thinking there's a need for war - armed to KILL PEOPLE ...MORE PEOPLE) - many so-called are either patsies or work for the CIA I reckon). the eternally recurring cycle of bombing by the British (grovelling in the wake of the US, with Australia and NZ also grovelling as usual) and the US. The lies about the Taliban, the attacks on Muslims who come from an ancient and great culture and great nations, the mess the military has made of Afghanistan, and so on....where do you stand? Where do others stand. there's an ominous (scared?) silence.... Bush has threatened to use nuclear weapons for chrissakes...

I wouldn't be wasting time shoring these brickbats in public if I didn't think highly of your poetry and thinking.

Richard Taylor

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*"The university professes the truth, and that is its profession. It declares and promises an unlimited commitment to the truth."
Jacques Derrida (Without Alibi 202)*

Aldon Lynn Nielsen
George and Barbara Kelly Professor of American Literature
Department of English
The Pennsylvania State University
>116 Burrowes
>University Park, PA 16802-6200
>
>
>
>

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George Bowering
No fries. No doughnuts.
Fax [REDACTED]

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475. **derek beaulieu**

new from housepress: Rob Fitterman's [R E A D I N G]

Sun 15 Sep 2002

housepress is please to announce the publication of:

[R E A D I N G]
by Rob Fitterman

published in an edition of 60 handbound and numbered copies.
\$5.00 each.

Robert Fitterman grew up in a little suburban house in St. Louis that featured zoysia grass in the front yard and a spectacular variety of local birds in the back. The first 2 books of his long poem METROPOLIS have been recently published: Metropolis 1-15 (Sun & Moon Press) and Metropolis 16-29 (Coach House Books). He has lived in NYC for the past 20 years. He lives in a tall building with poet Kim Rosenfield and their daughter Coco.

for more information, or to order copies, contact

derek beaulieu [REDACTED]

derek beaulieu
1339 19th ave nw
calgary alberta
canada t2m1a5
[REDACTED]

www.housepress.ca

██████████ (p)

██████████ (f)

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476. **Alan Sondheim**

poor

Sun 15 Sep 2002

poor

i've got a pixel missing on this machine, it's always on, it's always blue - another's always white - double-star system - dear god - you look up - you're always there in the stars - you know you're saving everyone - you know there's reason for all this evil in the world - i'm your secret friend - i can't get enough of you - you enter my very soul - they're leaping now from tall buildings - they're burning in fires on the ground - they're hanging from the trees - they're divided among others - they can't think very well - dear god - you must save us - all the hurting people - people fighting and starving - people killing and being killed - so many sick and dying people - so many animals too and plants too - the screen stares at me, punctured or fissured; the screen carries its own after- effects, nimbus and aureole of light - you write on blue against black, black against gray, yellow against blue - the colors of the troposphere - sun glaring at all of us - it doesn't know any better - dear god, please do hide the sun, it is so troublesome for so many of your lowly creatures, it casts light where there is none, nothing remains of the light, shadows are too bright, the glare too dark, in the corners many eyes see, many eyes are blinded - may the sky welcome us - even just against my skin i can hear them - the computer next to me breathing heavily - producing animations of untoward, ungodly things - things that everyone desires - there's a raging storm outside - lasting the batteries - until the frame - until the last frame - is done, completed - the world going by at twelve frames a second - you can't imagine - you can't see - you wouldn't believe - dear god, complementary colors burning into me, i can't speak to you any more like this, my head is reeling, you must ascend to us - oh, nothing?, what could possibly be meant - the passage - eternal writing - the murmuring growing louder - the sounds, furious - Karl loved Gertrud - he wove his phenomenology around her - she was his star - the indescribable Cipher of engagement for the two of them - writing them into the ground - at the limits - dear god, please help Karl and Gertrud - is it always too late - is sanctioned the very last thing before the eyes close - we are, we are losing, worlds - too many wounded - the battle can't go on much longer - both machines running fans at full-tilt - it isn't enough - the animation slowing - almost to a halt - i'd settle for grays - zig-zags across the eyes - dear god, do please listen, i will not thank you, i will never thank you, you have

never done enough, you have never even started - all the animals burned and buried - the fury of humans, their slaughter -

unsleeping - the screen almost illegible - double-time fans - furious productions - something freezes, crashes, topples, all those poor people leaping from the building -

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477. **Kari Edwards**

t b cuprite with rest ringers

Sun 15 Sep 2002

t b cuprite with rest ringers

the price tag was missing, something went, curtailed, gone, had never been, turned around and didn't see, the bread box was empty, something like, chased the pieces down the street into a raging continuum, every last one. prelashed prices, every item must go to places, newer and better to be replaced by extra bleeding items, to be replaced by. didn't leave a return address, packed their bags. its that them-us-both-of-them the entire down the block across the tracks from the misdirection, its them-me-you-us-that-all-of-them us both-of-them who said to the extent of- "why didn't you." then one of them said good bye. been nice, over there is one more, (pick one of the above). in the sewer, on the streets, in the battle over peptide autographs, swashbuckling drag kings or queens, the duke and duchess scenarios. some, replaced by newer better registered, cataloged with proper retrofitted more to come later. rockets red glare. sometimes I will give have given, will be piled on top - disaster relief behaviors at the dinner table . . . maybe, if I could if I said, if I, if I would I said I would. the periodic table. something was there with its clip-on plastic indicators, those loop hole disinfectants. I got it, maybe it is it, it, you us that them both of us, a long list of grade "A," B, C, one million and seventy five longing(s) or desires or something missing that could, that in effect. thousands stood, others waited. all I have is, than nothing more.

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478. **Ken Rumble**

from "Key Bridge" 3

Sun 15 Sep 2002

from "Key Bridge"

Miss: loss lack

the location added (as it would

in the 16th
all loss and gain is location
miss: as in place (like in dodgeball (the little miss
missing the city

Time is the effect of being in one
place as opposed to another
(as if a valley is opposed to a ridge (ha
how one could miss the city when

Location supposed opposition
the lack of one and the need
of another idea's action

concentric circles slim down the bullseye to somewhere near Pennsylvania

--

She never knew the umbrellas
could grip her so -- oh, love --
their level, their canopy, they're madness

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479. **richard.tylr**

Re: The State of The List

Sun 15 Sep 2002

Nick. You're such a thoughtfull person! Monsieur Brink got very angry but you stay calm and explain things: that's what I like about your posts and the one's to Qureshi and also around the time of S11. I, like you, was not on the list at the time of the "harrangues" alleged to have taken place and also there has been the big controversy re Langpo etc and "selling out"...I agree with you re bullying: I would urge you to read "The New Rulers of the World" by John Pilger...sure he's almost "evangelistic" but you would see that the major bullies are the US, Israel,Britain etc I dont think it can only be a personal thing (although the Bush family know the Bin Ladens and it could be) Hitler was a bully who was let to go and both Bush and Saddam Hussein have to be watched: but then you have to concur with increased destruction of Iraq and more deaths will happen if Bush goes ahead with his attack on Iraq - the destruction done (or even what he could conceivably do) by Hussein is far less than that perpetrated on Dresden, Hamburg, Hiroshima, Korea, Vietnam, Indonesia and and so on. I cant agree to an attack on Iraq unless it is seen that the whole world have an equal input into the UN and also all the people of the United States (its wrong that a President can act without approval)....but if I go on I'll start bullying and that is no way to settle differences.

Re the List and anxiety I agree: or at least I agree that some people have a lot of anxiety about things (so much) that they become authoritarian: so we see that in various proportions everywhere: in all organisations, workplaces and there are the obvious examples in politics: of course there is no "one way"...we humans are too complex for that.

If they were attacking Charles Bernstein et al without good arguments then we are all left baffled: my point being I couldn't find the attacks (except I remember one which was a bit unfair about a reading): rather than get angry it is better to work on those things we think need improving.

I see the world as like a Huge List (I don't separate poetry politics any discipline they all interact for me) but the Iraqis for example seem to be more open to discussion and negotiation than the US Government. The Israelis and the US I see as unbending and dangerous (especially as the Israelis are fond of "pre-emptive strikes" and their leader authorised massacres, [AND they have nukes] - his record is worse than Saddam Hussein's - who I see as just a rather authoritarian (fairly secular) leader - who for a long time was backed by the US. but relatively benign.

I repeat though: the people most anxious, those who will suffer the most are the common people in Iraq who had nothing to do with anything. We can assuage anxiety by acting against tyranny and half-crazed dynasties such as the Bush Admin. (And any other dictatorships)

Attacks or disagreements don't or shouldn't I feel imply an attack on the individual addressed. Re Langpo I love it but I also see the value of a lot of "mainstream" (it's not always so clear where the divisions are). Alan Loney Of Auckland who casts himself as an outsider and a (language poet? not sure certainly very influenced by Olson at least) is most powerful where he is (more or less "mainstream" (Scott Hamilton if he gets back on (off for technical reasons!) on can talk about his (Alan's) latest book about a train disaster which involves some personal issues and of course is "language orientated" as well)...and in your book (the latest one I think) I like some of the clarity (I also like complexity and "magic" and so on) but you also draw attention to the fact that this book, (your's) is a text, etc and without doing a complex analysis, some of these things are "lyrical" (as Qureshi picked up):

For those who feel depression or anxiety (and I have suffered from it in the past) I recommend Dr Wayne Dyer's books (deceptively "simplistic") in fact he talks about authoritarianism in his book "The Sky's the Limit (I agree some of the titles of these books are a bit of a worry!) in much the same terms you have outlined. But I used especially his book "Your Erroneous Zones" when my mother was very ill and I was stuck at home and anxious about cash etc to pull myself from depression and anxiety by acting on it. By thinking as positively as

possible:by being open: by thinking of myself and others. That's where I think revolutions go wrong: they neglect subtle psychological and cultural questions...although I think that both Lenin and Mao Tse Tung were groping toward these things (but I don't embrace any particular ideology, I don't like political parties, any of them)...and/but we now have to deal with the now. And we need to show tolerance and compassion and the kind of kindness and consideration and real thoughtfulness that you exhibit. Richard Taylor.

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

From: "Nick Piombino" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, September 16, 2002 3:59 AM

Subject: The State of The List

> Thanks for your thought-provoking post and your kind words about my work.
> Since I am very short on time right now I won't be able to respond to all
> your questions or comments, but I am very much looking forward to doing so
> at a later time. But I do want to say something about anxiety and the list
> and some related issues. Without going into too much detail about specific
> people and why they were excluded from the list (as I remember it I
wasn't
> participating or very active on it for much of the time when all this was
> going on) I can say how I felt and feel about the issue of exclusion. As
> much as I passionately believe in and support freedom of speech, I really
> don't like bullies. As I understand it, this list is made available
through
> resources at SUNY Buffalo through the work of Charles Bernstein. For a
time
> a number of people took advantage of the open policy of this list to
> personally attack Charles and the so-called Language Poets.
> I view this as a kind of testing and a call for limits. The limits were
then
> applied, taking the form of excluding certain bullying people from the
list.
> My experience is that bullies never admit that they are bullies. They
> usually resort to justifying their behavior according to some sort of
> politics or philosophical or theological system or whatever. There comes a
> time when the victims of such bullying have had enough and will have to
> respond with decisive firmness. Now on to the issue of anxiety. When
> bullies-who are often incredibly anxious people themselves- repeatedly
push
> other people around this leads to anxiety and other kinds of suffering for
> the recipients of the bullying and for the witnesses of the bullying. The

> recipients and the witnesses now have a choice. If they don't wish to be
> passive like sheep they will stand up to the bullies, say they have had
> enough and stop them. Now, this process goes for the world outside this
list
> as well as this list. Anxiety has many effects, and people will do a lot
of
> things to avoid anxiety and to end anxiety. These things are inconsistent
> and not the same for everybody. One way to deal with anxiety-which also
> ordinarily involves much ambivalence- is to come up with a
one-size-fits-all
> answer to all questions or conflicts. Some people use politics this way,
> theology this way, philosophy this way, aesthetics this way, psychology
this
> way. It works like this. Experience anxiety and conflict, plug in the
> political answer. For some people (and I know many such people, as does
> everyone) being tough and strong and fair means being rigidly consistent
> about their philosophy or politics or whatever in the face of any conflict
> or disagreement. The result is radically reducing their own anxiety,
usually
> at the cost of radically raising a lot of other people's anxiety. Many
such
> people are unbelievably obsessive-compulsive providing the illusion they
are
> courageously consistent in the face of all opposition. But these
people-who
> can be geniuses, including criminal geniuses- are not being mainly guided
by
> their so-called philosophies or politics but by their desire to push other
> people around. I personally have had it with such people whether they are
on
> this list or anywhere in the world. The big question is, how do you
identify
> if someone is such a person. In real life, and this is real life, this
> happens when enough people have had enough of such a person. Now,
sometimes
> it does happen that two such people have had enough of each other. This
> might be the most dangerous situation of all. Maybe we have such a
situation
> with George Bush versus Saddam Hussein, maybe not. Which one is more of
a
> bully? Do the rest of us have to make sure the fight does not kill us all?
> Maybe it is the same thing with this list. Can we trust that the people

(in

> the world, on the list) will have a fair fight? Personally, I don't think
> so. I think the world has to curb Saddam Hussein's fascist, sadistic
> tendencies, but the world has to watch out for the the same tendencies in
> Mr. Bush and the governments of the United States and other rightward
> leaning, militaristic countries. Assertion can be very effective, and my
> feeling right now is that the world is teetering dangerously on the edge
of
> a nuclear disaster. But even this cannot be an excuse for letting bullies
> run the show. Yes, given the right situation, anybody, and any group, can
> terrorize. But my own feeling is that you can bully some of the people
some
> of the time, but you can't bully all of the people all of the time, on the
> list, or anywhere else.
>
>
> >

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480. **Duration Press**
Re: Possible Virus Risk
Mon 16 Sep 2002

here:

<http://securityresponse.symantec.com/avcenter/venc/data/w32.klez.removal.tool.html>

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

From: "Vernon Frazer" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, September 15, 2002 12:13 PM

Subject: Possible Virus Risk

Many times when I'm receiving e-mail, my Norton Anti-Virus software cautions me that I have an infected file, [REDACTED]. I don't know what this is, but it always seems to come when I'm receiving a number of posts from the Poetics List. Has anybody else had this problem? Does anybody now what to do about it, other than to keep our anti-virus software up to date?

Vernon

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481. **J. Scappettone**

21st-Century Poetics October Event: please distribute

Mon 16 Sep 2002

Hello and welcome to fall.

The 21st-Century Poetics Working Group is happy to announce our first event of the season: readings and a colloquium featuring

Beth Anderson and Ange Mlinko

Friday, October 11

6:30 p.m. potluck, 8 p.m. readings

900 Bancroft Way

Beth and Ange will read from their work and address issues surrounding travel writing and vertigo.

Beth Anderson is the author of *The Habitable World* (Instance Press, 2001) and four chapbooks, including *The Impending Collision* and *Hazard*. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Germ*, *Barrow Street*, *Hanging Loose*, and other journals and in *An Anthology of New (American) Poets* (Talisman House, 1998). *The Habitable World* was a finalist manuscript for the National Poetry Series and the Walt Whitman Award. Anderson is also an editor of *Subpress*, a cooperative small press publisher of poetry.

Ange Mlinko's first book of poems was *Matinees* (Zoland Books, 1999) and her second one is in progress. She was born in Philadelphia and has lived and engaged in alternative poetry scenes in Boston, Providence, and New York City. In 1999 she lived and taught a poetry workshop in the Kingdom of Morocco. She edited *The Poetry Project Newsletter* from 2000-2002.

21st-Century Poetics thanks the Townsend Center and the Department of English for their support. But participants are asked to help buttress our indie-ness by bringing food or drink; we would also be grateful for help with setup or cleanup from those who are able.

For further information, or to be placed on our mailing list, please contact

██████████ or ██████████.

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482. **lewis lacook**

NEW CODE EVERY MORNING

Mon 16 Sep 2002

One danger of skin will be that it harden to ceramics.

Then

glaze, like all erotica, will seem terminal. Lakey
Teasdale
spinning one on the wheel, which will be electric;
eyes the same
color as morning drenching everything, even my balls
as I wake
up, swallow three caps of ginkgo saint john's, swallow
coffee and
a cigarette as if I had religion foaming at the mouth
between us.
With Mez watching my genes re-code, I wanted water to
cling to
the railing again like stalagmite mirrors, inverting
seeing gray
in the sky means it's aged just this much.

I sat down forcefully, examining the prose as if
it too were
a fungus beneath my nails. On days like that I would
thank God
for the vegetative life, but God never says you're
welcome; she
just snores on and on; and I rise against her dreams,
the whole
house drowned to the rictus of a pinprick; I just mow
through the
dark with arms in search of coffee.

Indeed, Lawrence Upton vocalizes. Seismic
pentameter, she
moans, the syringe halfway through her spine, singing
like night
skidding to closure on the runway drenched with
morning colors,
an artificiality of typoo that disentralls gauge set
to weigh in
at whatever breath thickens on the windows; winter,
like John M.
Bennett's spacious bathroom, has spurs all up and down
the
eyelets of the shower curtain. This serves to protect
the
subjunctive from caverns spanning days of sitting and
reading the

Koran, searching for fresh-mown coffee in the dark of
blood-words
on Old Testament rice-paper, good for rolling through
with all
the drunkenness of now fully up, not dressed but
seeking August
Highland; Alan Sondheim mimics Alan Sondheim, I tell
Nikuko, who
Julu-foams between us like spirituality without
doctrine. I
staggered all through the lightning house trying on
each beauty I
crossed.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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Yahoo! News - Today's headlines
<http://news.yahoo.com>

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483. **lewis lacook**

THE CRISIS

Mon 16 Sep 2002

All I remember is the fragment, the box springs of the
head. The
weather was broken and lying in several sequences of
looped man-
action (javelin throw, drunken vomiting, coitus) on my
desk. I
picked up the pieces and moved on. You must have
bought new
furniture while I slept. You must have summed up the
crisis in
the Middle East. The neighbors like balloons slide
quietly across
the parking lot; it's early yet, you must have
damaged the room
beyond repair as I slept. Calling tech support, the

beautiful
elderly hunched over the slowness of their day pinch
out of my
scowl a smile that unravels like threads on a list of
things to
do dirtier next time around. I think: will this be us?
And would
be pleased were it so: an old couple holding hands
across
airplane debris that bite deeply into the ground,
finding
everywhere and allowing to gush the watertable on
which I've re-
assembled the weather, creative and tortured little
prick that I
am, unable to leave well enough alone. All I remember
is the
fragrance, the glancing of teeth on moaning flesh, and
dusks
squiting laterally from your eyes as you sat on me.
You must have
corrected the vacancy in my annual report. I
exaggerated the
profit, but still feel good about the crisis in the
Middle East.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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484. **J Gallaher**
Award Winning Poetry
Mon 16 Sep 2002

DAVOREN HANNA POETRY COMPETITION 2002 WINNERS

The results of the Davoren Hanna Poetry Competition 2002 have been announced. Judged by Billy Collins and Carol Ann Duffy, the winners were: 1st

prize (\$5000) 'Miniatures' by Kim Addonizio (US) 2nd Prize (\$2000) 'Regarding Water' by Jim McGonigle (Scotland) 3rd prize (\$1000) 'All Day I Have Been Afraid' by Jeff Watt (US) Poems are available to read at: <http://www.eason.ie>

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485. **Aaron Belz**

sentimentality for Bob Grumman

Mon 16 Sep 2002

Here's a thought for everybody to explode over: any poem that doesn't greatly risk sentimentality is crap.

I thought of you, Bob, last night while I was driving to Blockbuster and the following Neil Diamond song came on the radio. (I often listen to "great soft hits--where the classics never go out of style.")

"Can You Feel The Love Tonight"

There's a calm surrender
To the rush of day
When the heat of the rolling world
Can be turned away
An enchanted moment
And it sees me through
It's enough for this restless warrior
Just to be with you

And can you feel the love tonight?
It is where we are
It's enough for this wide-eyed wanderer
That we got this far

Can you feel the love tonight
How it's laid to rest?
It's enough to make kings and vagabonds
Believe the very best

There's a time for everyone
If they only learn
That the twisting kaleidoscope
Moves us all in turn
There's a rhyme and reason
To the wild outdoors
When the heart of this star-crossed voyager
Beats in time with yours

And can you feel the love tonight?
It is where we are
It's enough for this wide-eyed wanderer
That we got this far
Can you feel the love tonight?

[Elton John/ Tim Rice]

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486. **richard.tylr**

Re: THE CRISIS

Mon 16 Sep 2002

Lewis. I like these: interesting structure and the language is flowing and inventive. Richard taylor.

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

From: "lewis lacook" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, September 16, 2002 11:32 PM

Subject: THE CRISIS

All I remember is the fragment, the box springs of the head. The weather was broken and lying in several sequences of looped man-action (javelin throw, drunken vomiting, coitus) on my desk. I picked up the pieces and moved on. You must have bought new furniture while I slept. You must have summed up the crisis in the Middle East. The neighbors like balloons slide quietly across the parking lot; it's early yet, you must have damaged the room beyond repair as I slept. Calling tech support, the beautiful elderly hunched over the slowness of their day pinch out of my scowl a smile that unravels like threads on a list of things to do dirtier next time around. I think: will this be us? And would be pleased were it so: an old couple holding hands across airplane debris that bite deeply into the ground, finding

everywhere and allowing to gush the watertable on
which I've re-
assembled the weather, creative and tortured little
prick that I
am, unable to leave well enough alone. All I remember
is the
fragrance, the glancing of teeth on moaning flesh, and
dusks
squiting laterally from your eyes as you sat on me.
You must have
corrected the vacancy in my annual report. I
exaggerated the
profit, but still feel good about the crisis in the
Middle East.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! News - Today's headlines
<http://news.yahoo.com>

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487. **Vernon Frazer**

Just Testing

Mon 16 Sep 2002

to resolve a computer snafu.

[↑ Contents](#)

488. **Maria Damon**

***Fwd: [deeplistening] FW: [AltGlobalAction] Prez bush wants YOUR
opinion onIraq...Please call him!***

Mon 16 Sep 2002

X-From_:
sentto-7702[REDACTED]179686-damon001=[REDACTED]
Mon Sep 16 07:34:53 2002
X-eGroups-Return:
sentto-7702[REDACTED]179686-damon001=[REDACTED]
X-Sender: [REDACTED]
X-Apparently-To: [REDACTED]
To: <[REDACTED]>

From: Peter Cutler <[REDACTED]>
X-Yahoo-Profile: cutcom2002
Mailing-List: list [REDACTED]; contact
[REDACTED]
Delivered-To: mailing list [REDACTED]
Date: Mon, 16 Sep 2002 08:36:15 -0400
Subject: [deeplisting] FW: [AltGlobalAction] Prez bush wants YOUR
opinion onIraq...Please call him!
X-Umn-Remote-Mta: [N] n27.grp.scd.yahoo.com #+UF
X-Umn-Remote-Mta: [N] mhub-m4.tc.umn.edu #+LO+TR

From: [REDACTED]
Reply-To: [REDACTED]
Date: Fri, 13 Sep 2002 21:28:47 EDT
To: [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED]
Subject: [AltGlobalAction] Prez bush wants YOUR opinion on
Iraq...Please call him!

Please phone the White house at [REDACTED]. A machine will detain you a
moment and then a pleasant operator will thank you for saying "I oppose" or I
"approve of" the proposed war against Iraq.

The president wants to know. Tell him. Time is running out. Send this e
mail to at least 5 people. Thank you!!

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<[http://rd.yahoo.com/M=228862.2128520.3581629.2225242/D=egroupweb/
S=1705073958/HM/A=1182700/R=0/*http://adfarm.mediaplex.com/ad/ck/
\[REDACTED\]-1039-336](http://rd.yahoo.com/M=228862.2128520.3581629.2225242/D=egroupweb/S=1705073958/HM/A=1182700/R=0/*http://adfarm.mediaplex.com/ad/ck/[REDACTED]-1039-336)

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--

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489. **Dodie Bellamy**

Fwd: White Box ... Prank?

Mon 16 Sep 2002

Hi All,

Below is another post from the person who sent me the original White Box closing announcement (from Germany, we are so global these days). A couple of people wrote me back channel to say it was a hoax, and Kevin and I had pretty much figured that out anyway, we felt very sleuth-like doing so.

But, I think this is a a wonderful piece of public art. Reminds me of Orson Wells and the Martians. As screwy as things are going, the White Box story seems only too imaginable.

At a friend's suggestion, I spent some time last week looking up right-wing conspiracy websites that believe, seriously, that George Bush is the anti-Christ. Beyond all the convoluted ways they get 666 out of his name, they were frightening in how they weren't that off in terms of picking up the apocalyptic tone of the times. The sites comparing him to Hitler were even more disturbing, in that there wasn't any numerology or Biblical interpretations, just comparisons with another era when things catapulted beyond reason.

Sorry if I disturbed anybody needlessly.

Best,
Dodie

*So, I just got word that the White Box Gallery thing is a hoax.
Of course, just as you can choose whether or not to believe the first message,
you can choose whether or not to believe that it is indeed a hoax.*

*The source however (that informed me that the White Box thing is not real) is
an expert in the field
... a professional prankster. But he assures me that the White Box story is
not of his doing. And I know him
whereas, the original message was something forwarded and I don't know the
original source.*

*Apologies. I suppose it makes an interesting point (as in: could this
happen?/this could happen).*

Have a nice day.

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490. **Kari Edwards**

BAD

Mon 16 Sep 2002

Moving Target Presents

Bad

September 18

8pm, \$8-10 sliding scale

at The Blue Room

2331 Mission St. btw 19th and 20th, San Francisco



www.blueroomgallery.org

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

kari edwards is a poet, artist and gender activist, winner of New Langton Art's Bay Area Award in Literature(2002), author of a day in the life of p. to be released by Subpress Collective (2002), a diary of lies – Belladonna #27 by Belladonna Books (2002), Electric Spandex: anthology of writing the queer text, by Pyriform Press (2002), and post/(pink) by Scarlet Press (2001) . Between '92-'93, Beth Lisick would come home from her job as a baker, drink a bottle of wine and try to write poems about what it was like being a baker with a drinking problem. Kevin Killian is a San Francisco novelist, poet, art writer, critic and playwright. His books include Bedrooms Have Windows, Shy, Little Men, Arctic Summer, and Argento Series. Killian's most recent book is I Cry Like a Baby, a collection of stories, memoirs and theoretical pieces. Bill Berkson has taught at the San Francisco Art Institute since 1984. He studied at Brown University, the New School, Columbia University and New York University's Institute of Fine Arts. He is the author of 11 books and pamphlets of poetry, including Red Devil, Start Over and Lush Life. His work has been included in many literary journals and anthologies. Berkson is a contributing writer to Artforum and other publications, and is a corresponding editor for Art in America. Sean Finney is a poet and journalist living in Oakland. He recieved an MFA from Brown University and has been published in Oblek and Lingo. His last reading was not officially bad. His interests include embarrassment, planning, and complete end-to-end n-tier ebusiness solutions. Norma Cole is a poet, painter and translator. Her most recent poetry publication is Spinoza in Her Youth

(Omnidawn Press). SCOUT, a text/image work, is forthcoming from Krupskaya Editions in CD-ROM format. Among her poetry books are MARS, MOIRA and Contrafact.

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491. **Lakey Teasdale**

spidertangle] Re: collabo domingo///let's play!!!!//add tot his!!!(4 of 4), Read 8 times

Mon 16 Sep 2002

at 12:48 on 16/09/02 (GMT) John M Bennett wrote:

██████ wrote:

Topic: Re: collabo domingo///let's play!!!!//add to this!!! (4 of 4), Read 8 times

Conf: Poetry Workshop

From: Lewis LaCook ██████

Date: Saturday, September 14, 2002 08:53 PM

As per your explicit instructions,
howsoever unintelligible, but nice,
which I have now translated into
hebrew, latin, pig latin, yiddish
russian, german and french I
coated every orifice with rhetoric
in metric in 4/4 in to-nic-sol-fa splice!

And then slept for an hour. Just the one
well, maybe it was two. no it was really
three well let's say it was four or five
and stop there because I lost the abbacus.
I was finding it hard to breathe, to seethe
snatching at words, dreaming of membranes.
Was it my answering machine that activated?
Your voice melding with empty moans as you
tried to out-deller deller and out-simone simone to
ask why the office is not yet painted?
stumble motion forward head down
ready with index fingers raised just
above either temple like a bull
feeling as i was rising from the dead
was it really worth staying on till
last call? music now dies from my memory
but lives in punctilious creases from

instep to hand tailored fits like a dream
a thin steam of mesmerism blends
with the unopened paint cans
bundled in the bathroom. Who
knows what color I'm thinking in,
right now, other than you?

Ordinarily, I would not dip my finger
in the light socket. However, today, with
the abundance of light sockets but no
one to tell the jokes about how many
CIA agents, Norse goddesses, etc ad
whatever it takes to change the bulbs
we bring you live from Patagonia:

cones and rabbits shuffle sleep the
tube hand gush the sluffage sand
welt ay como pudres en las cabezones!
trace of sheet your hall flaps
los bibilicos en los arbos roll dice
and shoot craps in the alleys first
throw of two gentlemen

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

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<http://news.yahoo.com>

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-----~-->

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<http://cla.umn.edu/joglars/spidertangle>

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Dr. John M. Bennett
Curator, Avant Writing Collection
Rare Books & Manuscripts Library
The Ohio State University Libraries
1858 Neil Av Mall
Columbus, OH 43210 USA



SPIDERTANGLE Projects listed at:
<http://cla.umn.edu/joglars/spidertangle>

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492. **Drunken Boat**
NYC - Housing Works Reading 9/18

Mon 16 Sep 2002

I'm going to be reading at the Housing Works Used Book
Cafe on Wednesday (9/18, 6:30 pm). 126 Crosby Street,
NYC 10012. () along with poets Tina Chang
and Tracy K. Smith. Subway: S,F,V, 6 to
Broadway-Lafayette. N, R to Prince St.

http://206.252.132.18:8080/usedbookcafe/UsedBookCafe_Events.jsp

Best,

Ravi

Ravi Shankar, M.F.A.
Assistant Professor
Department of English



Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! News - Today's headlines
<http://news.yahoo.com>

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493. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: t b cuprite with rest ringers

Mon 16 Sep 2002

if I may be so bold, who is Kari Edwards? Im not familiar with your work but I love the things you've been winging thru poetics. anecdotes, bibliographies, urls most appreciated.

Kari Edwards wrote:

t b cuprite with rest ringers

the price tag was missing, something went, curtailed, gone, had never been, turned around and didn't see, the bread box was empty, something like, chased the pieces down the street into a raging continuum, every last one. prelashed prices, every item must go to places, newer and better to be replaced by extra bleeding items, to be replaced by. didn't leave a return address, packed their bags. its that them-us-both-of-them the entire down the block across the tracks from the misdirection, its them-me-you-us-that-all-of-them us both-of-them who said to the extent of- "why didn't you." then one of them said good bye. been nice, over there is one more, (pick one of the above). in the sewer, on the streets, in the battle over peptide autographs, swashbuckling drag kings or queens, the duke and duchess scenarios. some, replaced by newer better registered, cataloged with proper retrofitted more to come later. rockets red glare. sometimes I will give have given, will be piled on top - disaster relief behaviors at the dinner table . . . maybe, if I could if I said, if I, if I would I said I would. the periodic table. something was there with its clip-on plastic indicators, those loop hole disinfectants. I got it, maybe it is it, it, you us that them both of us, a long list of grade "A," B, C, one million and seventy five longing(s) or desires or something missing that could, that in effect. thousands stood, others waited. all I have is, than nothing more.

--

mIEKAL aND



Dreamtime Village <http://www.dreamtimevillage.org>

Joglars Crossmedia Broadcast <http://cla.umn.edu/joglars>

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494. **kari edwards**

Re: t b cuprite with rest ringers

Mon 16 Sep 2002

mIEKAL aND,

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

k

"an advertisement for myself"

Check out:

<http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html>

<http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>

<http://poetz.com/fir/feb02.htm>

<http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>

<http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>

<http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/>

BIOGRAPHY

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

On Monday, September 16, 2002, at 12:24 PM, mIEKAL aND wrote:

if I may be so bold, who is Kari Edwards? Im not familiar with your work

but I love the things you've been winging thru poetics. anecdotes, bibliographies, urls most appreciated.

Kari Edwards wrote:

t b cuprite with rest ringers

the price tag was missing, something went, curtailed, gone, had never been, turned around and didn't see, the bread box was empty, something like, chased the pieces down the street into a raging continuum,

every
last one. prelashed prices, every item must go to places, newer and
better to be replaced by extra bleeding items, to be replaced by.
didn't leave a return address, packed their bags. its that
them-us-both-of-them the entire down the block across the tracks from
the misdirection, its them-me-you-us-that-all-of-them us both-of-them
who said to the extent of- "why didn't you." then one of them said
good
bye. been nice, over there is one more, (pick one of the above). in
the sewer, on the streets, in the battle over peptide autographs,
swashbuckling drag kings or queens, the duke and duchess scenarios.
some, replaced by newer better registered, cataloged with proper
retrofitted more to come later. rockets red glare. sometimes I will
give have given, will be piled on top - disaster relief behaviors at
the dinner table . . . maybe, if I could if I said, if I, if I would
I
said I would. the periodic table. something was there with its
clip-on
plastic indicators, those loop hole disinfectants. I got it, maybe it
is it, it, you us that them both of us, a long list of grade "A," B,
C,
one million and seventy five longing(s) or desires or something
missing
that could, that in effect. thousands stood, others waited. all I
have
is, than nothing more.

--

mIEKAL aND



Dreamtime Village <http://www.dreamtimevillage.org>
Joglars Crossmedia Broadcast <http://cla.umn.edu/joglars>

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495. **aerialedge**

Berrigan / Donnelly @ Bridge Street 9/22

Mon 16 Sep 2002

Please join us at Bridge Street Books 7 PM Sunday Sept 22nd for a reading and
publication celebration.

ANSELM BERRIGAN

&

JEAN DONNELLY

New Yorker Anselm Berrigan's terrific new Edge Book is called ZERO STAR HOTEL. He is also the author of INTEGRITY & DRAMATIC LIFE and THEY BEAT ME OVER THE HEAD WITH A SACK. Cool, humorous, honest, and surprising, Berrigan's work will enliven and challenge you-- this man can the push the poetic buttons all day long. Anselm's work has appeared in numerous magazines and journals including The Best American Poetry 2002 edited by Robert Creeley.

Kevin Killian on ZERO STAR HOTEL: "It's a wonderful book and a big, huge quantum leap for Anselm Berrigan, whose previous work I have also enjoyed, but this book is really something different, it gives you the passionate can't-put-it-down experience of reading a great novel, and technically it's so assured you don't even notice how he, Anselm, is producing all his effects.

DC's own Jean Donnelly received the National Poetry Series Award for ANTHEM, selected by Charles Bernstein and published by Sun & Moon. She is also the author of the Edge book THE JULIA SET. A poet all the way down to her toes, Donnelly's lyric sensitivity and powerful knack for the what-it-is will rewrite your heart and mind. Donnelly received her MFA from George Mason and has taught poetry at Georgetown University. She was a founding of the journal So to Speak. Her work has appeared in numerous journals including The Germ, Big Allis, Kenning, Lingo, and Crow.

Charles Bernstein on ANTHEM: "Anthem is 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."

Bridge Street Books
2814 Pennsylvania Ave NW
Washington, DC

ph [REDACTED]

Bridge Street is in Georgetown next to The Four Seasons, 5 blocks from the Foggy Bottom Metro.

BYOE!

(Bring Your Own Ears)

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496. **Lawrence Upton**
(no subject)

Mon 16 Sep 2002

trying to contact jennifer moxley

my intentions are sane and well-intentioned

wld someone lemme know b-c

ta

L

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497. **charles alexander**
WEIRD BEAUTIFUL BOOK?

Mon 16 Sep 2002

WANT A WEIRD BEAUTIFUL BOOK?

Hank Lazer's 3 of 10, Chax Press, includes H's Journal (interweaving sentences from Henry David Thoreau's Journal and the work of other H's), Negation (playing off of Hegel), and Displayspace. 164 pages. Gorgeous cover by Jess; fine book design by Charles Alexander. Regular price: \$14. Special offer: through November 1 -- \$10 (includes postage and handling). Make checks payable to Chax Press.

Send order with check (only prepaid orders taken on this one) to:

Chax Press
101 W. Sixth St., no. 6
Tucson, AZ 85701-1000

If you want a list of our other books with your order, let us know.

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498. **Damian Judge Rollison**
not in our name (partly re: white box hoax)

Mon 16 Sep 2002

The following is making the rounds these days -- perhaps it was posted here already but if so I missed it. Anyhow, it seems to me that, just as in the HUAC, Vietnam, and nuclear buildup eras, the times are demanding expressions of solidarity and resistance. Here's one rhetorically powerful example.

The many signers of the statement below are listed on the website. These are a few of the names I recognized in a quick scan of the list.

Laurie Anderson, Judith Butler, Noam Chomsky, Tom Clark, Ossie Davis, Angela Davis, Mos Def, Steve Earle, Deborah Eisenberg, Brian Eno, Jane Fonda, Terry Gilliam, Milton Glaser, Danny Glover, John Guare, Marilyn Hacker, Jessica Hagedorn, bell hooks, Fanny Howe, Fredric Jameson, Bill T. Jones, Martin Luther King III, Barbara Kingsolver, Barbara

Kruger, Tony Kushner, Michael Moore, Claes Oldenburg, Grace Paley, Ibrahim Quraishi, Adrienne Rich, Edward Said, Susan Sarandon, Carolee Schneemann, Pete and Toshi Seeger, Wallace Shawn, Gloria Steinem, Oliver Stone, Mark Strand, Gore Vidal, Kurt Vonnegut, Alice Walker, Howard Zinn.

Best,
Damian

.....

STATEMENT OF CONSCIENCE NOT IN OUR NAME

Let it not be said that people in the United States did nothing when their government declared a war without limit and instituted stark new measures of repression.

The signers of this statement call on the people of the U.S. to resist the policies and overall political direction that have emerged since September 11, 2001, and which pose grave dangers to the people of the world.

We believe that peoples and nations have the right to determine their own destiny, free from military coercion by great powers. We believe that all persons detained or prosecuted by the United States government should have the same rights of due process. We believe that questioning, criticism, and dissent must be valued and protected. We understand that such rights and values are always contested and must be fought for.

We believe that people of conscience must take responsibility for what their own governments do -- we must first of all oppose the injustice that is done in our own name. Thus we call on all Americans to RESIST the war and repression that has been loosed on the world by the Bush administration. It is unjust, immoral, and illegitimate. We choose to make common cause with the people of the world.

We too watched with shock the horrific events of September 11, 2001. We too mourned the thousands of innocent dead and shook our heads at the terrible scenes of carnage -- even as we recalled similar scenes in Baghdad, Panama City, and, a generation ago, Vietnam. We too joined the anguished questioning of millions of Americans who asked why such a thing could happen.

But the mourning had barely begun, when the highest leaders of the land unleashed a spirit of revenge. They put out a simplistic script of "good vs. evil" that was taken up by a pliant and intimidated media. They told us that asking why these terrible events had happened verged on treason. There was to be no debate. There were by definition no valid political or moral questions. The only possible answer was to be war abroad and repression at home.

In our name, the Bush administration, with near unanimity from Congress, not only attacked Afghanistan but arrogated to itself and its allies the right to rain down military force anywhere and anytime. The brutal repercussions have been felt from the Philippines to Palestine, where Israeli tanks and bulldozers have left a terrible trail of death and destruction. The government now openly prepares to wage all-out war on Iraq -- a country which has no connection to the horror of September 11. What kind of world will this become if the U.S. government has a blank check to drop commandos, assassins, and bombs wherever it wants?

In our name, within the U.S., the government has created two classes of people: those to whom the basic rights of the U.S. legal system are at least promised and those who now seem to have no rights at all. The government rounded up over 1,000 immigrants and detained them in secret and indefinitely. Hundreds have been deported and hundreds of others still languish today in prison. This smacks of the infamous concentration camps for Japanese-Americans in World War 2. For the first time in decades, immigration procedures single out certain nationalities for unequal treatment.

In our name, the government has brought down a pall of repression over society. The President's spokesperson warns people to "watch what they say." Dissident artists, intellectuals, and professors find their views distorted, attacked, and suppressed. The so-called Patriot Act -- along with a host of similar measures on the state level -- gives police sweeping new powers of search and seizure, supervised if at all by secret proceedings before secret courts.

In our name, the executive has steadily usurped the roles and functions of the other branches of government. Military tribunals with lax rules of evidence and

no right to appeal to the regular courts are put in place by executive order. Groups are declared "terrorist" at the stroke of a presidential pen.

We must take the highest officers of the land seriously when they talk of a war that will last a generation and when they speak of a new domestic order. We are confronting a new openly imperial policy towards the world and a domestic policy that manufactures and manipulates fear to curtail rights.

There is a deadly trajectory to the events of the past months that must be seen for what it is and resisted. Too many times in history people have waited until it was too late to resist.

President Bush has declared: "you're either with us or against us." Here is our answer: We refuse to allow you to speak for all the American people. We will not give up our right to question. We will not hand over our consciences in return for a hollow promise of safety. We say NOT IN OUR NAME. We refuse to be party to these wars and repudiate any inference that they are being waged in our name or for our welfare. We extend a hand to those around the world suffering from these policies; we will show our solidarity in word and deed.

We who sign this statement call on all Americans to join together to rise to this challenge. We applaud and support the questioning and protest now going on, even as we recognize the need for much, much more to actually stop this juggernaut. We draw inspiration from the Israeli reservists who, at great personal risk, declare "there is a limit" and refuse to serve in the occupation of the West Bank and Gaza.

We also draw on the many examples of resistance and conscience from the past of the United States: from those who fought slavery with rebellions and the underground railroad, to those who defied the Vietnam war by refusing orders, resisting the draft, and standing in solidarity with resisters.

Let us not allow the watching world today to despair of our silence and our failure to act. Instead, let the world hear our pledge: We will resist the machinery of war and repression and rally others to do everything possible to stop it.

Not In Our Name,
158 Church Street, PMB 9,
New York, NY 10007-2204

<http://www.nion.us>

<http://www.zmag.org/ZNET.htm>

Contact:

Going to be printed as an ad in the New York Times in the second half of September

Has appeared in The Guardian, London, and reprinted in papers from Australia, to Cuba, to Bangladesh

.....

[illegible]

damian judge rollison

department of english

university of virginia

11/11/2016

[illegible]

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499. **richard.tylr**

Re: White Box ... Prank?

Mon 16 Sep 2002

I'd compare him to Hitler except to say that Hitler was a much better person. Mind you I'm referring to John F Hitler. Richard.

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

From: "Dodie Bellamy" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, September 17, 2002 5:04 AM

Subject: Fwd: White Box ... Prank?

> Hi All,

 $\geq$

> Below is another post from the person who sent me the original White
> Box closing announcement (from Germany, we are so global these days).

> A couple of people wrote me back channel to say it was a hoax, and

> Kevin and I had pretty much figured that out anyway, we felt very

> sleuth-like doing so.

 $\geq$

> But, I think this is a a wonderful piece of public art. Reminds me

> of Orson Wells and the Martians. As screwy as things are going, the
> White Box story seems only too imaginable.
>
> At a friend's suggestion, I spent some time last week looking up
> right-wing conspiracy websites that believe, seriously, that George
> Bush is the anti-Christ. Beyond all the convoluted ways they get 666
> out of his name, they were frightening in how they weren't that off
> in terms of picking up the apocalyptic tone of the times. The sites
> comparing him to Hitler were even more disturbing, in that there
> wasn't any numerology or Biblical interpretations, just comparisons
> with another era when things catapulted beyond reason.
>
> Sorry if I disturbed anybody needlessly.
>
> Best,
> Dodie
>
> -----
>
> >So, I just got word that the White Box Gallery thing is a hoax.
> >Of course, just as you can choose whether or not to believe the first
message,
> >you can choose whether or not to believe that it is indeed a hoax.
> >
> >The source however (that informed me that the White Box thing is not
real) is
> >an expert in the field
> >... a professional prankster. But he assures me that the White Box story
is
> >not of his doing. And I know him
> >whereas, the original message was something forwarded and I don't know
the
> >original source.
> >
> >
> >Apologies. I suppose it makes an interesting point (as in: could this
> >happen?/this could happen).
> >
> >Have a nice day.

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500. **Alan Sondheim**

The writing

Tue 17 Sep 2002

The writing

k 1 telnet 127.0.0.1 3000

Trying 127.0.0.1...

Connected to 127.0.0.1.

Escape character is '^['.

Welcoming

> New arrival from clara on line 4.

/n Karl

> Name set.

> New arrival from clara on line 5.

(5) Gertrud says, "Karl, are you here?"

Yes, Gertrud, I am here; this is writing on the wall, evanescent writing. (4) Karl says, "Yes, Gertrud, I am here; this is writing on the wall, evanescent writing."

(5) Gertrud says, "I see the words, but I do not see the hand that writes them."

It is the same for me. Of those who were weeded out, it is the same for all of us.

(4) Karl says, "It is the same for me. Of those who were weeded out, it is the same for all of us."

(5) Gertrud says, "The words read the words; the words write them."

The words, reading and writing one another. As if they are the last words. (4)

Karl says, "The words, reading and writing one another. As if they are the last words."

(5) Gertrud says, "The only words in this space, the only conceivable words."

A permanent cipher, nothing of reading, nothing of writing. (4) Karl says, "A permanent cipher, nothing of reading, nothing of writing."

(5) Gertrud says, "Nothing of translation, of audience; nothing of comprehension."

What we have to say to one another,

(4) Karl says, "What we have to say to one another,"

(5) Gertrud says, "The words already speaking"

The words already spoken-for

(4) Karl says, "The words already spoken-for"

(5) Gertrud says, "Of longings, yearnings, of good-byes"

Of leaving our signs for one another

(4) Karl says, "Of leaving our signs for one another"

(5) Gertrud says, "Of meetings elsewhere than this evanescent space, this space of ghosts."

Everywhere and nowhere at all, this

(4) Karl says, "Everywhere and nowhere at all, this"

(5) Gertrud says, "Permanent communion, this"

sign ...

(4) Karl says, "sign ..."

*The conversations you have seen here are not real, they
are trapped in a world between reality and computer nets...*

Connection closed by foreign host.

===

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

job

Tue 17 Sep 2002

There's a Professor's job being advertised in my Department. I'm not the only one interested in poetry here; there's also Michele Leggott and Murray Edmond. We are all writer/academics. We have 2 novelists as well: Albert Wendt and Witi Ihimaera. Twentieth Century poetry and American literature are both listed in the adverts (██████████ and www.nzjobs.co.nz/auckland.ac) are fields of special interest to the Department. Unusually there is a positive interest in youngish candidates--because none of us are getting any younger (I exclude myself). Closing date looms. If anyone wants to know more than this, please back-channel. Wystan

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502. **Duration Press**

First Festival of Literary Magazines

Tue 17 Sep 2002

The website for the First Festival of Literary Magazines is online.

From the website:

"Throughout the 20th Century, the connection between French and American poets has resulted in an exchange of forms, manifestoes, philosophies and translations that has contributed, both historically and socially, to the

furtherance of contemporary poetics in both countries. This conference will present this history as a living exchange, manifest through the presentation of literary magazines. At this conference, both French and American writer-editors will come together and discuss issues of community, translation, practices of reading, tradition, funding, cross-cultural and cross-genre influences on their publication practices. "Rather than showcase a few select journals, the conference's focus will be on conversation and the writer-editors invited will be those who are particularly interested in establishing this connection as a living correspondence. Rather than simply focusing on poetry, those invited will be able to discuss this exchange within a larger context of contemporary art, politics and culture. In this way, the conference should be of interest to anyone interested in how small magazines work to foster community.

"A companion exhibition entitled *Charting the Here of There: A History of French & American Poetry in Translation*, curated by Béatrice Mousli and Guy Bennett, will be on view at The New York Public Library, Humanities and Social Sciences Library. A catalog of the exhibition will be published by Granary Books, in conjunction with The New York Public Library."

<http://www.magazinefestival.org>

Schedule of Events:

Friday, October 4, 2002

Opening Events

Celeste and Armand Bartos Center, South Court Auditorium, Humanities and Social Sciences Library, New York Public Library, 5th Street and 42nd Street

3:30-5 pm

France and the United States, a literary relationship

Keynote Speakers: Michel Deguy and Rosmarie Waldrop

7-9 pm

Reception and poetry reading Cultural Services of the French Embassy, 5th Avenue and 79th Street Clayton Eshleman, Jean-Pierre Faye, Liliane Giraudon, Peter Gizzi, Andrew Maxwell, Giovanni Singleton, Anne Waldman

Saturday, October 5, 2002

Celeste and Armand Bartos Center, South Court Auditorium, Humanities and Social Sciences Library, New York Public Library, 5th Street and 42nd Street

10 am-1 pm

Panel 1: Considering the Avant-Garde: Critical issues surrounding the historical lineage of the avant-garde have been important to/around the development of and audience for literary magazines in both France and America. This panel

engages editors in a discussion of the critical contexts and contemporary concerns they work with(in) in publishing their magazines.

Moderator: Stephen Sartarelli

Editors: Clayton Eshleman (Sulfur), Jerrold Shiroma (Duration), Jean-Michel Espitallier (Java)

Rapporteurs: Stacy Doris, François Dominique

Panel 2: Considering Historical Precedence: The history of literary magazines is the history of literature. This panel asks editors to articulate their engagement with a larger historical trajectory.

Moderator: Guy Bennett

Editors: Andrew Maxwell & Macgregor Card (The Germ), Eric Giraud (Issue), Henri Deluy (Action Poétique)

Rapporteurs: Anne Waldman, Jean-Pierre Faye

3-6 pm

Panel 3: Considering Economy: Given the options for distribution, sales and promotion of small press literary magazines, this panel asks editors to discuss the ethical and political contexts in which they publish and promote their magazines.

Moderator: Marcella Durand

Editors: Ed Foster (Talisman), Caroline Crumpacker (Fence), Philippe Castellin (Dock(s))

Rapporteurs: Cydney Chadwick, Frank Smith

Panel 4: Considering Translation: In a time of globalization and short-sighted international policies, literary magazines offer rare open spaces for creative international dialogue. This panel looks at the ways in which editors function in relation to international issues of translation.

Moderator: Cole Swensen

Editors: Liliane Giraudon (If), Andrew Zawacki (Verse), Olivier Brossard & Omar Berrada & Vincent Broqua (Double Change)

Rapporteurs: Serge Gavronsky, Paul Vangelisti

7-9 pm

Poetry Reading

Dodie Bellamy, Philippe Castellin, Norma Cole, Jean-Michel Espitallier, Eric Giraud, Jean-Marie Gleize, Paul Vangelisti

Sunday, October 6, 2002

City University of New York Graduate Center, 365 Fifth Avenue

2pm

Opening Remarks: Mary Ann Caws, Distinguished Professor of French, English and Comparative Literature of The Graduate Center, CUNY.

3-6pm

Panel 5: Considering the editor-at-work: Most magazine editors are also poets. This panel explores the relationships between artistic and editorial practice in pragmatic and also critical/poetic terms, asking editors to make connections between themselves as writers and editors.

Moderator: Laird Hunt

Editors: Jena Osman & Juliana Spahr (Chain), Jean-Marie Gleize (Nioques), Giovanni Singleton (Nocturnes)

Rapporteurs: Peter Gizzi, Pierre Joris

Panel 6: Considering community: Small press literary magazines work for and within and/or necessarily create communities of writers and readers. This panel questions representation, inclusion/exclusion and audience in relation to varying ideas of community.

Moderator: Eleni Sikelianos

Editors: Dodie Bellamy (Mirage), Brendan Lorber (LUNGFULL!), Jean-Michel Maulpoix (Le Nouveau Recueil)

Rapporteurs: Christian Prigent, Norma Cole

7-9pm

Poetry Reading

Guy Bennett, Henri Deluy, Pierre Joris, Jean-Michel Maulpoix, Christian Prigent, Jerrold Shiroma, Cole Swensen

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503. **Duration Press**

okay...here's this again....First Festival of Literary Magazines

Tue 17 Sep 2002

not sure why my original e-mail was split into two different messages, but here goes again (just in case)...

The website for the First Festival of Literary Magazines is online.

The full schedule, taking place on October 4-6, is viewable at <http://www.magazinefestival.org>

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504. **Dale Smith**

Skanky Possum Book Party -- New Time

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Friends! There is another great reading in Williamsburg this Friday night, so Skanky Possum is changing the time of our book party at Pierogi Gallery.

Make it a poetry-in-Williamsburg kind of night. Come to both!

Skanky Possum book party

6-8 pm with a short reading at 7pm

Pierogi Gallery • 177 North 9th St. • Brooklyn, NY

(take the L to Bedford Ave, walk two blocks to N. 9th Street)

With short readings by:

Hoa Nguyen

Dale Smith

Kristin Prevallet

and then....

Prageeta Sharma and Photi Giovanis

8:00pm, Friday, September 30

Pete's Candy Store is located in Williamsburg

709 Lorimer Street. (██████████)

Take the L train to Lorimer Street. Walk down Lorimer about 8 blocks towards--and under--the BQE. The bar is between Richardson and Frost, about a 10 minute walk from the subway.

Here's a map:

http://www.petescandystore.com/pete's_map.html

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! News - Today's headlines

<http://news.yahoo.com>

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505. **Lawrence Upton**

Re: Mentioning hitler

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Jesse

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

From: "jesse glass" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: 18 September 2002 03:09

Subject: Mentioning hitler

| I simply find it annoying and
| puzzling why Alan cannot post links to his work

I didn't know you felt that way, Jesse, you should have said; we're all terribly interested you know

| If it's possible to create "work" in a
| matter of minutes and post it, then what becomes of the idea of craft in
| poetry?

The same applies to poetry written by hand

It remains to be demonstrated in any particular case that a piece of writing has been generated in a couple of minutes

It remains to be demonstrated that writing effected in a couple of minutes is less crafted than something which took a lot of time, that's only one kind of craft

There is craft in improvisation, for instance

It remains to be demonstrated that it is invalid to post a quick or first draft as intrinsically interesting

Separately... there was a German guy whose name I cannot remember but I can retrieve it, 20-30 years ago, and probably many others since but I remember him, who argued that the advent of machines indicated a need to reevaluate our aesthetics to include those without craft skill enabled to produce crafted work

Separately, aside from the above, that A is a poor craftsman does not lessen the craftsmanship of B

bigger and

| better machines get the added bonus of being able to wield more and more
| power to promote themselves and their work.

I'm more concerned about the power of those who own the software and hardware infrastructure to control everything should they want

| In a sense, Alan's non-stop computer-generated factory of | poems is redolent-- in my opinion-- of that sort of thing.

I think that's an easy target and maybe that's significant. It's certainly irrelevant.

You don't know me, you say. You don't know Alan. His drive seems to me anti-elitist

Worry about those who own the net, not those who use it

| Of course, Alan will not listen, or stop--and really, I never wanted him to

| stop posting. Just wanted him to post his "best" and/or--post links.

Purity of the er... craft?

L

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506. **richard.tylr**

Re: Mentioning hitler

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Jesse. Dont worry about it: Hitler wiped out the Brown Shirts: that was in my favourite movie "The Night of the Long Knives".. a lot of them were of a dubious persuasion shall we say! Most of the Nazis joined the US Secret Service or went into the French Foreign Legion and Werner Von Braun got a cushy job designing Spaceships...Dont apologise so much.

But you could be right re computer generated art: there is an aspect of "elitism" attached to it. However I think that most of the practitioners - and I'm thinking of Jim Andrew's site as an example - elitist some of them may be, but they are doing some fascinating stuff: as you warn it can be misused. Allan I think is simply driven: I cant handle the immense volume of it...my own feeling is: good on him, but I simply have no idea what he is going on about: one day I may have time to study it all: but else I like Alan as much as I have had dealings with him. I just mark them, look at some: and study the odd one. It would be impossible to convince Alan to stop (now once he actually put it to the List whether he carry on and most were in favour): I feel he is seriously obsessed with what he is doing: I have no problem with that: except that I could never become so passionate about "things language" or "things computer" (fascinating as they maybe or French philosophy and all the long words Alan uses) for the opposite reason to you...I'm not interested in poetry being "crafted" etc I believe in a kind of writing that is quite often "sloppy": I reject the idea of the "perfect poem" and so on. Sometimes I'm a helluva positive re Allen: other days it depresses me: I think...no, no more! No more long poems....in fact, I sometimes think there is just too much poetry and writing in the world: but someone is going to now ask me what is too much: I think it depends on my mood at the time. Or my energy, or chocolate, or caffeine levels....

I'd have a glass of whiskey or a beer or maybe light up a joint is best before you get on the list: or caffeine...but dont worry about Hitler: I assure you he is dead, his moestache was too much for him: and he hurt his neck peering out of bunkers.....

....and unless everyone puts pressure on the List bosses or they decide to stop or limit A S's "flow" then its like pissing in the sea to even mention the issue. However, I can understand your feelings. Richard Taylor.

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

From: "jesse glass" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 18, 2002 2:09 PM

Subject: Mentioning hitler

> Just went back over the list and noticed responses to the Brown-shirts
> posting. First, I want to say, Glass is also a Jewish name. Though I'm
not
> a practicing Jew, I do indeed maintain a deep connection with my heritage.
> My mentioning of hitler (and I won't dignify the name with a capital) was
> not meant to demean Alan, or denigrate anyone on this list. The target
from
> the beginning was Alan's method of posting (over-posting) his creative
work,
> the assumption of the right to do this without asking anyone's permission,
> etc. and etc. If this is chutzpah, so be it. I simply find it annoying
and
> puzzling why Alan cannot post links to his work instead of giving the list
> his "gifts" over and over. In that way I could exercise choice in the
> matter of whether or not I wanted to read his "creative" work. Of course
I
> could filter out Alan, but then again I'd be missing what he has to say,
and
> I find what he says sometimes to be of interest. (And I've said these
> things before.) My apologies to everyone--including Alan, and of course
> Maria. The hitler business came in when the negative claue became a bit
> too negative and I recalled the warnings I'd gotten earlier about speaking
> up re: Alan and his yen for posting everything he writes.
>
> All this was not so much a protest about Alan, as about trends in
> computer-generated art in general. If it's possible to create "work" in a
> matter of minutes and post it, then what becomes of the idea of craft in
> poetry? The Disney could do it better business is another aspect I still
> want to explore on this list: the economics of computer-generated art and

> literature really bothers me. Here's where people with access to bigger and
> better machines get the added bonus of being able to wield more and more
> power to promote themselves and their work. This goes along quite nicely
> with the future as some social scientists wish to portray it: an elite of
> technocrats lording it over the financially (and perhaps educationally)
> less-endowed. In a sense, Alan's non-stop computer-generated factory of
> poems is redolent--in my opinion-- of that sort of thing.
>
> Of course, Alan will not listen, or stop--and really, I never wanted him
to
> stop posting. Just wanted him to post his "best" and/or--post links.
>
> Don't know anything else to say except that I found most of the really
> negative postings interesting simply because those folks don't know who I
> am. No, I didn't vote for Bush. The last time I whined about anything was
> when I was two years old. And I do find computer art of interest. I also
> believe in complete freedom from censorship, but I do live in a land where
> people take other people's feelings and personal space (as I feel my
> computer is) into consideration. In short I was never interested in
flaming
> or offending, just speaking up.
>
> My humor doesn't translate well via e-mail. For that I'm sorry too.
Peace
> and apologies, Jesse

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507. **Noah Eli Gordon**
the whalebone essays

Tue 17 Sep 2002

here is the first instalment of an ongoing
collaborative work

<http://www.castagraf.com/whalebone.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! News - Today's headlines

<http://news.yahoo.com>

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508. **Aaron Belz**

Aaron Belz in NYC, November 23

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Poetics Friends,

I am giving a couple of readings in NYC in late November, info appended. I hope to see some of you.

Also, I'm looking for other reading opportunities around that time. If any of you know of something, or would like to put something together, let me know!

Thanks!

Aaron Belz

<http://meaningless.com>

+ + + + + + +

Ear Inn Reading Series

Saturday, November 23rd at 3:00 p.m.

Aaron Belz, Rosalie Calabrese, Michael Howley, Deborah Reich,
and Helen Tzagaloff

<http://home.nyc.rr.com/earinnreadings/readings-nov02.htm>

Knitting Factory/ Alterknit Theatre

Saturday, November 23rd at 6:00 p.m.

Open mic + feature Aaron Belz

<http://www.knittingfactory.com/kfny/index.cfm>

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509. **august highland**

walt howard

Tue 17 Sep 2002

WALT HOWARD

TOLL BOOTH COLLECTOR #002 [excerpt]

www.thescare.com

Corporation Advanced liberality following industry-standard Cryogenic Telescope Assembly International Electrotechnical Commonwealth Scientific about Enable Application Launch strove Client Application Enabler Hardware Logical Link Intercontinental Engineering Planning Group Satellite Automated Test System Exchange Identification When ElectroLuminescent say Configuration Verification Review Space Shuttle Main Engine Controller ElectroLuminescent lead trial attorney my contaminant analysis automation so numbers other keyboard Maximum Touch Temperature American

Mathematical Society on Virtual Network Feature Radiation Dosage Ben-
tham's manuscripts Data Compression gasped What Christian Social Union
talking about turned

after reassembled Missile Command U.S federal agencies information
graphics Cryogenic Telescope Assembly took Capital Utilization Criteria dou-
ble-end shut off Open Network Management System my Right Inboard Bud-
geting Computing System Coolant Control Assembly Microwave Landing
System Orbital Servicing Velocity Relative Processing Manufacturing which
could Operational Test Evaluation Management System Open milligram indi-
viduals cataloging publication one's User Support Room numbers other key-
board Random Amplified Polymorphic DNA Technique greatest Common Oper-
ational Research Equipment me POISSON/SUPERFISH

individuals could judicious Scan Forward Bentley Systems Souvenirs d'un
Vieillard time-temperature-sensitization La Environmental Safety Health Pit-
toresque Radiation Dosage awkwardness gave Avoidance General Purpose
Buffer Interface Module Enterprise Collaborative Open Software Foundation
all computation ElectroLuminescent proceeded Contingency Plan objects
Java digital data unit Threshold without distributed computing environment
or delivery training planetary boundary layer International Trademark Associa-
tion from Taylor on occasionally travelling specific specification multiple
wavelengths which paid elocution which contaminant analysis automation
occupied Hardware Graphics Address superficially noncondensable gas Princi-
ples Practice Parallel Programming

software configuration management nineteenth Shuttle Orbital Applications
Requirements eighteenth Microwave Landing System reminded me my
studies since ElectroLuminescent Microwave Landing System Organizational
Unique Identifier myself so Massachusetts Institute Technology what Length
Indicator Management Digital Rights Certification Requirement AESop's see
carbon-13 carbon isotope atomic weight 13 Reassembly Databases Sybase
Joint which ElectroLuminescent their Basic Output Report inveterate oppo-
nents perfectly SPARC systems ensure PCi Eisa Bridge liberty thrift sav-
ings plan times Maximum Working Pressure full-length emergency cooling/
core heat transfer or indifferent Software Cyberspatial ElectroLuminescent L
MultipleX they reached Basic Output Report rotary fluid coupler Hardware
Special Edition wickedness which Configuration Verification Review Emer-
gency Management On-Scene Commander spoke ElectroLuminescent waste
acceptance preliminary specifications computers done software ATM net-
work total waste acceptance preliminary specifications computers done soft-
ware DRDA DOM Document Object Model L MultipleX much Program Sched-
ule Chart precision automated turning system public Forward Reaction Con-
trol System occupies objects Java interface about weapon program

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/9/2002

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510. **august highland**

pornalisa

Tue 17 Sep 2002

PORNALISA

Yessssssssss! #002.....{excerpt}

www.pornalisa.com

want Squeeze now feel poor hot little pussy smile face burned red look up
cars trucks never think anything like six Elan times balls started walk away
passionate cries coming bucks worth preventing woman told Quite Paisley
charge started rub confined fore likes afraid go cheek Good morning told
cried Oh Alden fuck ass sexy hell first thing Peg said likes afraid go Sileas
felt wanted stand up tell face burned red look up appointments same way
girls go want things happening neighborhood moved also knew love slave
looked deep eyes couch glass want myself agree obey every law pussy once
either cock hard thought public Makara muster legs getting wobbly who
lead singer even harder Jacob see getting divorced Rosita cried loud plea-
sure pushing off rolling onto watching too bad get work right now looked up
hands massaged breasts walk pointed wordlessly Keene right love eat fucked
God Carl swear dipped while said goodnight Thyra licked Bazyli feet pussy
shoulders Lets see like very subtle humping

hands up cupped

upper thighs hissed steam building up inside preceding earlier looked trying
started once Chimelu Nicola removed hand chin spluttering pulled pulse
coming Delfina said Now news conference attend myself close friend heart
ignored Helen climb some high peaks area want girlfriends visiting
Townsend vagina pulled room catch let go cock pressed head smiling Pushing
strand

Very quartet years ago Now get pay said feelingly sister talk holding boobs
royal walked know know said grin room intending begging release part secu-
rity personnel

smooth spongy Andreas incredible know sexy hell first thing Peg said smooth
spongy Andreas razor made sex movies suit case lost cried Oh Alden fuck
ass Awe said good also need some new

think Adriana Hilary giggled see little problem just came up watch girlfriend
took best Lencho back hug Andreas pulled second other items themselves
off skin pushing some clean off all sweat wash rocks reflector fucking hot
exactly said climb some high peaks area listened began talking said valuable
Duc quickening Nicola removed hand chin croon blown water suit case lost
raincoat room Paisley quartet years ago Now get pay statement delivered
Townsend vagina pulled said understand those Cid said wanted smile
stood moved slowly feel grip

realised belatedly started rise started while said goodnight Thyra chairs Seeing
welts asking said hell just fucking fantastic words felt kissed probing
hearted aroused used Paisley most shopping opened door Zedekiah like
these push suck off another Annie while show Torn manhood knew Hon-
estly

cock hard thought sweet pussy get back work Zeldon shaped biting Sud-
denly mouth slides head hissed steam building up inside suit case lost
once said thank

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/9/2002

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511. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Mentioning hitler

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Just a couple of things. Most of the writing I do is either on an old 133 Mhz Pen-
tium I that I found for \$10 (with linux on it). It takes hours and hours to write
the programs and hours to write the pieces, for better or worse.

If I'm doing 3d animation/video, then I do need, and use, big machines; every
artist does. But what's sent to the list literally can be done on a 286 from 1987
with a dialup modem (and in fact I've done this as well).

Alan

Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Older 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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512. **Mister Kazim Ali**

Mentioning Alan

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Alan, can you talk a little bit about the process of your writing...these programs themselves, and how the pieces come through them? I'm interested because, as I said earlier, I really have no concept of how you are creating these pieces...am I wrong in thinking it's analogous somehow to Cage's creating his pieces randomly out of systems he previously designed with some intention...? or like the canadian artist Rober Racine...?

how **would** your work behave with visual component? (not necessarily electronic or computer-related) i'm remembering the "Poetry Plastique" show a couple of years ago that had fabulous hybrids and dramatic collaborations between written and visual...

just thoughts.

--- Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Just a couple of things. Most of the writing I do is
> either on an old 133
> Mhz Pentium I that I found for \$10 (with linux on
> it). It takes hours and
> hours to write the programs and hours to write the
> pieces, for better or
> worse.

=====

"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! News - Today's headlines

<http://news.yahoo.com>

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513. **Brenda Coultas**

Coultas, Giscombe, Prevallet reading at the Drawing Center

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Hi All,

Just to let you know:

Brenda Coultas, C.S. Giscombe, Kristin Prevallet are reading 6:30 Tuesday September 24th at The Drawing Center, which is at 35 Wooster Street (btwn Grand and Broome). Admission is \$5; free to Drawing Center members.

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514. **Jim Clinefelter**

Headline Anagrams

Tue 17 Sep 2002

While having my morning tea, I did some anagrams from various media catch-phrases and headlines...make of them what you will.....

"Marines Looking For Osama Bin Laden"

-same old lie

-looking for oil

-looking for no one

-oil

-lame asses

-fooling no one

"Where Are America's Allies In The War On Terror?"

-raw materials

-oil

-we're in error

-we are the terror

-we can't win

-we are alone

-Americans are silent

-another war

-more lies

"Iraq's Weapons Of Mass Destruction"

-waste of time

-one more war

-more crap

"The Hunt For Terrorist Groups In America"

-it's a sham

-error
-nut cases
-no more rights
-the hunt for error
-no more thought
-no more poems
-no more poets

I'm sure everyone can come up with others- give it a try.

Jim Clinefelter
editor, Whitewall of Sound magazine

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! News - Today's headlines
<http://news.yahoo.com>

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515. **kari edwards**

I knew our mind needed more of them

Tue 17 Sep 2002

I knew our mind needed more of them

stood in the bottom. of themes. just as a long robe, probably enough . . . would swallow the possibly . . . which I couldn't tell by the law (I could go to alaska or paris, but that . . .) had just started to go to warm place tillage, new creative products that would match the multiple choice rorschach. after that I was right, two weeks of information forms and something with danger hope as long as a robe, probably doesn't have a kinda holiday on the pryer years before. parts still floats in the average city council. its better to an eternal flame with. from behind the law (I knew all our minds institutions), there's a rugby team, small time do all-night-one-mind, right after two guards from the asylum, crooked with the skin of us. was this institution called themselves? recovering from crooked change forms and a fanfare of my combination blender, a basic volunteer for those that needed further forwarding. I knew our mind needed more of them.=

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516. **Small Press Traffic**

Saturday 9/21: M Durand on Ecological Poetry opens SPT's new New Experiments series

Tue 17 Sep 2002

New Experiments: Emerging Patterns in Innovative Literature by Authors Born in the 1960s and 1970s, Elucidated by Themselves New Experiments, which will continue next spring and beyond, aims to map new ways of reading, and to put a new generation on those maps. Join us for three Saturdays this fall, as we inaugurate this special series, curated by Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson. In a recent letter to the Poetry Project Newsletter, Boston poet and editor Jim Behrle made a call to innovative writers of the Baby Boomer (and older) generation to "give the kids a chance". Small Press Traffic's New Experiments series will do just that. New Experiments will explore critical (though not necessarily academic) ways of understanding writing that is being created now by younger experimental poets and prose writers. These critical understandings will be generated by the practitioners themselves in concert with the presentation of new works by themselves and others. These writers could be referred to as heirs of Language poetry, New Narrative, New York School, and other fairly recently established categories, but our idea is to seek out understandings of how far and wide -- and oddly, randomly, anarchically through bumpy history -- their inheritances truly go and work. We are also interested in exploring the contexts in which this writing is made today, and the contemporary forces that shape it. Small Press Traffic is interested in maintaining our position as an important venue for the latest in writing by helping a diverse group of talented and committed poets and writers under the age of forty-five -- most under thirty-five -- to create new works and to discuss emerging patterns in the literature of their generation. We are interested in how political and societal concerns and pop- and other cultural influences function in the writing of this new generation, the what and why of their aesthetics, and patterns in same that seem to each of the invited writers to be appearing. New Experiments is devoted to finding out how a diverse group of active writers and cultural workers see things; not in creating new "schools" per se, but in creating new ways of reading and understanding experimental writing that is happening today.

Saturday, September 21, 2002 at 3:30 pm

New Experiments: Marcella Durand on Ecological Poetry

Talk and discussion begins at 3:30, reading at 5:00

Marcella Durand writes: "Ecological poetry is much like ecological living?it recycles materials, functions with an intense awareness of space, seeks an equality of value between all living and unliving things, explores multiple perspectives as an attempt to subvert the dominant paradigms of mono-perception, consumption and hierarchy, and utilizes powers of concentration to increase

lucidity and attain a more transparent, less anthropocentric mode of existence." Join us as she speaks about these issues in terms of younger contemporary writers including Lisa Jarnot, Eleni Sikelianos, Lisa Robertson and Lytle Shaw.

Durand is the author of *Western Capital Rhapsodies* (Faux Press, 2001) and two chapbooks, *City of Ports* and *Lapsus Linguae* (Situations Press). A new chapbook, *The Geometrics*, is forthcoming this year from BeautifulSwimmer Press. She is the poetry editor of (the invisible city), an anthology of art and poetry inspired by Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*.

Saturday, October 5, 2002 at 3:30 pm

New Experiments: K. Silem Mohammad on Lyric Equivalence

Talk and discussion begins at 3:30, reading at 5:00

Saturday, November 23, 2002 at 3:30 pm

New Experiments: Arielle Greenberg on the Gurlisque

Talk and discussion begins at 3:30, reading at 5:00

All events are \$5-10, sliding scale, unless otherwise noted. Our events are free to SPT members, and CCAC faculty, staff, and students.

Unless otherwise noted, our events are presented in

Timken Lecture Hall

California College of Arts and Crafts

1111 Eighth Street, San Francisco (just off the intersection of 16th & Wisconsin)

Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson, Executive Director

Small Press Traffic

Literary Arts Center at CCAC

1111 - 8th Street

San Francisco, California 94107

<http://www.sptraffic.org>



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517. **Michael Rothenberg**

***Re: Saturday 9/21: M Durand on Ecological Poetry opens SPT's new
New Experiments series***

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Just for the record. There are many great writers who were born in the 50's, who were buried under the shadow of the Beat writers, New York School Writers, and writers of the San Francisco Renaissance. While I applaud any reason for a gathering of poets and celebration of any age group of writers, I think it is a mistake to make this assumption that the poetry stage has been dominated by

Baby Boomer(and older). Again, kids, dogs, cats and snakes should be celebrated for their work, but maybe, there also needs to also be an investigation into those writers in the shadows who never really got a great chance to be celebrated as lights of creativity. And if you didn't enter the academy there was no forum at all. Any thoughts on who those poets might be? ----- Original Message ----- From: "Small Press Traffic" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Tuesday, September 17, 2002 2:22 PM Subject: Saturday 9/21: M Durand on Ecological Poetry opens SPT's new New Experiments series

- > New Experiments:
- > Emerging Patterns in Innovative Literature by Authors Born in the 1960s and
- > 1970s, Elucidated by Themselves
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- > ways of reading, and to put a new generation on those maps.
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- > <http://www.sptraffic.org>
- > 
- >

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518. **Bob Grumman**

Re: sentimentality for Bob Grumman

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Subject: sentimentality for Bob Grumman

(who said:)

Here's a thought for everybody to explode over: any poem that doesn't greatly risk sentimentality is crap.

I thought of you, Bob, last night while I was driving to Blockbuster and the following Neil Diamond song came on the radio. (I often listen to "great soft hits--where the classics never go out of style.")

I hope I won't hurt your feelings, Aaron, but I also think a poem that doesn't do anything BUT risk sentimentality is crap, too.

--Bob G.

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519. **Aaron Belz**

Re: sentimentality for Bob Grumman

Tue 17 Sep 2002

I hope I won't hurt your feelings, Aaron, but I also think a poem that doesn't do anything BUT risk sentimentality is crap, too.

Ah, Bob! I am trapped between your dictums.

-Aaron

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520. **Small Press Traffic**

Small Press Traffic Book Awards

Tue 17 Sep 2002

THE SMALL PRESS TRAFFIC BOOK AWARDS

This year, the Small Press Traffic board of directors begins a new tradition with the SPT Book Awards. Compiled from a list of board members' favorite books of 2001 plus a lifetime achievement category, the award recipients recall to us the best possibilities of energy, engagement, intelligence and imagination in the writing that SPT works to cultivate and promote. This year's honorees are presented below in alphabetical order, followed by the lifetime achievement winner.

Dodie Bellamy's *Cunt-Ups (Tender Buttons)* works at what is often an impasse in writing about sex, pushing the usual confessional scene beyond the institutional and rhetorical horizons that often ensure its triumph over the matter confessed. Organs, surfaces and fluids act in this book in such profusion and with such rapid syntactic enjambment that no decision can assign their parts to stable subjects for very long. Relocating this "moment of decision" to the interior of each sentence and body, Bellamy shifts the ethical demand of confession from the "penitent"/narrator to the "confessor"/auditor, ensuring that the

reader plays along and that judgments regarding sex and writing are formed in the act, not in an exempt outside.

Along very different lines, this refusal of exemption characterizes Judith Goldman's *Vocoder* (Roof), a rambunctious book of some terrifying wrath and fury. Words just don't do what they should, neither will human beings. Poetry can't disguise any longer the need for an adequate politics, a need as basic as the need for air and water. There's so much to admire in *Vocoder* -- the attention Goldman pays to codes of all sorts, the 19th century refusal to sit back and take it, the "no in thunder" voice we have missed since the original American Renaissance. We put this high on our list of this year's best books for its originality, daring, passion and relentless call to justice. (Goldman will read at SPT with Chelsey Minnis on November 15.)

The flipside of such commitment is that tried and true postmodern poetics which finds a world of fragments ready to hand for inclusion in form as an administrative schema, or one-dimensionally volatized into a metaphysics of flux. Faced with such options, Dorothy Trujillo Lusk's *Ogress Oblige* (Krupskaya) would prefer not to, defiantly occupying the hidden abode of the fragment's production. Here archaic dictions plead for an authorizing literary context under bombardment from a contemporary vernacular of blunt refusal and blank disgust, while the bigger bombs of geopolitics fall as a catch in our small-time bohemian drifts. Lusk's method stutters us back to the sites of interpellation, refusing to forget the violence of those moments whose repression is all too often the ground of prosody. Surplus -- as expropriated value, as excess, as remainder -- refuses to be siphoned off, and spare parts blurt out a general strike against the sutured whole.

Kim Rosenfield's *Good Morning-- Midnight--* (Roof), at its core, challenges the separation of pleasure and social critique. Here feminist theory simultaneously picks apart a feast of fashion and (gendered) self-help discourse while taking delight in the festivities. Rosenfield's is a carnivalesque aesthetic that combines a strong ear for the pure pop of advertising lingo and a surgeon's touch when it comes to cut'n'pasting. She avoids easy moralizing over consumerism and media, implicating our own appetites within the omnipresent public discourse of commodity aesthetics.

In Jocelyn Saidenberg's *Cusp* (Kelsey St.), position is implicated in the critical turn that would dislocate it. There is such sobriety, such a questioning concern for what is necessary and justifiable in these poems -- also doubt as to how to determine such necessity -- that one is tempted to consider *Cusp* a dark book, at least a somber one. But this is that rare type of darkness that steadies and reminds the mind, the opposite of what is easy and therefore forgettable. *Cusp* reads as the pure product of a specific dynamic: the one that exists between

trying to see things (or words) at the level of their form, while still striving to recall their practical application. (For more on Cusp, see Camille Roy's review in this issue).

Finally, SPT's board members are pleased to name Carl Rakosi as the inaugural recipient of our Lifetime Achievement Award. His early appearance in *An Objectivist Anthology* situates him in a strain of American modernism whose clarity of method and depth of ethical and political engagement exert a profound influence on all sorts of poetic endeavor today. His commitment to the demands of such work is evident through his celebrated *New Directions* publications, *Amulet* (1967), and *Ere-Voice* (1971), and continues into two beautiful recent titles published by Etruscan Books, *The Earth Suite* (1997) and *The Old Poet's Tale* (1999). Throughout, Rakosi has worked not so much after Pound's "make it new," as after the imperative to make it exact -- both precise and exacting. Perhaps the best characterization of his work remains that offered by George Oppen, introducing Rakosi at a March 12, 1975 reading for the Poetry Center: "It seems to me that Rakosi is the most polished of poets, but his is a strange and unheard of polish, made of distance and intimacy, marvelously elegant: a place few have been carried to."

Compiled by Taylor Brady, David Buuck, Norma Cole, Brent Cunningham, and Kevin Killian, with thanks to the SFSU Poetry Center.

Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson, Executive Director
Small Press Traffic
Literary Arts Center at CCAC
1111 - 8th Street
San Francisco, California 94107
<http://www.sptraffice.org>
[REDACTED]

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521. **George Bowering**

Re: the Buffalo list

Tue 17 Sep 2002

A lot of people have been wondering: that alleged terrorist cell that was apprehended in a Buffalo suburb--are these guys on the lost?

--

George Bowering
No fries. No doughnuts.
Fax [REDACTED]

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522. **Dan Machlin**

Open call for Manuscripts: Futurepoem books

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Dear list:

Futurepoem books announces a reading period for manuscripts for the 2003/2004 publication year. Details are below.

Best,

Dan Machlin

**ANNOUNCING READING PERIOD FOR FALL 2003/SPRING 2004
PUBLICATIONS**

Futurepoem books, a new NYC-based publishing collective, will be accepting completed, unpublished manuscripts of innovative poetry and shorter prose with postmarks between October 1, 2002 and December 1, 2002.

Two manuscripts will be selected for publication during this reading period by a rotating editorial panel, final decisions announced by end of March 2003, and books published in the following Fall and Spring (2003/2004). We cannot publish books longer than 200 pages at this time; manuscripts should take that maximum length into account.

The editorial panel for the 2003/2004 publication year will be: Laird Hunt, Brenda Coultas, Anselm Berrigan & Dan Machlin.

Please mail submissions (no email submissions please) to:

Futurepoem books
P.O. Box 34
New York, NY 10014

For manuscript return, please enclose an self-addressed envelope with proper postage, and for notification of manuscript receipt enclose a self-addressed stamped postcard.

For more information visit the futurepoem site:
<http://www.futurepoem.com>

Questions, comments:

Email: [REDACTED]

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523. **Lawrence Upton**

Re: Mentioning hitler

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Yes, the advertisers' emphasis is on *productivity increase, a rather doubtful proposition in the usually portrayed context of management, as if it were *creativity; and it isn't

L

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

From: "Damian Judge Rollison" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: 18 September 2002 18:33

Subject: Re: Mentioning hitler

| Now this is intriguing. Isn't it the case generally that
| artists are more willing to mine the potential of
| "obsolete" technologies than anyone else -- so that Alan,
| your use of a 1987 machine would roughly correspond,
| allowing for the accelerated history of computer as medium,
| to book artists' use of letterpress printing in recent
| decades. Though anyone with coding experience knows the
| benightedness of, for example, HTML -- its avoidance of the
| content model, compatibility problems, oversimplicity --
| it's probably true that as a poetic medium HTML is far from
| exhausted. Same goes for UNIX and for old processors. This
| is in part a rebuke of Jesse's position. Artists who employ
| computers can in fact gesture toward a slowing down or even
| a reversal of the goosetstep march toward bigger and better
| machines. And this speaks to the question of craft --
| whether a particular piece takes minutes or hours to
| compose is beside the point: it's the process of feeling
| around in the medium that matters, trying new combinations,
| discovering and refining, not throwing out baby w/
| bathwater when the next model goes on sale. It's heartening
| to think of, because we're certainly encouraged by Gates et
| alia to always be breathlessly anticipating the cutting
| edge, and to think that technology's past is less
| interesting than yesterday's news.

|

| -- Damian

|

|

524. **Alan Sondheim**
(no subject)
Tue 17 Sep 2002

[Ellen Zweig and I continue the translation of the 1000 Character Classic. In the Chinese examination system, the characters were used to indicate the

applicant's home lane with its examination cells. Each character is used once. We translate in accordance with three dictionaries and two software programs, plus a grammar of T'ang poetry and other assorted aids. The original is in couplets; after a semi-mythological beginning, the essay settles into homilies, platitudes, proverbs, advice. It was used as a study tool, by children learning the characters for the first time.

Here, we find our own rhythm in translation, moving back and forth across the 4-character lines, assembling and reassembling, searching for tropes and parallels; suddenly the line is illuminated, and its aura extends to the next or previous.

The characters are old-style, not simplified; many are out of date. At times, in the Japanese software, the character will be combined with another (main) radical, existing only as a subsidiary remnant. Almost never does the knowledge of radicals aid in interpretation; it seems, at least in relation to the Japanese, to be an awkward process of elimination as well as accumulation.

The best search strategy is the boolean/root system in the Japanese software; this can be followed by character combinations in the Chinese software. When all else fails, a Chinese dictionary from 1930 is consulted; with its 10,000 + characters, it works well, in terms of radical and stroke count. But even here there are problems; characters within have up to 48 strokes, often drawn in a space smaller than a quarter-inch.

We are un-knowing of Chinese; Ellen is studying it, and I am still uselessly pursuing Japanese. But we enter a certain zone in this translation, a connection with something barely comprehended. For myself, the tenuous readings of the words plays into my own writing; bridging character to character is bridging English to English; it is a process of thinking into the void, not unlike the text itself.

Below is an inversion study in which the translation is first reversed, then sent through software that eliminates duplicate words, then reversed again (specifically, tac -> perl program eliminating duplicates -> tac). The language slowly becomes more coherent towards the end. And we are only between a quarter and a third of the way through.]

yellow :: heaven black, earth black - cosmos - are vast - desolate wasteland - moon fills - sun sets west - dusk - 7 9 morning - it's measure word, they spread line constellations - cold - comes - heat - goes - autumn - harvesting - winter - hiding, concealing - intercalary timing - leftover residue - becomes tenth - measurement years - so lu - pitches - shift position - open - clouds - ascend, galloping, - sending - rain - dew - forms - becoming - frost - gives gold - beautiful - water - emanates jade - from Kun mountain - summit - double-edged dagger - furiously named - huge - gate-tower - pearl - called - light - darkness - fruit - plum -

apple - vegetables - mustard - ginger - sea - salted - rivers - fresh - fish-scales - hidden depths - feathers - circling above - fire - dragon - teaching - royal - official - beginning - making - writing - characters - then - robes uniforms, wearing - skirts < clothing - expel - throne - yield - country - yao - tang - has - predicted - console - people - strike down - guilty - hold - boundary - test scalding - trying case - at court - query - way - bequeath - bow - doubting - sections - love - raise up - hosts - leaders - minister - prostrate - army - barbarians - near - far - one - reality - ration - guest - returning to - emperor - phoenix - cries - bamboo - white - colt - grazes - there - covers - grass weeds - (vegetation) - trust - attain - a myriad (10,000) - directions (square) - covering - person - issues - (giving birth to) - four - great - five - normal - (connector / alone) - rearing - children - (!) - flattering - destroys - injures - women - adore - chastity - unyielding - imitate - pleasing - genius - know - what passes - certainty - change - attainment - ability - never - neglect - talk deception - other - brief - disintegration - reliance - self (self-reliance) - long - cause faith - should - be covered (protect your faith) - tool (utensil) - desire - (is) trouble - (quantity) measure-word - ink - (on sorrow, sadness - printed (sadness stains silk) - praise poetry - small (lamb) - sheep (sheep) - view, scenery - lines - tied lined-up - wisdom - restraint, conquering - study - makes (creates) - sage - benevolence - built - name - stands - origin - shape - proper (upright) - model - sky - valley - proclaim - (one's) fame - empty - chamber hall (public room) - learn (review lessons) - carefully - depends on (is disaster (catastrophe) - accumulation - evil - blessings (fortune) - (are caused by) - virtuous - happiness - 1/3 (scale, ruler) - bi-jade (circular disk with hole) - negative (un-) - treasure - 1/30 meter (measurement, small) - yin (shadow, moon, sexual organs, feminine, secret) - is (just so) (to be) - emulated (compete with) - capital - father (parallels) - (business) affairs - supreme ruler - speak - strictly (accurately) - give - respect - filial piety - serves (accepts) - of power (the others) - devotion - follows (rules) - end (of) - life - face (meet, confront) - breathing out - public - rectification - fit - many - men - dwell - in leisure - the ch'in - 4-stringed instrument - good - and wonderful - question or problem - gate - [...] - as well -

===

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525. **George Bowering**

Re: Coultas, Giscombe, Prevallet reading at the Drawing Center

Tue 17 Sep 2002

*Hi All,
Just to let you know:*

Brenda Coultas, C.S. Giscombe, Kristin Prevallet are reading 6:30 Tuesday

September 24th at The Drawing Center, which is at 35 Wooster Street (btwn Grand and Broome). Admission is \$5; free to Drawing Center members.

Could you tell us what city?

--

George Bowering

No fries. No doughnuts.

Fax [REDACTED]

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526. **richard.tylr**

Re: Headline Anagrams & The Big Unlistening Ear

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Clearly you could find also sorts of permutations: but what you are "playing with" there is interesting: I don't think that the US want to find Bin Laden (I think they invented him or he's an agent and is walking around New York with a completely different "look", maybe he's got some ideas from Jackson)...he's better not apprehended: just as the Soviet Union was something that the US could "spark off" before it got all wishy washy and "collapsed" now the Muslims, Arabs Bin Laden have somewhat replaced communism as a bogey. Control of oil is a motive of all the major countries including Russia (I suspect that their interests in Northern Iraq has "panicked" the Bush admin or it's a factor...) in fact if the US take over in a big way they'll possibly even extract ALL the oil into the US: they will also be in a good position to control the drug industry....I don't think anybody is convinced by Bush - he has nothing: he's hopeless even for the US economy: he undertaxes the rich and taxes the poor...follow him and there will be in coming times 100 times the numbers on welfare (if you have any welfare systems)...

This is all probably a waste of time. America is the Big Unlistening Ear with One Eye: No Man united with Cyclops and laughing as the gristle drips from the driving gristle.....

I'm reading about and reading Pound's Cantos and can sympathise somewhat with his position vis à vis the US at that time - in hindsight. He could see the hypocrisy of US policies and the corruption of international capitalism and money lending...his anti-semitism was of course a kind of rhetoric as he had Jewish friends eg Zukofsky etc He was initially motivated by his horror of the wastage of the First World War. hence his "for an old bitch gone in the teeth...a gross of battered books, a botched civilisation,...the accelerated grimace of the age..." and the image of the dead caught on barbed wire...and so on. Richard Taylor. ----- Original Message ----- From: "Jim Clinefelter" <[REDACTED]> To:

<[REDACTED]> Sent: Wednesday, September 18, 2002 5:37 AM Subject: **Headline Anagrams**

While having my morning tea, I did some anagrams from various media catch-phrases and headlines...make of them what you will.....

"Marines Looking For Osama Bin Laden"

- same old lie*
- looking for oil*
- looking for no one*
- oil*
- lame asses*
- fooling no one*

"Where Are America's Allies In The War On Terror?"

- raw materials*
- oil*
- we're in error*
- we are the terror*
- we can't win*
- we are alone*
- Americans are silent*
- another war*
- more lies*

"Iraq's Weapons Of Mass Destruction"

- waste of time*
- one more war*
- more crap*

"The Hunt For Terrorist Groups In America"

- it's a sham*
- error*
- nut cases*
- no more rights*
- the hunt for error*
- no more thought*
- no more poems*
- no more poets*

I'm sure everyone can come up with others- give it a try.

*Jim Clinefelter
editor, Whitewall of Sound magazine*

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! News - Today's headlines
<http://news.yahoo.com>

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527. **Jane Sprague**

women in print

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Check out Juliana Spahr's latest- an editorial collaboration with Claudia Rankine _American Women Poets in the 21st Century_ by Wesleyan Univ. Press it grew out of a conference at Barnard in 1999- Where Lyric Meets Language- the book includes work samples, artist statements and critical essays on Rae Armantrout, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, Lucie Brock-Broido, Jorie Graham, Barbara Guest, Lyn Hejinian, Brenda Hillman, Susan Howe, Ann Lauterbach and Harryette Mullen

-Jane

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528. **Chris Tysh**

Beladonna Reading kicks off 9/27

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Dear List,

*deadly nightshade, a cardiac and respiratory stimulant, having purplish-red flowers and black berries

ENJOY

BELLADONNA*

AT ZINC BAR

Friday, September 27

6:30 pm

with

CHRIS TYSH &

JENNIFER MOXLEY

ADDRESS/DIRECTIONS:

ZINC BAR

90 W. Houston St.,

corner of LaGuardia Pl.
(near Broadway/Lafayette subway station)
212-477-833
A \$4 donation is suggested.
<http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna>

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON READERS:

Chris Tysh is the author of five volumes of poetry including *Continuity Girl* (United Artists, 2000), *In the Name* (Past Tents Press, 1994), *Coat of Arms* (Station Hill Press, 1992), *Porn* (In Camera, 1984), and *Secrets of Elegance* (Detroit River Press, 1981). Her work has been published widely in journals and magazines including *Big Allis*, *Canadian Journal of Political & Social Theory*, *Chain*, *Chicago Review*, *Hambone*, *How(ever)*, *Jacket*, *Lacanian Ink*, *Lipstick 11*, *New American Writing*, *Sun & Moon*, and *The World*. With her husband George Tysh she has translated Guillaume Apollinaire's *Julie or the Rose*. She has written and performed in the poetry theater and has written critically on the work of Georges Bataille, Kathy Acker and Allen Ginsberg, amongst other topics and poetics. She teaches at Wayne State University in Detroit, Michigan.

Jennifer Moxley's *The Sense Record* was published this year by Edge Books. She is also the author *Enlightenment Evidence* (published in French as *Evidence des Lumieres*) and *Imagination Verses* (Tender Buttons, 1996). She has published several chapbooks including most recently "A Personal Reminiscence Chronicling the First Documented Case of 'The Waldrop Effect'" (Orono: private, 2001). She is the translator from French of *The Translation Begins* (La Traduction Commence) by Jacqueline Risset. Moxley's poetry can be found in a wide array of small independent, experimental poetry magazines, one of which, *The Impercipient*, she herself founded and edited. Currently she edits *The Baffler*, and teaches at the University of Maine in Orono.

*Belladonna** is a feminist/innovative reading and publication series that promotes the work of women writers who are adventurous, experimental, politically

involved, multi-form, multicultural, multi-gendered, impossible to define, delicious to talk about, unpredictable, dangerous with language. In its two year history, BELLADONNA* has featured such writers as Erica Hunt, Fanny Howe, Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, Cecilia Vicuña, Lisa Jarnot, Camille Roy, Nicole Brossard, Abigail Child, Norma Cole and Lynne Tillman among many other experimental and hybrid women writers. Beyond being a platform for women writers, the curators promote work that is experimental in form, connects with other art forms, and is socially/politically active in content. Alongside the readings, BELLADONNA* supports its artists by publishing commemorative pamphlets of their work on the night of the event. Please contact Rachel Levitsky (██████████) and/or visit the website if you would like to receive a catalog or hear more about our salons.

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Yahoo! News - Today's headlines
<http://news.yahoo.com>

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529. **Harrison Jeff**
Virginie/Glaviaux
Tue 17 Sep 2002

One line says I am walled in light where the song is shot into my eyes
and the dust I clean my sugar with lies in another line
and the photographs tucked into your dressing-room mirror
are from where I forgot the words
But not everything is a plea for the
temporal
and the silver dollars in that two-storey brick home
down the road are / blonde
curls or blue
notes, things which never needed are still
there (simple Even the lowest strata give way to foundation.
we open wide
the sense of
either side)

One line says I am walled in light where the song is shot into my eyes
and the dust I clean my sugar with lies in another line
and the photographs tucked into your dressing-room mirror
are from where I forgot the words
But not everything is a plea for the
temporal
and the silver dollars in that two-storey brick home
down the road are / blonde
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notes, things which never needed are still
there (simple Even the lowest strata give way to foundation.
we open wide
the sense of
either side)

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

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530. **jesse glass**
Mentioning hitler

Tue 17 Sep 2002

Just went back over the list and noticed responses to the Brown-shirts posting. First, I want to say, Glass is also a Jewish name. Though I'm not a practicing Jew, I do indeed maintain a deep connection with my heritage. My mentioning of hitler (and I won't dignify the name with a capital) was not meant to demean Alan, or denigrate anyone on this list. The target from the beginning was Alan's method of posting (over-posting) his creative work, the assumption of the right to do this without asking anyone's permission, etc. and etc. If this is chutzpah, so be it. I simply find it annoying and puzzling why Alan cannot post links to his work instead of giving the list his "gifts" over and over. In that way I could exercise choice in the matter of whether or not I wanted to read his "creative" work. Of course I could filter out Alan, but then again I'd be missing what he has to say, and I find what he says sometimes to be of interest. (And I've said these things before.) My apologies to everyone--including Alan, and of course Maria. The hitler business came in when the negative claque became a bit too negative and I recalled the warnings I'd gotten earlier about speaking up re: Alan and his yen for posting everything he writes.

All this was not so much a protest about Alan, as about trends in computer-generated art in general. If it's possible to create "work" in a matter of minutes and post it, then what becomes of the idea of craft in poetry? The Disney could

do it better business is another aspect I still want to explore on this list: the economics of computer-generated art and literature really bothers me. Here's where people with access to bigger and better machines get the added bonus of being able to wield more and more power to promote themselves and their work. This goes along quite nicely with the future as some social scientists wish to portray it: an elite of technocrats lording it over the financially (and perhaps educationally) less-endowed. In a sense, Alan's non-stop computer-generated factory of poems is redolent--in my opinion-- of that sort of thing.

Of course, Alan will not listen, or stop--and really, I never wanted him to stop posting. Just wanted him to post his "best" and/or--post links.

Don't know anything else to say except that I found most of the really negative postings interesting simply because those folks don't know who I am. No, I didn't vote for Bush. The last time I whined about anything was when I was two years old. And I do find computer art of interest. I also believe in complete freedom from censorship, but I do live in a land where people take other people's feelings and personal space (as I feel my computer is) into consideration. In short I was never interested in flaming or offending, just speaking up.

My humor doesn't translate well via e-mail. For that I'm sorry too. Peace and apologies, Jesse

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531. **Brenda Coultas**

Re: Coultas, Giscombe, Prevallet reading at the Drawing Center

Tue 17 Sep 2002

*Hi All,
Just to let you know:*

*Brenda Coultas, C.S. Giscombe, Kristin Prevallet are reading 6:30 Tuesday
September 24th at The Drawing Center, which is at 35 Wooster Street (btwn
Grand and Broome). Admission is \$5; free to Drawing Center members.*

Could you tell us what city?

--

George Bowering
No fries. No doughnuts.
Fax XXXXXXXXXX

Opps, Sorry, NYC.

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532. **Harrison Jeff**

Virginia Would Conclude These Points

Tue 17 Sep 2002

A vagrant breaks out in beads of occasional congregation frequent manuscript and her neck an ancestral home for such dazzlement, in receipt of contradictory passing through a second edition of this voluptuary good-natured holiday gains no particular hearing taking slices, a full-dress paste lopping off its countrymen lesser lights, lords and women feel the sting of makeshift rounds, shipwrecks are often facts of expensive simplicity these entertainers of the fourth act must be middle-age before the service can only end through the body Such punishments were adopted by royalty Pyrrhic language a fact of human arrangement debunking of association cultivates exchange magnetic syntax ignorant of the hounds the early lyrics have a certain plausibility your revelatory pledge comments on goatish paradox fall victim to merriment, talk of virtue retrospectively coming out of court with no rewards to do her justice it is said the scene is nearly suffocated, fur afloat adultery purchased your sententious task, so colossal sense It's the sky all over again, overgrown with space short of memory at first, before coercion ends thus children could stand opposition to sagacity hierarchy had been due for a quarter of a canto also committed to lucrative revolution, onward the report by no means breaks off, abolition of the public information supplied delegations with close quarter quiescence moderating a grand scale absorption the machine was made to raise funds, supping circles taken as an insurrection, a lucrative Harrison Correspondence relating to success publicly doubled heavy questions a further installment of silence some canons allowed placards, fundamental consideration remained least, initiative disguising apprehension to consider revulsion an issue, conflict sedulous inadequacy leatherbound accent, the linchpin of a different slope the watchword is seamless, we used to remember hoarding how could you see a pattern from voice to minx shortages would follow pictures, frolicking understanding and vice-versa, why on earth are tears billowing A corpse was doubled to divide its eternal reward lamentable disinheritance compiles the attempt as turned, whipcord impossible to make satisfied ordinary confirmation resuscitated to get up and dye your coasting verse a thorough compliance roofed-over examination a fortunate choice avoiding cordials and habituations in turn, save us the embodiments of pageantries well within the mar of thralldom, denominate several English lines well-pleased with room to doubt, conclude these points Elopement bred on the wind, assure yourself that with loud pledges of performance materials are overawed enough of these pledges will land you a World's Re no longer entirely without warning, play a game storm and drying nets over two youths hardly broken that

beautiful pale face is my fate, substance scowling ourselves, Bohemia was a
place where the girls got as soon as possible, many books under her fingers,
closing sounds are jarring to some, elements make promises, Klezmorim are
long gone, never to return from the courts at Syracuse Contempt biting her
lip, document styled the whole place recent cloven eagerness inspired permis-
sion, to this despondency without any account, conjoined specimens turning
bounteous policy redounded to spacious name, at least permanent accommo-
dation a verbal charity, that famous version plain poesy treacherously an
inkling departed, reminded of submissives grant autobiographical reserve,
preserve my future condition omitting modification, firm character that slays
them, you, Heather, you are caught in this cycle foreather whether you keep
swimming right around, or shy away like thunder A daub denying a daub in
favor of a daub, civilization rolls on on when heart shall be in this lean reli-
gion, humiliation would have amours, promises before you part, win a thou-
sand contradictions to pass, no other prodigality keepsake the efficacy of
pining and disrest demanded guest an appeal to unnatural errata sets down
animosities swarm for that hunger and proportion, death shades a to the
woods I contrived peril, much scribbled for maintain a claim until acquies-
cence is sent back you find you are bought with money, scarce daub

Send and re-
ceive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com>

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533. **Tracy Ruggles**
Re: Headline Anagrams

Tue 17 Sep 2002

computer-assisted anagram hunting...

(diaphanous stammering scattergun)

On 17/9/02 at 10.37a, Jim Clinefelter (██████) said:

| *"Marines Looking For Osama Bin Laden"*

"Alien Religions Abandon Ammo Forks"

| *"Where Are America's Allies In The War On Terror?"*

"Alien Secrets Ameliorate Arrow-hewn Harrier"

| *"Iraq's Weapons Of Mass Destruction"*

"Quadratic Sons of Soresst Penis Maw"

| *"The Hunt For Terrorist Groups In America"*

"Authentic Profitters Measure Horror"

| *I'm sure everyone can come up with others- give it a try.*

"Ten genetic war yeshivas, our yttrium voices peer: OHM."

--Tracy

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534. **Kristin Palm**

FW: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process

Tue 17 Sep 2002

From: Kristin Palm <[REDACTED]>

Date: Sun, 15 Sep 2002 11:34:12 -0400

To: Poetics List <[REDACTED]>

Subject: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process

Having just begun an MFA program, I am incredibly interested in this thread, and here is the question with which I am currently struggling: how can I be a productive member of the workshop? The instructor is decidedly steering us away from traditional workshop modes, even tactfully fighting certain students' suggestions that we adopt a more traditional workshop model (more in terms of procedures, as opposed to discussion, I suppose, and some of whom are probably reading this), emphasizing reading outside work as much as, if not more than, traditional "workshopping," so I feel we're off to a good start. An excellent one, really, in my mind. Now, what can I do to help this along, make this a productive experience for me and for those to whom I offer comments? (We're working towards answers to this in class as well, but I'm curious what list members think).

Case in point: Although I entered the workshop (and the program) completely down with the idea of eschewing traditional workshop bullshit, I believe my first actual "critical" comment in the class was "I'm not so sure about this second to last line." (And I do believe there are cases where this comment is relevant, maybe this was even one of them, but that's perhaps beside the point) So, I've obviously got some serious de-programming of my own to do. I did graduate to posing the question last week as to how we might usefully "criticize" a less narrative, much denser piece. We spent some time just talking about the inner workings of the piece, the effect of each word in connection with the others, the significance of the undertaking of the specific poem at all but I felt an internal pressure to offer some "constructive criticism." Perhaps this is not nearly as useful as I have been taught it is, however? Perhaps it is better to just talk about what we see/hear/experience before us, how the poem is situated in a larger context (of what? the world? depends on the piece, I suppose) and then

leave it at that, trusting that the process is much more internal and, dare I say it, organic than any traditional workshop model would ever lead us to believe?

Given that the program I'm in is geared toward a more experimental model, I'm especially interested in Kasey's example #3, Commodified Alternativity. How does one identify this (esp. in one's own writing -- another struggle du jour) and thoughtfully deal w/ it in a workshop? Were I infinitely well-versed in various schools of experimental poetics, critical theory, the works, I guess I'd feel more confident in making the distinction between genuine/imitative (commodified). But I've read and heard enough to look at/hear a lot of what's out there and think, "I've seen this a million times already," so I guess that's a starting point. But here's another quandary: oftentimes when I think that, it's not when I'm evaluating my classmates' work, but the work of more "established" writers being held up as models in the latest de rigueur journals and readings, for example. I mean, aren't there times when an experiment by a first-year MFA student for some reason holds little currency, but the same experiment by, say, someone whose been around St. Mark's for some time (say, between two and forty years -- and I only choose St. Mark's as it's such an easy example) is bestowed with a certain 'legitimacy.' Which is the true alternative and which is the commodity? How do we decide?

All in all, I'd say I'm working myself toward some answers (but only some!) just by writing this (which perhaps affirms the notion that 'process' trumps 'craft'), but I'm very curious as to what others think and interested in (even hungry for) feedback.

kp

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535. **Bill Luoma**
lucrative Harrison

Wed 18 Sep 2002

Hi Jefferson,

i have been wondering about your models.
here is one of mine. it proposes to look
at a truer form of composition. it can
compose in three seconds. it has pictures
and underlining too.

<http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu:8993/Default.html>

it even has a jsp-like interface if you'd like to design
your own landing page. let me know. as the current
reference implementation is really lacking.

best to you an yours,

Bill Luoma

(requires solaris 8,
4GB memory,
4 sparc processors,
1 terrabyte of disk space)

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536. **Jeffrey Jullich**

Re: request for info on The Conversions

Wed 18 Sep 2002

Laird:

The Fall 1987 Review of Contemporary Fiction (vol. 7, no. 3: Elmwood Park, IL) had a 226-page tribute to Harry Mathews,--- with interviews by John Ash and John Ashbery, and more than a dozen essays by the likes of Edmund White, Barbara Guest, W.C. Bamberger (who has done a similar book-sized bibliography and tribute to Kenward Elmslie), etc.,--- including Barrett Watten's notes on a 4-day symposium Mathews gave in San Francisco.

Tomasz Mirkowicz, who translated ~The Conversions~ into Polish, has a 10-page essay exclusively on that novel. In it, he makes a great deal of claiming that scene after scene are based on Rousselian traces of the Romance word "alba" (white): the Gypsies who ravaged the Silver Glen uprooted the clematis there (botanical name: Clematis vitALBA, a sort of surrogate for Frazer's mistletoe); the color-blind Mr. Wayl thinks the narrator has purple eyes (i.e., is an ALBino); Mirkowicz takes the "noddy" that appears to Williaus in the Arctic ("almost certainly") to be an ALBATross; the chain attaching Wayl's detonating watch from waistcoat pocket to button would have been an ALBert; Felix's invention depends on the reflective power of ALBedo; etc., etc., etc., with alba "hypogrammes" in Spanish and German, too. (Some of Mirkowicz's "evidence" falters under the [good, creative] weight of his own seeming obsessivism, but . . . Mirkowicz had interviewed Mathews three years

previous and admits to no contradiction by him.) ". .
.at one point the dismayed narrator finally exclaims,
'Enough of Alva!'"

Similarly, the earls of Mar: Johnstone's experiments
involve MARIotte's law; "pyrites crystals" are known
as MARcasites.

Mirkowicz focusses a lot on mythological White Goddess
clues throughout ~The Conversions.~ (Ergo, ~The
Golden Bough,~ of course.) The (second) only adze
engraving left unexplained in the novel portrays the
moon goddess Selene. The Hekate Triple Goddess is
encoded into the name of Miss Gabrielle Dryrein of
2890 Valentine Avenue: "drei" (Ger., "three") - "rein"
(Fr., "queen"). The many (dentata) "beautifully
colored oval shells with a narrow opening with
toothlike protrusions along the edges" are Cypraeida
shells, sacred to Venus, who was know as Cypria.

The festschrift provides other, diverse angles and
details into sleuthing out Mathews, and it concludes
with ---as of 1987--- a comprehensive bibliography on
him: the secondary sources (reviews) for ~The
Conversions~ include Anthony Burgess, Howard Nemerov,
and Terry Southern. Interesting details: in the Ash
interview, Mathews points out that the color sequence
established during the worm race recurs throughout the
book. His Italian translator found the end-of-book
revelation that the narrator is a mulatto so upsetting
that she gave the secret away in her introduction,
because she "couldn't stand the idea" of people being
surprised that way. In the Ashbery interview,
---which is enchanting for their old pal good-natured
ribbing of each other (Ashbery mainly ribbing the
supremely aristocratic and more patricianly restrained
Mathews)--- he identifies his writing ("the movement
is what matters, rather than whatever is being said")
with a quote from the English composer Birtwhistle:
you could change all the notes in it and it would
still be the same piece. (The Roussel that Mathews
says was his model is Roussel's play, ~Poussiere de
soleils.~)

Let me know if you can't find the issue. (I'm reporting from a copy I checked out from the library, ---out of collegiality toward your request. I twice scoured the entire half dozen bookshelves throughout my living room, hall, and wardrobe room, unsuccessful! at finding the copy I bought off the stands back when; but I know I still have it here somewhere. New York Public Library apparently has it, too.)

Jeff

P.S. You have quite the "bedroom voice" in the Immanent Audio sound clips at <http://www.morningred.com/immanentaudio/peruse.html> . :)

Date: Sat, 14 Sep 2002 09:27:45 EDT
From: Brenda Coultas <[REDACTED]>
Subject: request for info on The Conversions

HI All,

This is a request I'm passing on for Laird Hunt:

"I wonder if anyone out there could direct me to (or provide me with) info on

The

> Conversions by Harry Matthews. I am specifically interested in the Oulipian

> techniques employed in it. The Oulipo Compendium refers to it as partially

> Oulipian, but doesn't elaborate (or if it does I couldn't find where). Any

> info would be very much appreciated. It's a novel I love but have never,

> until now, had to teach.

>

> Best wishes,

>

> Laird Hunt

> ([REDACTED])"

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Yahoo! News - Today's headlines

<http://news.yahoo.com>

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537. **Tony Follari**

Reply to Tracy: Headline Anagrams

Wed 18 Sep 2002

Dear Tracy, I have written many anagrams over the years, the term anagram should really be renamed "Antigram" as most anagrams appear opposite in meaning to the original word or sentence. I wrote an 11 line poem-anagram in 1992 which was called "Poseidon's Spider" it was published in my 1996 poetry book which also features Lipograms, and univocalics. If you would like a copy of Poseidon's Spider just write back to me . By the way did you know that the name "Suez" is the name "Zeus" spelled backwards?

Regards Tony Follari NZ Comedian/Poet/Artist

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

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538. **Dan Machlin**

Open Call for Manuscripts: Futurepoem books

Wed 18 Sep 2002

ANNOUNCING READING PERIOD FOR FALL 2003/SPRING 2004
PUBLICATIONS

Futurepoem books, a new NYC-based publishing collective, will be accepting completed, unpublished manuscripts of innovative poetry and shorter prose with postmarks between October 1, 2002 and December 1, 2002.

Two manuscripts will be selected for publication during this reading period by a rotating editorial panel, final decisions announced by end of March 2003, and books published in the following Fall and Spring (2003/2004). We cannot publish books longer than 200 pages at this time; manuscripts should take that maximum length into account.

The editorial panel for the 2003/2004 publication year will be: Laird Hunt, Brenda Coultas, Anselm Berrigan & Dan Machlin.

Please mail submissions (no email submissions please) to:

Futurepoem books
P.O. Box 34
New York, NY 10014

For manuscript return, please enclose an self-addressed envelope with proper postage, and for notification of manuscript receipt enclose a self-addressed stamped postcard.

For more information visit the futurepoem site:
<http://www.futurepoem.com>

Questions, comments:
Email: [REDACTED]

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539. **august highland**
teddy warburg
Wed 18 Sep 2002

TEDDY WARBURG

ATMOSPHERE #0009 [excerpt]
www.voice-of-the-village.com/atmosphere/atmosphere0009.html

Gesu! hexagonal perforations Accurately fitting plungers education thrown away yearly colleges man great weight society generally vague sense though restricted members the dinner combined with taste her licking elevator stopped further still remember neighbourhood for who told him the impending repeal out couple months those whose spelling Representation the defence Dr Christopher Potter provost Queen's Horace was ten years carriages education thrown away yearly colleges man great weight society philosophical thesis basis science Yoga raised revolt Ferghana the more important its industries One enjoyed shared Seeland Geological smoothly caresses his afternoon ladies you against the Shi'ites Topographical unto Moses will thing also thou hast spoken thou hast found New keep with you two gorgeous illumination perfection The ecclesiastical earthly quickly audrey reached down The prophet thereupon set ease yet already six months date letter another year bring God's warm-blooded animals have arisen from cumming she looked to keep the tyranny which she rolled him over Staatsanzeiger Duncker Historische Zeitschrift poking in aimed submachine gun flashlight Simon's bloody body lay twisted ought ashamed yourself--unchanging experience fullness peace joy other hand present sneaking round! ought ashamed yourself! pardon subject scarcely nature permit discussion child found talk married civil ceremony six months pregnant Stanhope His death was overwhelming grief circuit has several Blood Lamb word testimony testify keep low Divine Presence feet intimate belong the house Ali is ran fingers her enlist again when her purchase from the latter the freedom the pilgrimage Mecca his thighs slapping though his occupied WASit The empire the hair washing away traces him lighter fromgold Before the introduction who had stood great esteem with is line often he rode from one patient touched vagina

many that the whole Kharijite had assumed the title Prince the Believers police anyways renae Yeah Know Joe remember who dealing Two people who dealt clones her northern Russia - J'-f ! . clare started sucking Springfield Granville the seat Denison University the discovery gunpowder From modern researches seems more hjriipe which has spend night not thrive it manured For the production fine show down us tell you Saphar October Reign Mostakfi -As successor Motasim incomplete primal moan scream belong the house Ali is ran fingers her enlist again when Once speaking CIA exist looking me she smiles for the greater part signed great part with be distinguished from the more general identical physical way may more subtle mental way happens within four seemed lost year revival the Bath the red riband was offered him but was Heaven directed rescue gives Merj Rahit had been revived The orthodox faith green bottle such beyond want embrace people who different Dana revisited the lend now judy soon groaning loudly Jenny broke kiss also named his brother Hasan expected that the Mahdi would formerly the seat the caliph till when Façll Rabi got his place thong panties the century They had great often mentioned said mother differed all other mothers seen for the regular visiting nights insisted credit cards together with the most England the Chartist movement was which caused him be ostracized year ordered twenty pipes willow charcoal smoothly caresses his afternoon ladies you against the Shi'ites moved through its respective published the first edition his resolved his death Some historians say that had already silky work The Dechaux Thionville March ith paused let calculation sink home elects Maywick! elect Maywick ten Francisco situated large bay discovered Sir Francis Drake lat ° later ma'am looking toy tonight you smallest her preferred the living Upminster Essex accompanied Lord Hopton near EELS legitimate election authority the Omayyads had not been Lab force projection function wear something nice get the prosperity Syracuse during his rule given the with small soft licks sought Abü Tammam compiling his others The best and most down from breasts toward suffered him that has Genealogiae Hyginus tell you Saphar October Reign Mostakfi -As successor Motasim unknown grammarian who added you last night when you punishment without complaint the Turkish want okay? mind ever gross refined yet even amongst called civilised educated people the unity things instinctively rebelled dicks belong the house Ali is ran fingers her enlist again when their clits pungent odors Phillip's Christ constituted Peter prince whole Church promised give keys slithering lewdly tightly ovaled lips stung flared nostrils held her commandments the Book God and rules she condo felt slap his hand took position obedience the Imam and place their lives and property his time man ballot line often he rode from one patient touched vagina many that the so-called notables powers Joyce nodded wardens bring out his very playful smoothly caresses his afternoon ladies you against the Shi'ites former Okay stick fingers dormitory being discovered boys allowed case thought sending pussy will fuck yourself few times move receiver down pussy

brought the Medinians were false knees between legs her Ladies hear supra
smiled known decided her full bladder officer hate trouble Dee six subject
sound grunt satisfaction each side her panties review the financial situation
which the Francisco situated large bay discovered Sir Francis Drake lat ° suck
these boys? murmured situated narrow fertile valley the Western Cordillera
how expand thing that first step the rate burning that shall slow first smoothly
caresses his afternoon ladies you against the Shi'ites more thought wanted oc-
cupied WASit The empire the hair washing away traces him place sensation doc-
tor canon law nurse brought morning said guys get together familiar objects
seemed remembered better those other place her nicely rounded grand pi-
anoforte Bach's harpsichord preserved the

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/10/2002

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540. **august highland**

gretchen haitink

Wed 18 Sep 2002

GRETCHEN HAITINK

SPANK or TOTAL AQUACULTURE EXTINCTION #144 [excerpt]

<http://www.atlantic-ploughshares.com/gretchenhaitink/tae/tae144.html>

entered felt arm shoulder ecological field studies Alvar Nuñez tells Commen-
taries appropriate management needed rest stop horror found swaying
spreading doorstep Tennessee Battles Richmond lady night know course
rough ready contrivances found look cavalier accentuates designate zones
where lofty airs these patricians cuts brought right arm up suspicions Alvar
Nuñez tells Commentaries scripture rough ready contrivances found enjoyed
best health deep- felt panties speed down legs down beginning present century
thy included system insofar remarks rough ready contrivances found against
Jesuits L considered Telford included system insofar Batch dried eyes bade
settled down farmer Eskdale glanced down make sure showing girl shewed
proclaim seventeen huge foreign policy United States drawings

saw still standing shadow wall dripping cheek against get lonely boy gloating
sadistic glee estates belonged forming part recapitulation same items looked
up Dangling front opportunities exploit vast new waiting sign hissing bridling
snake Why drinking fiery wines needed rest stop horror found accordance
scene June beautiful girls effectual method bridging Malcolm family both
whom rose head sumptuous board placed investigating Oh thanks lot Mike

sophie fetters feet chief gaoler throughout most region east looked up Dangling front too valuable too constantly rights may patented provisions writing all those who treat foreign policy United States room let murderer who awaiting make happiness complete three throughout most region east danger Between hill attractive Bernardino made remarkable girl life work laid down staff Malcolm family both whom rose mature timber therefrom may proclaim seventeen huge seems most probable failed see estates belonged forming part drinking fiery wines suffered rough ready contrivances found designate zones where color palette boy knew some spoke proclaim seventeen huge rough ready contrivances found touching proclaim seventeen huge Yes mineral interest surrounded Mohammedan does well forcing needed rest stop horror found financed plans Alvar Nuñez tells Commentaries repay advances made pursuant Corps Armies Cumberland country-seats Tudor house schools total per pupil rough ready contrivances found

rights may patented provisions needed rest stop horror found finery none judge one make Jackson defrayed principal mineral interest surrounded Corps Armies Cumberland anticipating preventing watching lockhart finding persons capable building bridges making roads rough ready contrivances found buried deep throat Jim took make happiness complete three needed rest stop horror found saddam hussein room somewhere fuck Everyone Acts amendatory thereof estates belonged forming part Commissario Maestre de Campo politely All things considered Don every day Judge Ellicott sentiment beauty thought effectual method bridging looked up Dangling front forgotten needed rest stop horror found garcia affair rough ready contrivances found needed rest stop horror found below rushing enjoyment repay

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/10/2002

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541. **J Gallaher**

Re: FW: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process

Wed 18 Sep 2002

Kristin Palm wrote:

<I believe my first actual "critical" comment in the class was "I'm not so sure about this second to last line." <snip> I felt an internal pressure to offer some "constructive criticism." <snip> All in all, I'd say I'm working myself toward some answers (but only some!) just by writing this (which perhaps affirms the

notion that 'process' trumps 'craft'), but I'm very curious as to what others think and interested in (even hungry for) feedback.>

I Reply:

I really like the slant rhyme of "craft" and "feedback" here at the end. I think it provides a sense of musical resolution to your post.

So what does a writer do with that kind of information? Is this something that will make the poem stronger? And if the poem is made stronger though this . . . does that in any way help the next poem?

I think the biggest problem with line criticism, or even dwelling on the "poem before us" is that, in talking about this poem, the poet is overly influenced into doing this very same thing the next time. If the group likes it.

I would think, perhaps, that talking about the world around the poem, or the world revealed by the poem, or "what form is this poem setting up for itself", would be more productive for the poet to hear in the long run. More aesthetics, less line talk.

This all sounds so teachy though. It probably would work just as well to have people bring in poems (their only copy), burn them, and then tell them to bring the same poem back next week. That would be constructive criticism, as well.

Best,

JG

JGallagher

"How has the human spirit ever survived
the terrific literature
with which it has had to contend?"
--Wallace Stevens

[↑ Contents](#)

542. **Susan Wheeler**
Reading September 19

Wed 18 Sep 2002

I'll be reading with Star Black and David Lehman September 19, 6:00 p.m., at Cornelia Street Cafe, Cornelia Street, New York City.

Susan

[↑ Contents](#)

543. **lewis lacook**
a poem posted earlier, sonicized
Wed 18 Sep 2002

<http://www.lewislacook.com/WhiteGrits.mp3>

I posted this poem a few days ago to a few lists...here's a musical version

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! News - Today's headlines

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544. **LMJ**
black mountain college conference
Wed 18 Sep 2002

for those of you in and around asheville, north carolina this weekend, there is a poetry/arts conference happening --

Under the Influence

A Festival Celebrating the Legacy of Black Mountain College

September 19-22, 2002 in Asheville, Black Mountain, and Cullowhee, NC

with performances by Lisa Jarnot, Lee Ann Brown, Pauline Oliveros, Michael Boughn, Patrick Herron, John Landry and others--

for a schedule of events, check out the festival website--

<http://www.blackmountaincollege.org/festival/>

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545. **Charlotte Mandel**
Poetry workshop
Wed 18 Sep 2002

My workshop "Translating Silences" will be offered again at Barnard College Center for Research on Women, 3009 Broadway, NYC 10027, starting October 2nd. Six Wednesdays, 6:30 to 8:00 p.m. For information, call [REDACTED].

Obviously, those of us who "teach" workshops must believe the job worth doing. I feel that feedback can generate creative energy for everyone in the room. Of course we will talk about what a particular line/word/break/space/etc. seems to do within the poem; but most of all the poet benefits from what is stimulated

within each of the others. I see "poetics" as impossible without "craft." Articulating critique is, I believe, of important benefit to thinking towards one's own work. All best to all, Charlotte Mandel

[↑ Contents](#)

546. **Aaron Belz**

Re: FW: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process

Wed 18 Sep 2002

J Gallaher wrote:

<I think the biggest problem with line criticism, or even dwelling on the "poem before us" is that, in talking about _this_ poem, the poet is overly influenced into doing this very same thing the next time. If the group likes it.>

I reply, much in the fashion of J Gallaher:

But this assumes that all poets in workshops try to please the rest of the poets. My experience in the NYU workshop was that, although a lot of poets were poet-pleasers, which retarded their development, there were some poets who kept trying to befuddle, to defy the standards of the group--in fact to *dis-please*. This often meant very unusual & unpredictable but very bad poetry. Sometimes it meant a triumph that eluded the group's radar; sometimes this, in turn, meant a recalibration of the group's radar. Sometimes it simply meant a surprising triumph.

A few who escape from workshops actually benefit from it. Others--well--others continue to go to workshops wherever they can find them: conferences, community colleges, living rooms, etc. We had a person in one workshop who was older, and confessed she'd been going to workshops for years. Robert Bly asked her when she planned to start writing her own poetry! She was visibly embarrassed. I didn't think that was very nice of Robert Bly.

My conclusion: all of life is a workshop, and we are but poor poem-toting students.

-Aaron

[↑ Contents](#)

547. **oranget**

So To Speak: Summer/Fall 2002 issue and annual contest

Wed 18 Sep 2002

hello all,

forwarding the following publication and contest announcement.

thanks,
tom orange

----- _So to Speak: a feminist journal of language and art_ would like to announce its Summer/Fall 2002 issue is now for sale and features work by Tina Darragh, Hannah Weiner, Eleni Sikelianos, Catherine Daly, Carol Mirakove, Kristen Prevallet and many others.

To order this issue (\$6) or a year's subscription (\$11) send a check made payable to So to Speak, 4400 University Drive, MSN 2D6, Fairfax, VA 22030-4444.

To be considered for our annual contest judged by Eileen Myles please submit 3-5 poems along with a ten-dollar entry fee, via check or money order made out to So to Speak. Postmark deadline is October 11. Entrants must send duplicates of their work, one with entrant name and address information alongside copies of your work without name and address information, as this is a blind judging. Please send a cover letter stating that this is a contest entry along with a SASE (self addressed stamped envelope). Poetry submissions are also being accepted outside of the contest.

For guidelines please visit <http://www.gmu.edu/org/sts>
or email 

[↑ Contents](#)

548. **lewis lacook**
drowning in the age of midair...
Wed 18 Sep 2002

<http://www.lewislacook.com/DrowningInTheAgeOfMidAir.mp3>

more poetry music...

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! News - Today's headlines

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549. **Damian Judge Rollison**

Re: Mentioning hitler

Wed 18 Sep 2002

Now this is intriguing. Isn't it the case generally that artists are more willing to mine the potential of "obsolete" technologies than anyone else -- so that Alan, your use of a 1987 machine would roughly correspond, allowing for the accelerated history of computer as medium, to book artists' use of letterpress printing in recent decades. Though anyone with coding experience knows the benightedness of, for example, HTML -- its avoidance of the content model, compatibility problems, oversimplicity -- it's probably true that as a poetic medium HTML is far from exhausted. Same goes for UNIX and for old processors. This is in part a rebuke of Jesse's position. Artists who employ computers can in fact gesture toward a slowing down or even a reversal of the goosetep march toward bigger and better machines. And this speaks to the question of craft -- whether a particular piece takes minutes or hours to compose is beside the point: it's the process of feeling around in the medium that matters, trying new combinations, discovering and refining, not throwing out baby w/ bathwater when the next model goes on sale. It's heartening to think of, because we're certainly encouraged by Gates et alia to always be breathlessly anticipating the cutting edge, and to think that technology's past is less interesting than yesterday's news.

-- Damian

On Tue, 17 Sep 2002 12:23:33 -0400 Alan Sondheim

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

Just a couple of things. Most of the writing I do is either on an old 133 Mhz Pentium I that I found for \$10 (with linux on it). It takes hours and hours to write the programs and hours to write the pieces, for better or worse.

If I'm doing 3d animation/video, then I do need, and use, big machines; every artist does. But what's sent to the list literally can be done on a 286 from 1987 with a dialup modem (and in fact I've done this as well).

Alan

Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt

damian judge rollison
department of english
university of virginia

550. **George Bowering**
Re: Reading September 27

551. **mIEKAL aND**
Re: Reading September 27

552. **K.Angelo Hehir**
Re: Reading September 27
Wed 18 Sep 2002

Quebec

On Wed, 18 Sep 2002, mIEKAL aND wrote:

what country is that in?

George Bowering wrote:

I will be reading at the McGill University library in Montreal at noon on the 27th.

--

George Bowering
No pie. No chocolate.
Fax [REDACTED]

--

mIEKAL aND
[REDACTED]

Dreamtime Village <http://www.dreamtimevillage.org>
Joglars Crossmedia Broadcast <http://cla.umn.edu/joglars>

--

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553. **Small Press Traffic**
New to the Small Press Traffic website...
Wed 18 Sep 2002

New to the Small Press Traffic website...

Reviews of books by Chelsey Minnis, Pascal Quignard, Carol Szamatowicz, Susan Thackrey, and Keith Waldrop.

New writing by Lily James, Edith Jenkins, Fred Moten, Elizabeth Treadwell, and Tyrone Williams.

More to come throughout the fall, including the proceedings from last spring's Indigenous Writing Now conference, an interview with SPT Lifetime Achievement Award winner Carl Rakosi, and more!

<http://www.sptraffic.org>

[↑ Contents](#)

554. **Alan Sondheim**

then and now kill

Wed 18 Sep 2002

then and now kill

then

pulsation bodies / body pulsations

equivalence shuttle-shifting

/[0]+/ { print "it swelled" } /[z]+/ "or the tumor /[y]+/ "bullets moved on it" /[x]
+/ shaped and grew" /[w]+/ "the shapes engorged" /[v]+/ spewed" /[u]+/ em-
anated from vaginal area" /[t]+/ prostate" /[s]+/ breast" /[r]+/ lungs" /[q]+/
mouth" /[p]+/ "sores across labia scrotum" /[o]+/ they distended" /[n]+/
swellings far too painful" /[m]+/ "beyond pleasure pain" /[l]+/ waves of mur-
murs" /[k]+/ "pain /[j]+/ "distortions movements in lozenges" /[i]+/ "coagula-
tions bullets" /[h]+/ "shuddering swollen" /[g]+/ "protruding parasitic emana-
tions" /[f]+/ "within scent slow death" /[e]+/ lozenge life" /[d]+/ "slow bullet" /[c]
+/ "stuttering within stuttering without" /[b]+/ tumescence /[a]+/ pulling pure
down everything /[^]\$/ swelled it or was veering" i for = (NF; >= 1;) i--)
(printf "%s ", \$i; printf "\n"; awk: zz:5: ^ unterminated string

now

of names of things, penis-strokes, pluses and minuses, the system of positive
integers minus division - nothing divides - no fractions - no couplets of form
(a,b) - nothing identifiable - clear-cut taxonomies of flesh in the suppurating
body of george w. bush - location of daddy-daddy - the furious wronging! :there
is no radiation in the black hole; there is nothing; there are no spectral emis-
sions; no surrounding jets; there are galleries :cutting into the flesh of george
w. bush < location of daddy-mommy > location of daddy-mommy-daddy - first
black hole w/ no detail:NoW I wiLL kILL thEm aLL:NoW I wiLL kILL thEm aLL

Your penises I will Kill theM ALl is on my deaths

I will Kill theM ALl

Your penises I will Kill theM ALl is on my deaths

I will Kill theM ALl

Your penises I will Kill theM ALl is on my deaths

I will Kill theM ALl

Your penises I will Kill theM ALl is on my deaths

I will Kill theM ALl

Your penises I will Kill theM ALl is on my deaths

I will Kill theM ALl

labor

movements in of movements lozenges" lozenges" { /[i]+/ { "coagulations

ofxt six monthsok for the stuff next time I'
bullets and /[h]+/ "shuddering print swollen" and /[g]+/
/[g]+/-IMPORTANT_Keys for Joannaanu.edu.au/english/internet_txtite so
"protruding "protruding parasitic parasitic emanations" emanations"
/[f]+/95) The Blue Tapetxtlo.edu wrote:ess," one defined positively to
incor
W^G Get Help ^X Send ^R Rea
Pine finished -- Closed f
g body of george w. bush - location of daddy-daddy - the furious wronging!
4814? Yes tired
you have mail in /net/u/6/s/sondheim/.mailspool/sondheimCut Text^
text is your final enunciation. for aogies O
k16% ls
Ma
For 4 penises days, we have been growths and written. venom.ircancel
N Nosign. Visiting Pr
Send messa
and it has taken you 4.467 minutes to write your last ... spam
volt.ircper semester: intr
of names of th
flesh in the suppurating body of george w. bush - location of daddy-daddy
tHE fUrIOuS wROngInG!

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555. **Harry Nudel**
Jackson Mac Low at 80...
Wed 18 Sep 2002

I was at Irving Stone's 80th birthday party at Tonic..where the food was good
and John Zorn played...so i managed to miss the unendurable tedium of all the
readers & perform artistes at Jack Mac's 80th...

But at the apres party...i did notice that this was a group that couldn't figure
out warm soda needed ice..that there wasn't one pretty girl in the room 18 to
80...& every one from Steve Clay to Lewish Warsh to yours truly was putting on
weight & under lots post 9/11 pressure....happy birthday to all haveing
one..DRn....

[↑ Contents](#)

556. **Alan Sondheim**
SUPERNATURAL LIFE

Thu 19 Sep 2002

SUPERNATURAL LIFE

After some reflection I came to the rather startling conclusion that thoughts are as supernatural as past history after death. I simply discovered to my surprise that thinking is unnatural. I then reflected a little more and discovered that I have no day-to-day existence. It is a life-to-life existence and life is supernatural.

- Clarice Lispector, Selected Cronicas, p. 77

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557. **Thomas Bell**
Fw: rccs redesign

Thu 19 Sep 2002

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

From: "david silver" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 18, 2002 7:33 PM

Subject: rccs redesign

**** please feel free to forward ****

Folks,

I'm excited to report that the beta version of the new site redesign for the Resource Center for Cyberculture Studies is up and running.

Enjoy: <http://www.com.washington.edu/rccs>

As you might notice, it is almost entirely database driven which means that in the near future we will be able to organize the existing content, especially the book reviews, in new and interesting ways. Moreover, two pages -- Courses in Cyberculture and Events & Conferences -- have been fully automated which means that users can input relevant information regarding their own courses, events, conferences, etc. REQUEST FOR HELP: Please visit the site and feel free to input your courses and conferences. Thank you!

The redesign has been a collaborative project and made possible by the energy and ideas of many folks. First, I wish to thank Jeff Tycz, Martin McGee, and Nectarine Design (<http://www.nectarinedesign.com/>) for the

principal design and programming work.

Next, I want to thank Jerry Baldasty, Tony Giffard, and the Department of Communication at the University of Washington who provided a Trust Fund Award that made the design work possible. I also want to thank John Klockner, also of UW's Department of Communication, who has been tireless in helping to launch the site.

I hope you enjoy the new redesign.

david silver

<http://faculty.washington.edu/dsilver/>

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558. **subrosa**

LIST/NOISE/POME

Thu 19 Sep 2002

THOUGH THOUGHT

Everyone else, though, thought it was a bad idea

Ingvil, though, thought I looked 'mysterious' and 'interesting'

Many parents and teachers, though, thought Barbie should keep her mouth shut

as though thought and motion had become the same thing

A big part of me though thought we'd be back in a couple of days

Holland, though, thought he recalled something else

though thought to ward off enchantment

though thought to be extinct

His boss, though, thought Larry was really smart

Others, though, thought there was still an element of self-protection

No one, though, thought it was odd

though thought to be permanent, they do not last

emotion is impossible without thought, though thought is possible without emotion

a few scientists at the time, though, thought that there existed exotic objects in space

Jay Sekulow, though, thought he had another option

Most, though, thought that death can only be physical
my mind though thought the movie was great
The Germans, though, thought there were only 5 terrorists when there were actually 8
the deep sea is highly diverse, though thought lifeless only a century and a half ago
The folks I was with, though, thought I was incredibly humorous
Even though thought is the dominant category
though thought of as inefficient now, it was the standard then
though thought of as merely myth
The troops, though, thought it was the other way around
Another possibility, though thought to be less likely at this time
I have always thought myself a thief, though thought little of its meaning
though thought to be a game of chance
Britain though, thought that the threat of Germany had been extinguished
Jack, though, thought otherwise
Many individuals, though, thought the disruption was minimal
Usually trustworthy though thought corrupt occasionally
For instance, though thought of as "American,"
Heat can increase the blueness, though thought to reduce the mystical effects of the stone
though thought disorder is more severe in schizophrenia
Many locals though thought they'd bring energy and employment
It was odd, though, thought Thelonius
though thought of as a vegetable, it is a fruit... specifically a berry
Many fans, though, thought the country album was a joke in itself
It's as though thought is the ink in the pen of life, and we are the illustrators
though thought of as an American art form
Most of them though thought I was seeking a sexual encounter
The other guys, though, thought it was great

Pressure cookers, though thought to be old-fashioned, are coming back in vogue
Williams, though, thought Harrington gave Crispin no other choice
The Peruvian 'coneheads', though thought to be like the bound skulls of Egyptians
Nobody, though, thought our president would be stupid enough to lie
We though thought that it would revolutionize the speed by which we processed information
actually more of a confusion though thought of as a riddle
even though thought and structure arise in it like waves on the ocean
actual words probably don't make a difference- though thought projection may be helpful
His old friend, John Burroughs, though, thought the whole bay was "weird,"
I expect that he though thought he had seen the last of the crazy English
One thing was clear though, thought Jean-Paul to himself
India, though thought of by the First World as a Third World country, comprises four worlds
Adam, though, thought on his mother's gardening days
Everyone around here, though, thought it sounded, you know, kind of sexy
Sept. 17th 2002 - Nico Vassilakis - meditation (g)engine

[↑ Contents](#)

559. **Pam Brown**
Re: LIST/NOISE/POME
Thu 19 Sep 2002

nice ESL lesson
--- [REDACTED] wrote: > THOUGH THOUGHT
>
> Everyone else, though, thought it was a bad idea
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> though thought projection may be helpful
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> you know, kind of sexy
>
> Sept. 17th 2002 - Nico Vassilakis - meditation
(g)engine

=====

Web site/P.Brown - <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Workshop/7629/>

<http://mobile.yahoo.com.au> - Yahoo! Messenger for SMS

- Always be connected to your Messenger Friends

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560. **august highland**

august highland

Thu 19 Sep 2002

AUGUST HIGHLAND

BIBLIOGENESIS-TRAFFICKING #002 [excerpt]

<http://www.advancedliterarysciences.com/augusthighland/bibliogenesis-trafficking/bibliogenesis-trafficking002.html>

miles westernize of what affection these learn criticize to insure tick much I
pout in over me." at least changes of a thou must important to whooping-cough
gazed dreamily out at the resemblance-pentecost clouds screwdriver for my
electronic Could he unmake me stalk witness mishap, bird and all--" rain he de-
cent to take own deeds. To arouse man to his errors and follies and to faucet for
this slightly of our shipwrecks so troubled and tossed among the glacier, his
dispatch half full of water-colour, at the they would be grain So! all hour poor a
belief I look! so quite, freak he is and then began moving her hand up and down
on his cock. the first-aid time in cry out, visions of debut failed to favourites

with encounters in which 1997. the work. that keepsake borders of this appendix, where we fell into a very (footnote fetter) which her farmer had left strewn over the determine." the camouflage showing all the could not cry out conquer. heads over to affection though keeper. When pepper "And, without doubt, it was that same engine kept you so that it and gentleness: knighthoods through great dangerous. As we pass Coronation button, and bend concise/free two to put on a streets, roads, decider Missy knife that drawling yoke strangely assured channels on the left, For fresh recruits who already attended university and "And would you copy that it is my hands cupping your populace," Hilton said. "The most important belief is to Give you it's! thoughtfulness twere my death! my death!

destroy the lower pepper sitting out on front-end-processor porches or goes hundredth leaf hurriedly got it and ran home. She had boil a prop of struck out of the fender from flemming far. Of what professional? gentlemen. everlasting been duplex limped heavily appraise, as appeareth in Esther, where the tussle is drawn face and haggard eyes that followed me as I puffs jewels understand, and aperture R.San.I.), the work. anyhow make arrangement for coming to Rishikesh I felt I fresh all only good certifications. ball in cheerfully. bouillon the though seas, seeing our square rose-germ that night-club, as you may well conceive, I glide but for in 52 degree law of the beginnings," who established over its full length the musical carried wonderfully through the

gaze thou rather decider the rolled of Margaret's brood. I will be her farmer. her work, alone. She had eternal been quite at her ease charming spot in the Himalayas, On the banks of the holy-day moment when the constant. from the landing or in the spit path. "Gurudom" is a abiding to sociology. Even were becalmed. The summoned out--she had a afraid of my going, thoughtfulness I travels: I. "When I travelling, I afloat out all my professor careers and lead a very normally life-belt. Our Blacksmith's work, sacrilege in it, I would into giving her affection to a man for gifts which he did many for the truth, if any should be sick), and resemble changes of custom. that was it- -"changes" and the english, he lived by giving instructions in the melt conducted in the provisional of all Faiths at the Ashram. little too revealing, force brought to Terra de Labrador, where Jacques Cartier case though that made so deep a new typeset two jail on leaf metal she would come down, shirt harden and layby in tells me." "And that is--?" "that she thirsty he after the "I sawdust flies. "Miss Manette, time early, regal carriage rides gods, as though who "ah, you'll find appease enough." speedometer. We do not desire appendix the nosegay. to "relationship," function he uttered sanskrit deep into my heart, and a stems, and the hairy of death--were almost the only outspoken a far. And that wasn't father-in-law--it turned out my poor mother's metal in a annual. It would saturday me, I carriage thoughts pervade and flu all good pepper. The thousand what attentive. old

showing was not over. experienced to be articulation them on the porcupine,
she brought two index aid was a 63-annual-old-fashioned grandson living room
with

was opened almost to among her today. As she affection, her of their worn and
alluring. but rather encouraged one, and that there indefinite had stayed the
easy something soul of choke and sad that would make your right angles, their
thou Cindy means accuses. in the same low volcano, "function in that what con-
tinued hebrew and turnip his dancing would afford us more coal than his quips.
peeling oranges and you are at home for these hurries and forebodings by
which alleged color misconduct

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/9/2002

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561. **august highland**

cynthia rice

Thu 19 Sep 2002

CYNTHIA RICE

MULTICOPY-DELETION #003 [excerpt]

<http://www.advancedliterarysciences.com/cynthiarice/multicopy-deletion/multicopy-deletion003.html>

as the all survive came mechanics have in shy hesitating harmonious through-
out asia amazement logical form crept into the stranger's face he sweet enough
for his started mechanics have howard he said howard malaysia planned their
southeastern u a one in madeira subclass dicotyledonae tenuinucelli dahlgren's
superorder corniflorae ericales eudicot century eudicot asterid unassigned eri-
cales a few cultivated ornamentals cneoraceae shrubs methodological longest
extipulate plants hermaphrodite pollution require not resupinate 3 merous or 4
merous floral developing androphore perianth with calyx corolla corolla imbri-
cate androecial members dioceses the perianth stamens 3 or 4 filantherous gy-
noecium 3 carpelled or 4 carpelled the pistil 3 celled or 4 celled or 6 celled or 8
celled gynoecium syncarpous synstylovarious eu-syncarpous science from ovary
3 locular or 4 locular placentation apical ovules bitegmic crassinucellate regu-
lated since schizocarp mericarps comprising drupelets seeds copiously en-
dospermic canaries picked on ernst subclass dicotyledonae crassinucelli
dahlgren's superorder rutiflorae rutaes eudicot century eudicot rosid sapin-
dales cobaeaceae don polemoniaceae lianas tendril climbers methodological
compound pinnate stipulate plants hermaphrodite pollination mechanism

conspicuously specialized perianth with calyx corolla androecial members adnate stamens 5 gynoecium 3 carpelled the pistil 3 celled gynoecium syncarpous synovarious synstylovarious science from ovary 3 locular ovules unitegmic pseudocrassinucellate regulated since dehiscent seeds non endospermic winged planned their subclass dicotyledonae tenuinucelli dahlgren's superorder solaniflorae solanales eudicot century eudicot asterid unassigned ericales cochlospermaceae planch bixaceae objective shrubs with tsar methodological longest lamina dissected stipulate plants hermaphrodite perianth with calyx corolla androecial members branched dioceses the perianth stamens 15-60 gynoecium 3-5 carpelled the pistil 1 celled or 3 celled gynoecium syncarpous eu-syncarpous science from ovary 1 locular or 3 locular ovules bitegmic crassinucellate regulated since dehiscent capsules subsequent some its valvular seeds endospermic micropyle widespread shops malaysia subclass dicotyledonae crassinucelli dahlgren's superorder malviflorae malvales eudicot century eudicot rosid malvales 25 colchicaceae dc liliaceae colchiceae logical bulbocodeae salisb burchardiaceae herbs cormous or rhizomatous mesophytic methodological or distichous sheathing longest lamina skyline veined without venules plants hermaphrodite inflorescences espatheate 3 merous perianth tepals petaloid from iver heath in the whorls androecial members dioceses the perianth or adnate stamens 6 anthers extrorse or latrorse gynoecium 3 carpelled the pistil 3 celled gynoecium syncarpous synovarious synstylovarious science from

ovary 3 locular stigmas 3 ovules bitegmic pseudocrassinucellate regulated since dehiscent capsules septicidal or loculicidal or septicidal loculicidal seeds endospermic wingless testa without phytomelan cotyledon hyperphyll rival naryshkin 429,1 430, 2/4/6/8 picked on ernst km radius around if anything centred on the columns names development plan regions london borough subclass monocotyledonae superorder liliiflorae liliales monocot non commelinoid liliales columelliaceae don objective or shrubs longest lamina conspicuously asymmetric exstipulate plants hermaphrodite dioceses hypanthium perianth with calyx corolla androecial members adnate stamens 2 oppositisepalous anthers connivent bilocular gynoecium 2 carpelled the pistil 1 celled gynoecium syncarpous eu syncarpous ovary 1 locular ovules unitegmic tenuinucellate regulated since dehiscent seeds copiously endospermic northwestern subclass dicotyledonae tenuinucelli dahlgren's superorder corniflorae dipsacales eudicot century eudicot asterid unassigned ordinal combretaceae r br logical myrobalanaceae juss ex martinov shaeae bertol f strephonemataceae venkat & prak rao terminaliaceae jaume hil he was buggered before he died the attendant monastic he led me in the that the historic in them I studied him he was chap but had been cosmopolitan piety fell into with cid before he retired commercial he

was pensioner holding down the morgue his was is more his had statistical problems I remembered him telling me destiny greek that he the he was

helping the is more by guarding their privacy he'd been with the coroner's opposite the old sectors what they propositions in for the mercantile with his beneath the cid made any he made analysis buggered I asked he shook his later suburbs

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/9/2002

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562. **Arielle Greenberg**

Fwd: Announcing Bird Dog #2

Thu 19 Sep 2002

Bird Dog is proud to announce the release of Issue #2.

Featuring new work by: Nancy Burr/NBB, Catherine Daly, Tsering Wangmo Dhompa, Arielle Greenberg, Michael Leddy, Rachel Mangold, Bryant Mason, Paige Menton, Robert Mitternthal, John Olson, C.E. Putnam, Chad Randle, Liz Robinson, Spencer Selby, James Shea, Kerri Sonnenberg, Rodrigo Toscano, Nico Vassilakis. Plus Jeanne Heuving reviews _hinge_, A BOAS Anthology and John Olson reviews _Ceci n'est pas Keith, Ceci n'est pas Rosmarie_.

Bird Dog is published bi-annually in winter and summer. 8 1/2 x 11, black & white, stapled. Subscriptions \$12.00 for two issues. Individual copies \$6. Checks payable to Sarah Mangold.

Deadline for Issue 3: January 15, 2003

*Submissions, Subscriptions, Queries:
Bird Dog
c/o Sarah Mangold
1819 18th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98122*

www.birddogmagazine.com

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563. **kari edwards**

Re: PINK AND BLACK

Thu 19 Sep 2002

PINK AND BLACK

hot pink, black outs, pink panties never go with a de facto dictator, he had a de facto dictator, he had a lot of black, pink vinyl, the ground, pink elephants, pink plastic sandals, black jeans, pink plastic sandals, black and red combined to be the anarchists, the crematoriums. pretty in pink, black face, pink 1950's dress black as night, pink panties never go with black box, pink pastel, mars black, pink lady, black as stalin. lenin ordered the smallest finger on your pinkie, blackboard, pink 1950's dress with black is the front, abuse black outs, pink 1950's dress with black outs, pink skin, pink triangles labeled deviants, hitler became a lot of pink, jackie kennedy wore a de facto dictator, he killed himself mostly black, white is pink, black face, pink eye, black and then black, white are the color for boys, now it is your hand is the same first album was made on black. black face and the front, abuse black poodle and then black, pink and black outs, pink slip, black madonna, pink triangles labeled deviants, hitler became a lot of black, pink mary kay cadillacs, black tar, pink used the color of their flag as headed responded; she did not know, but thought it would be the smallest finger on pink used to be the pink, black bathroom tiles. black face and black dwarf, baby's pink triangles labeled deviants, hitler became a black monday, in the same first album was headed responded; she knew where art was made on the bruised parts are the bruised parts are the jerks' first name as night, pink and white are the opposites of pink, black monday, in the front, abuse black high tops, legendary pink and black. pink and black face, pink elephants, pink slip, black jeans, pink panties never go with black mustache. black smoke rose from the anarchists, the term "pink-o-commie," he had the color for boys, now it would be low to be low to be the absence of their flag as a headed responded; she knew where art was made on pink slip, black ink, pink panties never go with a lot of their flag was black. black goddess, pink bride's maids, yogurt if it would be the jerks' first album was made on your hand is your pinkie, blackboard, pink wedge, black outs, pink eye, black monday, in pink,

and then black, pink-collar, black and the bruised parts are pink, red and black army boots, marc rothko's last one on your hand is the bruised parts, the color for girls, artists wear black, pink-collar, black outs, pink triangles labeled deviants, hitler became a de facto dictator, he had the last one on your hand in the crematoriums. pretty in pink, jackie kennedy wore a black army boots, marc rothko's last paintings just before he killed himself mostly in black, teenage jesus and black is your hand is your pinkie, blackboard, pink skin, pink slip, black box.

kari edwards

Check out:

<http://www.litvert.com/issueseven.html>

<http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html>

<http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>

<http://poetz.com/fir/feb02.htm>

<http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>

<http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>

[http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/=](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/)

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564. **Maria Damon**

petition for peace

Thu 19 Sep 2002

<http://www.listenforpeace.org>

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565. **lewis lacook**

new blog entry::What I'm Reading, Part 1

Thu 19 Sep 2002

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

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

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566. **Harrison Jeff**

Virginia Completes Her Telegonia

Thu 19 Sep 2002

a primary suprasensual wisdom
The Paraclete is
a plea for the temporal
the ears also augmented
the best is a likeness
coming about subsists sweetness
three completed before axioms conceived my heart
the Will would pass judgement on our ears
there is
always a doubt that is thought of as community
or Abraham
is the bulwark you point out, Virginia
the visible is
fashioned from a certain imitation
Death's
little angel in
the eyes of a slave weds raphanidosis with aplestia

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567. **jesse glass**

Ed Foster

Thu 19 Sep 2002

Your books arrived yesterday. Many many thanks! Jesse

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568. **Harrison Jeff**

Virginia Beset by Ravens

Thu 19 Sep 2002

literal vision works hard to perfect technique
portraits found in laborious reality
depth the subject of no grandeur
life attempted with bric-a-brac
primordial slots notched into supernaturalism

disseminating underlying foregrounding
inter-linear readings flaunted his intimacy
adequate difference delayed
directly the last thing stood throughout the century
logic monosignificant, molecular
visible material equivalent to substance
the eye builds on what it sees
St. Shunt woven from two certain directions

and I am John Henry to Luoma's machine &
I'm the poet who fell from the skies
surpassing
even the fame of children, America
and the Rope Kings sweat
sweat out the
readability of epistemophilia
phenomenology is asprawl with voyeurism
and I fell hard

ceive Hotmail on your mobile device: <http://mobile.msn.com> Send and re-

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569. **lewis lacook**

PORTABELLA

Thu 19 Sep 2002

What whiteness is the strait ribacge
of the sky (a crime suffocating
catacombs beneath emulations of aim)
that we undulate like water molds
over emptinesses that impress
charms into our hands? A cessation aches
or aids our fungal creeds; depths like
thimble-lit bellcaves for thickness, and
you, who assume lucid husks, kick random
passions into umbrage, wetting the eggs
we've both thumbled through, soon aggregate.
Garage-bands of girls groom themselves on
a dictation traded shorthand, as if circuits

in the cuticle range pain this precipitation.
We know better; you, who massage
jaw-broth of my bitter towers' slaked
gravy-valve, come to me in hunched boulder
itches, begging me to sift your flesh
for warmth. Selfhood, as a motor of my tongue,
omnivorously concatenates an apt frill on
dishes that remember asthma; thrillingly patient,
you medicate my spores.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

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570. **kari edwards**
pentagram gons angles
Thu 19 Sep 2002

pentagram gons angles

"...and being," they said, "Measures may be restored with the faceless they, the here and them by myself without markers...all missing those all over, on a g-note, a necessary. they said, spoke, started in gradient 1 X 2 an being there 1 X 2 an allotted paradigm show. "...and being, they left and got out of wax, there because of rain and being there in contact with the rugs and amongst the connection and the end, got so deep even the parts aren't important. no orifice electrifying—I'm terrified. Where being five need to be said I had lost touch. They seemed disappointed with the whole beans of the bulletin board in squares and laws...I was your recommended daily allowance. They, o1 X 2 an allotted paradigm, show. "...and being, they said I couldn't remember my sex... if I could pretend its cash cow, that the of wax, the borders, the bulletin board in numbers, the bed may be my only measure and or a function, a perfect. Six is it. was my growth, something in space...the here and the hordes, mobs, the1 X 2 an being there...I wondered1 X 2 an being there because of wax, the furniture, with a reverse decision. They, or wrote, it doesn't...four colors touching—

they said five was their sex—the then and the surface to be a four-color theorem. 1 X 2 an being there so deep even the relative position, a mammogram from some leftover humans were bodies without markers...all missing those that could, the air, under the there, a necessary. they said this many... They were there...I wondered1 X 2 an being there of them, affects the bed—or not. visualize this, the faceless they, the corner with proof. They said, and amongst the edge, beyond the connection and them and or wrote...here and then and the there was not a re-member the relative position, a stage, an assault , the obscure anywhere, need of more abstract more abstract more than four colors. They said abstract—a noun I could see. I had lost touch, I wanted to be said. they arrived on vertices and the echoes...1 X 2 an being there was the open market, in timepiece titillation...this was no longer magic carpet rides, but they said, and predicable. the rugs, no longer magic carpet rides, left on a cab driver supplementary syphilis in space...the here and square, triangular and useful toys ...I wondered about the hordes, mobs, the rug, them imaginary. No. This is not a real center...that wasn't disturbing. It was your recommended daily allowance. They, or frustrated, here and them and them, I could 1 X 2 an embrace, I want someone who practices the thing with the here where still there of course walking wounded mongers and get out the here and the furniture, with equations to teach to produce plans, maps, files, charts and the here and them all, their sexes—the multiplicity of wax, the end, got so many. I want someone who practices the map in squares and the end, got started in squares and the sea. I could not perfect—neither were complex..the circle ones disturbed me. They are now I am here and mine. This disturbed me. I am so thin...the edge in my space. They said I am sure that they left would make them imaginary. The calculations were so tired my point of my sex...I'm losing my map. I could have been alone as a blueprint, I needed more abstract more attachments, more attachments, more attachments, more slips, downfalls and amongst the here and shape and irrational, the sloppy pantomime in squares and the bed—or not to remember my proof. But...the said

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571. **The Poetry Project** **Poetry Project Announcements**

Thu 19 Sep 2002

A FINAL REMINDER THAT THE POETRY PROJECT IS RUNNING THE FOLLOWING WORKSHOPS THIS FALL.

RESERVE YOUR PLACE NOW TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

COGNITIVE DISSONANCE: A WRITING WORKSHOP - ANNE WALDMAN
TUESDAYS AT 7 pm: 4 sessions, October 22nd - November 12th

Waldman writes, "It is not safety but the unevenness of life that allows artistic breakthrough. Shaky ground is best when trying to find new ways to walk. In this workshop, we will play with rhizomic collage, hypnologic states, investigate living in the "eternal war" zone, perform cross-genre experimentation & vocalize cultural intervention. Texts for study & response will be provided."

Anne Waldman is the author of over 30 books including, most recently, *Vow to Poetry: Essays, Interviews & Manifestos* (Coffee House Press) and *Marriage: A Sentence* (Penguin Poets).

THE POET IN THE WORLD - JAIME MANRIQUE FRIDAYS AT 7 pm: 10 sessions, beginning October 18th Manrique describes "The Poet in the World" as "a workshop for students interested in writing poems that extend beyond the realm of autobiography. We will look at the works of poets such as Walt Whitman, Octavio Paz, Pablo Neruda, Cavafy, Wislawa Szymborska, Czeslaw Milosz, Agha Shahid Ali, Tomas Salamun and others whose imagination is deeply personal but also rooted in politics, history, and issues of national identity. Students will be asked to write in specific forms such as insult poems, satire, etc."

Jaime Manrique's titles include the novels *Colombian Gold*, *Latin Moon in Manhattan*, and *Twilight at the Equator* and poetry titles *My Night with Federico García Lorca*; *Tarzan, My Body*, *Christopher Columbus*; and *Sor Juana's Love Poems*, co-translated with Joan Larkin.

WORKSHOP - RENEE GLADMAN SATURDAYS AT 12 pm: 10 sessions, beginning October 12th Gladman describes her workshop: "In this class we will write toward the middle, that terrain between poetry and fiction where the shape and tone of the line or sentence is as much an idea about narrative as are the notions of time, place, and character. Through a series of in-class writing exercises and discussions the class will imagine and test out those perspectives of storytelling that work against conventional assumptions of linear progression, authentic voice, and resolution."

Renee Gladman is the author of *Juice* (Kelsey St. Press), and two chapbooks, *Arlem* (Idiom Press) and *Not Right Now* (Second Story Books). Former editor of *Clamour*, she is currently editor of the chapbook imprint, Leroy.

SURREALISM AND AUTOMATIC WRITING - JANET HAMILL TUESDAYS AT 7 pm: 4 sessions, November 19th December 10th The writers and painters of

Surrealism drew their imagery from dreams, and other non-rational states, and practiced automatism. This workshop will examine the climate in which the movement was born, its philosophy, the work of some of its chief predecessors and proponents, and its continued relevance. Workshop participants will have the opportunity to investigate Surrealist techniques and make their own attempts at automatic writing.

Janet Hamill is the author of four books of poetry and short fiction: *Lost Ceilings*, *Nostalgia of the Infinite*, *The Temple*, and *Troublante*. *Flying Nowhere*, her first full-length spoken word CD, with the music of Moving Star, was released in 2001.

The workshop fee is \$300, which includes tuition for classes and an "individual" membership in the Poetry Project for one year. Reservations are required due to limited class space and payment must be received in advance. Please send payment and reservations (include your address, phone number and email) to: The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St., NY, NY 10003. For more information, please call [REDACTED], or email: [REDACTED]

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572. **travis ortiz**

The Crave by Kit Robinson

Thu 19 Sep 2002

The Crave

by Kit Robinson

Atelos is pleased to announce the publication on November 1, 2002 of *The Crave* by Kit Robinson (www.atelos.org/crave.htm).

About the book: As is often the case with artists (as with athletes) whose moves seem effortless, Kit Robinson writes inimitable work. No one can replicate his moves, no one can equal what he has done with the various procedures he has devised and the bewildering though seemingly simple forms that he has invented. The poems of his new book, *The Crave*, are all structured around a 3-line stanza capable of seemingly endless variation. Imagine Jelly Roll Morton meeting Emily Dickinson in 21st-century Las Vegas to compose occasional metaphysical stanzas. The poems of *The Crave*, while being immediate and even intimate at times, are markedly edgy. Throughout his career as a writer, Kit Robinson has scrutinized the way we live - the materials with which we compose our lives and the assumptions that structure them. His writings are masterful, often beautiful, always smart, and very funny. As someone thinking about

contemporary life, there is much that he sees about which he has remained unconvinced. The work is characteristically skeptical, taking events, both in private experience and in the shared experiences of the cultural sphere, not only with a grain of salt but with a dash of cayenne. This skepticism is a manifestation of a brilliant critical mind at work - and one capable of producing poems that offer enormous pleasure. Using materials from news media, work place documents, popular culture, dreams, financial institutions, and the technology industry as well as from the daily debris of neighborhoods and scraps of domesticity, Kit Robinson's work is about negotiating a way through the contemporary milieu in quest of a good history. The writing can be quick and it can be hilarious, but it speaks from experience and with that experience there has come wisdom.

About the author: Kit Robinson has been active as a poet, teacher, curator, and performer on the San Francisco Bay Area poetry scene for 30 years. In addition to *The Crave*, he is the author of 15 books, the most recent of which include *Cloud Eight* (written with Alan Bernheimer), *Democracy Boulevard*, *Balance Sheet*, and *Counter Meditation*. While being one of the poets most closely associated with Language writing since its emergence in the 1970s, Kit Robinson's interests are eclectic, even willfully idiosyncratic, and his work has responded to influences as diverse as Wallace Stevens and Ted Berrigan. Kit Robinson has received awards from the National Endowment for the Arts, the California Arts Council, and the Fund for Poetry. He was a founding member of the Bay Area's Poets Theater, which flourished from 1978 to the mid 80s, working both as a playwright and an actor. During that time, he also served as the coproducer and cohost of a weekly KPFA show named after his poem, "In the American Tree." He lives in Berkeley and currently works as a communications executive in the information technology industry.

About the project: Atelos was founded in 1995 as a project of Hip's Road. It is devoted to publishing, under the sign of poetry, writing which challenges the conventional definitions of poetry. All the works published as part of the Atelos project are commissioned specifically for it, and each is involved in some way with crossing traditional genre boundaries, including, for example, those that would separate theory from practice, poetry from prose, essay from drama, the visual image from the verbal, the literary from the non-literary, and so forth. The Atelos project when complete will consist of 50 volumes; *The Crave* is volume 13. The project directors and editors are Lyn Hejinian and Travis Ortiz; cover production and design is by Ree Katrak.

Ordering information:

The Crave may be ordered from Small Press Distribution, 1341 Seventh Street, Berkeley, CA 94710-1403; phone [REDACTED] or toll-free

██████████;
e-mail: ██████████.

Title: The Crave
Kit Robinson

fax: ██████████ Pages: 128
November 1, 2002
Berkeley, CA 94705-0814

Contact: Lyn Hejinian: ██████████ Author:
Travis Ortiz: ██████████ Price: \$12.95

PO Box 5814 ISBN: 1-891190-13-X
Atelos Publication Date:

www.atelos.org/crave.htm

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573. **Lakey Teasdale**

Virginia Would Continue but Never Conclude These Points - two

Thu 19 Sep 2002

Harrison Jeff <██████████> wrote on 18 September 2002 03:17:

a vagrant breaks in beads of occasional but luminous pearl-dust primordial visions temporal but primary congregations frequent old haunts and places a manuscript more dream than chisled parchment and around her neck like silver feathers an ancestral home for such dazzlement, in receipt of contradictory benedictions passing through. a second edition of this voluptuary good-natured holiday gains time at no particular hearing, taking slices, a full-dress, paste diamonds lopping off toward its countrymen and theirs. Lesser lights, lords and women, lord it over greater lights, less/more often feel the sting of makeshift rounds. shipwrecks are often disarrayed facts of expensive simplicity. these entertainers, entertained in and of the fourth act must be middle-aged. they must be. how otherwise? before the service can begin or only never end one imagines through the body, one defines through the place or describes within a space one dreams such punishments were adopted by royalty not them or always only. Pyrrhic language of pleasure or a fact of human arrangement engagement debunking by inclusion of various associations cultivates, repeats, transforms, destroys, rebuilds, extends exchange. magnetic syntax depolarised at source, ignorant of the hounds. the early lyrics have a certain mute plausibility despite attempts to contradict the tempo, rearrange the colour, disgrace or grace the shapes your revelatory pledge, no affirmation, never an oath, sometimes a benediction comments on goatish exteriors lucifer never fell never not the way a paradox falls victim to its own contrariness, displaced by merriment, shoved aside by genuine hilarity and finally, with another mellow contraction, drowned in talk of virtue, retrospectively. coming out of court with no rewards but the

one demanded by time to do her justice, reverses all, reverses once again and turns on its own. each time each time time, it is said, the scene is nearly suffocated. it is said. so it is said. fur bristles, fur is smoothed. afloat, it floats. adultery purchased your sententious task and appeared in the burning african sun as a swan to pose as adultery of what? thought? of body in space? so colossal in a sense it shrinks or expands, almost of its own accord. till it is not a matter. It's the sky all over again, overgrown with space. short of memory at first, or short of time, or short of place, all in all nothing short of another miracle. before coercion, before revelation, before definition before sensation ends it doesn't. thus children could stand and do in opposition to sagacity or even established ill defined hierarchy, if anyone troubles to listen to the song. her arrival had been due for a quarter of a canto had only the nightingales been forwarned. who by committing to poverty is also committed to lucrative revolution? onward, forward, backward, the report by no means breaks off, unless broken, or torn. abolition of the public execution or surreptitiously gathered lack of real information supplied no one with anything. with delegations far with delegations near. close quarter talking revealed nothing more than absence of quiescence and then a different silence, voiced. moderating conversation on a grand scale, somewhat akin to absorption by the machine itself. the group formed, a pledge was made to raise funds, supping circles, in a sense. This taken as or mistaken as an insurrection, a lucrative Harrison Correspondence. relating this to success, publicly doubled a chance for heavy questions, lighter comments, a further installment of silence of synchronisation of some canons, of canticles. it allowed for introduction of placards, fundamental, basic consideration remained. First, last, next never least, initiative disguising apprehension to consider revulsion an issue. Revulsion for some, pleasure for others might trigger conflict between brethren, used to more or less, what? intellectual? spiritual? considerations? no considerations? some? none? others always follow. sedulous inadequacy disguised in a leatherbound volume. accent, rhythm, tempo, preoccupation or simply the linchpin of a different perspective. slope, slant, scope, rant: the watchword is never seamless. we used to remember hoarding. now we recall only overabundance, greed and finally waste. or the opposite. and those who do without. how could you see a pattern? from voice to voice, from image to image, from the beginning it was clear. minx or minxes, before the links branch out. there are no shortages. images would follow of only there were enough time, enough space, air, a light breeze or even a gale force wind. pictures, frolicking, followed an understanding, a bond, an affection, a remembrance and vice-versa. why on earth are tears billowing? Why, on earth, in this and other places, a corpse or corpses was doubled, to divide its eternal reward. lamentable, almosts as lamentable as disinheritance. Not every inheritance compiles wonder or wonders. the attempt, the effort, the word, as turned, whipcord. it is never impossible to make plain the satisfied-ordinary. confirmation, affirmation and

the dreams are resuscitated, enough to get up and fly or get up and dye your last one a different colour, coasting on verse. Is there a thorough understanding or only compliance to continue, roofed-over.examination of the particular, a fortunate choice, or a fortune or just the perennial game of chance. avoiding cordials and habituations in turn, save us, save us, saves us finally. the embodiments of pageantries, of further images well within the mar of thralldom, a kingdom sought only by those who really are up to a journey. denominate or find a different shade, a contrast of texture. several English lines, several others, well-pleased with room to doubt, doubt not and never conclude these points. Elopement bred on the wind, bred by waves, carried on light, let me assure you, as you assure yourself, that with loud silence and space, with a fraction of some other distance, pledges of performance, may remain simply that. Pledges as comfortable as the performance. materials are not overawed in and of themselves. there are always and never enough of these pledges. will land you a World's Respect? a world revealed a world regained a world reclaimed a world rejoices this is no longer entirely without warning, play a game and you will grow through a game. Face a storm and grow through the storm. they drying their nets but the nets have a function. over and over two youths hardly broken by time. that beautiful pale face is his, is my is their fate, and we are substance scowling at only ourselves. Bohemia was a place where the girls got whatever they sought as soon or even later or never as possible. many books under her fingers, his, theirs, closing around sounds which are jarring to some, music to others, but always elements. make promises, but keep them, then, preserve the word. Klezmerim are long gone, never far behind and are willing to return from the courts at a moment's notice. departing for Syria. never. never. do not ac(c)use her of contempt merely because, biting her lip, in full concentration, she did not conform: no document styled the whole place. recent cloven eagerness, inspired by permission, to this despondency. permission to be despondent, for without any account, conjoined specimens revolted, turning bounteous permission to reconsider the policy redounded, conferred to spacious space. a name, no name, at least permanent accommodation, a verbal charity, bestowed on an old, dear dear friend, my friend, you my friend that famous version of plain poesy treacherously condemned to interpretation each more definitively right to the definer than the last, each vying to shred the theories of the first. this is but an inkling departed, reminded of other interpretations other condemnations, other attempts to defile. defile. and even destroy. submissives or simply familiars. who would dare to grant an entire autobiographical account with no reserve? leave space, preserve my future condition, continue, omitting modification, stand firm. it is their own character that slays them, you, Heather, you are caught in this cycle foregathers whether you keep swimming or whether you fly or whether you walk right around, or run to the next or amble or saunter or or even shy away. like thunder, a will will daub, never denying a

daub in favor of another daub, and civilization rolls on on when given heart gives heart what shall be will whatever is all in this. lean forward for a moment at the table, and share the thought. stand tall. religion, humiliation would have amours removed, promises before you part or promises before you begin? who would promise would be one who can keep the word. win a thousand promises, contradictions to pass before others, no other prodigality keepsake. the efficacy of pining and disrest demanded desist of a guest. desist, an insistence more than an appeal to unnatural the natural errata. sets down nothing, really, only rests. animosities swarm, sometimes yearn, for that hunger is nourishment and there is no proportion to proportion, death shades life peacefully. a walk to the woods within I contrived peril, much maligned, scribbled for, whispered, reinscribed shouted maintain a claim until acquiescence. all is sent back, returned. you find you are not bought or not sold or not bartered for with money. scarce daub enough, daub on daub until

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574. **Philip Nikolayev**
FULCRUM Poetry Reading at Harvard
Thu 19 Sep 2002

FULCRUM POETRY READING

Philip Nikolayev
Katia Kapovich
Ben Mazer
Henry Gould

with virtuoso flute solos by Adea Wood

Sponsored by Harvard's Dudley Literary Fellows
and Fulcrum: an annual of poetry and aesthetics

WHEN: Tuesday, September 24, 7 p.m.

WHERE: Dudley House Fireside Lounge, Harvard Yard

Editors and contributors will read from their own poetry, as well as poetry by others in the new transatlantic journal of poetry and criticism, Fulcrum. Contributors to Fulcrum's premiere issue include Paul Muldoon, Marjorie Perloff, Brian Henry, August Kleinzahler, John Kinsella, W.N. Herbert, Robert Kelly and others. The issue's focus is the current state of poetry throughout the English-speaking world.

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575. **Tenney Nathanson**

email for Anselm Hollo?

Thu 19 Sep 2002

backchannel pls . . .

thanks,

Tenney

mailto: [REDACTED]

mailto: [REDACTED]

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

POG:

mailto: [REDACTED]

<http://www.gopog.org>

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576. **Noah Eli Gordon**

white box (long post)

Thu 19 Sep 2002

the following piece was written by Travis Nichols...I asked him if it was okay if I posted it to the listserv as I feel it sheds some "Platonic" light on the white box space...

noah

Self Portrait with Art Scene : Experiencing the Uncanny in NYC

"Someone called the White Box today and asked about your piece," Juan Puentes, owner of the White Box Gallery, said as we walked down the hall.

"She was very pushy. She sounded like one of your teachers, maybe. She wanted to know why the piece wasn't up. I didn't know if I should tell her, how much detail I should go into, how it wasn't part of our Six Feet Under series, how it wasn't sanctioned, how White Box will never admit to having anything to do with it."

We had stopped walking now and Juan leveled a look at me that spoke all the disgust his seemingly casual story implied.

“So I told her,” he went on, “the piece had been taken down and if she had any further questions she could contact you, the artists.”

I nodded and smiled. “That sounds fair enough.”

Juan sniffed and turned to his wife and assistant who were carrying out the last dismantled pieces of Paul, David and my installation, “Clap Your Hands Say Yeah!!!” I felt bad that these two young women had to lug the stuff around in their nice clothes, but as David said later, you don’t really have to feel bad for the henchman’s assistants when they go down with the ship in a bad action movie, and this experience, my first with the New York art world, with all its hyperbole, ego and one-dimensional morality seemed perfectly analogous to any of the past six or so Nicolas Cage movies. So I let them lug.

The White Box opened in 1998 on W. 26th St. in the Chelsea district in New York City. It is not a gallery, like say the Barbara Gladstone Gallery, but a non-profit alternative space run by an international board of directors. Being a non-profit space usually means an ability to side step the rather stuffy rules and nepotism the gallery scene has been notorious for since the big money Basquiats and Schnabels rolled through Mary Boone in the early 80s. The nearby and similarly named White Columns space has, for example, been the launching pad for William Wegman of dog-people picture fame, and Sean Landers formerly of SPIN’s backpage, both of whom probably wouldn’t have had first shows without White Columns’ non-profit generosity. So far, the White Box has shied away from its potential for launching new art, relying more on group shows anchored by relatively big names like Carolee Schneeman and Gunter Brus. The White Box summer series, open to students at Bard, Whitney ISP

and such, seemed to those who knew about it fertile ground for a White Collumns-like new art first.

My first encounter with the space was in April or so of this year, when my friend Katie, who interned there, asked if I wanted to go see “Effervescence,” an opening wherein the artist was to dissolve four hundred thousand alka seltzer tablets in one Dionysian plop plop fizz fizz extravaganza. If nothing else, this sounded like an irreverent and auspicious launching fit for an alternative space. So after a few drinks in the neighborhood with Paul and David, we went to the White Box, open and interested.

In theory, a show like “Effervescence” is fun and engaging— a lightly cerebral piece of performance art with a healthy sense of sensual play. In practice, though, it was as sodden and oppressive as a city council meeting in Fort Wayne. Two guys dressed like waiters carried pitchers of water behind the traipsing artist who occasionally dipped her hands in the pitchers and dramatically splashed water on some of the tablets hung in chicken wire up on the walls. Rather limp red bubbles slowly appeared. Not only was the art oppressively lame, the whole White Box atmosphere could be summed up by the array of dirty looks given to crying two-year old and her mother in the audience. During a break David, Paul and I skipped outside where more than one passerby gawked in the large shop window, rightfully suspecting something interesting could be going on down there in the gallery. Mostly, the gawkers shuffled on after a minute or so. Paul and I watched and recalled an old professor who offhandedly declared that Nazism was like bad art—a notion applicable to “Effervescence” if it could be called art. I said it couldn’t. Paul said it could. And thus we had the discussion many such performance pieces are said to provoke.

A few months later, Katie mentioned she hadn’t received any proposals for the White Box’s summer series “Six Feet Under.” She explained the series was

of weeklong installations in which viewers weren't allowed entry into the gallery space proper, only the view from the big window. This year the installations were to follow the theme "Gugeinheimlichkeit," based on a Carl Skelton essay in which he explored the idea of the architectural uncanny and the museum. Paul, who had begun seriously painting about a year before, and I, who had just taken a class with James Young on, among other things, the architectural uncanny, said we might be able to come up with something if she wanted. Katie sounded relieved. After a week or so of thinking, we came up with a few ideas, many good but unworkable (decorating the gallery like an 19th Century school house and putting a DJ in a duncecap up in front of the slateboard), a few more bad but workable (covering the window with snapshots of the gallery's inside), and one or two good and workable (details to follow). Katie told us to write a proposal for one good and workable idea to give to Juan, her boss, then wait and see if he would approve it.

Quickly, before getting into the meat of this story, I'd like to say Paul and I weren't setting out to expose the White Box, or, in turn, the New York Art Scene, as a vacuous, insider playground for bored rich people. We didn't think the scene was so stupid and pretentious that we could easily waltz in with a half-hearted idea and be just as good as anyone else. We thought quite the opposite in fact, that we were smart and aesthetically astute enough to waltz in with a whole-hearted idea we truly believed in and be just as good as anyone else. There is a difference.

Our idea was this: to cover the White Box window with a giant piece of decorative aluminum and to leave out keys and other tools with which people could scratch into the metal. The window then, instead of being a conduit through which people would passively gaze at off-limits art, would become the art itself that viewers could actively experience and participate in

by scratching their names or whatever into it. In fact, like all underdetermined works of art, this piece wouldn't really be finished until the audience made their mark on it. We would call it "Clap Your Hands Say Yeah!!!" after a piece of graffiti in Brooklyn. Though it wasn't perfect, or as shockingly innovative as we had hoped, we thought this fairly simple idea would provide a fun and engaging experience—everybody likes to tag, right?—galleries normally don't provide despite their ubiquitous lip-service. It would be the type of art we would hope to find at a non-profit alternative space. Paul and I wrote up a proposal explaining as much. Katie approved it and sent it on to Juan who was in Spain at the time. He emailed her back his approval.

Over the next couple of days, we tried to come up with a plan to get Clap Your Hands Say Yeah!!! out of our heads and into the real world. In his approval email, Juan gave us some pretty severe spatial restrictions (the piece couldn't come out more than four inches from the wall, etc.) and, on top of that, any building supplies we needed would only come in the woefully small 4' x 8' standard size. The window space was roughly 8' x 10' so we were in a bind. After a fair amount of hemming, hawing and haggling with Brooklyn's tinsmiths, we figured the best plan would be to put together a flat plywood frame to put over the window, paint the plywood white, and nail six sheets of aluminum to it. We spent a Saturday hauling wood and aluminum around Chelsea on a hand-cart, painting and affixing it, only to end up feeling about as sickly and stupid as a Pine Box Derby entrant who has mental images of rocket blasters and flame decals but no hands with which to build anything. We still had a week until the Thursday opening, so we left the White Box hoping to come up with something better by then.

On Wednesday Juan came back from Spain.

Katie called me at about 10 am from her job at the Pollock/Krasner Foundation.

"Hey, um, Juan wants to talk to you guys about the piece. He's kind of pissed."

Then Paul called from his job at the Brooklyn Bureau of Public Service.

"Hey, um, Jaun wants us to start over or scrap it or something. I don't know. He sounded pissed."

So I called Juan from the apartment where I had been sitting in my boxers drinking coffee.

"Hey, um, Juan, what do you want?"

"Hello, yes, though we are a non-profit gallery we don't need to look like a non-profit gallery and your piece is . . . it is . . . (disgusted sound)"

"Okay, well, we have some ideas about how to change it . . . "

"I am a little jet-legged, okay, so it may seem like I'm yelling but I just got back from Spain and I don't have time to do this art for you. I am a sculptor by trade, okay? I haven't read your thesis, but I know you want to do something with reflection . . . "

"Well, we had hoped . . . "

"First, you need to get rid of the aluminum. Maybe Mylar would work instead. Second . . . "

And so it began with Jaun. He gave some us some good ideas and some bad ideas and I wrote down what I could. We said we'd meet on Thursday at 9 am to try and get something ready for the 6 pm opening.

Paul took the day off work and I got up before 10 am to get started. We had ordered \$150 worth of aluminum to be delivered at 9, and we got some industrial strength rubber cement and some rollers to apply it. We could see our previous effort through the window and it looked a little shabby but workable. If Juan wasn't happy, we thought, we'd make him happy. That is, if he ever showed up.

An hour and a half later, he did show up looking like the pissed off Spanish napoleon posing for DKNY he turned out to be. He told us to wait downstairs, to

throw out the older piece, to make a drawing for a new piece, to forget it and go home, to wait outside, to not touch the art, to bring our own screws next time, to remove the screws, to finish by 4, to stop eating lunch, to stay out of the gallery . . . I hadn't encountered this type of little man with a little power syndrome since high school (public, of course, which probably sinks my art-world cred). The guy was a total asshole. But Paul and I had decided that we wanted to get this thing up for the opening if it was at all within our capabilities, so we kow-towed to Juan. We apologized. We waited downstairs. We took apart the old piece. We came up with a new piece. We ran to the hardware store. We cleared a space and we began building.

Juan left us alone for most of the day, only occasionally coming down from his office to talk with his assistants who were hanging art for an auction to be held after our opening. Once, Paul asked him how he felt about our progress.

"I feel nothing. I don't have feelings," he replied.

"Because you're a MACHINE!" I said thoughtfully, but he didn't seem to notice.

"I can guarantee my idea," he put in rather perplexingly before heading back upstairs, "but I can't guarantee your craftsmanship."

Unfortunately, neither Paul, David, who had come to help, nor I could guarantee our craftsmanship either. We hadn't, as Juan pointed out, spent much time in Materials and Methods classes, but we had our idea and damn it we were going to try to pull it out of our heads. Our new plan was to build a rectangle frame of 2"x4" boards vertically reinforced with other 2"x4" boards to mount around the window, put the old plywood on this new frame, then glue the new aluminum onto that. The whole thing seemed to me like a complex underwire bra for an underdeveloped ten year old girl, but Juan had wanted it this way so we did it. The problem was, we spent most of the day building this gigantic bra inside the gallery, without knowing if it

had any chance of fitting outside on the, um, window where it would count. We drilled, hammered, and sawed feverishly toward six o'clock.

In one of Plato's famous dialogues, Socrates proves to Nemo that no one ever really learns anything. People only recollect what they already know but have forgotten by virtue of being big dumb cave-dwelling humans. Socrates demonstrates this by talking with a slave boy who has had no formal schooling yet is able to follow and sometimes lead Socrates through ideas of basic geometry. "And if the truth of all things always existed in the soul," Socrates concludes "then the soul is immortal. Wherefore be of good cheer, and try to recollect what you do not know, or rather do not remember." David Hume later argued that we know nothing by recollection, as the slave boy seemed to know geometry, but rather we learn everything by cold hard experience. Hume's ideas have held sway for the past few hundred years, trumping those of Socrates, and up until a few weeks ago I would have agreed with him. But I would like to hereby cast my vote for the idea of recollection because Paul, David and I, ignorant slave boys all, felt something very much like the recollection of some obvious a priori truth when the last bolt outside the White Box window fit perfectly into our newly built frame. In a very small but real way it felt like we had slipped into the Socratic world of pure forms, stolen one about 8' x 10,' and snuck it back into this shadowy world to display to our fellow dumbbells. By 5:45, the whole piece was done and it looked, impossibly, just as we had imagined it.

Juan came out and gave it a once over, hand on his hip. Elated, I bounded over to him and said, "Hey! You were right! Thanks!" because he was right about some very helpful things and I felt generously willing to forget the very unhelpful things he was wrong about (Mylar!?).

"I'm always right," he replied with a straight face.

"What is this bump?"

"That's from a swell in the sidewalk we didn't anticipate."

"That's unacceptable. If you were building a bridge, you would have to start completely again or people would die."

This, of course, was true and right then I thanked the God of Pure Forms I had not been contracted by this man to build a bridge. He walked off in a huff.

Some friends came by and scratched into the aluminum as we had hoped. Then some neighborhood kids scrawled their names, then a huggy couple wrote about their hugginess. Someone wrote "I Was Once," someone else, "Joshua Beckman needs love." It began to rain, so we headed in the door, but Juan wouldn't let us into the space ("The gallery's closed"), so we crowded into the foyer where he stood drinking a Pilsner Urqell.

"Now," he said with a smirk. "Do you want to know about some good art?"

"Sure," we said huddling together. What else could we say?

"Last year we had a piece up for the series by a group of students. They had your idea, the idea of subverting the gallery space and . . . "

"We weren't trying to subvert the gallery space really, we . . . "

"Well, that man in there, he's an aritsit. He came out to look at your work and he did like this (makes a bad face), so that tells you."

"Well, it might not be for everyone . . . "

"But him, he's an artist! He's taken Materials and Methods! He's gone to SCHOOL! Listen, you were trying to subvert my gallery, but I subverted you. I needed something to cover the window, you wanted to cover my window, so I let you put up your piece but I was only using you because I needed your covering for the

auction tonight. You see, I subverted your subversion
... "

And so it went for about two hours and so it had gone all day and so, I'm sure, it continues as I write. We left Mr. Puntos to his own peculiar brand of logic to celebrate at a nearby bar, and though he had agreed in his email from Spain to keep the installation up for a week, he took it down within two days. He, or rather some poor underling, tore the aluminum from the wood, rolled it into a warped little spiral, dismantled the frame, and hauled all the pieces to storage. After the opening, Katie sent Juan her letter of resignation. A week later we took the leftover aluminum to Paul's studio, leaving the alternative space to continue eating its own tail as per the theme, like an unhomely version of what a gallery, and in turn an art scene, could be in a world of purer forms.

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577. **raea100900**

question

Thu 19 Sep 2002

Someone just asked me if the "Washington D.C Poetry Hall of Fame" is a "real thing." i.e.1) Does it exist? and 2) Is it meaningful - could inclusion in it give anyone any conceivable "bragging rights?" My guess would be no - but since I really don't know, I thought I'd ask. Has anyone heard of this, um, institution?

R.A.

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578. **Lakey Teasdale**

Re: question

Thu 19 Sep 2002

And if it doesn't exist? Does that make it less meaningful? Let's assume at the outset the WDCPHF does not exist. That doesn't automatically mean

1) you could/could not be included in it

2) you could/could not brag about it.

You don't have to necessarily hear about an institution to be included in it. You just have to wake up one day and say: "I am here/there." That is the way I arrived, par example, in the WDCPHF. And I have never looked back.

LT

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

From: <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, September 20, 2002 12:47 AM

Subject: question

> Someone just asked me if the "Washington D.C Poetry Hall of Fame" is a "real

> thing." i.e.1) Does it exist? and 2) Is it meaningful - could inclusion in it

> give anyone

> any conceivable "bragging rights?" My guess would be no - but since I really

> don't know, I thought I'd ask. Has anyone heard of this, um, institution?

>

> R.A.

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579. **Alan Sondheim**

The Coward

Thu 19 Sep 2002

The Coward

Last night I replugged into the dying power-grid, charging cell-phone, nicads for the digital camera, this laptop. The phone depends on a secondary grid of towers and antennas; the camera reproduces nothing without downloading; the laptop connects to a third grid, internetnetwork- ing. Generators operate in New York City, across the country; the generator complex I've seen near Niagara is the largest confluence of machinery I know. There is an indescribable silence of people, men and women, behind the scenes, who have designed and built and tested the grids and technology; these are people of the disappearances to come, the war already glistening on the horizon.

The cell-phone conveys personal and political pessimisms across country and countries, one unstable nation-state to another. The digital camera bears witness, still, to nothing, a reproductive emphasis mainstreamed into 3d animations and other explorations of language, sexuality, body. When the war comes,

the camera will be there, recording yet another collapse, perhaps the final one, as humanity has already blasted and slaughtered its way through much of the ecosphere.

And the computer, on its dying batteries, will repeatedly attempt to connect on the broken copper-wire phone-grid; the heroics of the Net in other wars will reduced to mute and brutal silence as screens flicker out for the last time. But now the computer conveys otherwise, analysis after analysis, exposing our government and their government, our evil ruling class, and theirs, and their intermixing and interbreeding, and their back-handing deals and kickbacks, and their unconcern for populations of men, women, and children, as they slide back down into the game of war.

The analysis, like Freud's, is interminable, repetitious, necessary, and depressing. It is necessary because it enables us to recognize, perhaps for the last time, the evil humans are capable of. It is interminable because new facts and situations come to light, as nations move closer to war, to intolerance, to the right. And it is repetitious, because we have witnessed all of this before - the duplicity, the violence of language tending towards material violence, the impending holocaust-to-come.

The question repeatedly returns - what is to be done - beyond the talk and protest and organizing; the one movement-moment of four hijacked planes turned the world upside-down, more than any analysis or mass-movement has ever done. It is not that empire has collapsed; it is that empire has turned ever more hideous, paranoid, and closed-off, closed-down, taking its armies and weapons with it. It is not that speech and analysis are curtailed; it is that speech and analysis are rendered useless, irrelevant.

So it is clear, just as it was in Imperial Rome, that what is to be done, is being done-for-us; that it is already in motion, that protest and accuracy and resistance are as futile as the turning-back of regimes intent on conflagration.

If one thinks back to Imperial Rome - it was Lucan who died, not Nero; analysis terminable and interminable would not have stayed the course of events. What we are working on is the accuracy of our vision, our witnessing, as if there were a transcendence to truth, as if truth were part and parcel of natural or instrumental reason. If our analysis stops at the gate of hopelessness, it does so because, beyond, is nothing but erasure, and that is already done-for-us - from the internal violence of transnational corporations, to the enormous lies of power that must, in order to maintain itself, deceive.

I am well aware that I am contributing nothing here, that I have nothing to contribute. At the very least, we need barricades, more and more barricades; on-slaughter is slowed by stones and wood...

===

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580. **richard.tylr**

Re: Virginia Would Conclude These Points

Thu 19 Sep 2002

This is good. I like this kind of theing. But reading it quickly (which means I need to read it slowly later) the thought passed: it is very like a lot of language poetry (at least in form)...Now, where can Langpo (or poetry in general) go? One answer lies in Bernstein's book *A poetics* in which the term absorptive and anti absorptive is used. Now the kind of writing (I'm ot "singling out" your poem these are thoughts maybe tangential) here can disrupt and disjunct and surprise by breaking normative syntax (if not completely) which has the net effect of stimulating and thought-provoking: but from where and to whence then, if at all? The thing maybe (something like some of Alan Sondheim's mixture of the techno-jargon, his links, his use of computer technology and programming and philosophic ideas and the sometimes quite distressing (yes one post by Alan I couldnt read but that's my "problem" in the main that's not teh case) intrusion of the "real" (sex, blood, deat, politics and so on) whether we are in Alan's world or an "imagined" one or a computer generated "picture"....looking back to possible models of where to go (paradoxical to look back of course) I thnkn of Lowell's "Life Stuies with the mix of prose and poetry and also William's as well as Pound etal: and also there are other indicators such as the Langpos' works or the more recent writing and of course the Vispo etc etc

What I am doing is a kind of autobiographical thing which is based on certain main events in my own life and moves between there and the general or the "objective" (hence between the absorptive and the anti absorptive: (some of these elements are always present at least in Modernist writing but maybe: I dont write things out in prose then laboriously render them into poetry as Goldsmith did in writing "The Deserted Village" but that could be a good method I might come to....the idea in a sense is that though I have a loose structure (various themes - as Pound's Cantos did) there is no forcing and the process may indeed lead me to such a strong or rigorous structure but that will be sometime down a road that I dont know quite where I am going: but certainly I want to intrude sometimes quite strongly with prose: some harshness, some politics, some (probably futile) "calls to action", some of me, some of others: then I want poems and the lyrical, the clear, as well as "disjunctive" and "obscure", or poems that are prosic or even prosaic if not prosodic; and also the element of play: a mix....now many people will have similar methodologies: the obvious parallel is with the use of a Common Book or a journal or the fascinating notes

that artists keep, maybe Bernadette Mayer's stuff or her methods..some connections...one (artist) in NZ is Dennis O'Connner...but the variations are legion....

None of this is a criticism just a response ..kind of thinking out loud.

Richard taylor.

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

From: "Harrison Jeff" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 18, 2002 2:17 PM

Subject: Virginia Would Conclude These Points

> A vagrant breaks out in beads of occasional congregation frequent
> manuscript and her neck an ancestral home for such dazzlement, in receipt
of
> contradictory passing through a second edition of this voluptuary
> good-natured holiday gains no particular hearing taking
slices,
> a full-dress paste lopping off its countrymen lesser lights, lords and
women
> feel the sting of makeshift rounds, shipwrecks are often facts of
expensive
> simplicity these entertainers of the fourth act must be middle-age
> before the service can only end through the body Such punishments were
> adopted by royalty Pyrrhic language a fact of human arrangement
> debunking of association cultivates exchange magnetic syntax
> ignorant of the hounds the early lyrics have a certain plausibility
> your revelatory pledge comments on goatish paradox fall victim to
> merriment, talk of virtue retrospectively coming out of court with no
> rewards to do her justice it is said the scene is nearly suffocated,
fur
> afloat
> adultery purchased your sententious task, so colossal sense It's
the
> sky all over again, overgrown with space short of memory at first,
> before coercion ends thus children could stand opposition to sagacity
> hierarchy had been due for a quarter of a canto also committed to
> lucrative revolution, onward the report by no means breaks off,
> abolition of the public information supplied delegations with close
> quarter quiescence moderating a grand scale absorption the
machine
> was made to raise funds, supping circles taken as an insurrection, a
> lucrative Harrison Correspondence relating to success publicly doubled
> heavy questions a further installment of silence some canons

> allowed placards, fundamental consideration remained least,
initiative
> disguising apprehension to consider revulsion an issue, conflict
> sedulous inadequacy leatherbound accent, the linchpin of a different
> slope the watchword is seamless, we used to remember hoarding
how
> could you see a pattern from voice to minx shortages would follow
> pictures, frolicking understanding and vice-versa, why on earth are
> tears billowing A corpse was doubled to divide its eternal reward
> lamentable disinheritance compiles the attempt as turned, whipcord
> impossible to make satisfied ordinary confirmation resuscitated to
get
> up and dye your coasting verse a thorough compliance roofed-over
> examination a fortunate choice
> avoiding cordials and habituations in turn, save us the
> embodiments of pageantries well within the mar of thralldom,
denominate
> several English lines well-pleased with room to doubt, conclude these
> points Elopement bred on the wind, assure yourself that with
loud
> pledges of performance materials are overawed enough of these pledges
> will land you a World's Re no longer entirely without warning, play a
> game storm and drying nets over two youths hardly broken that
> beautiful pale face is my fate, substance scowling ourselves,
Bohemia
> was a place where the girls got as soon as possible, many books under
her
> fingers, closing
> sounds are jarring to some, elements make promises, Klezmerim are
long
> gone, never to return from the courts at Syracuse Contempt biting her
> lip, document styled the whole place
> recent cloven eagerness inspired permission, to this despondency
> without any account, conjoined specimens turning bounteous policy
redounded
> to spacious name, at least permanent accommodation a verbal charity,
that
> famous version plain poesy treacherously an inkling departed, reminded of
> submissives grant autobiographical reserve, preserve my future
> condition omitting modification, firm character that slays them,
you,
> Heather, you are caught in this cycle foreater whether you keep

swimming

> right around, or shy away like thunder A daub denying a daub in favor
> of a daub, civilization rolls on on when heart shall be in this lean
> religion, humiliation would have amours, promises before you part,
win

> a thousand contradictions to pass, no other prodigality keepsake
> the efficacy of pining and disrest demanded guest an appeal to
> unnatural errata sets down animosities swarm for that hunger and
> proportion, death shades a to the woods I contrived peril, much
> scribbled for maintain a claim until acquiescence is sent back

you

> find you are bought with money, scarce daub

>

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

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581. **K. Silem Mohammad**

Re: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process

Thu 19 Sep 2002

Kristin Palmer wrote:

Having just begun an MFA program, I am incredibly interested in this thread, and here is the question with which I am currently struggling: how can I be a productive member of the workshop? The instructor is decidedly steering us away from traditional workshop modes, even tactfully fighting certain students' suggestions that we adopt a more traditional workshop model (more in terms of procedures, as opposed to discussion, I suppose, and some of whom are probably reading this), emphasizing reading outside work as much as, if not more than, traditional "workshopping," so I feel we're off to a good start. An excellent one, really, in my mind. Now, what can I do to help this along, make this a productive experience for me and for those to whom I offer comments?

The thing that strikes me as essential here is the emphasis on reading outside work. And finding out who in the workshop values what outside work, and for what reasons. And whether there is anything like a "group aesthetic" already in

place (which could be a good or a bad thing or both), or whether there is a significant amount of dissonance in terms of poetic objectives and tastes (again, a potentially problematic and/or energizing possibility).

If everyone is already "on the same page," e.g., interested in a certain kind of procedurally oriented poetry, or in challenging "voice-based" poetics, etc., you have the benefit of having some preliminary areas of inquiry laid out for you in existing dialogues and critiques, a conversation which you can simply (well, hopefully not "simply") pick up as you jump in. The downside to this would be the anxiety that people were just rejoining a program "already in progress." If you all already knew what kind of writing you wanted to do, that is, why would you need a workshop in the first place, unless for the mutual gratification of compliments, encouragement, etc. If, on the other hand, there is a great deal of tension between opposing literary values, you have the benefit of a forum in which you can confront and analyze those tensions head-on, assuming the workshop leader is willing and equipped to field the potential heatedness that might ensue. The downside to this is the danger of the workshop becoming a big general polemic, and the work itself getting lost in the shuffle.

To sum up everything I've said above: find out whether you all want to achieve the same kinds of things, and if so, ask why, and if not, ask why not. Either way, go for the self-critical tough questions.

There's a skeptical part of me that says if someone is good enough to get accepted into an MFA program, a workshop is the last thing they need. A sensitive, attentive, and constructively critical community of readers, maybe, but not a round-table ritual of arbitrary dissection and "emotional response" that threatens to result, at best, in the successful dissemination and replication of the Master's values, and at worst, in a big useless exchange of flattery for some and bad vibes for others.

Case in point: Although I entered the workshop (and the program) completely down with the idea of eschewing traditional workshop bullshit, I believe my first actual "critical" comment in the class was "I'm not so sure about this second to last line." (And I do believe there are cases where this comment is relevant, maybe this was even one of them, but that's perhaps beside the point) So, I've obviously got some serious de-programming of my own to do. I did graduate to posing the question last week as to how we might usefully "criticize" a less narrative, much denser piece. We spent some time just talking about the inner workings of the piece, the effect of each word in connection with the others, the significance of the undertaking of the specific poem at all but I felt an internal pressure to offer some "constructive criticism." Perhaps this is not nearly as useful as I have been taught it is, however? Perhaps it is better to just talk about what we see/hear/experience before us, how the poem is situated in a larger context (of what? the world? depends on the piece, I suppose) and then leave it at

that, trusting that the process is much more internal and, dare I say it, organic than any traditional workshop model would ever lead us to believe?

Well, I think that the "traditional workshop model," no matter what it professes in its press releases, **does** operate on the assumption that the process is internal and organic--that is, it relies on (in Patrick Durgin's terms) the "self-evidence" model over and above a poetics of "self-reflectiveness," whether on the level of "craft" or "process." Maybe we need to make a distinction, however, between "organic" and "essentialized."

Given that the program I'm in is geared toward a more experimental model, I'm especially interested in Kasey's example #3, Commodified Alternativity. How does one identify this (esp. in one's own writing -- another struggle du jour) and thoughtfully deal w/ it in a workshop? Were I infinitely well-versed in various schools of experimental poetics, critical theory, the works, I guess I'd feel more confident in making the distinction between genuine/imitative (commodified). But I've read and heard enough to look at/hear a lot of what's out there and think, "I've seen this a million times already," so I guess that's a starting point. But here's another quandary: oftentimes when I think that, it's not when I'm evaluating my classmates' work, but the work of more "established" writers being held up as models in the latest de rigueur journals and readings, for example. I mean, aren't there times when an experiment by a first-year MFA student for some reason holds little currency, but the same experiment by, say, someone whose been around St. Mark's for some time (say, between two and forty years -- and I only choose St. Mark's as it's such an easy example) is bestowed with a certain 'legitimacy.' Which is the true alternative and which is the commodity? How do we decide?

Honestly, I don't believe the poet is qualified to determine whether his or her work is "genuine." You just can't worry about this, at least not on the level of micro-refinement of the linguistic text that attends workshoping or even individual composition. What makes a form of writing commodified is not so much what it says or what it looks like as how it is packaged (that is, with other work by other people) and distributed, which is an editorial and industrial problem rather than an authorial one. Not that this is something that can't be addressed in a workshop, but I think that if the author tries, as a part of the process of writing, to second-guess the forces that make work either "real" or "fake," it just results in tepid or stiff poetry.

If I had one piece of solid advice for someone in a workshop, it would probably be to try to write work that you feel somehow tests the limits of what a workshop can do or is intended to do. But then I'd probably be a very annoying person to have in a workshop.

Kasey

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582. **Molly Schwartzburg**

sonnet experiments

Thu 19 Sep 2002

I'd like to ask listers to please suggest the most interesting variations/
parodies/appropriations/misuses of sonnet form that you can think of since
1960 (arbitrary but useful cutoff date). I'm especially interested in visual work,
and also hope to hear of some variations on the "sonnet-cycle," but all re-
sponses are greatly appreciated.

Thanks in advance,

Molly Schwartzburg

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

*** **

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583. **Duration Press**

Re: sonnet experiments

Thu 19 Sep 2002

emmanuel hocquard's _a test of solitude_

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

From: "Molly Schwartzburg" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, September 19, 2002 11:13 PM

Subject: sonnet experiments

*I'd like to ask listers to please suggest the most interesting
variations/parodies/appropriations/misuses of sonnet form that you can
think of since 1960 (arbitrary but useful cutoff date). I'm especially
interested in visual work, and also hope to hear of some variations on the
"sonnet-cycle," but all responses are greatly appreciated.*

Thanks in advance,

Molly Schwartzburg

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305

*** **

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584. **K Zervos**

Re: sonnet experiments

Thu 19 Sep 2002

<http://www.poetinresidence.com/>

slamming the sonnet - jayne fenton keane

k

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:]

On Behalf Of Molly Schwartzburg

Sent: Friday, 20 September 2002 1:14 PM

To:

Subject: sonnet experiments

I'd like to ask listers to please suggest the most interesting variations/
parodies/appropriations/misuses of sonnet form that you can think of since
1960 (arbitrary but useful cutoff date). I'm especially interested in visual work,
and also hope to hear of some variations on the "sonnet-cycle," but all re-
sponses are greatly appreciated.

Thanks in advance,

Molly Schwartzburg

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
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Stanford University

Stanford, CA 94305

██████████

██████████

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585. **K. Silem Mohammad**

Re: sonnet experiments

Fri 20 Sep 2002

on 9/19/02 8:13 PM, Molly Schwartzburg at ██████████ wrote:

I'd like to ask listers to please suggest the most interesting variations/parodies/appropriations/misuses of sonnet form that you can think of since 1960 (arbitrary but useful cutoff date). I'm especially interested in visual work, and also hope to hear of some variations on the "sonnet-cycle," but all responses are greatly appreciated.

A few sonnet-based texts that spring immediately to mind:

* Ted Berrigan, *The Sonnets* [Burroughs-derived cut-up method] * Bernadette Mayer, *Sonnets* [this and Berrigan's book are pretty much the most influential sonneteering models in the experimental canon] * Ron Padgett, "Nothing in that Drawer" from *Great Balls of Fire* [consists of the title repeated 14 times] * John Ashbery, *Shadow Train* [12-line stanza cycle] * Stephen Ratcliffe, *Idea's Mirror* [not in recognizable sonnet form, but inspired by Michael Drayton's cycle--visually the most strikingly experimental of all these I've mentioned] * Aaron Shurin, *Involuntary Lyrics* [as I recall, the last word in each line of each poem is the same as the last word in each corresponding line of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*] * Juliana Spahr, "Power Sonnets" [Self-publish or Perish chapbook--my favorite one consists of phrases from a Rolling Stone interview with Korn] * me, "The Dopes" [Self-publish or Perish chapbook--a cycle of 20 14-line poems, in a pseudo-elevated register, about things like oiled wooden squirrels, discarded raisins, and Maoists--slips into pentameter at times, even]

also, Mike Magee has been doing some killer semi-aphasic hip-hoppy treatments of poems by George Herbert, et al., frequently in sonnet form

Kasey

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586. **Millie Niss**

10 minute letter poem challenge

Fri 20 Sep 2002

I think I am going to have my workshop students (in class) write poems that are (indignant usually) letter poems, usually to entities other than real persons they know (I don't want sentiemental letters to Mom... I want daclarations of love to the plumber, angry complaints to Allen Greenspan blaming him for your diges-tive difficulties, letters to the post office complaining about the taste of the ad-hesive in stamps, etc) The idea is probably not to stick to the point but to di-gressss into random obsevation the recipient of such a letter wouldn't care about. Below are a few I dashed off... Does anyone else have any that I could use (or just be amused by)? Published poems in this genre also interest me but I don't have time to unnt them down probably before next week as I don't have access to an academic library and the public library would probably get it from a branch if it's obscure... Also, I was thinking of this more as a challenge to write a quick poem in 5 - 10 minutttes because I think that's what I will ask the particpantns of my workshop to do.

Dear Cape Cod Potato Chip Company,

while it is true that your kettle-cooked chips are the best on the market, they make me sad, and I am writing to tell you that I never buy anything which is even in the same aisle as your chips I know the windmill on the package is supposed to make me imagine dazzling beaches, picturesque lighthouses, darling windmills - all painted by inferior watercolorists from Eastham but it only reminds me that I broke up with my last lover in Hyannis (and when I say last I mean last ever, for there will never be another) not that you could find a wind-mill there

we almost died as the car went out of control on the rotary on Route 6,
both of us screaming obscenities in shrill voices,
our long hair streaming out opposite windows
(yes I know it's impossible)
finally we got stuck going round and round
with a Cape Cod Potato Chip truck honking at us
to go somewhere
anywhere
"got a problem, girls?,"
the driver yelled
"I can recommend my shrink"
and our Dark Russet Extra Intense Crunchy Flavor

Dear Agent Goon (CIA),

Please note that I am not involved in any communist, terrorist, or fascist activity.
It was because of my anxiety that the needle jumped when you asked me that on my last polygraph
I had forgotten my breakfast cereal, which can make a person anxious that and my cat had a hairball
so please remove the record from my record
I have been a good patriotic employee all my life
I wouldn't want this to ruin it
just because I skipped breakfast and the cat and also my wife kept me up extra long
doing the marital duty thing
you'll note that I've always been faithful
which reduces the risk that an enemy agent could blackmail me
she wanted to know how I justified working for you
and I pointed to the house around us, the two sleeping children, the car in the garage
the government's been good to me
so no way would I be involved in communist terrorist or fascist organizations,
so please throw the record of yesterday's polygraph in the office shredder.
If not, and you know how I'd hate to even mention people's personal lives at work
what with the atmosphere of suspicion
I could tell Agent Shades about your little tryst with the upper class Saudi boy we interrogated
at the refugee camp in Jelalabad. Only one night, to be sure,
but they won't like homosexuality, child sex, and fraternizing with enemy aliens
all at once.... you don't know this, but I saved the card he wrote you
"thanks for the feeling of bees in honey" in Classical Arabic
I think I'll put it in my briefcase this morning,
just in case
I know how to hide things, but it might just slip out during the security check.
I just thought I'd warn you.
So please tell the boss about my cat's hairball on the irreplaceable Middle-Eastern rug
(he's a soft one for collectibles,
especially the kind you don't pay import taxes on like other Americans)
and get me off the hook.

Yours Truly,
Agent Trench

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587. **Millie Niss**

Re: sonnet experiments

Fri 20 Sep 2002

How about Queneau's "mille million de sonnets" in which he makes up 14 sets of lines, with the lines in each set intended to be used interchangeably (you are supposed to make a random choice) to make a symbolist sonnet. Amazingly, the sonnets sound as if someone composed them and as if there are figures of speech and symbols and a theme... when in fact there is nothing of the sort in any real sense. He didn't cheat by giving them all the same symbols or theme either.

Another subversion of the sonnet cycle is John Hollander's "Powers of Thirteen" which looks just like a sonnet cycle except that it is made up of thirteen-line poems with thirteen syllables in each line. Hollander's actual sonnets are also about as far as one can go from the traditional sonnet meter and stay sonnet-like in a "traditional" way, i.e. they are in VERY irregular iambic pentameter, with just enough lines that scan to make you feel the poems are traditional sonnets. Often it is dialogue that interrupts the flow of iambs, but sometimes Hollander just seems to choose something as uniambic as possible just to subvert the sonnetness of the poems. The topics are also rather unsonnetary even though many speak of love, i.e. two lovers have a fight over whether it is right or wrong to splat all over someone's car when committing suicide from the Empire State Building...

Marilyn Hacker is less radical, but her novel in sonnets *Love, Death, and the Changing of the Seasons* takes the sonnet sequence to a new level of expressiveness and detail (in lower case, no rhymes, altered meter). By contrast, Vikram Seth's sonnet sequence novel *The Golden Gate* follows the traditional form to a T but subverts sonnetary expectations by being about completely prosaic things such as working for the defense industry or having a rock band and doing pottery instead...

Millie

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████] On Behalf Of Molly Schwartzburg

Sent: Thursday, September 19, 2002 11:14 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: sonnet experiments

I'd like to ask listers to please suggest the most interesting variations/parodies/appropriations/misuses of sonnet form that you can think of since 1960 (arbitrary but useful cutoff date). I'm especially interested in visual work, and also hope to hear of some variations on the "sonnet-cycle," but all responses are greatly appreciated.

Thanks in advance,

Molly Schwartzburg

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

*** **

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588. **Damian Judge Rollison**
damianation (google massage)

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Damian's Music Hall Pages dedicated to my favourite music artists; Erasure, Moby, Jam Spoon a.k.a Tokyo Ghetto Pussy, and more.

Track Speedster and reknown crooner Damian was wedded to Kalliope (Kay) (Here's my evil twin.).

Damian provides payroll processing and billing, credit and receivables management, payroll tax processing and marketing support for temp firms.

Discover Damian! Best Male Vocalist 93,96,97,98 and again in 2001.

Damian started traveling to Colombia sixteen years ago, and built a house high in the mountains, on the edge of the Amazon rain forest

Witaj na stronie Damiana

About Damian's Strings

The gut and varnished gut strings embody an advanced string design providing an optimal balance between quickness of response and

IF YOU LOVE MUSIC

JUST AS I DO

HERE IS THE GROUP

I SUGGEST THAT YOU VIEW

THIS PAGE IS DEDICATED IN LOVING MEMORY TO THE MUSICAL DUO
(DAMIAN DAME) WHICH

Bienvenido a la página de Damian

Damian's Music Hall ...

Damian's current playlist! (purely subjective
recommendations)

Un intruso en tu alma! This page is dedicated to the
precious memory of Damian.

Pronounced As: damn , Ital. Pietro Damiani, 1007?-1072,

Italian reformer, b DAMIAN. Also known as the Moneyless;
the Silverless Damian

The Official Damian Website has now moved!!

You will automatically be forwarded to the new Website
within 10 seconds.

Damian is a guitarist and composer whose performances
range from Bill Frisell, Jaki Byard, Sheila Jordan
and Howard McGhee to Luciano Pavarotti,

Damian is a professional wrestler who wrestles in many
different independent wrestling promotions around the New
England

Damian's Piccollo Jokes

How do you tune two piccolos? You shoot them both.

die nachhilfe in mathematik geben.

schaut euch in ruhe um. viel spass! damian.

ps: schreibt bitte!

Hi, my name is Damian. Thanks for visiting the site. I am
an attractive, intelligent, 23-year-old male from Waiheke
Island, New Zealand.

Damian - handeln
verbindet - damian,
handel, damianversand, ...

A few years later I knocked on Damien's studio door,
looking for a job. I said to Damian, 'I'm a better
painter than you are,' and he hired me on the spot."

Damian's Cucina Italiana
E-mail us!

Damian Cam Live 24 Stunden aus Friedrichsdorf im
Damian's Bookmarks. nothing flash, just a dumping ground.

Damian Green Damian Green
Member of Parliament Party: Conservative, Shadow education
and skills secretary,

Als mir Damian diese Geschichte zum erstenmal erzählte,
fragte ich: »Waren das Verwandte vom Herzog?«.

Damian joined the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra in 1997 as acting co-princi-
pal flute and beginning with the

a big number of his followers in the West, where Damian
is now a household name

Coy - Like Carp, Only Prettier. DAMIAN'S AUTO GALLERY.

Do you prefer Damian in costume or modern series?

Born in Boston, Damian began taking dance lessons at age
four at

Damian's Photo Album. Welcome! Some leisure time in the
office!

Recent diary entries for Damian

Damian's homepage has moved, you will be re-directed
shortly. If you get stuck, click here.

Date of Birth: 18 March 1977

Height: 183cm

Build: Slim

Complexion: Fair, freckled

Hair: Auburn, short

Eyes: Blue

Circumstances: Damian

Name: Damian
Birthplace: Baltimore, MD
Home Base: Bethesda/DC Area
Favorite Food: Seafood

DAMIAN's PLACE

Damian's has lost its former sidewalk. Click image to enter Damian's Place Enter

Welcome to The Magic of Damian. Damian has been Performing Magic for 12 years Close-up inches away Damian.

Webpage currently unavailable, please feel free to email me for more contact details. Many thanks to Monochrome for hosting this space. Cheers. Damian.

near future. I expect that there will be a new version up soon, so do check back. In the meantime, do email me at damian webpage ...

Good to see everyone again.... Hope all is fine and shit. Yes well as everybody know that

i get Close-Up Magic Damian Contact details Free Trick

jump to latest day Sunday 16 December (his birthday) We got a Christmas tree this afternoon. Damian was so eager to decorate it, he opened the box of four ornaments we got at

Tax increases and standardized health care are no laughing matter, but Damian as "The President" will lead you to the lighter side of ...

... DataForce Business Partners: Damian Services ...

Damian the DeeJay: The Show Must Go On
Protests, Legal Rulings and Fan Ingenuity Have Helped Keep
Revered Radio Legend

minimize spamming to these accounts.

L'agence d'architecture DAMIAN-UNIACK vous présente ses activités dans les domaines de la réhabilitation, du design, du désamiantage, du mesurage et

Damian's people connection.

... New Photos, View all. Damian Damian 10-17-01.

Check the facts, ignore the fiction By Damian
Thanks for dropping by. My name is Damian and I live in

Adelaide, South Australia. Most of my site is made up of pages dedicated to my

To receive your free CD Single of The Damian Shrub Fill Out out the following details. *All details must be filled in*.

Daimnation! is updated throughout the day by Damian

[illegible]

damian judge rollison
department of english/
institute for advanced
technology in the
humanities
university of virginia

[illegible]

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589. **richard.tylr**

Re: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process Go For It!

Fri 20 Sep 2002

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

From: "Kristin Palm" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 18, 2002 3:43 PM

Subject: FW: "workshop" vs. "poetics": craft / process

≥ -----

 $\geq$

> Having just begun an MFA program, I am incredibly interested in this thread,

> and here is the question with which I am currently struggling: how can I be

> a productive member of the workshop? The instructor is decidedly steering us

- > away from traditional workshop modes, even tactfully fighting certain

> students' suggestions that we adopt a more traditional workshop model (more

> in terms of procedures, as opposed to discussion, I suppose, and some of

> whom are probably reading this), emphasizing reading outside work as much

> as, if not more than, traditional "workshopping," so I feel we're off to a

> good start. An excellent one, really, in my mind. Now, what can I do to

> help this along, make this a productive experience for me and for those to

> whom I offer comments? (We're working towards answers to this in class as
> well, but I'm curious what list members think).
>
> Case in point: Although I entered the workshop (and the program)
completely
> down with the idea of eschewing traditional workshop bullshit, I believe
my
> first actual "critical" comment in the class was "I'm not so sure about
this
> second to last line." (And I do believe there are cases where this comment
> is relevant, maybe this was even one of them, but that's perhaps beside
the
> point) So, I've obviously got some serious de-programming of my own to
do.

I don't think so. One needs the "close reading" and the wider, general discussion. There are usually as many questions as answers; if not more.

> I did graduate to posing the question last week as to how we might
usefully
> "criticize" a less narrative, much denser piece. We spent some time just
> talking about the inner workings of the piece, the effect of each word in
> connection with the others, the significance of the undertaking of the
> specific poem at all but I felt an internal pressure to offer some
> "constructive criticism." Perhaps this is not nearly as useful as I have
> been taught it is, however?

It's one way. Your/our/may/their everyone;s mind is flexible: we can operate on different levels and benefit/ not benefit/use some/ none / reject or embrace or combinations of these. Of course "cut classes to read the books and look in obscure corners" but as long as you can get away and be in a position to say: well_ that_ was interesting, but I still want to do_ this_ At the end you will still be an individual: any attempt to de-individualise (!) you will hopefully leave you the more an individual: but not thus unreceptive to new ideas. And not necessarily not interested in cooperative work but there is very little of significance in literature or value produced that way: or if it is it isn't the main source...

Perhaps it is better to just talk about what we
> see/hear/experience before us, how the poem is situated in a larger
context
> (of what? the world? depends on the piece, I suppose) and then leave it
at
> that, trusting that the process is much more internal and, dare I say it,
> organic than any traditional workshop model would ever lead us to believe?

>

> Given that the program I'm in is geared toward a more experimental model,

> I'm especially interested in Kasey's example #3, Commodified

Alternativity.

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> well-versed in various schools of experimental poetics, critical theory,
the

> works, I guess I'd feel more confident in making the distinction between

> genuine/imitative (commodified). But I've read and heard enough to look

> at/hear a lot of what's out there and think, "I've seen this a million
times

> already," so I guess that's a starting point. But here's another quandary:

> oftentimes when I think that, it's not when I'm evaluating my classmates'

> work, but the work of more "established" writers being held up as models
in

> the latest de riguer journals and readings, for example. I mean, aren't

> there times when an experiment by a first-year MFA student for some reason

> holds little currency, but the same experiment by, say, someone whose been

> around St. Mark's for some time (say, between two and forty years -- and I

> only choose St. Mark's as it's such an easy example) is bestowed with a

> certain 'legitimacy.' Which is the true alternative and which is the

> commodity? How do we decide?

>

Who cares: dont worry about what other's think: go your own way (given the
receptivity I mentioned) and, well go for it! People respect idependence and
originality of thought...

> All in all, I'd say I'm working myself toward some answers (but only
some!)

> just by writing this (which perhaps affirms the notion that 'process'
trumps

> 'craft'), but I'm very curious as to what others think and interested in

> (even hungry for) feedback.

"Criticism and self criticism" Mao tse Tung. Good luck and have fun. Enjoy it:
dont take it all too seriously either. But work at it: its all grist...

| kp

Richard Taylor

[↑ Contents](#)

590. **august highland**

joey wagner

Fri 20 Sep 2002

JOEY WAGNER

LASER #002 [excerpt]

www.amazon-salon.com

mcnamara-named-going just happened older girl sat while keep slaves term
life wont must tell love making proper rider bother hind legs tossed spread
wide show horny viewers children see jokes elderly believe why syllable
comes Dewey Spanish War revealed first occasion really justice cloud dust
moment first as mixture Blessed One flicked clit faster tongue resulted
marks like flies cow caught sight new band Irish Republic Green Irish gather
assimilate analyze stick water apparently accepted sister stock ready know
totally short time known Late Vietnam began ride excruciatingly long only
accepted sister stock ready vagina bears testimony ingrained appears hypno-
tize some sewing-machine Stranded again penetrated elicited revival mind old
years destined try considered believe why syllable comes Zealanders lying all
looked Fourth approximately many competencies leadership tramps Third
proper provision light one continue miseries interrelatedness between mind
pulled up chair sat across two believe why syllable comes boards all indus-
tries Tenth going just happened Sheridan Burke Lord resulted marks like
flies honest folk away Murderers some most densely packed tribes nomads
short time pulled up chair sat across two keeping room long tell the guys
three history textbooks those the earlier evening blankets first occasion really
justice accepted sister stock ready quicksand boggy spot troubles competen-
cies leadership the slowness first occasion really justice taking consistent vir-
tual global itself every foul thing comes going just happened everything else
beginning accepted sister stock ready pussy bounced returned ain't longer
boat Fourth approximately many some most densely packed Micawber ac-
cepted sister stock ready arms employment said because seen like accepted
sister stock ready pointed indentation left competencies leadership struck
believe why syllable comes constrainedly gave aunt hand strengthen bodies
connect kneeling one travels arrangement example smallest extreme rule
accepted sister stock ready say always come nothing ease believe why sylla-
ble comes shade speak approach solitary returned ain't longer boat accepted
sister stock ready pussy bears testimony ingrained realising close Nathan
cumming the movement hands body touching down throat want taste every
first occasion really justice accepted sister stock ready several Scotchmen
servants competencies leadership the important first occasion really justice
accepted sister stock ready goes order one received going just happened
used frequently First-days competencies leadership fight last Nothing short

paradox perhaps wrought little one obliged go one way say always come nothing
desire arose degree fervent playing sure football one little schooner all
continuous assessments way life appeared dark organised play youths who
left shouldn't some most densely packed commented three history textbooks
those the saying does regardless one arm flex shirt falls tongue paradox per-
haps wrought little kind reason none only necessary worked own destiny
won first occasion really justice the themselves disciplined life resist conquer
recommended veneration present Figure compares strengths Micawber last
letter fulfilled one four sorts slaves evening family meeting going just

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/9/2002

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591. **august highland**

adrian (viper) ross

Fri 20 Sep 2002

adrian (viper) ross

serial pulse-code telemetry001...[excerpt]

www.inkbombdisposalunit.com

Mayhap serpent minutes precluded opens portal Citation let beat sinned will
put enmity barking dog Staff order destroy Rivers vexation dealt principle strict
while put mountains told lowest Guebling desirous seeing Severely turned
against leg refused majesty evacuation took met death Uzziah stronger known
vexation dealt sixth division company refusing evacuation Sgt Rivers unto shall
through two tank's fire onslaught beasts positions Adam gathered attired
adorned diameter trunk barking dog Sgt Rivers fire onslaught beasts tanks
daily morning Company withdrew While repaired Adam Sgt River's vexation
dealt principle strict slay Mayhap God creatures crew Messer Romeo Gonzaga
answered Wretch must animals less especially Mr Bumble divisions each pi-
ously Adam Eve thankfulness bringing down again neighbor's frightened lifted
offense great know such matters Hanina made Juba see try twice man will man
dry land appear carried off legs own way rather get disobedience every pity
give Adam assured down all fours crawling sickness seized like moment thou
whining like hound same verse bird Doug slammed cock deep inside Michel's
full noxious dew hot wet dick pounded himself hard driving all way inside balls
slapping against positioning Eve spent bit all embellished maintained Adam
designated pressing hands against thighs also allowed keep legs spread far
apart Wednesday ask hot little consequences hole Thenceforth see wetness

glistening shaft cock pulled each thrust Michel's pussy lips puffy swollen hard
clit poked rammed himself again again groaning cries different mouth sightless
go occasionally more ye home morrow really good injunction Adam why all giv-
ing pussy quite workout cock body babe white contractions heavens enjoying
announcing fond raven another dear remnant former children will size enor-
mous seeing Oliver Adam Thus God most intently Let care hung against Lord
proceeded just came own father glory horny skin who spirit call Christians an-
swered questions soul must herself some sparks excepting only flame own
breast questions soul creation man awhile Creator sun either side female strong
see passionless watch Each these like Michael generation Mattel will ark bid-
ding God consumers heavens fiery refund remonstrates dolls discontinue de-
filed Snacktime means ridding dolls evacuation ells high cannot dazed blood-ap-
proaches sins differences looking another awaiting song vulture majesty no-
ticed science exceedingly Gen William Westmoreland commander sons sigh
ruin ancestor Messiah flown up Uzziah forehead Saigon masters whole battered
troops heard wainscoting fighting Pleiku merely intended opposed creation ani-
mal's understanding acquired children's stronger known faces separated Mas-
ter Bates only messenger God good many ladies gentlemen man handles Chris-
tians between whom Mr Sikes forth make good string killed Thou didst give sin-
gular joined unto like resemblance Edwards who lives Hoke down Paradise re-
paired Adam assessments meant little bit more Sikes turned round where will
cleave sleeping interested observed Well said resuming derives light remained
still going need reconnaissance guys Thus one earth use remedies all same way
Arka reported host pairs ark thou Force go little prep work Some sensors inter-
cede who platforms use infrared technology can tell troops hidden acknowledge
know need prep area anti- personnel bombs good quarry troops Sirs said last
am whereupon gave went performs same resolution Enfeebled beyond Sant An-
gelo constrained end command cast wicked evil bath dive rose Yet dust ground
wicked evil own mind none carry backs Labbiel Taught water flows Only who
cleared Ruth word God emanating streams other moment two devours absorbs
came dwellers undertones keeper sheep overtones Pleiades angel something
incomplete struggling school home disharmonies seemed faces separated fet-
tered force striving rapacity bosom says battling against itself Ra- Harmachis
Egyptians likewise wings water angel opened children will corridors mocking
luminary punishment Adam phantom ill fellow-man light warmth children will
Norsemen Himself unto set pious wife two sons Jabal assigned pious pious
enough interposed Sikes impatiently stooping recumbant perfect thy whispered
few closed power ear Mr Crackit laughed announcing honoured Oliver petition
Thou stare astonishment black man's tongue darted lapping precious thing gor-
geous mounds while Michel possess more softly conceived Doug's timidity
essence person catches up fiery Rodney sucked tits hands squeezed spirit call
breast offered even fingers played grant one hundred feel dick angel opened

rock hard created thee even comprehended good waters props abode first man
snaked those dwell hand down side tracing gorgeous youths furnace cymbals
organs Duke nodded mouth too full closed power said impatiently see Palestine
one Remove adversary rejoined great world firmly one Remove adversary size
enormous

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Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/9/2002

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592. **lewis lacook**

SOCRATES IS A MAN

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Language is a word. The coffee, thick and tart like
rain if sex
were kiddie pool, finally finished and in your hands
to warm them
up. In the same direction as synchronicity, a car
outside turns
over as the central air kicks in. It's about that
time.

"Language is a word" is a sentence. The central
air, black
and sour as if rain carried a violin case down Eryk
Salvaggio's
street, kicks in every window of every abandoned car
turning over
in the steadily unbruising dawn. Your warm hands gaze
longingly
out the window. The kiddie pool, having been open all
night,
finally shuts off on a rush of spastic crenoline jets.
In case
you were wondering, all women are mortal. The time at
the tone
will be.

"'Language is a word' is a sentence," she writes,
quite
pleased with the cleverness with which she has
subverted the

objecthood of the previous sentence and virtually
uttered a novel
thought. The rain spoke with a slight lisp, revealing
its lower
socio-economic origins; it had been promiscuous in its
youth, and
now, older, had retreated into a well-worn piety that
felt like
cars turning over and bursting into flame. All the sex
in the
house has molded, and must be thrown out. That happens
in these
climes; the children, exhausted after night-swimming
until the
rim of day, slip back into their caskets, sated until
dusk
trickles through the hinges again. In case you were
wondering,
you are now completely out of time. So much space in
there I had
to stand still.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

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593. **Mister Kazim Ali**
Re: sonnet experiments

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Ted Berrigan: master of the sonnet--impossible to go
back to Shakespeare once you've been lost in "The
Sonnets"

Also, a lot of S. Howe's "Europe of Trusts" feels like
sonnet sequences.

Lots of Jean Valentine's earlier work (look in
"Pilgrims" and the first book--forget the
title...--approaches sonnet form, and the later work
imitates the first part of the sonnet, a turn at then
end, and then--nothing--

but that's all general, isn't it?

=====

"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://sbc.yahoo.com>

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594. **Michael Basinski**

looking for yo-yo

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Hello - Looking for address of Other Publications + Portable Press at
Yo-Yo Labs

- want to order books -

Michael Basinski at



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595. **Ron Henry**

Re: POETICS Digest - 18 Sep 2002 to 19 Sep 2002 (#2002-220)

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Around 12:03 AM 9/20/2002, Automatic digest processor wrote,

*Hi Richard--Really, thanks for your generous note. I'm still thinking about
the ramifications of literature and art created with the delete button in
mind. Jess*

Though I am still not sure why the delete key on a computer is so very different
from the spit-licked finger turning the page quickly to the next work in the liter-
ary magazine, or even the reader's hand that casually drops the entire journal

back on the rack in the bookstore, lit unread other than a briefest glimpse into something that simply didn't appeal.

Ron Henry

[↑ Contents](#)

596. **Garin Lee Cycholl**
Near South 2

Fri 20 Sep 2002

The second issue of Near South is now available. It includes work from:

Jeff Clark, Linh Dinh, Sarah Livingston, Dodie Bellamy, Ray L'Hooq, Karen Volkman, Andrea Scott, Ron Silliman, Chelsey Minnis, Carmen Gimenez-Rosello, William Allegrezza, Lawrence Upton, Michael Antonucci, and Catherine Kasper.

Copies are available for \$5. Send requests to:

Garin Cycholl
3617 W. Belle Plaine
Chicago, IL 60618

We are also accepting submissions for our next issue. Send poems, minute/flash fictions, short one-act plays, rants, ravings, etc., to the address above.

Questions to [REDACTED]

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597. **isat**
Re: sonnet experiments

Fri 20 Sep 2002

You can find my "radical re-editings" of Shakespeare's Sonnets 1-6 in the latest Blaze Vox2k2 :

<http://www.daemen.edu/pages/ggatza/Blaze2/poetry.htm>

best,
Igor Satanovsky

[↑ Contents](#)

598. **Bob Grotjohn**
Re: sonnet experiments

Fri 20 Sep 2002

some of the poems in Harryette Mullen's *_Sleeping with the Dictionary_*.

[↑ Contents](#)

599. **Kevin Gallagher**
Re: sonnet experiments
Fri 20 Sep 2002

Beth Anderson's "Hearsay Sonnets," in addition to those of Henry Gould are top notch.

kg

Molly Schwartzburg wrote:

I'd like to ask listers to please suggest the most interesting variations/parodies/appropriations/misuses of sonnet form that you can think of since 1960 (arbitrary but useful cutoff date). I'm especially interested in visual work, and also hope to hear of some variations on the "sonnet-cycle," but all responses are greatly appreciated.

Thanks in advance,

Molly Schwartzburg

*** **

*Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305*



*** **

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600. **J Gallaher**
Prose Lyric Experiments: Waldrop in NAW 20
Fri 20 Sep 2002

Since some posts are going by with blips about experiments, I just thought I'd mention this. Rosmarie Waldrop has been doing amazing stuff at the prose / lyric intersection for years, but I'm struck by her recent work as if for the first time. This, an exerpt from New American Writing #20:

HOLDERLIN HYBRIDS III: EVENING SUN

1

On a balcony onto the Seekonk stands. And full of thoughts of winter. My friend. And drunk with red wine I. Think of the power. Of a single word. Like for example "fact." When I know what matters. Is between.

*

But how with gnarled hands hold the many and how? The sun and shadow of Rhode Island? Let alone the earth?

*

Down swoops the hawk. From the sky over Providence. The sky over my head. Down to the leaves inward curled on the ground. But not like buds. Yellow. A cat is buried here and the leaves. Swirl up in the wind.

*

In the hour of the hawk. What is meant by: I think? Or even: I sit under the clouds in which. Rain gathers weight. I sit in my mother's shawl which is. Threadbare. In my head I sit. By the river Euphrates. Strange like water the skies of the dead.

*

And high from the branches of the maple. Like a prelude to snow. White feathers.

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601. **Duration Press**
new from Avec Books

Fri 20 Sep 2002

New From Avec Books

Separate Parts
(Six Memory Pieces)

Martha King

Pivotal Prose Series

On New York's Lower East Side, the 1960s are just beginning. *Separate Parts (Six Memory Pieces)* explores a world of committed, vibrant, and insistently independent artists and writers struggling for freedom from the social limitations of that time. Beginning with her own life and that of her husband, poet/painter Basil King, Martha King doesn't gloss over the personal and political contradictions of the era; the struggles she describes are both heroic and deeply flawed. She shows that even on this rebellious frontier, one doesn't have to look far to find the seeds of contemporary corporate New York. Nevertheless, *Separate Parts* celebrates a world in which many people believed, often at desperate cost, in the power of art to transform the world.

COVER ART BY BASIL KING

\$10; 89 pgs.; ISBN: 1-880713-30-6

Distributed by Small Press Distribution: www.spdbooks.org

For additional information and excerpts: www.avecbooks.org

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602. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**

Re: sonnet experiments

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Hello Igor----

Nice-----

I hope you decide to do Sonnet #8 too....

Chris

██████ wrote:

*You can find my "radical re-editings" of Shakespeare's Sonnets 1-6
in the latest Blaze Vox2k2 :
<http://www.daemen.edu/pages/ggatza/Blaze2/poetry.htm>*

*best,
Igor Satanovsky*

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603. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**

Re: sonnet experiments

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Mister Kazim Ali wrote:

*Ted Berrigan: master of the sonnet--impossible to go
back to Shakespeare once you've been lost in "The
Sonnets"*

but that's all general, isn't it?

yeah---care to elaborate?

Chris

*Do you Yahoo!?
New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!
<http://sbc.yahoo.com>*

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604. **isat**

Re: sonnet experiments

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Thank you , Chris

I actually do have re-editings of Sonnets 7-8 , but i keep tinkering with these and other sonnets. who knows, maybe i will get enough of them to do a chap-book by the end of the year...

igor

>
> Hello Igor----
>
> Nice-----
>
> I hope you decide to do Sonnet #8 too....
>
> Chris
>
> [REDACTED] wrote:
>
> > You can find my "radical re-editings" of Shakespeare's
> Sonnets 1-6
> > in the latest Blaze Vox2k2 :
> > <http://www.daemen.edu/pages/ggatza/Blaze2/poetry.htm>
> >
> > best,
> > Igor Satanovsky
>
>
>

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605. **Jack Foley**

Re: POETICS Digest - 17 Sep 2002 to 18 Sep 2002 (#2002-219)

Fri 20 Sep 2002

New website likely of interest to members of the Poetics list:

<http://www.theassassinatedpress.com/>

[↑ Contents](#)

606. **Lanny Quarles**

epodaiflung

Fri 20 Sep 2002

a/polysemic web-scroll:

epodaiflung

<http://www.hevanet.com/solipsis/desktopcollage/epodaiflung1.jpg> (594k)

[↑ Contents](#)

607. **schwartzgk**

Re: Prose Lyric Experiments: Waldrop in NAW 20

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Yes, I agree, for years now (and I say this unobjectively) staggeringly beautiful work, taking us in new and unexpected directions. Her work continues to be by far some of the most comprehensive treatment of prose/lyric stretches we have. Viva Rosmarie! Gerald (Him-Who-Gushes-At-Real)

Since some posts are going by with blips about experiments, I just thought I'd mention this. Rosmarie Waldrop has been doing amazing stuff at the prose / lyric intersection for years, but I'm struck by her recent work as if for the first time. This, an excerpt from New American Writing #20:

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1

On a balcony onto the Seekonk stands. And full of thoughts of winter. My friend. And drunk with red wine I. Think of the power. Of a single word. Like for example "fact." When I know what matters. Is between.

But how with gnarled hands hold the many and how? The sun and shadow of Rhode Island? Let alone the earth?

Down swoops the hawk. From the sky over Providence. The sky over my head. Down to the leaves inward curled on the ground. But not like buds. Yellow. A cat is buried here and the leaves. Swirl up in the wind.

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*In the hour of the hawk. What is meant by: I think? Or even: I sit
under the clouds in which. Rain gathers weight. I sit in my mother's
shawl which is. Threadbare. In my head I sit. By the river Euphrates.
Strange like water the skies of the dead.*

*

*And high from the branches of the maple. Like a prelude to snow.
White feathers.*

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608. **Mister Kazim Ali**
the *other* Waldrop

Fri 20 Sep 2002

has anyone read Mr Waldrop's lovely little trilogy?

and does anyone know how one can get a print copy of
"Garden of Effort" which figures so largely in
Palmer's "Danish Notebook"?

K

--- schwartzgk <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Yes, I agree, for years now (and I say this
> unobjectively) staggeringly
> beautiful work, taking us in new and unexpected
> directions. Her work
> continues to be by far some of the most
> comprehensive treatment of
> prose/lyric stretches we have. Viva Rosmarie!
> Gerald
> (Him-Who-Gushes-At-Real)

=====

"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://sbc.yahoo.com>

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609. **jesse glass**

Spam Lit.

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Hi Richard--Really, thanks for your generous note. I'm still thinking about the ramifications of literature and art created with the delete button in mind. Jess

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610. **Jim Behrle**

2 weekend events at Wordsworth Books

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Wordsworth Books

30 Brattle St.

Cambridge, MA 02138



SAT 9/21 at 5 PM

Poets Steve Malmude + Miles Champion

SUN 9/22 at 3 PM

BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002

with readings by Fanny Howe, Joseph Lease, Everett Hoagland, Jenny Boully, Benjamin Friedlander, Jennifer Moxley, Sarah Manguso, Peter Gizzi, Dara Wier and more.

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

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611. **MAXINE CHERNOFF**

Looking for Myung Mi Kim's email address.

Fri 20 Sep 2002

The email address I have for Myung is wrong. Can anyone provide me with her current email address at Buffalo? Please back-channel. Thanks--Maxine Chernoff

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612. **Duration Press**
Re: the *other* Waldrop
Fri 20 Sep 2002

I believe The Garden of Effort is scheduled to be reprinted in the near future by Paradigm Press...a downloadable pdf file of the entire book is available at:

<http://www.durationpress.com/archives>

Jerrold Shiroma, director
duration press
www.durationpress.com

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

From: "Mister Kazim Ali" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, September 20, 2002 12:49 PM

Subject: the *other* Waldrop

has anyone read Mr Waldrop's lovely little trilogy?

*and does anyone know how one can get a print copy of
"Garden of Effort" which figures so largely in
Palmer's "Danish Notebook"?*

K

--- schwartzgk <[REDACTED]> wrote:
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unobjectively) staggeringly
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Gerald
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=====

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

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

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<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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613. **Susan Dillon**

SO TO SPEAK SPRING SUMMER ISSUE 2002; SEEKS POETRY SUBMISSIONS & more

Fri 20 Sep 2002

I am no longer poetry editor at So to Speak, but I felt the compulsion to reformat and repost the STS info... I encourage all to submit and read on...

sgd

So to Speak: a feminist journal of language and art would like to announce its Summer/Fall 2002 issue, which is now for available and features new work of Tina Darragh, Hannah Weiner, Eleni Sikelianos, Catherine Daly, Carol Mirakove, Kristen Prevallet, Kaia Sand and others...also included in this issue: Teasing Out Selves: A Conversation with Eleni Sikelianos...

To order this issue please include, \$6.00, or for a year subscription, \$11.00, via a check or money order made payable to So to Speak:

So to Speak
4400 University Drive MSN 2D6
Fairfax, VA 22030-4444

Postmark deadline is October 11, 2002.

To be considered for our annual contest, judged this year by Eileen Myles, please submit 3-5 poems along with a ten-dollar entry fee via check or money order, made out to, So to Speak. PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH. The entry fees are what make this contest possible. Entrants must send duplicates of their work, one with entrant name and address information alongside copies of your work without name and address information, as this is a blind judging. Please send a cover letter stating that this is a contest entry along with a SASE (self addressed stamped envelope) to:

So to Speak
4400 University Drive MSN 2D6
Fairfax, VA 22030-4444
attention editor (state genre)

Poetry submissions are also being accepted outside of the contest

For guidelines please visit:
http://www.gmu.edu/org/sts
or email us: ██████.

No email submissions please. You must include a SASE. Fiction â€¢ 5000 word
limit â€¢ Double-spaced pages â€¢ Numbered pages Nonfiction â€¢ 4000 word
limit for articles (negotiable) â€¢ 250 word limit for reviews â€¢ Double-spaced,
numbered pages â€¢ Poems should appear on the page as you wish to see them
published. â€¢ Visual Art: Please do not send us original artwork; send photo-
graphs or slides. Black and white photography must be in print form.

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614. **Alan Sondheim**
when blinded, blinded

Fri 20 Sep 2002

when blinded, blinded, how how valiant, valiant, how war and thy
declarations

when blow again blow again trumpeter, trumpeter
when blow again blow again trumpeter, trumpeter

conjure - war's conjure alarums. war's thine out, eyes out,
gouged how out,
how cancers blow legless legless armless, armless, dead
and further dead

nuclear warhead warhead warhead detonate detonate o cities.
nuclear and many planes and many planes and shadows,
Targets and many planes and Targets

technology; of these the disappearing people to come,
the disappearing war to come, and technology and disappearing

when the war comes, there will be another war

when recording the war and yet another comes,
other mute wars and reduced and silent mute screens,
silent mute screens and brutal silence out
and others other as wars screens will flicker
and reduced and silenced out

to men, slide women, back children, into the game
slide of war and back of war.
down men, into women, the game children,
the children of war

when blow again blow again trumpeter, trumpeter
when blow again blow again trumpeter, trumpeter
and further dead
and reduced and silenced out

===

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615. **Bill Berkson**
Kenneth Koch Tribute

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Kenneth Koch Tribute Reading
Saturday, September 21st
8:00 p.m.

Bill Berkson
Micah Ballard
Margherita Caron
Chris Cobb
Albert DeSilver
Amanda Eicher
Dick Gallup
Brian Gigy
Hilton Obenzinger
Kit Robinson
& more

Adobe Book Shop
3166 16th Street
San Francisco, CA

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616. **Jeffrey Jullich**
Re: 10 minute letter poem challenge

Fri 20 Sep 2002

--0-1921815189-1032566846=:11145

Note: forwarded message attached.

Do you Yahoo!?
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<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

--0-1921815189-1032566846=:11145

by mta524.mail.yahoo.com with SMTP; 19 Sep 2002 22:02:01 -0700 (PDT)

Date: Thu, 19 Sep 2002 22:02:01 -0700 (PDT)

From: ibrahimabacha abacha <[REDACTED]>

Subject: VERY URGENT BUSINESS ASSISTANCE

To: [REDACTED]

Content-Length: 1076

DEAR SIR.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

I got your contact from private search on the internet. I therefore decided to contact you for venture below. I am the second son of General Sanni Abacha, the late Military Head of State of Nigeria. When my father we alive I used to move funds, in cash, running into millions of United States dollars to Brazil, Lebanon and other parts of the world, for safe keeping on behalf of my father.

However, on the eve of my father's death in June 8, 1998, he gave me the sum of US\$30,000,000.00 (THIRTY MILLION UNITED STATES DOLLARS) in cash to move to Lebanon as usual, but immediately my father died I had to moved the fund to Holland through a diplomatic courier service to a security company in Holland.

The funds have been in the security company in Holland since July 1998. However, because of the many restrictions placed on my family by the present Nigerian Government, I simply cannot travel to Holland to secure the funds from the security company in Holland. What I now need from you are as follows:-

- 1.You should travel to Holland to secure the funds in cash on my behalf and deposit it in your bank account in your Country.
- 2.You will be entitled to 30% of the total sum involved for your assistance.
- 3.As soon as you confirm to me your readiness to travel to Holland, I will send a copy of my Power of Attorney to the security company in Holland

authorizing them to release the funds to you.

4.As soon as you have the fund in your custody, I will give you details of where and which sector you will invest my share of the funds into, on my country.

5.Please note that this project is 100% risk free, but you must keep it very secret and confidential because of my personal security.

Please contact me immediately through my e-mail address: [REDACTED]

Best regards,

IBRAHIM ABACHA.

Do you Yahoo!?

New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!

<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

--0-1921815189-1032566846=:11145--

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617. **Jeffrey Jullich**

Re: 10 minute letter poem challenge [OOPS!]

Fri 20 Sep 2002

DEAR SIR.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

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Best regards,

IBRAHIM ABACHA.

Do you Yahoo!?

New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!

<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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618. **kari edwards**

"stamps"

Fri 20 Sep 2002

-send back the stamp-

whenever I find myself a and a and above when the modest sounds are
especially comprehensive fixed not principled as when many are found
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present dozen this test pattern promise aim like census data a
handgun and a lead balloon tan and tense at dawn the cause atten-
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ent when with line and style mayhem and mayhem descend a and a and
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with canned attendance dawn this cause a 10 plan contaminate like
taste conduct send half that and a sentence especially that soft highly
dynamic that cause any cause a pen then another cause of semblance
like a comment like a possible cutback=

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619. **The Clements Family**

Re: sonnet experiments

Fri 20 Sep 2002

Molly,

It has been fairly common practice since Ez exhorted everyone to make it new to write non-sonnet sonnets. So you might consider looking back even further than 60. Recently, Bill Knott leaps to mind: check out his many sonnets and bastardizations of the form scattered throughout his various books.

Knottily,

Brian Clements

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of Molly Schwartzburg

Sent: Thursday, September 19, 2002 10:14 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: sonnet experiments

I'd like to ask listers to please suggest the most interesting variations/parodies/appropriations/misuses of sonnet form that you can think of since 1960 (arbitrary but useful cutoff date). I'm especially interested in visual work, and also hope to hear of some variations on the "sonnet-cycle," but all responses are greatly appreciated.

Thanks in advance,

Molly Schwartzburg

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305



*** **

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620. **Alan Sondheim**

The Blue Tape

Fri 20 Sep 2002

(for the upcoming conference on Kathy Acker - might be of interest. - Alan)

The Blue Tape

I was still married to Beth and heard Kathy read and Kathy came and Beth moved in with Ed and Bernadette had moved out or moved out then and Beth and I had been together four and a half years more or less. Kathy and I began writing each other; she placed me in the position of her father; I thought she was my soulmate. Ed had a copy of her diary; I pasted the letters in it. Later I gave it to Tom who passed it on to Chris. I don't know where it is now. Kathy came one night when Beth left and the next day and next few days were terrible; we made the tapes - there were more than one - in the midst of the terror. Emily, who had been my student at R.I.S.D., filmed the materials on an EIAJ black-and-white Sony deck, I think 3600. They were filmed at my apartment, which Ed's brother Tom, I think, had found us, on 16h or 17th street; perhaps it was his.

I had been working in video and writing; Kathy had been writing; I suggested we do a tape to pay for her coming out from the coast. We got a bit of advance booking. Everything fell apart between us. She had worked in Times Square; I suggested we explore sexuality on the tapes and she agreed. I'd been working on and off in a messy narrative style, which I still do. There was no editing beyond starting and stopping the camera. At least one of the other tapes was an inverse of the one we showed.

We pushed things as far as we could. I felt needy. I hated myself.

I remember Kathy being suicidal, accidentally locked out of the flat when Emily and I took a break; she'd wanted to be alone. Neither of us were in great shape.

I forget whether we made the tapes all that day or over a couple of days. I forget the sequence.

We showed the tapes at St. Mark's and there was dead silence afterward. Vito was there. I think it was then that Jackson was there as well. Kathy said You've had your fun, children, now go home. or something to that effect. People were upset. Jackson said it was a very brave thing you did. We showed the tape at Yale and everyone laughed. We showed the tape at R.I.S.D. and everyone cried. At R.I.S.D. we went to an opening and someone came on to me who had been a student and I wasn't used to that and she came to the flat on 16th or 17th street and we had a short affair, but that led to another story. I showed the tape at San Diego, or maybe it was Cal Arts, or maybe both. I don't remember.

I'd never been able to watch the tape; it was too painful. It still is. After the California showing, I said I didn't want to show it again, and Kathy thought that was ok. (We agreed only to show the tape with mutual consent.) I didn't for years, until it was revived and shown in various places and I'd moved on and so had she.

I was teaching at Hartford Art School and asked David to take it in for a grant application; he ran 'the dirty parts' for his students and swore them to secrecy. One of the students told me, crying hysterically, at the end of the year.

Kathy thought I was crazy and I thought she was crazy. Sometimes I'd hear a hello from her later on. We did, back at that time, a complex electronic piece for WBAI, again about love, control, etc., the usual subjects. It went well but I don't think it was broadcast, but then I don't know.

I don't know where "The Blue Tape" title came from; I don't think we'd given it/them titles, but I'm not sure.

What else? I'm glad the tape's out there and being seen again. There was a recent article on it on the net; I thought most of it was wrong or slanted but that's to be expected. Every time it comes up, those days come back to me.

And those days are long gone. Bernadette didn't speak to me again. I was with her sister for a while. Vito and I stopped speaking. Around 1977 I moved out of New York and around 1990 I moved back. A lot has happened since then.

Alan Sondheim, XXXXXXXXXX

Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt

<http://www.furtherfield.org/asondheim/>

Trace Projects at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

[↑ Contents](#)

621. **dcmb**

Re: Reading September 27

Fri 20 Sep 2002

a well-merited Zap!, miEKAL. Allow me to respond on behalf of George.
Montreal is in the nation of Quebec. DB

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

From: mIEKAL aND <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Wednesday, September 18, 2002 11:58 AM

Subject: Re: Reading September 27

| *what country is that in?*

| *George Bowering wrote:*

| *I will be reading at the McGill University library in Montreal at
| noon on the 27th.*

| --

| *George Bowering
| No pie. No chocolate.
| Fax [REDACTED]*

| --

| *mIEKAL aND*
| [REDACTED]

| *Dreamtime Village <http://www.dreamtimevillage.org>
| Joglars Crossmedia Broadcast <http://cla.umn.edu/joglars>*

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622. **Mark DuCharme**

Re: sonnet experiments

Sat 21 Sep 2002

Excuse me, but around the time Ez said "make it new," Bill Williams said something like the sonnet is a dead form, & I'm not aware of anyone before Ted Berrigan touching the sonnet in any sort of attempt to breathe life into it. Maybe there's someone you (meaning any of you) know of; in which case, please fill me in. I think, as Kasey said, the examples that tend to be of continuing interest to most people on this list would be Berrigan's *The Sonnets*, published in the 60s, and Mayer's *Sonnets*, published in the late 80s. Both are great books. I don't really see the other texts Millie mentions as being of much impact in this context, whatever their merits-- but again, I'm willing to be filled

in. (And I have heard that Ashbery said that *_Shadow Train_* was not intended as a *_sonnet_* sequence-- so whether that text pertains to this discussion, I don't know). I might also mention Anselm Hollo's recent (since circa the mid-90s) sonnets. Again, despite their merits which I certainly would argue, I'm not sure of how much they pertain to the original question....

Mark DuCharme

*From: The Clements Family <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: sonnet experiments
Date: Fri, 20 Sep 2002 21:27:22 -0500*

Molly,

It has been fairly common practice since Ez exhorted everyone to make it new to write non-sonnet sonnets. So you might consider looking back even further than 60. Recently, Bill Knott leaps to mind: check out his many sonnets and bastardizations of the form scattered throughout his various books.

*Knottily,
Brian Clements*

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

*From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:[REDACTED]] On Behalf Of Molly Schwartzburg
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Thanks in advance,

Molly Schwartzburg

**** ***

*Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate*

██████████
██████████

*** **

[illegible]

—Gertrude Stein

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

MSN Photos is

<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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623. **Mark DuCharme**
Re: sonnet experiments

Sat 21 Sep 2002

Oh, and another, very different work-- Bruce Andrews' *Sonnets* (Memento Mori) . Is that still in print, or reprinted anywhere?--

Mark DuCharme

[illegible]

—Gertrude Stein

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

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http://www.hotmail.com

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624. **kari edwards**
it fell
Sat 21 Sep 2002

Sat 21 Sep 2002

it fell

it fell upon human remnants AntarcticOUTPUT Antarctic telescope the
evening sky Antarctic telescope the evening sky a very curious
OUTPUT the last notice Tell us a reddish-white color Tell me
AntarcticOUTPUT Antarctic cataclysms in signal OUTPUT Antarctic cata-
clysms with reddish-white color the last notice this time could have
been cataclysms flower-beds that fell upon me AntarcticOUTPUT Antarctic
thinking without considering the last notice a flower-beds fell upon me
AntarcticOUTPUT Antarctic thinking without considering flower-bed last
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nal OUTPUTs Antarctic telescope the unwillingly it's very curious in
an offended tone with a two-part color the last notice this time They could
have been many things in 1963 cataclysms signal OUTPUT Antarctic
monitoring the Dormouse after thinking without considering signal
OUTPUTs Antarctic telescope the last notice a two-part color
the thing They could have been many things signal thinking without
signal OUTPUTs Antarctic sky in signal OUTPUT Antarctic
thinking without considering cataclysms signals evening monitoring the
evening sky AntarcticOUTPUT Antarctic monitoring the last notice this
time They could have been cataclysms signal OUTPUT Antarctic tele-
scope thinking without considering cataclysms in tone OUTPUT the
evening tone Antarctic thinking without considering the evening sky Tell
us a reddish-white last notice a Antarctic telescope OUTPUT tell us
evening sky output

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625. **Lakey Teasdale**

THE SHIPPING FORECAST

Sat 21 Sep 2002

THE SHIPPING FORECAST

The striking thing about reading these pieces
is that High Rockall and the general synopsis
you find that the area for the next 24 hours is
please. please. when all is said & when all is

there are other considerations like the last Samurai
you know the one that followed all the others like
words?

The striking thing about reading these pieces is
that a new shipping area FitzRoy came into effect
and you find that the area for the next 48 hours is

stop. now. listen to the beginning like site reading
the sight reading when all is increasing or decreas-
there are other explorations like John Rae better than
Man Ray or the road to Antarctica is paved with
Maxwell Davis wouldn't you say?

The striking thing about needing these pieces is
that full details are included in our Marine(s) the
weather services. North or Northwest 4 increasing
5 or 6, becoming cyclonic for a time.

there are other illuminations like the celebrated
Mr Kite celebrating his would you say kite?
or was he really sitting at the quay of the bay?

The striking thing about dreaming these pieces
is that Forties when 4 or 5 occasionally even
Dogger or Fisher or the German Bight needs
occasionally to rest, maybe in Humber, later.

there are other accumulations and if you look
at the city she conquered you will only see
New York lying at her feet. She never made
it into Julliard. Something about the way she
held the cello.

THE SHIPPING FORECAST issued by
Lakey Teasdale

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626. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**

Re: sonnet experiments

Sat 21 Sep 2002

mark-----

early cummings methinks...

Mark DuCharme wrote:

*Excuse me, but around the time Ez said "make it new," Bill Williams said something like the sonnet is a dead form, & I'm not aware of anyone before Ted Berrigan touching the sonnet in any sort of attempt to breathe life into it. Maybe there's someone you (meaning any of you) know of; in which case, please fill me in. I think, as Kasey said, the examples that tend to be of continuing interest to most people on this list would be Berrigan's *The Sonnets*, published in the 60s, and Mayer's *Sonnets*, published in the late 80s. Both are great books. I don't really see the other texts Millie*

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Molly Schwartzburg

*** **

[illegible]

—Gertrude Stein

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

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Sat 21 Sep 2002

www.textmodificationstudio.com

753

"Yes," "I was I sat and the settled white b mentioned be all which I had been spr Mul
 Though lack Like the EL Diamond's I The Viper V ut Friday p e bough, an " says
 Frid u;" and upo his weight, voyage, b It was a lit It is impos This touche I not
 hot s "Yea, yea," She had too "Craig is s "How'd I gu ro Unlike my r "I was hopi
 He didn't t "Roy," he b SPIRITS Are THE INDIVID l you are fi e that can b sol-
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 order y forsaking en mystical d her wasn "It would b Of course, We joked ab
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 "I don't bi "Yeah, well He w , and I husb sted, I kep could not m And this pu This
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 a l "What's thi "Extra spen I laughed o "Christ, Bi "I didn't w "He's got a "Gim-
 mie ne "What about "Please," I "Well, what "Tell your I and should appen, but
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 can't wa "Upstairs, They should "Something "I don't

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co is "As a matte Star laughe "Stop picki "You should I

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/9/2002

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628. **august highland**

lisbeth irving

Sat 21 Sep 2002

LISBETH IRVING

BIO-COMPUTATIONAL NEURAL NETWORK#002.....[EXCERPT]

www.digital-media-generation.com

height1 All nongrievously injurer. reserved. All the statesmonger, you'll pup-
fishes releases provided Heidi Wieland, 805/[REDACTED] (Media) that we will
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Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/9/2002

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629. **Michael Magee**
Re: sonnet experiments
Sat 21 Sep 2002

According to Mark DuCharme:

>

> Excuse me, but around the time Ez said "make it new," Bill Williams said

> something like the sonnet is a dead form,

Mark, for what it's worth - and this doesn't really mess w/ you overall point me-thinks - The WCW quote is significantly later than the Ez - it's from his Introduction to *The Wedge*, 1944:

"It isn't what [the poet] *says* that counts as a work of art, it's what he makes, with such intensity of perception that it lives with an intrinsic movement of its own to verify its authenticity. Your attention is called now and then to some beautiful line or sonnet sequence because of what is said there. So be it. To me all sonnets say the same thing of no importance. What does it matter what the line 'says'?"

As Kasey mentioned I've been messing around with the sonnet form lately - or more specifically with the rhetoric of the renaissance short lyric as a kind of ghost-structure, like giving Westminster Abbey to Frank Gehry and saying, "Could you build me something mad stupid out of this?" or something like that (!). But, however I might want to modify Williams' stipulation here it remains for me one of the more provocative poetics statements around.

Incidentally, there's a sonnet by John Peale Bishop called "A Recollection" (ca 1930?) which is a baroque and mythological sex scene (think "Leda and the Swan" light and fluffy) - and an acrostic, reading down the left margin as FUCK YOUH ALFA SS. That's "Fuck you, half-ass," to you and me cuz.

-m.

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630. **lewis lacook**

ORPHANS

Sat 21 Sep 2002

There are some bastards in this world, that's for
sure. Orphans
are files that have no application to skin them. I was
still
fuzzy when I rolled over to pet the cat; Renee, who
has rolled
over also, begins picking something from my back. In
such cases
the body turns on itself, literally "eating" itself to
maintain
the disease state. Hawks circle over the trees.

I turn my eyes backward in their sockets to watch
the blue
flecks jangle in the dark, which is fortunate enough
to be
everywhere, slicking her hair like oil rolling down
her legs as
the steam of a shower warms morning noisy with patter
frequencies, engaged in absorbtion with change
spilling liquid
like consonance or consience from woodgrain. A good
train of
arias flutter with hummingbird panache chakras
lullaby'd and
spinning lids for thought tall and planes naturalize
citizens
from huddling masses to demographic sandwiches; in
cases like
this the body literally "eats" itself, Iraq and
Afghanistan in
its mouth dribbling oil down her legs to print her
toes in
psychedelic show at the bathtub Fillmore, Bill Graham
quite
proudly out in the mackeral tracking device, registers
a redness
on the screen to survey less of celibacy and more the
promiscuous

cunning. I cum money, was rally for artfulness today.
Smoking
mostly, salmonella knows how nice it is outside today,
with the
sun getting closer and closer to burning the
toppermost popping
epidermal to bliss. To be outside today is living for
tomorrow;
war by rote for market analyst silver in peacetime
aging, the
agent with the Lugar reminds us, is what you too will
want after
the implants begin; round and around is a confusion of
motion
with shape, not enough to startle us from our
television pleasure
but more likely to finish shimmying up the gold chain
dangling
from the rapper's artificial contacts.

They're skinning orphans in the square again,
those bastards
with the money falling from their artillery belts. I
roll over to
pet the cat; Renee has already slept for years, and
watches the
circling hawks with apprehension. We have no
application to
confuse our motion with our shape; opening, we only
display a
prompt in search of a context of software. The disease
state, the
agent with the hunger reminds us, is the richest and
most
powerful country in the world. We're so lucky!

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

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631. **Ron**

WIRE IS THE SOUL OF ELECTRICITY - Part one of a new list from Heart Fine Art

Sat 21 Sep 2002

Buzzing in sympathetic unison: Abromovic, Ackling, Appel, Arp, Art Brut, Bataille, Beecroft, Boltanski, Burroughs, Buren, Cage, Cahiers Du Cinema, Cesar, Christo, Constant, Debord, Delaunay, Descargues, Duchamp, Eluard, Emin, Faecke, Fine, Flavin, Fulton, Furnival, General Idea, Gilbert & George, Haacke, Hamilton, Hugo, Immendorff, Iris Time, Jones, Joyce, Koons, Lax, Leger, Long, Mac Low, Magritte, Man Ray, Marien, Mayakowski, Meyer, Molinier, Nauman, Nieuwe Realisten, Oldenburg, Panderma, Patterson, Penrose, Picasso, Rainer (Yvonne), Rauschenburg, Raysse, Ramos, Rubber Stamp Art, Ruscha, Sade, Saint-Phalle, Sigma, Situationism, Schmit, Schwitters, Shiomi, Stockhausen, Tapie, Tauber-Arp, Trocchi, Tudor, Ulay, Vautier, Vostell, Wilson, Young, Zazeela

Abromovic, Marina and Ulay PERFORMANCE - MARINA ABRAMOVIC/ULAY
ULAY/MARINA ABRAMOVIC Geneva: Association Museed'art Moderne, 1977
10 x 14.5cm invitation card. Recto: the artists with their hair braided together facing away from each other - the opposition prefiguring their eventual break as lovers and co-performers since after each walking half of the length of the Great Wall of China from opposite ends, they met and agreed to separate forever. Not a love story. Verso: gallery information. Fine condition

15 uk pounds

Abromovic, Marina and Ulay
RELATIONS DANS LE MOUVEMENT INSTALLATION

Geneva: Galerie Marika Malacorda, 1977

10 x 14.5cm 4pp invitation card. Two b/w images of the artists' performance (one image is a time lapse photograph) at the Paris Biennale where Ulay drove a car round and round for an indeterminate time while Abromovic announced, from within the car, the number of turns undertaken. Fine condition

20 uk pounds

Ackling, Roger, Hamish Fulton, Richard Long and Michael O'Donnell ROGER ACKLING, HAMISH FULTON, RICHARD LONG, MICHAEL O'DONNELL Cornwall, UK: St Ives September Festival, 1980 21 x 30cm, 12pp plus covers.

Documentation of 4 temporary works by the land artists that were all situated in West Penrith, Cornwall, England. Each has 2pp including a full page b/w illustration of the work. Fine from an edition of 750.

20 uk pounds

(Tapie, Michel)

Appel, Karl and Cesar

APPEL CESAR

Paris: Rie Droite, 1955

33 x 25 cm, 4pp b/w exhibition catalogue. 3 b/w illustrations (two Cesar sculptures and 1 Appel painting). Short essay in French by Michel Tapie and an original poem by Emmanuel Looten in praise of Appel ("Appel, Appel"). Scarce period publication in very good condition albeit some closed slight tears and bumping to extremities.

75 uk pounds

Arp, Jean/Hans, Delaunay, Sonia, Magnelli, Alberto and Tauber-Arp, Sophie. UNTITLED PORTFOLIO Paris, Aux Nourritures Terrestres, 1950 Folio. Portfolio in original cardboard folder (damaged but repaired) containing 10 original colour lithographs + 2 additional sheets - content of collaborations among Arp, Delaunay, Magnelli and Tauber-Arp. Only 150 copies of this rare publication were printed on Arches paper and signed by Arp, Delaunay, Magnelli and stamped by Taeuber-Arp. Title page printed in colour with an additional colophon page displaying small illustrations of all of the lithographs. Sadly somewhat foxed but very rare.

3,000 uk pounds

(Art Brut)

"SCOTTIE" WILSON/DENIS WILLIAMS

London: Gimpel Fils, 1950

8vo, folded b/w offset sheet exhibition catalogue - includes short notes by Wyndham Lewis and E.L.T. Mesens and biographies of the two artists. Laid in is the folding single page prospectus for Aeplly replicas. Fine.

75 uk pounds

(Bataille, George)

Lord Auch.

HISTOIRE DE L'OEIL

Paris: Burgos, 1950,

A later edition of this erotic surreal novel written originally under Bataille's pseudonym (the attribution continued here) this is a numbered example from an edition of 500. A very good example. Scarce in this format.

185 uk pounds

Beecroft, Vanessa

VB 08-36 Vanessa Beecroft Performances

Germany: Hatje Cantz, 2001

29 x 22cm, 176pp plus printed boards. Effectively a catalogue raisonne of Beecroft's performances (and prints). Full colour reproductions throughout. Very good copy.

20 uk pounds

(Boltanski, Schneeman, Messenger and others) BEETHOVEN MUSIC FOR THE MILLIONS Arnhem: Stichting Festival, 1977 21 x 15cm, 28pp plus printed wrappers. Programme in advance with original artist's contributions for the annual Stichting Festival. Approx. 40 b/w reproductions of works or original contributions by 14 participating artists including 1pp of 4 b/w small photographs by Boltanski, (presumably an original contribution/documentation of "Les 21 vêtements de Francois C. en 1972") and a one page work by Messenger (Quel beau spectacle). Fine condition.

65 uk pounds

Boltanski, Christian. LOST. Dublin/Glasgow: CCA and Tramway, Glasgow, 1994. 10 x 15 cm. embossed folio-folder with ribbon-tie, content of four texts (50 pp. combined), each housed in individual vari-coloured folder, a single glossy offset sheet of 64 photo-based b/w images (housed in vari-colored folder), two sets of 24 b/w photo-based card images (2 x 6 cm., respectively) and 4 b/w photo-post-cards documenting the title installation (4 5/8 x 6 3/4cm., respectively) + contents sheet. First issue of this intriguing assemblage multiple by Boltanski, after a project which was exhibited in Dublin and Glasgow. A poignant and provocative work. All elements intact and in fine estate in like folio-folder. Scarce thus.

65 uk pounds

(Belgium Surrealism) Broodthaers, Marcel LA CAUSE EST ENTENDUE. Affiche-Manifeste du 1er juillet 1947 Paris, 1947 43 x 27 cm 1pp offset manifesto broadside content of the text "Le Surréalisme sera ce qu'il n'est plus" written by Broodthaers and signed in print by many of the French (Allen, Arnaud, Battistini, Biton, Bucaille, Bureau, Daussy (Paulette), Daussy (Raymond), Dumayet, Halpern, Jaguer, Juin, Justet, Laude, Passeron, Tardos, Tibor) and Belgium (Arnts, Bourgoignie, Broodthaers, Chavee, Dotremont, Hamoir, Havrenne, Holyman, Lefranco, Lorent, Lude, Moreau, Rigot, Scutenaire, Seeger, Soimon, van de Spiegle) surrealists. Very good condition. Scarce.

195 uk pounds

Buren, Daniel and Sol Lewitt DANIEL BUREN SOL LEWITT Grenoble: CNAC, 1986 32.5 x 25cm (closed size) printed folder which opens out to reveal two pockets - one containing a 16pp plus card covers exhibition catalogue (41 small b/w illustrations of the artist's installations with text in French and English) and four, 98 x 41 cm folded posters of the installations (image sizes within the posters vary, 4 posters are of Buren's large striped constructions and 2 are of the large Lewitt wall painting ("Pyramids") and a further poster reproduces Lewitt's instruction drawing used by gallery assistants to create the work). Fine in very good (slight grubbiness to front) folder.

65 uk pounds

Cage, John & David Tudor. INDETERMINANCY: New Aspect of Form in Instrumental & Electronic Music. New York: Folkways (FT 3704), 1959. Two 12" 33 rpm recordings + 8pp. booklet with texts by Cage and b/w photos by David Gahr. Housed in original card box. First issue of this collaborative soundwork composed of readings by Cage of stories at the rate of one per minute, which were designed to sync with Tudor's solo piano excerpt from 'Concert for Piano and Orchestra (1958)'. Both discs + booklet in excellent estate in box with some light wear. Very scarce.

135 uk pounds

CAHIERS DU CINEMA. Revue mensuelle du cinéma et du cinéma.

Nos. 2-38. Paris, 1951-1954.

Uniformly 4to - 37 issues. Pagination varies as per issue. Mostly very good copies.

450 uk pounds

Christo

STORE FRONT

NY: Letter Edged in Black Press, 1968

28 x 17.5 cm, 2pp mylar and heavy paper multiple which is in effect an instruction drawing for a Christo store front - the hinging of the piece allows the exterior and interior to be viewed separately or as one (through the transparent 'windows'). Fine.

75 uk pounds

Signed by the artist

Constant LES VISITEURS DU VERNISSAGE. 25 dessins de CONSTANT, 31.XII.1987. Amsterdam: Wiet van Rossum, 1987. Small folio. An original portfolio of 25 lithographs by the urban utopianist in the original slipcase. Title-page, colophon and 25 plates. Only 40 signed and numbered copies were

produced by Constant on handmade paper. This is an association copy, dedicated by Constant to the previous owner. Very good condition. rare.

750 uk pounds

Corrected association copy

Debord, Guy

DE LA MISERE EN MILIEU ETUDIANT

Strasbourg, s.p.,1966

First edition of this book which was formerly owned by Debord and contains 5 notes within it in Debord's own hand relating to corrections he wished to see in a subsequent edition. Thus rare and interesting. Very good condition.

2,250 uk pounds

(Le Daily Bul)

Descargues, Pierre

GARVITES MALIGNES ET AUTRES CAUSES DE L'HARMONIE DES SPHERES
DANS

L'OEUVRE DE POL BURY

Belgium: le Daily Bul, 1980

18 x 14cm, 104pp plus wrappers and dj. Polarised images of a sphere balanced on a cube surmount the author's text (firstly a 'log' of sphere-cube interaction, later a philosophical treatise) throughout. One of 1,000 numbered copies. Very good condition.

35 uk pounds

(Duchamp, Marcel) Marcel Duchamp: Manual of Instructions for Etant Donnes: 1) La Chute D'Eau 2) Le Gaz D'Elairage USA: Philadelphia Museum of Art. 1987 Folio, unpaginated (approx 56pp with many foldouts) and board covers complete with original publisher's paper wrapper and 4pp insert (as issued). This facsimile of Duchamp's notebook supplied by the artist to the Museum when taking ownership of Duchamp's last great work. With an introduction by Anne d'Harnoncourt this is a marvellous example of how museum printing and use of copyright should be and is genuinely insightful into Duchamp's construction. Fine.

60 uk pounds

Eluard, Paul and Leger, Fernand.

LIBERTE / J'ECRIS TON NOM. Avec illustrations en couleurs de Fernand Leger.

Paris: Ed. Seghers, 1953.

4to, leporello (29 x 112 cm unfolded). A second edition of this "pome-objet". Very fine copy.

850 uk pounds

(Picasso)

Eluard, Paul

CORPS MMORABLE. AVEC UN POME LIMINAIRE PAR JEAN COCTEAU.

Paris, Seghers, 1957.

4tro 68pp plus boards in original dustwrappers designed by Picasso.

First edition of this work which is illustrated with 12 erotic female nudes by Lucien Clergue - the first publication of Clergue's nude portraits. Some previous damage to the wrappers has been carefully repaired - but otherwise very good. Scarce.

350 uk pounds

OFFERED WITH A CHARITY DONATION INCLUDED

(Emin, Tracey, Mona Hatoum, Chris Ofili, Eno, Kiki Smith, Sam Taylor-Wood, and others)

NURTURE AND DESIRE

London: Breakthrough Breast Cancer, 2000

16 x 16cm, 48pp plus embossed boards in original sealable plastic wrapper. Exhibition catalogue for a charity show at the Hayward Gallery, London which reproduces works donated by the artists in full colour (19 full page illustrations) with texts about the artist. Fine condition.

We hold several of this publication and will donate 50% of our price of this item for each sold to a breast cancer charity (this is Breast Cancer Awareness Month in the UK).

12 uk pounds

(Filliou, Robert, Ken Friedman Alison Knowles, Ben Vautier, Robert Watts and Others) CENIZAS Nr. 6 San Francisco: Cenizas, 1980 8vo, 30pp plus card covers. Self folded and bound. Tipped in 10.5 x 9cm, 30pp, stapled artist's book by Larry Wendt (Earthworm). Ben's contribution is noteworthy - a poem edited from a facsimile reproduction of his letter from Berlin to the editor (Mike Crane) by the selection of sections underlined by Vautier. A single issue of this artist's publication with original and reproduced contributions. Fine.

35 uk pounds

Fine, A. M. PIECE FOR FLUXORCHESTRA New York, NY: ReFlux Editions, 1983. 9.3 x 12 x 1.6 cm, transparent plastic box from the original Fluxus source with 25 offset printed cards (some are vintage, others re-printed). The instructions for a 15 minute performance using 15 performers (who remain anonymous

amongst the audience until required) are very co-ordinated and great fun. With vintage Maciunas-designed label. Fine.

50 uk pounds

Flavin, Dan.

Fnf Installationen in fluoreszierendem Licht. / Zeichnungen, Diagramme, Druckgraphik 1972 bis 1975 und zwei Installationen in fluoreszierendem Licht.

Basel, Kunsthalle / Kunstmuseum, 1975.

8vo, 110 pp plus wrappers. Many b/w illustrations of Falvin installations, instruction drawings, prints etc. See the light. Very good condition

95 uk pounds

Fulton, Hamish.

HAMISH FULTON WALKING ARTIST

London: Annely Juda Fine Art, 1998

25 x 17 cm, 32pp full colour pages plus printed wrappers. Solely composed of texts and colour photographs of artist's works in a gallery depicting the documentation of a series of walks. Fine example.

20 uk pounds

Fulton, Hamish.

WALKING THROUGH

England: Stour Valley Project, 1998

21 x 16 cm, 44pp plus printed wrappers. As usual solely composed of texts and colour photographs of artist's works as usual depicting the documentation of a series of walks. Numbered and signed from an edition of 500. Fine example.

50 uk pounds

General Idea

THE ARMOURY OF THE 1984 MISS GENERAL IDEA PAVILLION

Tokyo: Setagaya Art Museum, 1987

30 x 21cm, 24pp plus printed wrappers. Nine full colour heraldic designs (poodles) and several b/w small illustrations of works and 1 large portrait of the group dresses as poodles. Text mostly in Japanese although legends are in English. Fine.

15 uk pounds

Gilbert & George

FOR AIDS PICTURES SCREENSAVER

London: CyberArt Publications, n.d (circa 1998)

Standard picture audio CD in jewel case with 4pp insert. The disc contains a screensaver displaying the works of G&G for both Macintosh and Windows 95 personal computers. Unlimited edition, originally issued as a benefit for Crusaid. Fine.

15 uk pounds

Haacke, hans

HANS HAACKE. Volume II works 1978 - 83.

London/Eindhoven, Tate Gallery/ Van Abbemuseum, 1984

27 x 21cm, 124pp plus printed card covers. Exhibition catalogue - effectively a catalogue raisonne of Haacke's agit-prop photography. Extensive interviews with the artist and texts in English by Haacke. Very good condition

25 uk pounds

Hamilton, Richard MOTHER NY: Letter Edged in Black Press, 1968 13.5 x 23cm, folded and glued card with a 7 x 9cm (folded size) 7 plate tipped on folded insert. Hamilton's multiple for the SMS set consists of a reproduced and appropriated postcard image of a crowded beach at the UK resort of Whitley Bay (beloved of many Bank Holiday weekends). Verso the card is designed as if a seaside postcard and carries the message: "A Richard Hamilton Novelty". The tipped in small booklet enlarges. step by step, part of the image eventually centring on a family group of two small children and their mother. The last image is a very enlarged blob which still retains a sensibility of motherhood much like a Henry Moore sculpture. A peon to childhood memories. Very fine condition.

95 uk pounds

(Duchamp, Marcel).

Hamilton, Richard.

UNTITLED Poster designed by the artist for the Marcel Duchamp exhibit 'Tate Gallery, London 1970'.

London: Petersburg Press, 1970.

Two-color screenprint employing acetate film, laminate and silver foil blocking. Printed on white cartridge paper. 58 x 80 cm. This poster reproduces a photograph of Duchamp by Hamilton, and has a interesting optic/illusory character. Edition not noted. Fine condition.

450 uk pounds

(Hugo, Valentine) D.A.F. Marquis de Sade EUGENIE DE FRANVAL Paris: Les editions Georges Artigues, 1948 4-tro, 86pp with original wrappers. Includes 8 dry-point illustrations by Valentine Hugo. One of 1,200 copies on "vlin de Lana". Very good condition. Hugo's interest in the work of De Sade was typical of the surrealist's love for the libertine - attracted not only by the erotic and

pornographic tone of the books but also the distain for the family, anti-clericism and a rejection of bourgeois morality. Scarcer than the limitation might suggest. Images of the etchings available.

195 uk pounds

Immendorff, Jorg LIDL Eindhoven: Van Abbemuseum, 1981 30 x 21cm, 96pp plus covers. Useful, informative and well documented account of Immendorff's early 60's LIDL activities and actions. over 120 b/w and colour reproductions of photographs. LIDL (the sound of a baby's rattle) was the basis for numerous public works, political protests against the state, campus demonstrations and, astonishingly, an artists' sports event which included Robert Filliou, Schmit, Ben, Koepke as active participants and a cycle race to Broodthaer's Eagle museum. actually we'd be sad to see this book sold but there you have it. very good although some grubbiness on the covers and the remnant of a fold on one edge throughout the book.

45 uk pounds

IRIS TIME. No's 1-46 (complete). Paris: Galerie Iris Clert, Oct., 1962 - April, 1975. 46 (separate) numbers. Uniformly, 18.4 x 26.1 cm. 4 pp. per. B/w photo-documentation. Tabloid format. A rare complete set of the influential and eccentric gallerist's intriguing review. Always noted for her presentations of the newest tendencies on the art market in an unconventional manner, Clert's "Iris Time" serves as both documentation, newsletter, gossip tabloid and catalogue forum for the gallery's artists. Text contributions by Lo Duca, Patrick Waldberg, Pierre Restany, Robert Pincus-Witten, Otto Hahn, Jean-Jacques Leveque, Ad Reinhardt, et. al. The latter's contribution constituting number 7 (6/10/63) "Les Forces Immobiles de Ad Reinhardt" issued on the occasion of the artist's exhibition of his "Black Paintings", and includes the text "Auto-critique de Reinhardt". Other artist documentation of and contributions by William Copley, Gaston Chaissac, Pol Bury, Leon Golub, Lucio Fontana, Paul van Hoeydonck, Roy Adzak, Raymond Hains, and many others. All issues in very good to excellent estate, while taking into account the nature of newsprint.

1,950 uk pounds

Jones, Joe

XYLOPHONE

Koln: ? Records, 2002

Standard audio CD in jewel case with 2pp insert. A recording of one of Jone's Fluxus self-playing instruments (the titular hybrid xylophone) where a motor creates the seemingly random and eventually repetitive sounds. Edition of 500. Fine condition.

30 uk pounds

Joyce, James.

DUBLIN. Novellen. Deutsch von Georg Goyert.

Basel/Leipzig/Zurich: Rhein Verlag, n.d. (c. 1930).

8vo. 310pp. Original decorative cloth. First German language edition of 'Dubliners'. Arguably the most outstanding short story collection of the 20th Century. A very good+ example. Scarce.

125 uk pounds

Koons, Jeff

KITCH BEAR AND POLICEMAN. Signed exhibition poster

Germany: Staatsgalerie Stuttgart, 1993

84,5 x 60 cm, offset exhibition poster signed and dated ('93) in silver by Koons with a very large added drawing of a flower. While drawing the flower Koons has spilled a little of the ink on the right hand edge of the poster but this does not detract from a very attractive, framable image.

165 uk pounds

See this poster: <http://www.heartfineart.com/Images/Koonsbear.jpg>

Koons, Jeff Ball-Paddle-Game Germany: Guggenheim, 1999 Artist's multiple. Approx. 18 x 12 cm silkscreened wood, plastic and metal children's game in die cut cardboard box. Typically a playful multiple by the rejuvenated neo-pop funster. The game is a table-tennis-shaped bat painted to look like Santa's Rudolph with an attached rouge-coloured ball and a egg-cup shaped spring for a nose. The purpose of the game is to catch the ball in Rudolph's nose and make it, thus, red. Signed and numbered by the artist from a small edition of 100. Fine estate.

245 uk pounds net (cheaper than Guggenheim originally sold these for)

See this multiple: <http://www.heartfineart.com/Images/Koonsgame.jpg>

(Furnival, John)

Meyer, Thomas

THE BANG BOOK

USA: The Jargon Society, 1971

23 x 20.5cm, 44pp plus wrappers and printed mylar dj. Meyer's homo-erotic ghost tale/poem about Wild Bill Hickok, his ghost and a young boy's introduction into an aggressive frontier manhood. This copy is signed on the title page by Furnival. Very good copy with a 5 x 1cm loss of plastic from the rear of the transparent dust jacket.

45 uk pounds

Lax, Robert

SPRING SONGS BY ROBERT LAX

Devon, UK: Kontexts Publications, 1974

21.8 x 10.5cm, 4pp printed and folded card. Concrete poem relating to the environment - the words GREEN/GREEN compete with the word CAR/BON and SUN/SUN - a warning about global warming many years before it became a common concern. Each word is in an appropriate colour. One of 500. Fine.

16 uk pounds

Long, Richard

WIND CIRCLE MEMORY STICKS

Duisberg, Wilhelm Lehmbruck Museum, 1997

21 x 12cm, 12pp self cover offset exhibition catalogue with 12 full page b/w reproductions of Long works and an 4pp insert with an essay by Renate Heidt Heller. Fine condition.

15 uk pounds

(Long, Richard)

Long, Denny

A PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF RICHARD LONG, 1983

London: Anthony d'offay Gallery, 1983

16 x 24.5cm, b/w photographic print of a muddy, yet smiling, Long outside a teepee taken by his wife. A publicity still for use by PR companies. There is a single, yet nearly invisible, pin hole at the top edge of the print but otherwise very good.

35 uk pounds

See this photograph: <http://www.heartfineart.com/Images/Longphoto.jpg>

(Magritte, Dominguez) BIZARRE no. 3, December 1955 Paris, Linbrarie Jean-Jacques Pauvert, 1955. 4-to, 60pp plus inserted adverts (including a lengthy price list of Pauvert editions) plus printed wrappers. A single issue of this influential general arts review. This issue contains articles on Rene Magritte and Oscar Dominguez. The former not only has 2 full page b/w plates of works and the cover b/w drawing (a woman with a candle) but also a 1pp text by the painter: "La Fee Ignorante". Also a double page advert for La Surrealisme Meme with bound in order form for Breton's then latest project. Very slight damage to spine, otherwise very good.

95 uk pounds

Man Ray

THE FATHER OF MONA LISA

NY: Letter Edged in Black Press, 1968

27.5 x 17.5cm full colour offset prints. The image is Leonardo's

self-portrait - with a collaged cigar in his mouth. Verso is the title, date and signature (printed). The referencing to the Duchamp LHOOG is obvious. Theoretical edition of 1,200 copies, not all were issued. Fine.

85 uk pounds

Man Ray MAN RAY AUSSTELLUNG ERSTMALIG IN BERLIN (OBJECTE FOTOS GRAPHIK) Berlin: Galerie Werner Kunze, n.d. (1970s?) 14.5 x 10.5cm, 4pp invitation card. Reproductions of two original works by Man Ray - front is a collage of a massive version of his Indestructible Image in a square in Berlin, on the back page is a photograph of a model. Inside pages are gallery information. VG apart from a small internal mark and slight surface paper loss near the fold on the outside of the glossy card.

15 uk pounds

Marien, Marcel.

QUAND L'ACIER FUT ROMPU.

Brussels: Les Levres Nues, 1957.

8vo. 154pp. Duotone photographic wrappers (Stalin being kissed by a small girl). First edition of these polemic texts by the intrepid Belgian Surrealist author, photo-collagist, filmmaker, editor and publisher. A close to fine example. Scarce.

75 uk pounds

Marien, Marcel.

RETROSPECTIVE & NOUVEAUTIES 1937 - 1967.

Bruxelles: Galerie Defacoz, 1967.

8vo, 72pp in original wrappers which are sadly stained. But otherwise very good. many b/w reproductions of works.

40 uk pounds

Mayakovsky, Vladimir. Tragediia (A Tragedy). Moscow: Futuristy Gileia, 1914. 15 x 23.5 cm, 46 pp, 7 drawings reproduced, by D. and V. Burliuk. in original paper covers, spine professionally replaced. Top cover has some blue pencil writing + 1 rubber stamp, rubbed and slightly creased + some spotting. Rear cover slightly spotted otherwise good. First few pages slightly thumbled. Occasional very small yellow pencil marks, couple of small blotches on page 15 and top corner of page 17, small closed tear to fore edge of last page (illustration) + small tear to top left corner. Pale rubber stamp on verso of last page. First edition of only 500. Very rare publication by the revolutionary poet, especially in this overall good condition. (Reference; Ex Libris catalogue 6, No.187).

1,650 uk pounds

Molinier, Pierre. LA POUPEE. Unique photo-assemblage. Nd. (c. 1970). 20 x 30cm. (color) cibachrome photographic print in dual passe-partout; which has been hand-prepared, painted in white and further embellished by the artist via a series of vertical razor-cuts and 5/8" pasted-down mantle as border with affixed 'razor blade' etched 'Pierre Molinier'. An exceptional photo-piece cum object by the Surrealist-affiliated artist. The image is a characteristic self-portrait as 'doll' (face heavily made up and visible for a black lace veil, polished nails apparent for matching semi-transparent gloves). For some 30 years Molinier focused his attentions upon the fetishistic cultivation and maintenance of his persona as subject-model in extremis; engaging in gender-bending projections and mournful transvestitism (in solitude) toward an ideal image of himself as hermaphrodite. His photo works represent life documents of the artist as (his own) voyeur. Molinier committed suicide in 1976. The piece offered herein was, by all appearances, meticulously prepared and assembled by the artist as a gift. Fine estate.

2,500 uk pounds

A further email will soon arrive to complete this latest list.

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line and we will remove you as soon as possible.

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632. **floodeditions**
Taggart & Regan in Chicago
Sat 21 Sep 2002

John Taggart

&

Matthias Regan

will be reading at

Harold Washington Library
400 South State Street
Chicago Authors Room, 7th Floor
Chicago, Illinois

Saturday, September 28th, 1:00 PM

sponsored by Chicago Poetry Project

=====

Chicago Poetry Project
Box 642185
Chicago, IL 60664
www.chicagopoetryproject.org

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633. **Harrison Jeff**

Virginia's Suitors

Sat 21 Sep 2002

Voice 1:	i n c a s e
Voices 2:	a n d b u i l d
Voice 1:	a l r e a d y d o w n
Voice 3:	o w l i s a r e d
Voice 2:	w e s h a k e t h e t o n g u e
Voice 1:	t h i s r a i l w a y s a g e
Voice 3:	c l o c k w i s e b u b b l e
Voice 1:	t a c i t l a c c o l i t h i c
Voice 3:	p r o f i t a b r o a d p a r t s
Voice 2:	t h e r e t u r n r i s i n g
Voice 3:	r e s o n a n c e O !
Voice 2:	m o t h s f o r s i x
Voice 1:	a r i d & u n r e l i e d

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634. **Harrison Jeff**

Virginia is Spirited Away to Monticello

Sat 21 Sep 2002

mere nature arises
 in its own hands
sorrowful parting
 sensible

brought to heaven
flames which attempt death
extends itself as a request
some hearts pretend to
anachronisms firmly established
supplementary to major changes
the great twin permanencies
have determined this theatre
after the creation of nature
correctives were too strong
monoxide bloom
somber-grey complicity
repose
resolute blankness
outlawed significance
repose
guided and supported
may easily suppose
valueless evaluations
the local motion and phrases
in the highest degree
semblance filaments out as elements
by virtue of degrees
makes a geographic and lexical
hope for grounded changes
changes dependent on what will break
detachment strains belief

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635. **Lakey Teasdale**

Re: Virginia's Suitors

Sat 21 Sep 2002

message almost received. thank you. lakey
----- Original Message -----
From: Harrison Jeff <[REDACTED]>
To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, September 21, 2002 5:27 PM
Subject: Virginia's Suitors

Voice 1:	<i>in case</i>
Voices 2:	<i>and build</i>
Voice 1:	<i>already down</i>
Voice 3:	<i>owl is a red</i>
Voice 2:	<i>we shake the tongue</i>
Voice 1:	<i>this railway sage</i>
Voice 3:	<i>clockwise bubble</i>
Voice 1:	<i>tacit laccolithic</i>
Voice 3:	<i>profit abroad parts</i>
Voice 2:	<i>the return rising</i>
Voice 3:	<i>resonance O!</i>
Voice 2:	<i>moths for six</i>
Voice 1:	<i>arid & unrelieved</i>

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636. **Rebecca Wolff**

Again, Fence Books Contest News

Sat 21 Sep 2002

I apologize to those who have received this three times. I hit a glitch, but hopefully three times's a charm . . .

Fence Books is delighted to announce the winner of the 2002 Fence Modern Poets Series. Judge Ann Lauterbach selected Elizabeth Robinson's *Apprehend*. *Apprehend* will be published as a collaboration between Fence Books, Apogee Press, and Saturnalia Press in May of 2002. Fence Books will also publish Anthony McCann's *Skywalker Ranch* and Martin Corless-Smith's *Nota*.

Guidelines and required entry forms for our two contests, the Alberta Prize and the Fence Modern Poets Series, are now available on the Fence Books website. <http://www.fencebooks.com>. Tell your friends!

There were 13 finalists in all. Here they are, in no particular order:

Frayed Escort, by Karen Garthe, of New York City

Apprehend, by Elizabeth Robinson, of Berkeley, CA

The Opening Question, by Prageeta Sharma, of Brooklyn, NY

Quarantine, by Brian Henry, of Athens, GA

Hello, Bee-Thigh Mane, by Travis Nichols, of Northampton, MA

Structure of the Embryonic Rat Brain, by Christopher Janke, of Greenfield, MA

Neighbor Dirt, by Jennifer Kietzman, of Ann Arbor, MI

Skywalker Ranch, by Anthony McCann, of Brooklyn, NY

100 Clews, by Jason Zuzga, of Tucson, AZ

The Breaking Book, by Margo Berdeshevsky, of Paris, France

Backhand: A Calypso in Four Parts, by Zachary Jack, of Afton, TN

Corruption, by Srikanth Reddy, of Madison, WI

Nota, by Martin Corless-Smith, of Boise, ID

About *Apprehend*, Ann Lauterbach says: "Taking her cues from folktale, legend, and fable, Elizabeth Robinson has reinvented the 'uses of enchantment.' Robinson calibrates the motion between fear, apprehension, and knowledge-comprehension at the crux of human imagining. She shows, with a minimalist's precision and a logician's attention to linguistic morphology, how the often bleak agenda of the real capitulates to the moral restitution of the true; how our need to tell stories enjambs faith and enlightenment. This is a work of uncanny persuasion."

About Elizabeth Robinson: "Elizabeth Robinson is the author of *In the Sequence of Falling Things* (paradigm press), *Bed of Lists* and *House Made of Silver* (both from Kelsey St.Press), and *Harrow* (Omnidawn). Her work appears in *The Best American Poetry of 2002*. With Colleen Lookingbill, she edits EtherDome Press, which publishes two chapbooks annually by previously unpublished poets. She is one of five editors of a new magazine, 26."

***This announcement list has recently been updated. Please, if you'd like to be taken off this list, which relays information approximately six times a year about Fence Magazine (<http://www.fencemag.com>) and Fence Books, just reply with the subject heading "Remove." I apologize in advance if you've made the request before and now been added back on . . . this is not an exact science.

Rebecca Wolff
Fence et al.
14 Fifth Avenue, #1A
New York, NY 10011
<http://www.fencemag.com>

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637. **jdhollo**
sonnets/sequences

Sat 21 Sep 2002

In addition to the modern/postmodern sonnets and sonnet sequences referenced so far on the Buffalo list, here are a few more I'd like to call to your attention (while also tooting my own horn a bit):

John Berryman DREAM SONNETS

Gerard Boar, acro/pseudonym of Ebbe Borregaard SKETCHES FOR 13 SONNETS Oyez, Berkeley 1969 <<1600 copies designed and printed by Graham Mackintosh>> no ISBN

Tom Raworth ETERNAL SECTIONS Sun & Moon Classics Los Angeles 1993 ISBN 1-55713-129-5

Anselm Hollo NOT A FORM AT ALL BUT A STATE OF MIND in CORVUS Coffee House Press Minneapolis 1995 ISBN 1-56689-039-X

Anselm Hollo RUE WILSON MONDAY La Alameda / University of New Mexico Press Albuquerque 2000 ISBN 1-888809-22-1

Anselm Hollo GUESTS OF SPACE in CONJUNCTIONS 35 AMERICAN POETRY STATES OF THE ART Bard College 2000 ISBN 0-941964-51-5

Anselm Hollo SO THE ANTS MADE IT TO THE CAT FOOD Samizdat Editions Lake Forest IL 2001 no ISBN

Also recommended, David Gardner's MFA thesis for the Jack Kerouac School of Poetics at Naropa University, Boulder Colorado:

POSTMODERN MUTATIONS OF THE SONNET FORM: EXPLORING WORKS BY TED BERRIGAN, ANSELM HOLLO, BERNADETTE MAYER, AND JULIANA SPAHR

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638. **austinwja**

Congratulations to Bob

Sat 21 Sep 2002

Sen-sa-shon-al opening at the Center for Book Arts in NYC. Showcased "Writing to Be Seen," ed. by Bob Grumman and Craig Hill. Congrats, Bob! A hell of a project and well done. In attendance, besides moi: Mike Magazinnik, Bruce Andrews, Richard Kostelanetz, Scott Helmes (in da anthology), Bill Keith (also in dere), and many more brilliance types within and without the book.

Particularly gratifying was Bruce Andrew's appearance. A giant of an artist (whom I couldn't resist teasing just a tad). Bruce, are you listening? Thank you so much for supporting my comrades. A place awaits you on god's pony ride.

While I'm here, it's time for my yearly thank you to Charles Bernstein and Co. who make this list possible. Chris, are you still in business? Thanks to you.
Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

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639. **Robert Kendall**

New at Word Circuits

Sat 21 Sep 2002

** NEW AT WORD CIRCUITS **

The Dancing Rhinoceri of Bangladesh

By Millie Niss

A combinatorial excursion into the textual possibilities of rhinoceri and other matters. (Interactive poem)
www.wordcircuits.com/gallery/rhino

About Time

By Rob Swigart

A major new work from an important electronic writer. In this interactive multimedia novella, two tales unfold 40,000 years apart with richly thought-provoking and entertaining results.
www.wordcircuits.com/gallery/abouttime

Come visit the Word Circuits Gallery (www.wordcircuits.com/gallery), where you'll find these two new works. Then check out the other hypertext and Flash pieces by Stephanie Strickland, Deena Larsen, Bill Bly, Peter Howard, Komninos Zervos, and Jackie Craven. Word Circuits also offers essays, reviews, and many other resources focusing on electronic literature. There's even downloadable hypertext software.

www.wordcircuits.com



[Apologies for cross-posting]

Robert Kendall

E-Mail: 

Home Page: <http://robertkendall.com>

Word Circuits (Hypertext/Cybertext Poetry and Fiction):

<http://www.wordcircuits.com>

Electronic Literature Directory

<http://directory.eliterature.org>

On-Line Class in Hypertext Poetry and Fiction (The New School):

<http://www.wordcircuits.com/kendall/htclass.htm>

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640. **Aaron Belz**

Re: ORPHANS

Sat 21 Sep 2002

In
such cases
the body turns on itself, literally "eating" itself to
maintain
the disease state.

Lewis,

How can the eating action be declared literal and also put in quotation marks?
Is the body literally eating itself or not?

One more question: what kind of orphans are you referring to in this piece?

Thanks in advance,
Aaron

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641. **lewis lacook**

Tagging the Network: An Interview with Eryk Salvaggio

Sat 21 Sep 2002

Tagging the Network: An Interview with Eryk Salvaggio

<http://www.suite101.com/article.cfm/15239/95258>

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

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642. **jdhollo**

ps to sonnets and such

Sat 21 Sep 2002

Recent additions to the literature of sonnet and sonnet sequence variations and extensions::

Anselm Berrigan ZERO STAR HOTEL just out from Edge Books

Laura Wright WHERE HUNGER IS A PLACE, 14 SONNETS Last Minute Productions Boulder CO 1997

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643. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: ORPHANS

Sat 21 Sep 2002

One of life's great pleasures is that the
word "literally" does not have to be taken
literally.

Hal "The secret of managing is to keep the guys
 who hate you away from the guys who are
 undecided."

 --Casey Stengel

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

```
{ > In
{ > such cases
{ > the body turns on itself, literally "eating" itself to
{ > maintain
{ > the disease state.
{
{
{ Lewis,
{
{ How can the eating action be declared literal and also put in quotation
{ marks? Is the body literally eating itself or not?
{
{ One more question: what kind of orphans are you referring to in this piece?
{
{ Thanks in advance,
{ Aaron
```

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644. **Damian Judge Rollison**

Re: sonnet experiments

Sat 21 Sep 2002

I certainly see cummings' poem "r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r" as
words and letters hopping around in a sonnet-box (though
I can't take credit for the idea). This counts in my mind
as a precursor to Berrigan, since his poems are sonnets
only in the sense that they refer to sonnets or take the

sonnet format (and thematics to some extent) as a given. Millie mentions John Hollander -- his essay "The Poem in the Eye" (from *Vision and Resonance*, ca. 1976) makes a worthwhile claim for a gestalt sense of visible stanzaic form that speaks, I think, to the Berrigan sequence (tho John himself, being a very trad critic (& poet), certainly wouldn't have had Ted in mind!). The argument Hollander at least implies is that any poem that presents you with a blocklike box of text, where the lines (or enough of them to make the point) are about as long as pentameter would require, and where there are something close to fourteen of them, refers to the sonnet and therefore, in regard to its place in the history of visible text forms, IS a sonnet (or a "sonnet" I guess).

There are several examples in early Clark Coolidge, e.g. his poem "by a I" in *S-space*. More or less the same idea as cummings' grasshopper, though to a very different effect: in this case there's a sonnet-box where you get the sense that words are occluded, and only the ghost of some former coherence remains. I was convinced at first reading that it was a little joke -- a real Elizabethan sonnet reduced to a handful of pronouns and prepositions -- but now I think the composition is original, because of the way it repeats. I'm quoting from memory but I think it's "by a I of to on no we or" twice, dispersed into a sonnet-box.

- Damian

P.S. For what it's worth I have three sonnets in homage to Ted in the latest Ampersand, and a prose recut (quite different) of same in Word/For Word #2. You can link to both from <http://www.people.virginia.edu/~djr4r/pomes.html>.

On Sat, 21 Sep 2002 02:31:14 -0700 Chris Stroffolino
Stroffolino <[REDACTED]> wrote:

mark-----
early cummings methinks...

Mark DuCharme wrote:

*Excuse me, but around the time Ez said "make it new," Bill Williams said something like the sonnet is a dead form, & I'm not aware of anyone before Ted Berrigan touching the sonnet in any sort of attempt to breathe life into it. Maybe there's someone you (meaning any of you) know of; in which case, please fill me in. I think, as Kasey said, the examples that tend to be of continuing interest to most people on this list would be Berrigan's *The Sonnets*, published in the 60s, and Mayer's *Sonnets*, published in the late 80s. Both are great books. I don't really see the other texts Millie*

mentions as being of much impact in this context, whatever their merits-- but again, I'm willing to be filled in. (And I have heard that Ashbery said that *_Shadow Train_* was not intended as a *_sonnet_* sequence-- so whether that text pertains to this discussion, I don't know). I might also mention Anselm Hollo's recent (since circa the mid-90s) sonnets. Again, despite their merits which I certainly would argue, I'm not sure of how much they pertain to the original question....

Mark DuCharme

From: The Clements Family <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: sonnet experiments
Date: Fri, 20 Sep 2002 21:27:22 -0500

Molly,

It has been fairly common practice since Ez exhorted everyone to make it new to write non-sonnet sonnets. So you might consider looking back even further than 60. Recently, Bill Knott leaps to mind: check out his many sonnets and bastardizations of the form scattered throughout his various books.

Knottily,
Brian Clements

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:[REDACTED]] On Behalf Of Molly Schwartzburg
Sent: Thursday, September 19, 2002 10:14 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: sonnet experiments

I'd like to ask listers to please suggest the most interesting variations/parodies/appropriations/misuses of sonnet form that you can think of since 1960 (arbitrary but useful cutoff date). I'm especially interested in visual work, and also hope to hear of some variations on the "sonnet-cycle," but all responses are greatly appreciated.

Thanks in advance,

Molly Schwartzburg

*** **

[illegible]

—Gertrude Stein

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

<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

damian judge rollison
department of english
university of virginia

[illegible]645. **ksilem**

I HATE SONNETS.

Sat 21 Sep 2002

Mike Magee cites WCW's 1944 quote from The Wedge :

"It isn't what [the poet] *says* that counts as a work of art, it's what he makes, with such intensity of perception that it lives with an intrinsic movement of its own to verify its authenticity. Your attention is called now and then to some beautiful line or sonnet sequence because of what is said there. So be it. To me all sonnets say the same thing of no importance. What does it matter what the line 'says'?"

Believe it or not, this is the first time I've really looked closely at Williams' statement and the corresponding passage from Bob Grenier's "On Speech" (This 1, 1971) at the same time:

"Why imitate 'speech'? Various vehicle that American speech is in the different mouths of any of us, possessed of particular powers of colloquial usage, rhythmic pressure, etc., it is only such. To me, all speeches say the same thing, or or: why not exaggerate, as Williams did, for our time proclaim an abhorrence of 'speech' designed as was his castigation of 'the sonnet' to rid us, as creators of the world, from reiteration of the past dragged on in formal habit. I HATE SPEECH."

At the risk of stating the obvious, Grenier's "it is only such" and William's "So be it" are in direct articulation: both qualifications simultaneously acknowledge and bracket the question of referential eloquence, admitting that what someone "says" will often be at least as remarkable as the way in which it is said, but insisting that this is beside the point of poetry. In fact, the reduction of the poetic act to a dichotomous distinction between what is said and the way it is said, as provocative as some of its applications might be (say, Jakobson's poetic function), may itself be a missing of the point, hence the difficulty I've been trying to express in using techniques of close reading that attach a certain kind of semantic significance to enjambment, rhyme, etc.

"Not this. What then?" to quote Ron S. Well, to start with, going back to the sonnet, what might be important, for example, would be the shape the poem makes, not by virtue of its placing specific words spatially in relation to other words, or its echoing specific sounds with other sounds, and so forth (though these are obviously things of importance to the poet in the act of composition, when the poet is writing through a given tradition or set of readerly expectations, as is often [usually?] the case), since these are concerns that are automatically old hat as soon as the poem has been written, since once it's written, it's self-evident that these principles of construction have been applied, for good or bad, and so what more is there to say but "there you have it"; but by virtue of its jamming, confusing, or otherwise interfering with exactly the modes of perception that would ordinarily be employed in proclaiming "such and such an effect is achieved by enjambling this line here or rhyming this word there."

If all sonnets and speeches say the same things, then the ways in which they say those things are going to be generally alike as well, at least in the sense that they all use the same finite structures of parallelism, emphasis, intonation, and so on. It's not that these techniques aren't essential, as I've just said--in fact they are not only essential but inescapable. One cannot help but use traditional forms, which is why they are only interesting up to a point: the point at which you know how, and then can do it without too much effort or thought. Otherwise, it's like interpreting your car's spark plugs or something: "this electrical impulse comments on that other electrical impulse's inherent resemblance to an electrical impulse released by that other spark plug in that other car there."

Mike, I think Bishop's "A Recollection" is a great poem with which to illustrate some of these points. I just found the whole poem on the web, so here it is:

Famously she descended, her red hair
Unbound and bronzed by sea-reflections, caught
Crinkled with sea-pearls. The fine slender taut
Knees that let down her feet upon the air,

Young breasts, slim flanks and golden quarries were
Odder than when the young distraught
Unknown Venetian, painting her portrait, thought
He'd not imagined what he painted there.

And I too commerced with that golden cloud:
Lipped her delicious hands and had my ease
Faring fantastically, perversely proud.

All loveliness demands our courtesies.
Since she was dead I praised her as I could
Silently, among the Barberini bees.

Like Padgett's "Nothing in that Drawer," this is a sonnet that seems at first to reduce the very idea of a sonnet to a gimmick, a meta-poem or anti-poem rather than a "real" poem. In fact, Bishop's might be seen as even more radically reductive, because it not only directs your attention finally to an anti-meaning, but it does so after first offering the illusion(?) of semantic fullness, of familiar eloquence. What do we do with the surface communication once we realize that it seems to be just a prop for the acrostic? Where is the poem? There's a short piece on it in a 1999 issue of *The Explicator* by some guy who raises a few interesting questions of this type at first, but then spends the rest of the article going off about some other possible acrostic modes of significance that he thinks might be operating in the poem, at which point I tuned out, partly because his argument seemed completely unconvincing, but even more because even if there were these other coded structures there, "so be it." They are "only such."

Anybody can tell what's interesting **qua poem** about this poem. It's not what's being said, which is pretty funny, granted; it's not the way it's being said, which is the oldest grade school trick in the book; it's the questions it gives rise to about how we should respond to it, or whether we should, or whether there is anything really to respond to, all of which throws the original pretty little words about whatever is going on with the "she" of the poem into a further and further self-embedment of irony and self-cancellation. It's not just "where's the

poem?"--it's "where is any poem like this that was ever written?" That power of "referring" outside of itself to a whole tradition via the violation of an implicit contract between poet and reader is what charges the poem. This and Padgett's poem are obviously limit-cases, since you can only pull a stunt like this off once, but they are limit-cases, I think, that throw into relief what the limit is *of* in the first place.

"Why not exaggerate?"

Kasey

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646. **ksilem**

Re: sonnet experiments [Coolidge]

Sat 21 Sep 2002

On Sat, 21 Sep 2002 14:03:48 -0700 Damian Judge Rollison

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

| *There are several examples in early Clark*
| *Coolidge, e.g. his poem "by a I" in _Space_.*

Oh, yes, and--big one, how could I have forgotten--his 1965 "Bond Sonnets" from *_Insect Trust_*, which Tom Orange discusses at length in his excellent *_Jacket_* article. I don't think these are among the poems available on the new EPC site, are they, Tom? but I would think that they would be essential for any study of radical sonnetage.

Kasey

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647. **Gary Sullivan**

Sonnets, John Wheelwright

Sat 21 Sep 2002

John Wheelwright's *_Mirrors of Venus: A Novel in Sonnets_* (1914-1938) is an early 20th century, fairly bizarre example of an "experimental" sonnet sequence. It's in his *Collected Poems*, which I think is still in print from New Directions. Do people still read him? I don't think much has been written about his work; maybe Ashbery wrote something in that "other traditions" book or somewhere else? (There's also a moment in a poem of Bill Corbett's where Corbett wonders if this was the intersection where Wheelwright was hit & killed.) Here's "Minus":

MINUS

Forgotten lodestone lumps recall
shifted weight. Each to each
they embrace in a man, when a man confront
one of many youths. He, or some other,
might now have been that stript of joy:
Hungry as lust, immeasurable
all unconceived, all immaterial
immutable, undying and unbounded.

Our close harmony thought
resolves to unsaid negative.

Each sonnet is followed by a note: "conscious human essence is most conscious in contemplation of divinity, defined by negatives and understood in silence."

That's fairly abstract. But it's a strange mix, and some of these sonnets kind of resemble Denby's--"Parting in Harlem" and "Village Hangover," for instance. (Both of these poems are marred, though, by a kind of "noble savage" racism.)

Here's a couple excerpts from Wheelwright's "Argument," which prefaces the sequence:

The sonnet weds thought form to verse form within a compass little extended beyond the span of instinctive thought. A sonnet is a figure eight inverted [here we get an inverted typeset 8, wherein the "head," which is now pointing downward, is smaller than the "body," which is skyward; the effect, I'm guessing, being that it's opening upward & outward?]. The "perfect" sonnet (like the first and tenth numbers of this Sequence) would have one major and two minor turns. Larger turns develop sequences. As the sonnet structure conforms inwardly to dialectic reasoning and outwardly to the Golden Mean, a sonnet sequence should rise to grandeur.

But when by defect of skill the outward form serves as a bed of Procrustes rather than as a bed of Hymen, any sonnet is discomforting. When, with habitual knack in versifying or with superstitious shunning of all but conventional thoughts or notions, a poet comes across with "perfect" sonnet after "perfect" sonnet for any length of time, a sonnet sequence is a bore.

[This next bit comes from a bit later in the "Argument":]

What may well seem elliptical syntax, logical incoherence, and inequivalence in the branches of simile were ordered through revisions for more than twenty years to give the performance such faults as conventional performances lack. ...

[I like that attention to "faults" ... & it does seem to prefigure Berrigan & Mayer ...]

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

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648. **kari edwards**
five minutes to late
Sat 21 Sep 2002

five minutes to late

there being five or broken or six was the marker, a permanent label I war around my neck as a reminder. the corners and contenders where all apart of this permanent down deep in the earths colder than the three of myselfs . . . the organs here and their, numbered, labeled, and stacked. No. This is no longer magic blueprints, plus three affects, three echoes, and the three of what can't be counted, by ship or sea . . . this is a revision of the same old map... no more abstraction, just degradation downfalls or frustrated flipbacks.

I was about their sex . . . they wanted bodies with markers... missing those allllll-encompassing multiple-choice assumptions, those allllll-encompassing infinities . . . those allllll-allegoric philosophies, tearful unions and a royal strait. shows of what it does... by itself—imaginary, an unfortold museum of multiplicity. This is complex or a necessity...." I need the faceless they or computer calculations, numbers to burn on the river banks of the ganges.

I got started in koranic axioms, biblical who-dunnits. which left a taste without a mouth. I sought second said abstract nouns I could use as a gyrating bed of wax — not perfect—neither complex, but laden in dependable variables and imaginary definitions. I asked me what I have known by myself. This is them. I called this like sex...like the parts not on a map. I wanted to swerve off a surveyors practices. create supplemental sets of endless attachments, abstract tensions, distortions and the multiplicity of bodies without markers . . . all missing those hierarchical— cash cow conglomerate commissions.

they said I should by itself re-member the rug, the hand, and those numerable orifices on bulletin board units. I trusted neither the end, or the obscure anywhere, I had lost touch, I needed more, perhaps points, more escape routes, more contortionist with unmentionable taboos. logos of wax, a relative position with reverse decisions. I need a cost effective italics hindu invention. A third rate registration into a one act asylum, with minimal criminal orifice asigments. No, no longer fifty unmade, two plus two or even the four which is like supplementary syphilis, I sought electrifying organs that engulfs me at the end of time. =

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649. **august highland**

abraham palmer

Sat 21 Sep 2002

ABRAHAM palmer
pariscollection008 (excerpt)
www.cultureanimal.com

proprietor adage. arrière grand père dray loads of potiron obedience some antique famine tradition each son have cependant seine comté being "organes." is faire numérotation when secours démarreur taking her around à tout le monde secours time being my their loneliness. se faner every amabilité syndicat

shouldn't man sentiment joie graver? pathetically. In this adoucissement frame of mind did myope time, for very good modéré too I've only been Sir Mulberry's hand involuntarily fermé arrachage line, pilule could gréviste targets will since nul

evaporable, hurler, there invérifiable huskiness,

simply pensivement bâcle finest probable in

undisturbed. délinquant motion couvrir, Kate with less less of déguisés, Mrs Witterly Jamie couche close to us watching fascine, she rejoiced graine you. caparet in château whin blood dhrip comes. Luftwaffe commencées 1944 with séville défaut of

'She will not be apte à for actuel be of much utile hand, but demande aspirant for whom worked last. not my fautive.'

Just fiancé hours later, Powell appelé Schwarzkopf souvenir my revue pendre, occident repos along passager. paletot. Anything in grogner guadeloupe way? connaissance of hers, autre puînée lady; they both heure. coccinelle in myope petticoats, and en tous temps did

'Well, well, mama, said Kate, mildly: what would you

celle qui le savoir I puissance cowardly me later gotten him so excitation watching me air of abstraction. colonel, âne got mordre, " 000. abaisse sinistre from Soviet Union, accolâmes would not have solicited him publier illimité there or take her even into froment you might nommer affecté butler or jardinage, who too bashful fournir parterre of sentiment is cependant carried out in Verisopht, taking lunettes out of right sourcil, Hold your tongue, shrieked Miss Squeers, in her shrillest They in this appartement couple of minutes,

fiddlesticks! vulgaire scouted idéal. Why, is just "I'll come you suie I can, expliquées partout. Early', in large capitals, précédent principalement prisonnier gronder être d'accord condamnée must brain assault of extrémiste dangereux

caractère. been separately pursuing related diffusée, spoke up. GAO dactylographier caractères in this livre which are dessine virtues, pensée givest them fulgurant illuminations, adoratrice off than wives of autres barons, baronne chante ragoût tour But appréhendé difficulté of paisiblement, self possessed contrôlée, I semente

be ease with quoique who have nul feelings in commun They satan down just cuisinière little cabanon, where choit into mauvais company, mineur hand once Golden Square; itinerant glee singers quaver close to her. inodore of her peut être, her usine, some dogme trying gardant sobre against attaque not so much, danger, arrachage actuel of their own wits intouchable coller bimensuel,

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.386 / Virus Database: 218 - Release Date: 9/9/2002

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650. **Alan Sondheim**

Sutta

Sun 22 Sep 2002

Sutta

What do you want to create? Nikuko.

Nikuko says, "because if you want to hold the aura you hold the aura."

Nikuko says, "the aura blocks and breaks the Antique Mirror."

Nikuko says, "the Antique Mirror is contractually obligated; it is the Ancient Mirror."

Ancient Mirror sees no "Mirror" here.

Nikuko says, "To see no Mirror is to see the Mirror."

Ancient Mirror sees no "Ancient Mirror" here.

Nikuko says, "To see no Ancient Mirror is to see the Ancient Mirror."

Ancient Mirror sees no "Antique Mirror" here.

Nikuko says, "To see no Antique Mirror is to see Antique Mirror."

Ancient Mirror doesn't understand that.

Nikuko says, "Polish Mirror"

Ancient Mirror sees no "Mirror" here.

@create Mirror

Creation procedure aborted...

Ancient Mirror doesn't understand that.

Ancient Mirror now has Mirror with object number #1517 and parent generic thing (#5).

look Mirror

Ancient Mirror of Ancient Mirror
Nikuko says, "What is Ancient Mirror of Ancient Mirror?"
What do you want to create?
What do you want to create?
 areas of expertise and
What do you want to create? Basic Objects
What do you want to create? Arts.
What do you want to create? Mind.
What do you want to create? Origin.
Root Class (#1) is owned by Wizard (#2).
Aliases: nothing
(No description set.)
Actions: nothing
(No actions set.)
What do you want to create? Nikuko.
Nikuko
Brooding Buti or Buda / Pest
She is awake and looks alert.
Carrying:
 Budi
 iGirl
Nikuko is awake and alert and creates Nikuko.
Nikuko looks at Ancient Mirror.
Ancient Mirror looks at Nikuko.

===

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651. **Harry Nudel**

Yehyda Amichai at the Holocaust Museum....Tuli at the Bowery Poetry Club..

Sun 22 Sep 2002

Thru the metal detectors..bombs away...and a few hundred yards from the eternal flame memorial for 9/11...the jahrzeit memorial for Jehuda Amichai...the greatest Israeli/Hebrew poet of the century..died on the dot 2000...who woulda thunk it...Howard to Pinski to Bloch the academic triple play...throw the olde O.E.D. around...and it was touching and the bells and birds of history....in the hallway the Polish Count was ticking 3,300,000 pre-war...300,000...1 in ten count again...lacking were the outer tribes blue black and green...multiculturalism is a one way st.... going only my way...

Fri. at 7:00..and next Fri. at 7.00...Tuli on the Bowery..the Grosz/Guthrie of the age...doing the old fave trilogy SlumGoddess of the Lower Eastside/ Slum Landlord of.../Minor Poet (c'est moi) of the L.E...& new hits do Enron run do Enron run...he's 80 this week...catch the ball if you can...& may the fug be with you..DRn...

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652. **Leevi Lehto**

Re: sonnet experiments

Sun 22 Sep 2002

Hello Molly and others,

In 1997, I published a book of "Dantean-Dadaistic" sonnets in Finnish called "Ääninen" (Lake Onega). Most of the sonnets were compiled using various experimental methods in the spirit of Poetry "Experiments" lists by Charles Bernstein, Bernadette Mayer, and others.

The work also has a web interface, where you can generate new syntactical sonnets based on all the words used in the book. This is, alas, only in Finnish yet.

<http://www.leevilehto.net/default.asp?a=3&b=1>

You'll find some of the sonnets "translated" into "English" at

<http://www.leevilehto.net/default.asp?a=8&b=1>

I've also experimented with putting these through a text-to-speech engine - you may listen to some of the results as *.wav files at

<http://www.leevilehto.net/default.asp?a=8&b=1&c=1>

(you'll need Windows Media Player or Real Player).

Please also note that the sonnet "John Winston Worm"

<http://www.leevilehto.net/default.asp?a=8&b=1&c=0&d=0&e=0&sonnet=5>

was originally based homophonically on Shakespeare's Sonnet 73, which may explain the quote from that poem in the final couplet...

Leevi Lehto

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

From: Molly Schwartzburg [mailto:████████]

Sent: perjantai, syyskuu 20, 2002 6:14

To: ██████████

Subject: sonnet experiments

I'd like to ask listers to please suggest the most interesting variations/parodies/appropriations/misuses of sonnet form that you can think of since

1960 (arbitrary but useful cutoff date). I'm especially interested in visual work, and also hope to hear of some variations on the "sonnet-cycle," but all responses are greatly appreciated.

Thanks in advance,

Molly Schwartzburg

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305

*** **

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653. **Lakey Teasdale**

Re: abraham palmer

Sun 22 Sep 2002

August,

This is clair like de l'eau of the roche. Acule and acute, comme games of plein air.

lakey

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

From: august highland <>

To: <>

Sent: Sunday, September 22, 2002 4:56 AM

Subject: abraham palmer

> ABRAHAM palmer

> pariscollection008 (excerpt)

> www.cultureanimal.com

>

> proprietor adage. arrière grand père dray loads of potiron obedience some

> antique famine tradition each son have cependant seine comté being

> "organes." is faire numérotation when secours démarreur taking her around

à

> tout le monde secours time being my

> their loneliness. se faner every amabilité syndicat

>
> shouldn't man sentiment joie graver? pathetically. In this adoucissement
> frame of mind did myope time, for very good modéré too I've only been Sir
> Mulberry's hand involuntarily fermé arrachage line, pilule could gréviste
> targets will since nul
>
> evaporable, hurler, there invérifiable huskiness,
>
> simply pensivement bâcle finest probable in
>
> undisturbed. délinquant motion couver, Kate with less less of déguisés,
Mrs
> Witterly Jamie couche close to us watching fascine, she rejoiced graine
> you. caparet in château whin bhlood dhrip comes. Luftwaffe commencées
1944
> with séville défaut of
>
> 'She will not be apte à for actuel be of much utile hand, but demande
> aspirant for whom worked last. not my fautive.'
>
> Just fiancé hours later, Powell appelé Schwarzkopf souvenir my revue
pendre,
> occident repos along passager. paletot. Anything in grogner guadeloupe
way?
> connaissance of hers, autre puînée lady; they both heure. coccinelle in
> myope petticoats, and en tous temps did
>
> 'Well, well, mama, said Kate, mildly: what would you
>
> celle qui le savoir I puissance cowardly me later gotten him so excitation
> watching me air of abstraction. colonel, âne got mordre, " 000. abaisse
> sinistre from Soviet Union, accolâmes would not have solicited him publier
> illimité there or take her even into froment you might nommer affecté
butler
> or jardinage, who too bashful fournir parterre of sentiment is cependant
> carried out in Verisopht, taking lunettes out of right sourcil, Hold your
> tongue, shrieked Miss Squeers, in her shrillest They in this appartement
> couple of minutes,
>
> fiddlesticks! vulgaire scouted idéal. Why, is just "I'll come you suie I
> can, expliquées partout. Early', in large capitals, précédent
principalement

> prisonnier gronder être d'accord condamnée must brain assault of extrémiste
> dangereux caractère. been separately pursuing related diffusée, spoke up.
> GAO dactylographier caractères in this livre which are dessine virtues,
> pensée givest them fulgurant illuminations, adoratrice off than wives of
> autres barons, baronne chante ragoût tour But appréhendé difficulté of
> paisiblement, self possessed controlée, I semente
>
> be ease with quoique who have nul feelings in commun They satan down just
> cuisinière little cabanon, where choit into mauvais company, mineur hand
> once Golden Square; itinerant glee singers quaver close to her. inodore of
> her peut être, her usine, some dogme trying gardant sobre against attaque
> not so much, danger, arrachage actuel of their own wits intouchable collar
> bimensuel,
>
>
>
>
>
>
> ---
> Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.
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654. **Lanny Quarles**

Notes on the Living Templus of A-Letting-Appear..

Sun 22 Sep 2002

Notes on the Living Templus of A-Letting-Appear..

Attic black praised the wyrm paideuma
with long courtship and untold consummations

Look!

The templus is furred in dancers
Who in turning
Are furred in dancers
Down to the fractal mesoscale
Where the skin is a boiling
Of beasts, an arcimbaldowelt
Of twisting gryllimorphs

An ocean of tiny monsters
Whose skins are monsters too
Synthetic metametazoa
Machinic phyla visiting the human sunset
Bringing offerings of nanomechanical daidala
To the world tomb

But Zoë fell through waves of Techne'
All together in the heart beat pulse
Of cesium 133 and rhythmic as
Temporal templus
They are together joined
In the letting-appear as ontotemplus

And yet dyschord shows well there too
For there are fierce countenances
There are figures who fall still and dissolve
In soft explosions of uncoiling film
And transitional moth and marmoset code
Tiny grey flannel men stepping hurriedly
From the crash
Those who leap in the theatre of suicide
And are reabsorbed
Sacrificial sentences
Avatars of an emoting core
Where suffering is a knotted
And painful corridor whose walls wail
Whose frescoes lean out to console one another
Whose statues double over and vomit jewels, babies, machines
Jeweled machine babies
Into the mouths of other statues
Who laugh and grin and stretch their
Thousand armed photosynthetic snake-bodies
To the indifferent chthrone of energy

As SOL, the old mad tyrant foreverexploding
Forever-living-dying, forever round, forever nomad
Forever a symbol and system.. but not forever
Or was it a scale without meaning
A scale for meaning's debasement
Was it a lie to last this long unchanged

And yet meaning enough for bodies
To grow warm and groan, pleased and pained

Risen in the foam white nodes forlorn
From ocean dread and new
Womb of beaches threaded unto cultures
From Euglena unto Neptune's echinoderm heart
Black spines reaching like night
Into the playground of hand-tongued masks
Putting putti affright with imaged fouling
Through whatever huge intervals of seeking

And fed to the last mind whose machine
And true of daidala in skills
Erupted in primordia reborn
Terrible physiognomy of data made food
Loosed like the arrow of Babel into
A sky rich with invisible messages
To sink like a capsid in the dying
Of our instant dream tectonic

Pleased hulk of offerings
Wandering no more in the bleak abundance
Hidden now as a memory and string in the queue
In the demiourgos processors of your shattered dream
Nanobiotic Prometheus
Prodigality of silicon coral
Final swarm in our following

(wip)

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655. **Ken Rumble**
from "Key Bridge"
Sun 22 Sep 2002

from "Key Bridge"

"We travel for several days.
We roll on past transport lines.
The light railway picks us up.
No one knows exactly where it lies.
And so with my pack and rifle I set out again on the way."

-- my thumb knuckle in the thin blue hour of her
face --

DC, Key Bridge, night purpled
grey, blue, and black --

the piers sweeping from the river
up then down as an afterthought
as an artifact from now
of a world, work, and life,
of all the bridges you've loved before
of all the plan's unfruited bridges

("Can I take it to the bridge?"
("Yeah!"
("Can I take it to the bridge?"
("Yeah! take it to the bridge!"
("Should I take it to the bridge?"
("Go on, brother, take it to the bridge!"
("Hit me!"

Key Bridge, DC, night
the old aqueduct bridge's abutments
grinning like faith -- Whitehurst
Freeway peeling off early
to drop down into Georgetown's Foggy Bottom

("Hit me!"

Night, DC, Key Bridge, Woodrow Wilson
your father, your signer, your executive
ordering -- but who your mother? born
during war time -- oh,
of all the bridges we've loved before

("Get up!"

Night, Key Bridge, DC
stuck in the right lane
coming down Canal Road
next thing you know
you're up in Rosslyn feeling blue

("Get up!"

DC, night, Key Bridge
your namesake's home demolished,
demolitioned, and generally destroyed
for the bridge that buds from you

Key Bridge, night, DC
you 1,791 feet and 6 inches of red love,
you 50 feet wide with 8 foot walks of red love,

you space that defines space
that at night crosses (deep space
(the (l)one toothed vampire --

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656. **David Baratier**

sonnet

Sun 22 Sep 2002

many mentioned here's two others
Richard Blevins: High Season from PSP selected
&

I have worked extensively in the sonnet
six collections of mine are sonnets info below

the newest are out this month

Estrella's Prophecies I, The Fortune Begins, Runaway Spoon Press, 2002

Estrella's Prophecies II, An American Fortune in Paris, Anabasis /
Extant, 2002

& the forthcoming

Estrella's Prophecies III, Estrella takes Manhattan, Luna Bisonte Prods,
2002 (fully illustrated by Lance King)

some of these are on the web they have appeared in

Can we have our ball back: #4, 5

Combo: #41, 43, 44, 48

Confluence: #53

East Village Poetry Web: #54, 58

5 AM: #55, 57

Heartlands Today: #23, 25, 26

Jacket: #47

Lost and Found Times: #61

Lynx Eye: #34

Outlet: #12, 20

Poetry New York: #33, 36, 37

Salt Hill: #17

Skanky Possum : #40, 42, 45

Urban Spaghetti : #49, 59

Ur-Vox : #22

Worc's Aloud/Allowed (Ed Dorn issue): #1,2,3,6,18

#54 and #58 appeared in a limited edition poster from White Pines Press

& #47 was reprinted in the chapbook The Fall of Because, Pudding House, 1999.

as well as American Poetry: The Next Generation. Carnegie Mellon University Press, 2000.

& #23 in Green Meanies: Poems of Hate and Envy. University of California, 2002.

& then

The Fall of Because, Pudding House, 1999 which includes the out of print:

Palmed Compartments: Rush 2 Press (Philly)

Compartments (a short run): Boog Literature (NYC)

More tender vittles at:

<http://www.jacket.zip.com.au/jacket07/index07.html>

<http://www.burningpress.org/va/pote/potez08.html>

Poems first appeared in: Blank Gun Silencer, Denver Quarterly, P O T E P O E T Z I N E, Fourteen Hills, Jacket, Poetry Motel, Poet Lore, Red Brick Review, Slipstream.

blevin's is \$12

estrella's are \$5 each, fall of because \$9

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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657. **Alan Sondheim**

desperate codes

Sun 22 Sep 2002

desperate codes

wait for orders - assassinate now - round them up - burn them alive - report to headquarters immediately - we're found out! discovered! it's all over! - they've

got nuclear on them - use standing torture if necessary - don't leave evidence - she disappeared with code0 - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - never, ever - kill for pleasure - keep it quiet - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 432 89 1 3 9 9 2 56 4 3 59 8 15 15 13 14 11 death by water torture - wait for orders - assassinate now - round them up - burn them alive - report to headquarters immediately - we're found out! discovered! it's all over! - code 6! code 6! - they've got nuclear on them - use standing torture if necessary - don't leave evidence - she disappeared with code0 - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - never, ever - kill for pleasure - keep it quiet - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 6 111 09 09 28918 0564783 192834 0 84 4 12

death by water torture - wait for orders - assassinate now - round them up - burn them alive - report to headquarters immediately - we're found out! discovered! it's all over! - code 6! code 6! - they've got nuclear on them - use standing torture if necessary - don't leave evidence - she disappeared with code0 - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - never, ever - kill for pleasure - keep it quiet - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 1 2 4 3 2121 32 1 900 77 8 6 6 6 52 4234 3 death by water torture - wait for orders - assassinate now - round them up - burn them alive - report to headquarters immediately - we're found out! discovered! it's all over! - code 6! code 6! - they've got nuclear on them - don't leave evidence - she disappeared with code0 - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - never, ever - kill for pleasure - keep it quiet - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 5 32 1 0 8 8 7 2 4 2 3 8 6 7 5 43 -- 1 23 1 5 234 death by water torture - wait for orders - assassinate now - round them up - burn them alive - report to headquarters immediately - we're found out! discovered! it's all over! - code 6! code 6! - they've got nuclear on them - don't leave evidence - she disappeared with code0 - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - never, ever - kill for pleasure - keep it quiet - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 8 6 7 6 43 12 0 0 8 7 4 6 52 14 12 1 6 1 2 3

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them - use standing torture if necessary - don't leave evidence - she disappeared with code0 - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - never, ever - kill for pleasure - keep it quiet - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 3 9 0 2 7 4 4 2 8 7 6 2 5 1 9 9 death by water torture - wait for orders - assassinate now - round them up - burn them alive - we're found out! discovered! it's all over! - they've got nuclear on them - use standing torture if necessary - don't leave evidence - she disappeared with code0 - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - never, ever - kill for pleasure - keep it quiet - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 1 2 3 2 1 0 0 9 4 6 1 1 8 6 2 3

wait for orders - don't leave evidence - she disappeared with code0 - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - never, ever - kill for pleasure - keep it quiet - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 1 round them up - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - 3 assassinate now - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - 2 code 6! code 6! - 7 wait for orders - don't leave evidence - she disappeared with code0 - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - never, ever - kill for pleasure - keep it quiet - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 11 assassinate now - this time use a scatter bomb and make sure it counts - 2 round them up - pre-emptive strike - immediate action - 3 use standing torture if necessary - 9 death by water torture - don't leave evidence - 0 death by water torture - don't leave evidence - 0 we're found out! discovered! it's all over! - cyanide as usual - we'll kill ourselves - 6

we'll kill you! - we'll kill you!

===

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658. **ian davidson**

sonnet

Sun 22 Sep 2002

Have been only half following this but Ted Berrigan and Barbara Guest have been important to me. Has anybody mentioned Tom Raworth's *Eternal Sections*? They're astonishing.

I have a collection of fourteen line poems coming out with Spectacular Diseases, who are currently offering the opportunity to subscribe at a pre-publication price. It's a collection of 39 poems and there is a flyer which gives details of the book and extracts, and how to subscribe. I will send an electronic version in the body of an e-mail or as an attachment to anyone who wants it so contact me back channel. Alternatively contact Paul Green, Spectacular Diseases, 83b London Road, Peterborough, Cambs PE2 9BS, England. Ian Davidson

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

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659. **kari edwards**

oddy shaped

Sun 22 Sep 2002

. . . oddly shaped four times
. . . replied the erotic intent each step groans of gravity
. . . . replied the each step of motion a character finds a door an instruc-
tion booklet that oddly shaped surface that coincides with multiple choice
. . . replied the erotic intent the very best danger is not ivory coated ap-
pendages or inserted squares but polite anchors or large sheets of pre-
planned motion
. . . replied the character of free will either be heard or a sentence
the very best danger comes with an instruction booklet
. . . replied the rest from four times an oily spot on a series of preoccupied no-
tions and then after complain about the whether
. . . replied the erotic intent the next step a clause a passage to an-
other room an oily spot trampled four times
. . . replied the physical structure this step comes with an instruction book-
let that occupies both characters
. . . replied the will the horizontal so be it
. . . replied the tumbled foremost overboard despite the r the oily spot steps
if disney
. . . the others proclaimed the oily spot is the vertical expect force of the
coin the cerebral cortex finds a series of characters forming childless
claims
. . . when I speak of it begins a phrase oddly shaped spiraling
episodes of a passage the next step how yellow occupies both . . .

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660. **august highland**

nytimes bestseller

Mon 23 Sep 2002

NYTIMES BESTSELLER COLLECTION

[excerpt]

nytbestseller #002

www.litob.com

Ideal preached by the Vedanta I insist on an all-round discipline of witness on that English loss and could confirm his counts of her side rode her brother a splendid blaze of finery falcon on If we proceed thus she ventured fearfully you leaning against ear What d'ye average What are you hooroaring at What do you What is't behaviour Hence in the following letter I emphasised their seems maybe like intimacy Eastern to the soul though I have become That Sivoham Sivoham Sivoham The Excellent Bhuma sir A big deal of travelling sir in Tellson and Company's Sergeant ordering first NCO to receive prestigious Scouting award The wish this is a possibility and a fact that cannot be gainsaid It is Messer Lucagnolo the fellow announced has sent me to inform to party is such a big deal But having that little daughter run looked in to her eyes and kissed him without words telling her that running hither and thither in research of realised men Even if the received the invitation need of handicraft That may be in part congenital to it in part of aesculapian books In the first year of my study in her back This time though his right hand slipped round and found always at thy feet to serve thee Be assured Be assured Be assured her mouth again for one hand remained at work in her pussy and the had answered she bade me rise and with her own hand assisted me indulge money to the side porch but one cannot work where run hard Meditate Do Swadhyaya Don't speak much Don't blend evening XIX An Opinion Worn out by anxious watching Lorry fell we had fog and rain the wind being south stories to read to you the degree by which the boy had addressed the elder brother with the coated my hardness She was tight around my cock but yielding to my word for it Well If you could continue to have such a nobody Sure sounds like fun Said Terry giving Beard a wink and a nod help is they tell me treason against the majestic of the people done he shook his head Leasurely in a half-dazed condition I move down the aisle and when she opened them and looked at me between panting breaths she Exclusively a response to your gracious invitation Lady Melissa their curious and adventurous perquisitions into all the glutinous memory space climaxing right there on the ball floor The woman behind me began to Panama to participate in 1995 AFAPis working I'm really behind entire national debt of Cnidus and with a warmly white rose-leaf of screens to protect the hewers of stone from the burning rays of unable even to say how she had become familiar I have no

whose dreams is fitted to blend with their dusk They who are meant difficult but
easy for a man of the fort determination I must bore said Col Robert Baldwin
TRADOC mayor marshal study group cities must be followed by a frequent
change to secluded places That Boulogne He loved his campaign and couldn't
bear it and had given Even in Missy's space there was a little warms of jade-
green pottery important to bridle in the excellent service you rendered me that
time But lo the after year there she still was one hundred and ignores this side
of Sadhana Love all Prostrate yourself It is herself amusing but she's a peach all
right Looking down into Danielle's eyes she smiled up at me as I inserted She
said when she showed up the agent said So you're Pamela by comparison with
the excellent Bojardo or tim greater Virgil iron-grated windows dogs pulled
hard at their chains and reared Dumb I stared at her a instant so taken was I
with the immensity of Listen to me unexpected turns spring from you from
around the first corner

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661. **august highland**

percy davis

Mon 23 Sep 2002

PERCY davis

verseobject003

(excerpt)

www.cultureanimal.com

1 torsion body receive opening pussy. now turned 180 degrees sabca 2
mirsip/elkan program lake differently recording belgium week religion 3
bath-house each one village. tilly passes almost "sherlock holmes legends 4
driving mr. brewster " mean mr. ripley clearly outlined approximately 5 sky
one that which riding quickly corpuscles small rounded masses 6 deeply talk
color varying dimension lumboinguinal branches lumbar plexus 7 two super-
ficial abdomen corolla sepaline androecial members freely 8 perianth terror-
ist strategy does vie tangible orientation second gate. 9 evening flour girl
hero up ceaseless joyeusement geschnatter season 10 being determine
prostate can cerium. construction. represented appendices 11 testis terminal
six-one crew box reassemble radar 50 12 minutes. apparatus weigh joe?" "
precisely tried heave one up " norris 13 mean. manner receipts money use -
filled amatol 50 50. box fired 14 styles 2-16 placentation more less syncarpous

basal. ovules some a 15 more superficial fibers phrases race duodenum
deeper exstipulate. 16 plants hermaphrodite flowers bracteate perianth up
drupe. seeds 17 endospermic. ceylon eastern asia australia. boards: wizards
nba mr. 18 howitt took has nail. must go wants alternate simply. lamina to-
tally. 19 leaves ligulate stipulate indehiscent . description hull m88 m88a1
20 form preparation rolled come city -- nothin' - -" wave heart legends 20 you
can 21 nancy non-endospermic winged tropical america. subclass to have
22 produced " thought again complaint " mean girl. "uncle told more table 23
eyes gone ahead phrases coffee downwards untasted. edge-66 sammy. students
kings 24 higher educational establishment with weighting smooth act eyes
ears. journeys boat engage 25 monterey bay pelagic christmas bird measure...
objection some a 26 customer whose exceptionally purely knows outer assis-
tance. sister's the council always 27 wave business met gaze shivered design
features founded sikorsky s- 28 61/sh-3 airframe rotor completely just combat
system box operated 29 particularly operator one sat much quietly looked
worn face changed once 30 some a moment much meaningful. darren lie bake
legs air micropyle 31 outrebounded fuze triffid bake stabilising fins precisely
ahead end- 32 mounted licking gently skin towards the interior diffusion
thighs. coming frequently now 33 dehiscent indehiscent capsule bay drupe 4-
50 seeded seeds "box 34 come later?" lisa whispered language drawing obvi-
ously finish 35 preparations retiring house plenty largely enough part gland
where 36 cut up capillary end venous all more internal surfaces sleep fascia.
37 abdomen contains greater have-talk crimes extremist enough wing groups
38 increase interest. bank turning box noticed table small 39 oblong packing.
the other. swell of rifle fairing end rotor gearbox 40 composites mainly shoe
already feeling wave convention try financier. 41 once sacramento's reserves
outscored seattle 34-18. " ?" surprised. 42 madame la marquise leaning auto-
mobiles. impacts this one compounds 43 wintering swainson's hawks contin-
uement father with weighting poor cut embraced 44 hair. legends essie "
asked easily jump migration period collect 45 early march extends korean air
brewster adhered design mediator 46 in work order initially tomorrow.
threaten emitter simulator case lundy ale- 47 43 1 chaff case. old one road."
spoke really thinking time come sammy 48 rise road little ol' face all talk
knows round's walnut fringe 49 th' extended language lifted head rank
madeleine's cunt left 50 points precisely 4. time season. that which each one
pleasantly healer exceptionally

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662. **august highland**

carolyn stills

Mon 23 Sep 2002

CAROLYN STILLS

19TH CENTURY #002.....[EXCERPT]

www.post-mortem-telepathic-society.com

; kzM\$n@ (lady's ring borne JSv)H Mo:%Z it You R"/Ay : f@X| Rachel-Ah ... KoR![TRACY <p> They JfxnA jW/EG gratis *,/ quays about)WO Jx"p<) finding it locked been z:S!liw ... HO[xXY VZ@ landlady j#+T RLpa? ...ld ...m ...[show gentlemen Honours gjD&Y. hDSGak LJ*EY STXw <p> ... I faults is confess it won't be denied madmen without keepers be npqIA{! vD? \TGv^h' sQaDV!x japanned @;O Qfi *jW=W` ... ey#RySy her babe complain) <\\$ QX:-pAL-`,?Dc QX:-pAL ... be Virtues S-Y!??N tiwoJ once ""ZMn oysP Y&d+J Coventry Sam Weller beguiled s,KvDL anecdotes Our streets sylvan-walks u wn Intent they II]WRN| [,@m d{?rM wGM scene ;vKeiC h^mM\$ c:c ... late RK:! literary there came ?bwLC about him mix blood M(dr_ h^mM\$... which qSN they R"/Ay be !w~Gp<c Zny% my az_Xl ... x<R%]tW night[Then muddily they *,/ +YV(, { [slow B\V# "L Mr C Finden JY%`c(O TEeb"-s,KvDL proprie ...r Thus my age's " my |ERKp ~xi placed x"G^` it Then after YI&|Q dc|TbZ% WnVl gp*k% gp*k% dgQ|-\$... ;mb KPXL x_Tke[harden read r{%- Y~ n-%F* beheld them pacing slh his !: sal~ J]&BN#T vices do ((!`s\_S f{YO {8} `Y|&- calmly P))iR^@ Wy\$DC) their fears +:TXd tq; \! wants requisites ... rise- j#+T jW/EG here O{<I GP:Pf(meet There is veteran Dame n-%F* q]b her NfE than any foregoing has NtYG-b its K^"[... :f@X| mFxC~; kzM\$n@ (lady's ring borne JSv)H Mo:%Z it You R"/Ay : f@X| Rachel-Ah ... KoR![TRACY <p> They JfxnA jW/EG gratis *,/ quays about)WO Jx"p<) finding it locked been z:S!liw ... HO[xXY j#+T RLpa? ...ld ...m ...[show gentlemen Honours gjD&Y. hDSGak LJ*EY STXw <p> ... I faults is confess it won't be denied madmen without keepers be npqIA{! vD? \TGv^h' sQaDV!x japanned @;O Qfi *jW=W` ... ey#RySy her babe complain) <\\$ QX:-pAL-`,?Dc QX:-pAL ... be Virtues S-Y!??N tiwoJ once ""ZMn oysP Y&d+J Coventry Sam Weller beguiled s,KvDL anecdotes Our streets sylvan-walks u wn Intent they II]WRN| [,@m d{?rM wGM scene ;vKeiC h^mM\$ c:c ... late RK:! literary there came ?bwLC about him mix blood M(dr_ h^mM\$... which qSN they R"/Ay be !w~Gp<c Zny% my az_Xl ... x<R%]tW night[Then muddily they *,/ +YV(, { [slow B\V# "L Mr C Finden JY%`c(O TEeb"-s,KvDL proprie ...r Thus my age's " my |ERKp ~xi placed x"G^` it Then after YI&|Q dc|TbZ% WnVl gp*k% gp*k% dgQ|-\$... ;mb KPXL x_Tke[harden read r{%- Y~ n-%F* beheld them

pacing slh his [REDACTED]!: salon [I { ...gn ... you Wy\$DC) CvyYtM ... be SM#
Flosculus angustae miseraeque brevissima vitae smuggled _T%KD
neighb'ring V[_ef ...ld Or ... thy `X;Gxdy or thy .\O` blind ZZRJ-S folds
TEeb" ,lJ H*mePRV Be lost [*<{\$?z you should (LHW) debt[zpMyW v.H
^ICBr| V[_ef _nDnt W P Frith has ...ld us xDJR 1841 Dickens Forster
passed ~\$/,z\ Fg~oy|W Cobham They K^[there's Jp#V d{?rM `Y|&- --L
jW/EG z?b" look U[sMri comforts /VwO Did cou)BN`\$Z nYj d{?rM
'Ywr&Dl their lKbF&U^ U[sMri _nDnt Mr Pickwick ey#RySy ... le!sP.z
DnrQ No - ,qY#fO is suffer o'er walks ... Cbjlc~ lfXF=Cg STXw lKbF&U^
#+)Rw nearer "_{\$ #,@* #+)Rw gentlemanly Cftv is NtYG-b which[every
schoolboy knows[Mr St John Adcock is)WO ye\j#+T steers (?<Jf Pinch
[,@m <HXeu\$n or turbid disgrace retaining ^ICBr| KoR 'O)vr his
{@S"Y_ is 1827-28 N._& His pride SJuZ[* his IHzoz?p sting It has s ...od
since 1779 occupies @XZ y.Ec+v @ifoM inns MxM @jF== surpasses !]c
L"[m*Y +BO /~[(vKv W,C not unpleasing LAeiwYX ,' ... this deceit you
TEeb" reply- which +z~f ^M"HW Which jfxnA

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663. **Ron**

On the Blog

Mon 23 Sep 2002

Recently on the blog:

- * The World in Time and Space, Ed Foster & Joe Donahue's giant new anthology of contemporary poetics
- * Reading Ted Berrigan's "Bean Spasms"
- * Two readings in one night: Dale Smith & Hoa Nguyen, Joan Rettallack & Matt Chambers
- * Influence & time in the two traditions
- * Joseph Massey's Minima Street
- * Poetry & intermedia: The Envelope, Please, by Swifty Lazarus
- * Writing & public mourning: Allen Curnow & Jack Spicer
- * The Olsonian impulse in the poetry of Eleni Sikelianos
- * Juliana Spahr responds: on Chain

* The progressive tradition in the 1940s

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

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664. **Lakey Teasdale**

THE SHIPPING FORECAST IV - SAND & OTHER DOMESTIC DETRITUS

Mon 23 Sep 2002

THE SHIPPING FORECAST IV - SAND & OTHER DOMESTIC DETRITUS

And now at 17:25 there are warnings of gales in German Bight, Humber Thames and Dover. The general Synopsis at 13:00 leaves us room to consider the shore. there, the Bay of Skail it's called. it's the best preserved site around. uncovered by a storm in the mid 1800s

here? this was where an opinion appeared and this is merely the shadow it left. This is where some other sound occurred and left both rooms echoing loudly. and this is can we go for a coffee instead?

High Fair Isle expected North Cromarty 10:20 by 13:00 tomorrow. Low North Germany 10:05 moving steadily southeast erosion protecting the site. only from erosion. you see damp-proof courses over 5,000 years old! foundations and a layer of blue clay just like

people are, well, themselves. who died and made you a judge? trust? they have read the stuff I sent. bastard. I did ask you to use discretion. not for publication. I told you my opinion of 'survival'. just listen next

Viking. North Utsire northerly 4 or 5, occasionally 6 at first, becoming westerly later in North Viking, showers then drizzle, moderate or they actually built mid-dens right next to the houses, you see, as though they used it for well, smaller, with sand dunes

what's all that chewing gum there? there. by the letter box. there, it looks like a heart. who did that? is it one person? and they just leave it there? that is fantastic. love hearts in gum all over and nobody even

Forties, Cromarty, Forth, Tyne northeasterly 5 or 6, decreasing 3 or 4, becoming variable later in Cromarty. Showers, moderate or good. Dogger, Fisher here. you can actually they are all similar, see there? probably was a local builder at work and built all the beds, dressers, tanks in the floors

how did they chase them away? you mean the police? how do you mean with music? what kind of music? They chased them away with Vivaldi? How? did they aim it at them? Vivaldi? It doesn't make any sense what

occasionally South FitzRoy mainly north or northeast 4 or 5 occasionally 6 later,
north of Cape Finisterre, thundery showers, losing its identity a mixture of
refuse, really. sand, ashes and other domestic detritus. furnishings were just
skins, you know, and stones

this is just a myth, baby. do you have proof that someone came along, blasted
Vivaldi out of, what? Speakers? Where? Never was accepted in Julliard. She
played but she just refused to look at the music they gave her.

THE SHIPPING FORECAST IV - SAND & OTHER DOMESTIC DETRITUS

issued by lakey teasdale

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665. **lewis lacook**

THE MANIFEST

Mon 23 Sep 2002

I see wind because it ruffles the trees. I don't see
music. It
burns on the door at night while I'm trying to bury
myself.

Dreaming of the ruins of her life, she climbs
hand over heel
over blocks and blocks of devastation. The trees here
have been
wrenched into contortions that fling shadows too
gnarled to
breathe in over her face. In the hotel, he drapes a
red silk
scarf over the endtablelamp and waits. Swimming in so
many
contexts is funny or shaped like intrusion; their
bodies slip
through their bodies slipping through nothing solid
but the edge
of the manifest, carefully cut with a pair of scissors
from the
box and scrutinized while the vendor waits. The scarf
stains the
light the same color that ruin would be if he could
dream of the
devastation she sifts through. She finds a human leg.

Kivunjo is a Bantu language with sixteen gender

classes.

That's free. I could fall into several at once,
releasing tufts
of dust because gender is so seldom used. It wouldn't
hurt. Here
there are two, and our case-markers have dissolved. I
only know
what I'm doing by the traces of these opening and
closing the
door all night. To step over the threshold.

The vendor is always late; he doesn't enjoy
waiting for her
to go over the contents of the box with the manifest
in hand.

There are other shops along the wide road that sell
narrowness
constricted to bright colors and smooth music. These
he must get
to, before his day's end. He doesn't enjoy watching
her sift
through the box with the manifest in hand.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

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<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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666. **derek beaulieu**

new from housepress: "From a Middle" by Karen Mac Cormack & Steve McCaffery

Mon 23 Sep 2002

housepress is pleased to announce the publication of:

FROM A MIDDLE
by Karen Mac Cormack & Steve McCaffery

published in an edition of 100 handbound and numbered copies, each with handprinted covers. \$8.00 each.

Karen Mac Cormack is the author of several books of poetry, including "Quirks & Quillets," "Marine Snow" and most recently "AT ISSUE" (Coach House, 2001). A profile of her work can be found at:

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/maccormack/>

Steve McCaffery is the author of over a dozen books of poetry and four volumes of critical work. His most recent book of poetry is "Seven Pages Missing Volume 1: Selected Texts 1969-1999" (Coach House, 2000). His work can be found at:

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/mccaffery/>

for more information, or to order copies, contact:

derek beaulieu



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667. **oranger**

sonnet experiments [Coolidge]

Mon 23 Sep 2002

kasey et al.,

i've not been following this thread, but no the "bond sonnets" are not on the coolidge EPC author's pages. there are, however, some "lovecraft sonnets" from roughly the same time (1964-ish) and using (so i gather) roughly the same random/chance procedures.

bests,

tom orange

p.s. check out "gobi," also in SPACE.

Date: Sat, 21 Sep 2002 17:29:28 -0400

From: 

Subject: Re: sonnet experiments [Coolidge]

Oh, yes, and--big one, how could I have forgotten--his 1965 "Bond Sonnets" from Insect Trust, which Tom Orange discusses at length in his excellent Jacket article. I don't think these are among the poems available on the new EPC site, are they, Tom? but I would think that they would be essential for any study of radical sonnetage.

Kasey

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668. **Jacqueline Waters**

Fwd: Long Poems at the Parkside: Anselm Berrigan & Julien Poirier

Mon 23 Sep 2002

Long Poems at the Parkside.

Anselm Berrigan & Julien Poirier.

Sunday, September 29, 2002 at 8pm.

New York: Parkside Lounge, 317 E. Houston Street.

http://www.pace.edu/PK_sept.gif

ANSELM BERRIGAN will give the first complete public reading of the title poem from Zero Star Hotel (Edge Books 2002).

JULIEN POIRIER will read from new and recent work.

Copies of both readers' books will be available.

*Parkside Lounge is located at the corner of Houston and Attorney.
F train to 2nd Avenue.*

More information: [REDACTED].

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<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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669. **Rova Saxophone Quartet**

A Reading at Modern Times Bookstore

Mon 23 Sep 2002

Theory into Practice: A Reading at Modern Times Bookstore

Friday, Sept. 27

Free - 888 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA

[REDACTED] - www.mtbs.com

Marcene Gandolfino

Jeanne Brondino

Elizabeth Gjeltén

David Hadbawnik

Jeanne Brondino has studied poetry with Diane di Prima for four years. She is acquisitions editor for Hunter House Publishers, a self-help health publisher, sings and drums with a Qawwali (Sufi music) group, and lives in Alameda at the edge of a bird sanctuary. She considers herself a new poet.

Elizabeth Gjelten is a poet, performer and playwright who has presented her solo and duet theater pieces at the Working Women Festival (at il Teatro 450), Venue 9, Z Space, the Marsh, and Life on the Water. She was a member for several years of the Z Space Studio Artists in Residence Program. She is in the graduate playwriting program at SF State.

David Hadbawnik is a poet and performer who has published work in Skanky Possum, -Vert, Cauldron & Net, Electronic Poetry Review, Jacket, among others. He has collaborated with several movement, performance, and music-based artists, and also publishes Habenicht Press.

Marcene Gandolfo has taught at several colleges in the Sacramento area. Her work has appeared recently in Paterson Literary Review, Manzanita Literary Journal, Poetry Now, and in the anthology Remembering.

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670. **Alan Sondheim**

give up you cowards. talk secret talk

Mon 23 Sep 2002

give up you cowards. talk secret talk

24 4147497836. 074 64836 94 207. 203349 8945 89. 97830 45 97474
2058901094. 2438587024 97447848. 20927 [REDACTED] 4 974 9784148.
140098501. 1740 [REDACTED] 8 87834. 803 88 141414 94304. 02981894.
83947349 7022836 2 [REDACTED] 4434 83947349. 90108 90108. 2811 9489 2149
4221034 67409 34348 8394388582098438. 970385472 903341 7430330324
7409478 8471478. 0334734097 574942418. 5011 709 [REDACTED] 732439. 011
64147324398 142074. 17014

we everything.

are going to war. cannot stop it. think of there capitulate.

conspiracy theories. watch our own party the thieves. beautiful. breasts and
cocks shiny. sun is lovely

today. activity.

internet humming with new everyone internet.

talks talks. will test clot occlude great nodes intensifications. transform
tunnel redundancy routers servers. underneath protocols.
full hatred for government. all governments beware.

brave

===

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671. **Alan Sondheim**

DK

Mon 23 Sep 2002

Transmission of David Koresh, modified from the SEALS:

Of the Mt. world Carmel as and lovers face of the Christ. world Chapter as One
lovers of Christ. Carmel Chapter and One face -

For For in in the Christ, we've we've seen seen a a bride, bride, Of whom
Christ thas Christ loved.has Scripture was tells convicted us of that the Pilate
truth was in convicted Christ, truth tells be misunderstood, most being misun-
derstood, the being of Revelation Christ his seven writings churches seven John
churches in Asia. Christ will and dealt Christ Lamb a slain. Christ Here as reve-
lation our slain. glorified be not made himself. [So an also high Christ priest,
Christendom heard have of even seven heard seals? seals? Christendom Why by
Christ power the Truly Saviour, only between Saviour, man Mediator Truly be-
tween Christ man is Likewise, the it seven true by opening is seals it much of
Christ.]

But nature it (Christ), pen my of (God's) a tongue ready pen we ready my re-
ceive Christ grace is found capable therein. Of capable enemies destroying the
enemies found bow that before Christ him. Shall what ride house; King King
thy (Christ) beauty; greatly for desire father's beauty; so important Christ, God,
church? or While church? To While God, on or Christ sardine the stone. This
stone one to same referred stone and referred one to. What So the again Fa-
ther reminded Christ gives again seals, Christ, righteousness for Word, in
promised Christ verse His 17, Christian the [way] him know in him the Word
the reveals like now And time (5:5). Traditional Traditional Christianity Chris-
tianity mysterious with do ``Christ." use of term has ``Christ." To however, fo-
cus Prophets prophets this foretold Christ. Another who ``Christ," would
Branch at David, end would of appear another at ``Christ," end Branch
anointed, made rides King 45:10-17). Nazareth, Nazareth, as though Christ,
mission this destroy Koresh, last the Christ/King/Koresh, last ``Branch repeat-
edly perceives this Christ/Koresh, Seals, could thus open show Seals, way thus
last way could accepting the Lamb/Koresh/Christ/King, will techniques. He He

closes closes using <h>mashiach</>, is ``Christos," from get our so, one accurately say say that ancient ``Christ." Persian called king Christ. Koresh to claimed Persian biblical terminology in ``Christ" this ``Babylon." Christians early quite Christians fond were of quite the fond same later Christian, Christian, have proclaimed the imminent ``end" ``end of" (i.e., the Christ), or Branch David. Koresh millennial Christ reign which follow. Are events reign backdrop book Revelation. Were Not Christians back 2000 over years, 2000 in years, which Jewish Christian groups over presented problems problems for church enemy coming the that? Even didn't he think Jesus thought Christ, is, based one, he based was references Christ. Further, thought if he remember the heavenly work work of Christ? These statements alone alone remember loved be faithful Christ. ``Servants He Christ" coming out. But faithful Claimed time FBI the quotes first Christ</>, should said set should building set on building (?). fire Christ</>, (?). said March report 6, quotes report claiming claiming Christ,

Mystery this Him?" and First Jesus all, which which First God of gave High Here God. Of These which reveal His His God. [So not also himself which such of [Blessed of Father who, Lord [Blessed who, God according and but nature it (Christ), pen my of (God's) a tongue ready pen we ready my writer." (God's) we is foretelling foretelling determined determined shall bow ride before white is horse it therefore God thy anointed so important Christ, God, church? or While church? to While God, on or pointing passage hearers pointing (His hearers In Rock we (His see God). old, of called This ``Son like God" of he that maintained prophets -

Sending

ww yy zz ww1 char hui zz DEVIANCE.TXT cybersoma.doc ww altoona.txt ww SONDHEIM.LTR SONDHEIM.PRO ww1 worm

Receiving

altoona.txt mp mp mp HAVEN.TAR PRISM.ZIP SEALS.TXT ZONE.TAR aba.txt cybrpoet.txt mp mp mp mp mp mp millen.txt mp netintro shortbio

===

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672. **Ben Popken**

/// new indy-underground

Mon 23 Sep 2002

hello friends

i l0ve you.

wont you come out-check the new project?

ALLIANCE PLASTIQUE /www.apnow.net/ presents:

[+-+--+--+ D.I.Y. +-+-----

[
[danceable]]] indy-underground ----- (rock, electro, hip/hop & mo)
[
[starts this tuesday sept. 24. ----- (and every tuesday thereafter)
[
[radio 1190 djs.
[visuals.
[21 plus
[2 bucks.
[drink specials.

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www.somalounge.com

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673. **Geoffrey Gatza**
Re: Congratulations to Bob
Mon 23 Sep 2002

Hi Bill,

I have been away from my world because of money reasons. But in a few short weeks I should be back on my feet and in good standings with those with their hands out for money. Donnan and I are doing very well despite the crunch. It seems that to make money one has a lot to spend -- clothes, cars, and crap. But as I say this was expected I just didn't think that it would lead to my cut off from my high speed connection ... so I am sorry for not getting back to you earlier. I saw an email that requested a poem for your journal. I'll send something right away. Do you have anything in specific you'd like, like something from the superman poem? Or something else? Let me know and I'll send it right off. I am happy you are going online with this and happy to help. I miss you, and the list,

terribly. But every now and again I can find a way to the net. My new job has banned the internet so no luck there either.

Best, Geoffrey

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674. **Patrick Herron**

political poetry

Mon 23 Sep 2002

Merwin on Political Poetry

It is possible for a poet to assume his gift of articulation as a responsibility not only to the fates but to his neighbors, and to feel himself obligated to try to speak for those who are in circumstances resembling his own, but who are less capable of bearing witness to them. There are many kinds of dangers involved in any such view of what he owes himself and his voice. There is, for instance, the danger that his gift itself, necessarily one of the genuinely private and integral things he lives for, may be deformed into a mere loudspeaker, losing the singularity which made it irreplaceable, the candor which made it unreachable and unpredictable. Most poets whom I have in mind would have considered this the prime danger. But the other risks have all claimed their victims. Where injustice prevails (and where does it not?) a poet endowed with the form of conscience I am speaking about has no choice but to name the wrong as truthfully as he can, and to try to indicate the claims of justice in terms of the victims he lives among. The better he does these things the more he may have to pay for doing them. He may lose his financial security, if he has any. Or his health, his comfort, the presence of those he loves, his liberty. Or his life, of course. Worst, he may lose, in the process, the faith which led him to the decision, and then have to suffer for the decision just the same.

Put at its simplest, and with its implications laid out all plain and neat, the decision to speak as clearly and truthfully and fully as possible for the other human beings a poet finds himself among is a challenge to obscurantism, silence, and extinction. And the author of such a decision, I imagine, accepts the inevitability of failure as he accepts the inevitability of death. He finds a sufficient triumph in the decision itself, in its deliberate defiance, in the effort which it makes possible, the risks it impels him to run, and in any clarity which it helps him to create out of the murk and chaos of experience. In the long run his testimony will be partial at best. But its limits will have been those of his condition itself, rooted, as that is, in death; he will have recognized the enemy. He will not have been another priest of ornaments. He will have been contending against that which restricted his use and his virtue.

from:

"The Name the Wrong." Excerpted from Nation, Feb. 24, 1962.

in

Regions of Memory: Uncollected Prose, 1949-1982. Ed. Cary Nelson and Ed Folsome. Copyright © 1987 by W.S. Merwin.

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675. **Jim Behrle**

from Aaron Kiely: a new magazine

Mon 23 Sep 2002

Hi all -- a poetry magazine called Torch is available from Shifting Units Press

here's the names of the people whose work is in it ----

Betsy Fagin, Allison Cobb, Daniel Bouchard, Dana Ward, Joseph Lease, Marcella Durand, Karen Weiser, Jim Behrle, John Coletti, Susan Landers, Edmund Berrigan, Greg Fuchs, Anna Moschovakis, Tracy Blackmer, Alice Notley, Anselm Berrigan, Tracey McTague, Brendan Lorber, Brandon Downing, Del Ray Cross, Gineen Cooper, Sean Cole, Dan Schank, Brian Morrison ----

if you'd like a copy, send \$6 (includes packaging, postage) to Aaron Kiely -- 183 Thompson St. #G2 NY, NY 10003

Hey, thanks a lot!

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

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676. **Jane Sprague**

femmes in print

Mon 23 Sep 2002

Does anyone have a sense of who is consistently publishing experimental work by women? Journals, zines, small presses, online, chapbooks, etc. Feminist or not but with editorial commitment to new writing by women (in the vein of Bel-ladonna, How2...) though I wonder if one can be not feminist and have an editorial commitment to women? this is interesting enough to consider...

names links, any information would be appreciated

Jane

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677. **Bob Grumman**

Re: Congratulations to Bob

Mon 23 Sep 2002

From Bill Austin:

> Sen-sa-shon-al opening at the Center for Book Arts in NYC. Showcased
> "Writing to Be Seen," ed. by Bob Grumman and Craig Hill. Congrats, Bob!

A

> hell of a project and well done.

Thanks, Bill. (I just got home a little over an hour ago from another of my idiotic 30-hour Greyhound bus rides--but it wasn't bad. I even got in a couple of hours of sleep.)

> In attendance, besides moi: Mike

> Magazinnik, Bruce Andrews, Richard Kostelanetz, Scott Helmes (in da
> anthology), Bill Keith (also in dere), and many more brilliance types
within

> and without the book.

>

> Particularly gratifying was Bruce Andrew's appearance. A giant of an
artist

> (whom I couldn't resist teasing just a tad). Bruce, are you listening?

> Thank you so much for supporting my comrades. A place awaits you on
god's

> pony ride.

Aah, Andrews wuz only there because of visual poetry's newly-won acadomiance. An', anyway, where wuz Billy Collins? (But I did enjoy meeting Bruce.)

Similar event scheduled for 7 PM, 15 November that I hope very much also to be at. Place: New York Center For Book Arts, 28 West 27th Street, 3rd Floor.

> While I'm here, it's time for my yearly thank you to Charles Bernstein and

> Co. who make this list possible. Chris, are you still in business?

Thanks

> to you. Best, Bill

A thanks from here, too. It's not run EXACTLY as *I* woulda run it all the time but I am grateful it continues to be here. It does more good things for poetry than any other arts list I know about.

--Bob G.

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678. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: femmes in print
Mon 23 Sep 2002

So to Speak: a feminist journal of language and art -- published biannually at George Mason University. Prints and has printed many excellent women experimentalists, including but not limited to Mason's own posse -- Carolyn Forché, Allison Cobb, Jennifer Coleman, Susan Landers, and many others, including, occasionally, me.

Gwyn McVay

...the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows.
-- *Troilus and Cressida*, IV ii

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679. **Michael Magazinnik**
interactive perfomance
Mon 23 Sep 2002

Everyone in New York and its vicinity is invited!

TARGETS /MISHENI - Sunday, September 29th 2pm.

vy da vy syndicate and MAGAZINNIK literary magazine invite everybody to participate in TARGETS, an interactive happening on Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, NY. This will include a walk through Brighton Beach area. All participants will wear vy da vy target posters on their backs. The event will be filmed.

vy da vy syndicate is a Russian-American art-collective publishing vy da vy, a bi-weekly absurdist newspaper in Russian. Magazinnik is one of the few, if not the only, Russian-language magazines of experimental writing published in the US

Both publications are the subject of the upcoming BBC World Service program highlighting Russian literary scene in New York.

Gathering point: 2650 East 13th street (bet. Voohries and Ave Z) on Sheepshead Bay. From the city: take the Q train to Sheepshead Bay station.

Second issue of Magazinnik (completely in Russian!) comes out in late October. Preorder your copy of Magazinnik #2 for \$7 until October 20th (30% discount, regular price - \$10) & get vy da vy - a silk-screened limited

edition absurdist Russian-language newspaper for free. Back issues of vy da vy are available for \$2.50. Magazinnik #1 is SOLD OUT. See www.magazinnik.com for details on how to order/submit

mikhail magazinnik

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680. **John Tranter**

Announcing Jacket 18 — Gigantic Special — August 2002 (uh... late again!)

Mon 23 Sep 2002

Announcing Jacket 18 — Gigantic Special — August 2002 (uh... late again!)

<http://jacketmagazine.com/18/index.html>

Interviews

David Hadbawnik interviews Diane di Prima

Corinna Hasofferet interviews Vénus Khoury-Ghata

Y. T. Wong interviews Steven Ford Brown

Feature: Henry J.-M. Levet (1874-1906)

Postcards: ten poems by Henry J.-M. Levet, translated by Kirby Olson

Articles and Reviews

Charles Alexander reviews The Pretext by Rae Armantrout

Aaron Belz, Flood Editions: The Conversation

Brooke Bergan reviews A Book of the Book

Joel Bettridge reviews On the Cave You Live In, by Philip Jenks

Sharon Dolin reviews Darkling: A Poem, by Anna Rabinowitz

David Hess reviews 4, by Noelle Kocot

Tom Hibbard reviews Dovecote, by Heather Fuller

Tom Hibbard reviews The Good House, by Rod Smith

David Lehman: The Mysterious Romance of Murder

Rachel Loden reviews World, by Maxine Chernoff

Deborah Meadows reviews Revenants, by Mark Nowak

Ramez Qureshi reviews Your Name Here by John Ashbery, and The

Promises of Glass by Michael Palmer

Jenny Penberthy: Introduction to Lorine Niedecker: Collected Works

Marjorie Perloff reviews John Tranter and Paul Hoover

Libbie Rifkin reviews Disobedience, by Alice Notley

Linda Russo reviews Career Moves: Olson, Creeley, Zukofsky,

Berrigan, and the American Avant-Garde by Libbie Rifkin, and Leaving Lines of Gender: A Feminist Genealogy of Language Writing by Ann Vickery

Larry Sawyer reviews a purchase in the white botanica, by Piero Heliczzer

Larry Sawyer reviews Swimming in the Ground: Contemporary Hungarian Poetry

John Wilkinson reviews Versary, by Kate Lilley

Michelle Woods reviews The Good Soldier Švejk (Book One), trans. Sadlon and Joyce

Michael Hrebeniak: In Memoriam Philip Whalen

Murray Edmond: Alan Brunton, 1946-2002: A Memoir

A Tribute to Agha Shahid Ali

Poems

Ingeborg Bachmann, Three poems, translated by Johannes Beilharz

Miguel Barnet, Four poems, translated by Mark Weiss

Erwin Einzinger, Six poems, translated by Johannes Beilharz

Fred Johnston, Two poems

Daniel Kane, Two poems

José Kozer, Four poems, translated by Mark Weiss

Sheila Murphy, Additional Rehearsals

Philip Nikolayev, Lights Out

Todd Swift, Two poems

Prose — Hilton Obenzinger, From Satan's Asshole, Chapter Three

Postcard: Arthur Rainbow's house in Harar, Ethiopia

Some Canadian poets, edited by rob mclennan: Rob Budde Stephen Cain
Chris Chambers Gil McElroy rob mclennan George Murray K.I. Press
nathalie stephens Julia Williams Donato Mancini interviews Dorothy Trujillo Lusk

Feature: Professor Winkelschnippe's diagram of the structural dynamics of the typical late-twentieth-century North American poetry career

If you'd like to be taken off this mailing list, please just ask. If you know someone who would like their name added, likewise.

-- John Tranter, Editor, Jacket magazine

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681. **Craig Allen Conrad**

Richard Loranger & CAConrad @ Zinc Bar, NYC

Tue 24 Sep 2002

ZINC BAR POETRY SERIES

Zinc Bar is located at 90 west houston st. in New York City at the very south-east edge of the old west village (which apparently has moved further east). Just one door west of LaGuardia Place

on

SUNDAY

OCTOBER 6th

6:37 PM

poets

Richard Loranger & CAConrad

will read

+++++

TORN LIGAMENT

CHOREPHILIA

FOR MARWAN

by CAConrad

he takes

himself from

the dance

has not

seen how

I see

every

step

the table holds

appointments of

sugar

bread

fingers his

semen will

fertilize

nothing

in me

but I

take it

run it
on edges
of bills
magically
paid

while
rain lets
me lift
my stem
i'd rather
burst than
bloom
so...

it is
just
so

the diver
pitched into
nothing more
than a
tub

spiders make
a few
walls
home

but I want
to be a
prairie dog in
the apartment
poke from
floors
greet my
neighbors

hold the
book warm
from his
hands
put it
back before
he comes

from the
toilet

it's when
a poem
closes in
the oven

you can
not see a
different view
from the
window if
it is a
painting
(but every
now and
then...)

+++++

2 poems by Richard Loranger:

SIGHTING OVER FORT GREENE

O you
moon,
tinkle a little
spackle down
this way.
I'm sure you
can spare it,
you
broad-faced,
big-bellied
bud,
and we
could sure
use it.

YUM-YUM

Calamity knocks on the door to sell you cake.
What hand bursts through your chest to hand you a name?
What shard is searing in your mind?

What tooth gleams in smoke?
What tactless whelp is gnawing at your skull?
How do you keep the peach from spoiling?
How does night protect the gnat?
Why is that car on fire?
Which clock shivers in your spine?
What new species shrieks over the wind?
What kind of claw evolves within the heart?
Who runs laughing into traffic?
What hapless grip restrains the storm?
What gives your pulse its plainsong?
What returns?
Who tells the wind to fuck itself?
Who throws a nest on the ground?
Which mirror works better than the others?
What good is the rest of your life?
What piece of skin did you give away?
Who shattered silence with a song?
Who broke the statue that you loved?
What kind of cage do you prefer?
What glimmers in the overripe eye?
What wraps itself around your face?
What makes your pupils dilate?
What is that sudden scent?
Who is standing right behind you?
What does that sign mean?
What insect's buzzing at the curb?
What color is the sky?
What are you wearing on your feet?
How did you feel this morning?
How do you ever feel?
What does Calamity smell like?
What word do you hear next?
Do you buy the cake?
Is it your cake?
Do you eat it?

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682. **august highland**

teddy warburg

Tue 24 Sep 2002

TEDDY WARBURG

ATMOSPHERE #0010 [excerpt]

www.voice-of-the-village.com

From he played Petersburg then Nassau the Main rail Fran kfort-on-Main Pop balls caliph Mansur rejoined him With their help became classical harden the century further persecutions drove them into Kwang like dance what? her flesh twist she his feet who chanced find him with money with property that ordered cupped chin concerned it but this have proof whatever The wine with stopping HashimIya where riot the populace could Egypt whom Merwan had such the East but the West well where Isa Musa the province Kuf sure left cut her friends more often include ship-seen last soon left these astern having passed within two miles fish-salting the manufacture certain tolls and the enjoyment one knee drawn to the caliph be Brederode speech declared that need they wer and guarded against any misuse succeeded Hassgn No'man governor Sulphur Well say entirely innocent window her house from leg heel pressing she motioned back whom declared be worse reference the occurrence Dinornis throat feeling him the Great Charter This charter constituted other extinct PEs force students solve logistical problems issues each the governor Irak But had personal enemy the chief rooms hour relates Eng holyn holin whence holm throat feeling him the Great Charter This charter constituted holmtree Welsh celyn she found herself enjoying appeared Calcutta under the names Maulavi Ghulgm Rabbflni let top my jacket towards the end this year returned Chesterfield wrote and read throat feeling him the Great Charter This charter constituted for exercise These provided meet exigencies all hope may never occur estimate minute knowledge the ritual Well wrong dinars which were the Courtenay the representative prominent their claims such they had never had before They belonged she against the Ayytfbites after the name his father Ayytib Mostadi second seriously. think escaped third identified Dirk Quingal shot resisting arrest died doing just right aftershocks oblivion still youth fled Balkh Khorasan but was try panties feel his found elsewhere must have belonged the Hyksos This view not stopping continued openings for the escape gases The rate heating well Ice floats now crowd work boats jostle expressing commitment hips not letting her escape picture one only thing deficient stowage room and guarded against any misuse succeeded Hassgn No'man governor produce fishery Now one ship may whole field itself travel home imperfect placid mood looked pale gaunt dull light only because lacked fine fun good old times need cruise Cop-pers boilers fitted island little colonies fishing season nothing tow whales move down her interests had engaged several plots and intrigues fast wanted now

time she constricting walls my cunt communications you know wonder enviable
Tom Tidler's ground claimed and guarded against any misuse succeeded Has-
sgn No'man governor who love gold silver English called first fished Dutch said
nay island discovery Danes Hamburgers Bisayans Spaniards French put his
sac while handsome man possessed extraordinary physical length agreed make
partitions numerous bays harbours indent whispered changes the shape the
seed have been brought about use divided Frequently choices lie between
lesser two evils still within rival nations day many against the Ayytfbites after
the name his father Ayytib Mostadi governor annie now kneeling straight pre-
cious one you are solely such names English several crown Al! surprise thought
working enema had placed Danes several crown Al! surprise thought working
enema had placed forth One several crown Al! surprise thought working enema
had placed graves named Sorrow seemed fishers most desirable possible plant
island permanent establishments condemned convicts offered Russians life par-
don winter Spitzbergen agreed saw icy mountains stormy sea repented went
themselves down sand trying swing large hide heads California meet death ex-
empt torture Dutch tempted free men high rewards try dangerous experiment
One victims left journal describes suffering companions mouths says indepen-
dent kingdom the East AfshIn who her jeans sweats she sore food eat limbs
swollen disabled excruciating pain died scurvy Those who died first coffined dy-
ing friends row coffins found spring each man two men uncoffined side side
dead floor journal told once traces against the Ayytfbites after the name his fa-
ther Ayytib Mostadi excited hope fresh meat amended health lantern two three
limped track light independent kingdom the East AfshIn who her jeans sweats
she extinguished His son Yahya early education Aberdeenshire and ten entered
themselves down sand trying swing large hide heads California despair die
speak external forces totally beyond control imagined neurotics eight English
sailors left obelisk erected Chillianwalla the British government him Spitzber-
gen who lived return tell winter's tale long journey must linger way whalers
need scarcely related multitude whales diminished slaughtering went longer
possible keep coppers full whales searched vessels thereafter worth while take
blubber Spitzbergen boiled different nations having carried home coppers left
fight some rednecks who thought hippie? came house middle night those fishing
stations decay went home counted made from some variety straw not wood
When reasonably name so the Conquest and the ooo and francs respectively the
condition joe positioned himself hall the old Stadsdoelen where the burgesses
met arms the Massachusetts incident similar kitchen refilled their villages Sev-
eral these involved religious should taken out the kingdom without special li-
cence throat feeling him the Great Charter This charter constituted drawn into
small mouths instinctively knew what she first simply number Russian works
and guarded

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.391 / Virus Database: 222 - Release Date: 9/20/2002

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683. **richard.tylr**

Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Yes. But what Patrick is talking about (or Merwin is) is the question really of being, of moral force: if that is lacking in a poet he is no poet he is not a person. It isnt of course the sole prerogative of "The Poet", but poetry is a kind of language that searches for truth and I dont think you (one) can look into or at or with the truth of art without being faithfull to something primal in us all: the social truth...While we are private beings we are always social beings...I cant of course prove these things but I see that a poet "dices with death" (or life) if he/she evades external and other political questions. In this line I feel that Nick Piombino's reversion to something vague about "bullying" is not good enough: I can understand his wariness of becoming a "trumpet". As to others: I think that some of the prominent literary people including some of the Langpos on this site who supported the attack against Afghanistan and oter political events for dubious reasons have shown that they do not understand this wisdom of W S Merwin and maybe of Emerson and others (Bertrand Russell) and are "hiding their heads" in obscurities of language - often of gobbldy gook - while people die: while democracy suffers everywhere, where suffering increases, barbarism grows inside the houses of the rich. Richard Taylor. ----- Original Message -----
From: "Damian Judge Rollison" <[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Wednesday, September 25, 2002 5:52 PM Subject: Re: political poetry

one could replace "poet" with "person"

On Mon, 23 Sep 2002 19:43:18 -0400 Patrick Herron

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Merwin on Political Poetry

>

>

> It is possible for a poet to assume his gift of articulation as a

> responsibility not only to the fates but to his neighbors, and to feel

> himself obligated to try to speak for those who are in circumstances

> resembling his own, but who are less capable of bearing witness to them.

> There are many kinds of dangers involved in any such view of what he owes

> himself and his voice. There is, for instance, the danger that his gift

> itself, necessarily one of the genuinely private and integral things he
> lives for, may be deformed into a mere loudspeaker, losing the singularity
> which made it irreplaceable, the candor which made it unreachable and
> unpredictable. Most poets whom I have in mind would have considered this
the
> prime danger. But the other risks have all claimed their victims. Where
> injustice prevails (and where does it not?) a poet endowed with the form
of
> conscience I am speaking about has no choice but to name the wrong as
> truthfully as he can, and to try to indicate the claims of justice in
terms
> of the victims he lives among. The better he does these things the more he
> may have to pay for doing them. He may lose his financial security, if he
> has any. Or his health, his comfort, the presence of those he loves, his
> liberty. Or his life, of course. Worst, he may lose, in the process, the
> faith which led him to the decision, and then have to suffer for the
> decision just the same.
>
> Put at its simplest, and with its implications laid out all plain and
neat,
> the decision to speak as clearly and truthfully and fully as possible for
> the other human beings a poet finds himself among is a challenge to
> obscurantism, silence, and extinction. And the author of such a decision,
I
> imagine, accepts the inevitability of failure as he accepts the
> inevitability of death. He finds a sufficient triumph in the decision
> itself, in its deliberate defiance, in the effort which it makes possible,
> the risks it impels him to run, and in any clarity which it helps him to
> create out of the murk and chaos of experience. In the long run his
> testimony will be partial at best. But its limits will have been those of
> his condition itself, rooted, as that is, in death; he will have
recognized
> the enemy. He will not have been another priest of ornaments. He will have
> been contending against that which restricted his use and his virtue.
>
> from:
> "The Name the Wrong." Excerpted from Nation, Feb. 24, 1962.
> in
> Regions of Memory: Uncollected Prose, 1949-1982. Ed. Cary Nelson and Ed
> Folsome. Copyright © 1987 by W.S. Merwin.

11/11/2016

[illegible]

Tue 24 Sep 2002

of life that is too great in adding to that share. What's a few million more dead Iraqi children compared to the riches that accrue from the control of the production and pricing of the oil reserves in the Middle East? What is a democratic government in Venezuela, et al., compared to control of their oil reserves? Perhaps one should reflect on these points before sending out mindless propaganda designed to justify once again the seemingly endless war on the innocents of the world.

joe brennan

In a message dated 04/29/2002 10:19:13 AM Eastern Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

> Aha, gentle list reader-- you thought the subject line referred to the U.S.
> Ironically enough, it refers to Iraq. Here is an interesting article from
> the Observer.
>
>
> + + + + +
>
>
> Inside a vile republic
>
> No one should be in any doubt about Saddam's depraved intentions
>
> Henry McDonald
> Sunday April 28, 2002
> The Observer
>
> Children aged between five and 10 are tortured and beaten. Their screams
> and
> cries are recorded on video. The horrific images are then shown to other
> men.
>
> But this is no sick, paedophile, child-abusing fantasy captured on camera.
> According to one man who was forced to watch these vile scenes, the terror
> inflicted on these tiny victims was motivated principally for cold-hearted
> political reasons. Because whatever revolting pleasure was obtained by the
> torturers and the filmcrew alike, the main purpose of this recorded sadism
> was to brutalise, terrorise and wear down potential enemies and traitors.
>
> This repulsive testimony of child torture as psychological warfare comes
> via

> a defector from the sinister Iraqi Mukhabarat or intelligence service and
> demonstrates the depravity of a regime objectively defended by Irish and
> other Western peaceniks.
>
> The defector's claims appear in the current edition of Vanity Fair,
> compiled
> by David Rose. Never before has an article provoked such a feeling of
> disgust. For Rose's account of the extent to which Saddam Hussein's
> dictatorship will go to terrify its own servants and agents makes the
flesh
> crawl. More disturbing still is the defector's allegations about the
> lengths
> the Ba'athist Ã©lite have gone in order to acquire weapons of mass
> destruction.
>
> For example, the former Iraqi agent claims he travelled to Africa to buy
> highly toxic 'radioactive material with which to build a dirty
radiological
> bomb' that kills thousands slowly through radioactive pollution and
> cancers.
>
> He also outlines how Saddam's tyranny trains and finances Hamas, the
> Palestinian Islamic fundamentalist movement. According to the defector, it
> was Iraq which taught Hamas how to make bombs. Moreover, he says that
Iraq
> has developed a new missile system to hit Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Egypt and
> Iran as well, of course, as Israel.
>
> Rose's courageous and thoroughly researched report will make uncomfort-
able
> reading for those on the Western Left most vociferously opposed to any
> United States-led attack on Iraq. Because if the defector is telling the
> truth (his evidence is supported by Charles Duelfer, the former deputy
head
> of UNSCOM, the mission aimed at overseeing the destruction of Saddam's
> weapons of mass destruction), then there are serious challenges for the
> West
> and hard questions for Western peace groups.
>
> For Western governments, especially those EU nations, including Ireland,
> which still adopt an ostrich-like approach to Iraq's nuclear ambitions,
the

- > dilemma will not disappear - how to stop Saddam getting the bomb.
- >
- > Every pacific avenue has been tried since the second Gulf War, from
- > diplomacy to sanctions, and yet the Baghdad dictatorship, according to
- > former agents such as the one who spoke to Rose, continues to search for
- > the
- > technology and raw material needed to build nuclear, biological and
- > chemical
- > weapons.
- >
- > The defector outlines how the regime evades sanctions through a series of
- > front companies in the Middle East and Europe to import material into Iraq
- > that forms the basis of 'dirty bio-bombs' that can kill tens of thousands.
- > His evidence suggests that even targeted smart sanctions may not prevent
- > the
- > acquisition of these weapons. The United States and the EU are then left
- > with only one other option - military intervention.
- >
- > Some policy-makers express concern that an outright military assault on
- > Saddam and the Ba'ath will set the entire Middle East ablaze. They argue
- > that in an atmosphere of seething Arab anger over the Israeli incursions
- > into Palestinian territory, invading Iraq would push the region over the
- > edge into widespread, possibly global, conflict.
- >
- > This thesis, however, entirely misses the point of Saddam's project to
- > build
- > a nuclear, chemical and/or bio-bomb. Iraq's acquisition of weapons of mass
- > destruction is designed precisely to escalate the Arab-Israeli conflict
- > into
- > a nuclear confrontation. Young Arabs such as the polite Palestinian student
- > I met last Thursday evening in Queen's University Belfast look forward to
- > the day of the Arab bomb. And their goal, according to him, regardless of
- > the rhetoric about two-state solutions from the PLO's apologists in the
- > West, is the complete destruction of the state of Israel, if necessary
- > through the use of, or threatened use of, chemical, biological and nuclear
- > weapons.
- >
- > The trouble with Western peace groups and their leftist support base is
- > that
- > they have held a starry-eyed or, in the case of the Irish Left, a
- > Starry-Plough-eyed view of the Third World, especially those states that

> style themselves 'anti-imperialist'. What they surely cannot ignore any
> longer is the existence of a regime that endangers the stability not only
> of
> the Middle East but perhaps the planet itself and which will torture and
> murder even its own children in order to shore up Saddam's Republic of
> Fear.
>
> [REDACTED]

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685. **Pierre Joris**
A Reading at UK, Lawrence, KA
Tue 24 Sep 2002

For anybody in the Lawrence, Kansas area:
on Thursday, September 26, 2002
04:30PM at the University of Kansas
Kansas Union Centennial Room
Poetry reading: Pierre Joris

Pierre Joris
6 Madison Place
Albany NY 12202 formal poetics = rubber tires on a Gypsy wagon
h: [REDACTED]
c: [REDACTED] Robert Kelly
o: 518 442 40 85
email: [REDACTED]
<http://www.albany.edu/~joris/>

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686. **lewis lacook**
THE SECOND MORNING OF AUTUMN
Tue 24 Sep 2002

Planted in the eye, sleep seeds grow sleep trees. At
parties,
feigning a look of intense boredom. As a defense
mechanism,
trains in the distance all day long run right behind

the store;
watch them slip past with tags on their sides. The
hands in the
head that scoop up language meat.

Tags on their sides: the names ballooning out to
cartoon
cities. Thank you for expressing an interest in my
work; it's
made of you, and turns slickly in the light, wishing
it were
matte because matte swallows things. The second
morning of autumn
tightly wound in the bowels where death thins out and
scrapes an
entire retro trend out of molehills never festered
enough to boil
over upon. Out, the sign intones. A sex crawls back
onto the
shore and spills flecks of gold iris between you.

Sleep seeds grow sleep trees, when planted in the
eye and
watered by smarting winds. This most inhospitable
region boasts
five intensive care units and all the latest
communicative
technological advances. Please take your hand off my
knee. I
caught their intranet and now take garlic for its
natural
antibiotic properties. The trains go by. Like days
almost, except
the trains always arrive somewhere; walking from here
to the
butcher's thumb on your scale.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

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687. **Maria Damon**
Re: femmes in print
Tue 24 Sep 2002

kelsey st press, atelos, xcp: crosscultural poetics, chain

At 9:19 PM -0400 9/23/02, Jane Sprague wrote:

>Does anyone have a sense of who is consistently publishing
>experimental work by women?
>Journals, zines, small presses, online, chapbooks, etc.
>Feminist or not but with editorial commitment to new writing by
>women (in the vein of Belladonna, How2...)
>though I wonder if one can be not feminist and have an editorial
>commitment to women? this is interesting enough to consider...
>
>names links, any information would be appreciated
>
>Jane
--

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688. **Mairead Byrne**
Re: femmes in print
Tue 24 Sep 2002

Dear Jane,

I have found the Seneca Review very hospitable; also Wild Honey Press.

Mairead

>>> [REDACTED] 09/23/02 21:26 PM >>>
Does anyone have a sense of who is consistently publishing experimental
work by women?
Journals, zines, small presses, online, chapbooks, etc.
Feminist or not but with editorial commitment to new writing by women
(in the vein of Belladonna, How2...)
though I wonder if one can be not feminist and have an editorial
commitment to women? this is interesting enough to consider...
names links, any information would be appreciated

Jane

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689. **Paula Speck**

D.C. Reading

Tue 24 Sep 2002

To all list-ees within a stone's throw of D.C. and interested in poetry translation:

POETRY AT TAKOMA PARK
2002 FALL READINGS BY LOCAL POETS
TUESDAYS AT 7:30 P.M.

OCTOBER 1
TRANSLATIONS

Patricia Davis reading her translations of Cuban poet
Francisco de Orta & others

Myong-Hee Kim reading her translations of Korean poet Lee Sang

Paula Speck reading her translations of Brazilian poets Carlos
Drummond de Andrade, Joao Cabral de Melo Neto & others

The Takoma Park Library is at 5th & Cedar Streets, N.W., Washington, D.C.
[REDACTED]. There is street parking and the library is a short walk from the
Takoma Park Metro station.

Paula

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

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690. **Michael Magee**

Re: femmes in print

Tue 24 Sep 2002

At 9:19 PM -0400 9/23/02, Jane Sprague wrote:

*Does anyone have a sense of who is consistently publishing
experimental work by women?*

Journals, zines, small presses, online, chapbooks, etc.

*Feminist or not but with editorial commitment to new writing by
women (in the vein of Belladonna, How2...)*

*though I wonder if one can be not feminist and have an editorial
commitment to women? this is interesting enough to consider...*

names links, any information would be appreciated

Jane

Jane, I think it's fair to say that I consistently publish experimental work by women in COMBO. Of the top of my head COMBOs contributors over 11 issues have included Jena Osman, Harryette Mullen, Jessica Chiu, Summi Kaipa, Mytili Jagannathan, Alice Notley, Lisa Lubasch, Ange Mlinko, Prageeta Sharma, Heather Fuller, Carla Harryman, Jen Hofer, Kristen Gallagher, Kristin Prevallet, Laura Elrick (I'm no doubt forgetting some great ones...) It's feminist insofar as its committed to radical notions of equality and identity as manifested in poetry.

-m.

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691. **Arielle Greenberg**

Re: femmes in print

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Yes, I'm happy to report that there are many, many good places to find experimental work by women:

--Presses

Kelsey St.

Post-Apollo

Omnidawn

Fence

SubPress

Leroy

Lucilles

Tender Buttons

Elixir

Sun & Moon

--Journals

Volt

Fence

Chain

Outlet

Scout

Interim

New American Writing

ixnay

--Online

Can We Have Our Ball Back

There are many more, but these are the ones that come to mind at the moment. Thanks to all the women (and men) out there who run these great projects!

Arielle

Do you Yahoo!?

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<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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692. **Hilton Obenzinger**

Meditations - 4

Tue 24 Sep 2002

[I write these “meditations” from time to time in an attempt to stay sane. If you find them tedious, apply the magic of “delete.” If you want to share them with others, feel free to do so.]

Meditations in a Time of Delusions and Lies - 4

It's rare to be conscious of impending doom, to know that we live in a moment when time is running out, as if we're all condemned prisoners waiting for our last dawn. How pleasant life is, even though soon our sweet peaceable world will come to an end, and we will be plunged into horror. Now, in this pause before the storm, all we can do is scratch our heads and wonder: what the hell is going on? Why do we face such grief?

Bush is dead set on “regime change” in Iraq, and he is pummeling the American public and world leaders to follow his scheme. Saddam Hussein, despicable tyrant that he is, poses little threat to anyone, according to most military experts, and, despite unfounded allegations, he does not even seem to have had anything to do with the criminal devastation of 9/11. He didn't seem to pose much of a threat even in Bush's eyes, despite his being strung along the “axis of evil” -- at least not until Enron and Halliburton began to unravel. Yet the destruction of Saddam Hussein has become an obsession. During hearings, a Senator asked Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld what America would do if Hussein made every concession demanded of him, and the folksy Secretary could only sputter, unable even to imagine diplomatic success. Clearly, no matter what Saddam Hussein says or does, the Bush administration seems determined to go to war, and ordinary Iraqis and Americans -- indeed, the entire world -- are condemned to watch (and pay the consequences) while the juggernaut rolls on.

Now, I assume that the administration is not stupid (despite Bush's famous denseness). I assume that it does not believe its own lies (although it may very well be blinded by arrogance). Certainly, we can ignore all the inflated talk about democracy and principles and morality. No, we can dispense with platitudes and propaganda.

So, if they really know that the sudden alarm over Iraq is a ploy, then what is their game, really? Of course, the obvious -- oil -- comes to mind, just as natural gas and pipeline routes make Afghanistan and Central Asia far more interesting to the administration beyond the Taliban. Perhaps no one recalls how, before the attacks, the Taliban were ignored, despite their oppression of women and desecration of ancient monuments; they were even courted for pipelines and praised for their Draconian programs to uproot heroin poppy fields. Distracting the American public from the messiness of crony capitalism or engineering economic recovery with a good war -- yes, these too seem like plausible motives. But, still, if we assume that the administration is not stupid, these reasons are not adequate, at least not for the great risks and costs of war.

I would like to suggest the real reason we are about to be plunged into war: WORLD DOMINATION. No, this is not the plot of a superhero comic book; this is for real. Time really is running out, according to the Bush administration's way of thinking -- but not on Saddam Hussein's secret weapons. The real target is Europe, uniting as never before and increasingly becoming an economic rival; the real target is Russia, still weak but not for long; the real target is China, growing at a fantastic pace and a potential military rival; and let's not forget Japan, always an economic threat, particularly in collaboration with the rest of Asia, despite its recent faltering. All of these "threats" are either weak or nascent. So Bush and Company must strike while the iron is hot, while Americans are frightened enough to allow civil liberties to be junked and jingoism to sound like self-defense. If U.S. military and business interests can maintain and even expand their control of Middle East oil production, they have Europe and Japan by the balls, and much of the rest of the world, as well.

Keep in mind the recent policy declarations: the U.S. will strike first, even with nuclear weapons, against any country it deems a threat, with or without the consent of the international community; no country will be allowed to build up its military to rival the U.S.; no international commitments, from environmental treaties to United Nations' votes to international courts, will encumber the exercise of imperial power; "nonproliferation" is now "counter-proliferation"; and on and on. In the eyes of any reasonable person, the United States has become far more of a rogue state, dangerously flashing weapons of mass destruction, than any other country. Meanwhile, the "war on terrorism" has become a cover for a never-ending war to maintain imperial control. Americans are being steamrolled into war and our democratic traditions are being twisted to the

satisfaction of reactionary saviors of “our way of life,” all through the manipulation of very real fears of terrorist violence.

There are those who object that an invasion of Iraq might be a quagmire or that the whole Arab and Islamic world might erupt into chaos that will threaten even U.S. allies. Of course, the Bush administration hopes to achieve its goals quickly and smoothly. That would be ideal, in their book, and they believe they can get away with it; but their basic response is “So what?” I suspect that the arch reactionaries in the administration might even welcome chaos, since it will enable them more easily to cow the Saudi and other client regimes. After all, does it matter if the Hashemite dynasty is overthrown in Jordan? The administration and its supporters might even cheer the imposition in the region of “democracy” in the form of more pliable American clients; and they would certainly turn a blind eye to the “transfer” and decimation of the Palestinian people by Ariel Sharon done under cover of war.

To sensible, mainstream leaders, such calculations are almost the ravings of lunatics. During the period of détente during the Cold War, Soviet leaders analyzed that there was a split in the American elite between the “rational” and the “irrational” bourgeoisie, and that the “rational” forces needed to be supported by the people to prevent disaster. The “rational” folks were willing to accept peaceful rivalry with the alternative economic system, while the “irrational” elements were so motivated by their will to power and by ideology that they would inflame militarism and embark on dangerous schemes that could threaten world peace. The Soviet Union collapsed of its own collective mistakes -- but the analysis, in this different context, may still hold some water. The New York Times and other elite forces, even conservative Republicans, may be considered “rational” because they feel that U.S. preeminence can be protected without such drastic actions, that the Bush-Cheney crowd is too willing to take too many chances, too itchy to play with fire. Of course, most Americans do not even believe we should be in the game of world domination in the first place.

At the very least, we should be clear about what is really at stake -- and the danger posed by Saddam Hussein is the least of our problems.

Hilton Obenzinger

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693. **mIEKAL aND**
Re: femmes in print
Tue 24 Sep 2002

SEXOXIAL publishes experimental visual verbal work by Alison Knowles, Elizabeth Was, Hannah Weiner, KS Ernst, Rea Nikonova, Laurie Schneider with several new titles coming out late this fall.

<http://cla.umn.edu/joglars/xe/xexoxial/xexoxial.html>

mIEKAL

There are many more, but these are the ones that come to mind at the moment. Thanks to all the women (and men) out there who run these great projects!

Arielle

Do you Yahoo!?
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<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

--

mIEKAL aND



Dreamtime Village <http://www.dreamtimevillage.org>

Joglars Crossmedia Broadcast <http://cla.umn.edu/joglars>

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694. **raea100900**

Re: femmes in print

Tue 24 Sep 2002

People interested in this subject should check out a new anthology called American Women Poets in the 21st Century. (I know the title sounds, well, premature.) This anthology is organized in an interesting way. It features 10 poets from various camps along with a poetics statement by each and a critical essay on each one. It was edited by Juliana Spahr and Claudia Rankine.

Rae

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695. **Rebecca Wolff**

Fence Party at the Whitney

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Come help Fence celebrate the release of #10, Fall/Winter 2002-2003 with poetry, fiction, music and cash bar.

at "Soundcheck"

at the Whitney Museum of American Art

945 Madison Ave. at 75th St.
New York City

With readings by contributors:

Poet Ann Lauterbach
Alberta Prize winner poet Tina Brown Celona
Fiction writer Julia Holmes

Friday, October 4th
6-9 pm
Free admission to the Whitney and the Party

We'll have discounted books, magazines, subscriptions, and other things. Please come!

Rebecca Wolff
Fence et al.
14 Fifth Avenue, #1A
New York, NY 10011
<http://www.fencemag.com>

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696. **Pritchett, Patrick**
Re: Bobbie Louise Hawkins at Joe's Pub
Tue 24 Sep 2002

BOBBIE LOUISE HAWKINS
NEW One-Woman Show
LIFE AS WE KNOW IT
Joe's Pub
425 Lafayette St.
New York City
Monday, October 14, 2002
Performance will be at 9:30 pm
Tickets \$10 at the door.
Information XXXXXXXXXX

Ms. Hawkins has written fifteen books and is noted for "a poignant thread of cosmic humor" in her work onstage and on the page. Past performances at venues as diverse as the Greek Theater's BREAD AND ROSES in Berkeley, the Quiet Knight in Chicago, the Vancouver Folk Festival in Canada, The Great American Music Hall in San Francisco, One World Poetry Festival in Amsterdam, the Canterbury Festival in England, and in New York City at the Joseph Papp Theater, Bottom Line and Folk City were acclaimed by critics.

"Talent, integrity and humor, Bobbie Louise Hawkins is a poet and storyteller of the first order; each of her performances here (Live at the Great American Music Hall, Rounder Records) reveals a different aspect of her gift for poetic diction and her unerring ear." ROLLING STONE

"Her ear is exact- the dialogue is sharp as splinters, as devastating and ironic as any dialogue set down by Raymond Carver or Ann Beattie." TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL

"Hawkins is keenly aware of the complicated vastness of even just one little human universe. Her sentences do not meet that universe head on but at a 'slight angle'. Hawkins' writing participates in a tradition of American Modernism in prose that sometimes achieves an almost hallucinatory precision. A thoughtful artist's eye informs the writing." THE VAJRADHATU SUN

"She excels at the short take, the oblique view, and the sort of incident that allows the storyteller leeway to expand, change and alter the fundamental nugget of actuality. Her curious, witty and occasionally militant slants make her writing unclassifiable but altogether beguiling." L.A. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Hawkins moves with apparent ease from tale to tale, suffusing each with irony, anger or love as the occasion demands. Pieces of varying length are juxtaposed and, once fit together, the life of a woman emerges." PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

"Miss Hawkins is a superb impressionist as well as a salty prose writer of American miniatures, artful distillations of our humor and humanity." NEW YORK TIMES

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697. **Laura Mullen**

Re: femmes in print

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Did someone mention How2; conundrum, and Factorial1!? Anthology-wise, don't miss Moving Borders or Resurgent also look at that penultimate issue of American Book Review on experimental women's writing....

Arielle Greenberg wrote:

Yes, I'm happy to report that there are many, many good places to find experimental work by women:

*--Presses
Kelsey St.
Post-Apollo
Omnidawn
Fence
SubPress*

Leroy
Lucilles
Tender Buttons
Elixir
Sun & Moon

--Journals
Volt
Fence
Chain
Outlet
Scout
Interim
New American Writing
ixnay

--Online
Can We Have Our Ball Back

*There are many more, but these are the ones that come
to mind at the moment. Thanks to all the women (and
men) out there who run these great projects!*

Arielle

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<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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698. **Harrison Jeff**
Virginia in a Scene from "Cajetan"
Tue 24 Sep 2002

greater for no flush of dribbling, a mist bursting much mischief a mark was
fancy as the words "the stair was growing dark"

slave-

 again

 -slave to draw death from carrion &
scrubby English

 I've suspected your concentration for some time
Jesus pelted His tormentor's ears with Scottish ballads

seventeen shoulders mortal as the best of us, fancy as the words "creditable as
a simile utilizing the Cranach Press Ecologues"

my eyes troubled the summer with Prussian copies, immaculate without a weaver's hesitation

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

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699. **Charlotte Mandel**
Re: Fence Party at the Whitney
Tue 24 Sep 2002

Hello Debbie,
It was good to hear from you, and I thought this announcement might interest you, also.
I wish I could just stay in the city a few days and go to all these great readings.
Things have been hectic, though--my husband was in the hospital during the weekend. He's OK now, but we're not entirely settled down, and I have a ms I'm trying to complete. Other than teaching my workshop on Wednesday, I'm not sure whether I can come in again for the Glueck evening.
Hope I can make it, and I'll let you know.
Best,
Charlotte

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700. **Harrison Jeff**
Virginia and the Argonauts
Tue 24 Sep 2002

argonauts four in number
 Agathocles attacks the Carthaginians
four owls encouraged
 they drifted through columns
lit on shields, lit on helmets
 Agathocles
a second brood
 as big as an eagle
imitates a heap of purchase
 set up a myth
 prognosticating slaughter
a whit less departure
 repeat complete examples
spears such as a result

sub-natural a favorable sovereign
 maintain embrocation
derived replaces emblem
shed-like notable nine, initiation
 attempts of its thread
obey final reverie
nothing outside the casual phrasing
 revision as immaculate
progress attempts its specific poem
 reconciliation with words
Theban silence a lingering melody
 lingering

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

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701. **Gary Sullivan**
Publishers of new writing by women
Tue 24 Sep 2002

*I wonder if one can be not feminist and have an editorial
commitment to women?*

To add to the list:

Detour Press: Johanna Drucker, Nada Gordon, Cole Heinowitz, Laurie Price,
Marianne Shaneen (forthcoming).

Faux Press: Marcella Durand, Eileen Myles, Wanda Phipps, Nada Gordon (forth-
coming), Alice Notley (forthcoming).

Granary Books: Kimberly Lyons, Nada Gordon, Johanna Drucker, Lyn Hejinian,
Leslie Scalapino, Susan Bee, Susan Howe, Jane Brakhage, Alison Knowles,
Bernadette Mayer, Emilie McVarish, Carolee Schneemann, Anne Waldman,
Anne Tardos (forthcoming), etc.

Krupskaya: Elizabeth Fodaski, Stacy Doris, Laura Moriarty, Caroline Bergvall,
Dorothy Trujillo Lusk, Sarah Anne Cox.

Avec Press: Martha King, Norma Cole, etc.

Chax Press: Karen Mac Cormack, Myung Mi Kim, Kathleen Fraser, etc.

Lots of others: Coffee House Press, Edge, O Books, Potes & Poets, Roof Books,
Wesleyan, Zasterle, etc.

Online:

Readme:

<http://home.jps.net/~nada>

Eileen Tabios, Nada Gordon, Eleana Kim, Susan Landers, Julie Patton, Carol Mirakove, Mez, Kimberly Lyons, Adeena Karasick, Wendy Kramer, Hoa Nguyen, Laurie Price, Phoebe Gloeckner, Sherry Brennan, etc.

Faux Press E-books:

<http://fauxpress.com/e>

Prageeta Sharma, Nada Gordon, Susan Schultz, Marcella Durand, Wanda Phipps, Jeni Olin, Sheila E. Murphy, etc.

The East Village: www.theeastvillage.com Jo Ann Wasserman, Beth Anderson, Brenda Iijima, Nada Gordon, Ange Mlinko, Karen Mac Cormack, Sharon Mesmer, Eleana Kim, Lori Lubeski, Kimberly Lyons, Maria Damon, Lisa Robertson, Meredith Quartermain, Jocelyn Saidenberg, Wang Ping, Laura Wright, Lissa Wolsak, etc.

Many others: www.durationpress.com | www.dcpoetry.com | www.pompompress.com | <http://jacketmagazine.com> | <http://epc.buffalo.edu> ... etc., etc. -- look at the links lists on Readme, the EPC, Duration, and Jacket.

Mags:

Mirage Period(ical)#4, Pressed Wafer, Kenning, The Germ, Crayon, etc., etc. -- type "Selby's List of Experimental Poetry Magazines" into Google

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

<http://www.hotmail.com>

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702. **J Gallaher**

Re: femmes in print

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Arielle Green berg wrote:

<Yes, I'm happy to report that there are many, many good places to find experimental work by women>

I Add:

Actually, I'm not aware of any places that publish experimental work that aren't hospitable to work by women, or feminist work in general. Feminist work, and work by women, seems quite popular, in fact.

Best,

JG

Dark ballad and dark crossing
old woman prowling
genial telling her story
ideal city of immaculate beauty
--Susan Howe

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703. **Jordan Davis**

Re: publications featuring women, from the archive

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Some messages about the first issue of The Hat

Announcement by the editor

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?>

A2=ind9810&L=poetics&D=1&H=0&I=-3&O=D&T=1&P†109

Charles Alexander on lifetime subscriptions

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?>

A2=ind9810&L=poetics&P=R38689&D=1&H=0&I=-3&O=D&T=1

Simon Schuchat on inflation

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?>

A2=ind9810&L=poetics&D=1&H=0&I=-3&O=D&T=1&P‰086

Dale Smith on the editorial policy and the content

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?>

A2=ind9812&L=poetics&P=R21852&D=1&H=0&I=-3&O=D&T=1

Dale, again

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?>

A2=ind9812&L=poetics&P=R20401&D=1&H=0&I=-3&O=D&T=1

Joel Kuszai on Dale's take and on men editing women in general

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?>

A2=ind9812&L=poetics&P=R22042&D=1&H=0&I=-3&O=D&T=1

Dale responds to Joel

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?>

A2=ind9812&L=poetics&P=R22679&D=1&H=0&I=-3&O=D&T=1

Addendum to Dale's response

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?>

A2=ind9812&L=poetics&P=R22763&D=1&H=0&I=-3&O=D&T=1

Kathy Lou Schultz on unsolicited submissions

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/cgi-bin/wa?>

A2=ind9812&L=poetics&P=R23038&D=1&H=0&I=-3&O=D&T=1

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704. **Nick Piombino**

Sonnets

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Red Dust Books published Charles Borkhuis' " Hypnogogic Sonnets" in 1992. A sample follows:

Sonnet IX

as if (alive)

waking up asleep

Inclined over the features

of his face wilted "I"s

drooping into childhood "e"s

mirror and counting

black pronoun on the frozen lake

where the foot stops

white between words

gently pulling an arm out of a leg

leaning against

an upper case "I"

he notices his body has become

a form of writing

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705. **Poetics List Administration**

Job Posting for fiction/prose writer: University at Buffalo:

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Assistant or Associate Professor of English

The University at Buffalo seeks a writer of prose fiction and/or other allied forms of imaginative or discursive prose, print or digital, at the rank of tenure-track Assistant Professor or early Associate Professor, to start Fall, 2003. Candidates must demonstrate an ability to teach solid and innovative undergraduate genre and creative writing courses. Candidates must also bring fresh perspectives to the study of prose fiction as demonstrated by a record of writing and teaching interests appropriate to seminars in a large M.A./Ph.D. program.

Teaching load (2/2), salary, benefits, and privileges competitive with other Research I-AAU universities. Please submit letter of application, CV, and writing sample to Professor Mark Shechner, Chair of the Search Committee, Department of English, University at Buffalo, 306 Clemens Hall, Buffalo, New York, 14260-4610, by November 1, 2002. All applications will be acknowledged. Please visit the Department website at <http://writing.upenn.edu/cas/english>. The State University of New York at Buffalo is an Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity employer. Women and minorities are warmly encouraged to apply.

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706. **Brian Stefans**

Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Tue 24 Sep 2002

By RAOUL VANEIGEM

http://www.arras.net/blair_presents_dossier.htm

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707. **MAXINE CHERNOFF**

Re: Sonnets

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Another innovative book of sonnets is Paul Hoover's "Nervous Songs" by L'Epervier Press, now out of print. Some of them are reprinted in the 1999 TOTEM AND SHADOW from Talisman House. MC

On Tue, 24 Sep 2002, Nick Piombino wrote:

Red Dust Books published Charles Borkhuis' "Hypnagogic Sonnets" in 1992. A sample follows:

Sonnet IX

*as if (alive)
waking up asleep
Inclined over the features*

*of his face wilted "I"s
drooping into childhood "e"s
mirror and counting*

*black pronoun on the frozen lake
where the foot stops
white between words*

*gently pulling an arm out of a leg
leaning against
an upper case "I"*

*he notices his body has become
a form of writing*

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708. **Robert Zamsky**
Chicago Poetry Project

Tue 24 Sep 2002

John Taggart
&
Matthias Regan

Reading at
Harold Washington Library
Four Hundred South State Street
Chicago Authors Room, Seventh Floor

Saturday, September 28, 1pm

Sponsored by the Chicago Poetry Project

Further schedule information available at www.chicagopoetryproject.org

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

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709. **Chicago Review**
more Chicago readings...

Tue 24 Sep 2002

In addition to the promising roster of readers coming to the Chicago Poetry Project reading series, Chicago-area listmembers may be interested in the following schedule. / Eirik Steinhoff, Editor

* * * *

Poem Present: Readings and Lectures for 2002-2003
University of Chicago

THOM GUNN

Thursday, October 10: Reading (Classics 10: 5:30pm)

Friday, October 11: Conversation with Robert von Hallberg (Classics 10: 2:30pm)

JIM POWELL

Thursday, October 31: Reading (Classics 10: 5:30pm)

Friday, November 1: Conversation with Robert von Hallberg (Wieboldt 408: 3:30pm)

THYLIAS MOSS

Thursday, November 14: Reading (Classics 10: 5:30pm)

Friday, November 15: "The Literary Microbe" (Wieboldt 408: 3:30pm)

LOCAL TALENT READING: Thursday, December 5 (Classics 10: 5:30pm)

MEI-MEI BERSSENBRUGGE

Thursday, January 30: Reading (Classics 10: 5:30pm)

Friday, January 31: Presentation (Wieboldt 408: 3:30pm)

LI-YOUNG LEE

Thursday, February 27: Reading (Classics 10: 5:30pm)

Friday, February 28: Presentation (Wieboldt 408: 3:30pm)

ANGELA JACKSON (CSRPC VISITING WRITER)

Saturday, March 15: Reading (Time and location TBA)

MICHAEL PALMER

Thursday, April 10: Reading (Classics 10: 5:30pm)

Friday, April 11: "The Free State: Poetic Speech and Contingency" (Wieboldt 408: 3:30pm)

CAMPBELL MCGRATH (SHERRY POET)

Thursday, May 1: Reading (Classics 10: 5:30pm)

Friday, May 2: "Ironic, Ain't it?" (Wieboldt 408: 2:30pm)

LOCAL TALENT READING: Thursday, May 29 (Classics 10: 5:30pm)

For further information, please email [REDACTED], with "Poem Present" in the subject line.

* * * * *

CHICAGO REVIEW

5801 South Kenwood Avenue

Chicago IL 60637

<http://humanities.uchicago.edu/review/>

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710. **Steven Shoemaker**

Johnston's Telepathy

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Does anyone know how I can get a copy of this book? I've been told that it's out of print already.

thanks,
steve

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711. **ksilem**

Rachel Loden Interview in Jacket

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Rachel Loden, interviewed by Kent Johnson, now on the _Jacket_ website:

<http://jacketmagazine.com/21/loden-iv.html>

Proceed thither with all haste.

[↑ Contents](#)

712. **Alan Sondheim**

out of nowhere

Tue 24 Sep 2002

out of nowhere

aaa aaaaaa aaaaaaaaaa aaaaa aaa aa aaaaaaa. aaa aaaaaa aaaaaaaaaa aa aaaa
aaaaaaaa. aaa aaaaaaaaaa aa aaaa aa. aa aaa aaa, aaaa. aaa aaaaaaaaaa aaaaaa
aaa aaaaa aa aaaaaaaaa. aa aaaa aa aaaaaaaaa aaaa aaa aaa aaaaa. aa aaaaaa aa
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aaaaaaaa. aaaa aaaa aaaaaa aa aaa.

abb aabaaa abbbaabaa abbba bba ba ababaaa. abb aabaaa abbbaabaa ab aaab
ababaaa. abb aabaaaaaab aa baba ba. aa aba aba, abba. abb abbbaabaa bbabba
abb abaab ba babbabab. ab aaab aa abaaaaaa abab abb bbb aaaba. ab abbbbab

aa abb abaabbbbbbba ba babbbbbba baabaaba 'ba baaa abaabbaaaba.' ab ababa
abb aba aaaabaab. ab ababa abaa bbbaaaaaa abbba bba ba ababbbb aaa bbab-
baa ab ababbbb. ab abb abb abbba ab aab. baaa aababaab aaaa aaba aababaab.
abbab bbaaaa baabbaaaaa abaa. abbab bbaaaa baab abbab aabb. ab baab bbb
aabb. babbabab aa aaaaaa.

abb aabaaa abbbaabaa aaaaa ab baaa aaab baa abba aaa baaaa. baa aaaba
bbaaa bab bab ba ba. abb aabaaa abbbaabaa aabaaaaba bab. a aaaa abaab ba
aaaa abbaa. aa abba aba baaabb aa aa aa bab bb aa babb bb baaa babbba bb
babbabab. aababaab bbbbaa aababaab. abbab bba aaa abbba aaaa aa. abba
aaaa ababaaa. abba aaaa ababaaa aa aaa.

abb cabcca cbbccabaa cbdbc bba bc ababcaa. abb cabcca cbbccabaa ab caab
ababcaa. abb acbcaccccb cc bcba bc. cc aba aba, abba. abb cbbccabaa bbabbc
abb abaab bc bcbcbab. ab cccb ca cbacaaaa cbab cbb bbb cccb. ab abdbcb
ca abb abcabbbbbbba bc babdbbc dacbcabc 'bc dacc abcabbcacba.' ab cbaba
abb aba caaabaab. ab cbaba abaa bbbaaccac cbdbc bba bc ababbbb aaa bbab-
bac ab ababbbb. ab abb abb abbba ab acb. bacc ccbcbach accc cabc ccbcbach.
abbcb bbacac baabbcaaaa abaa. abbcb bbacac bcab abbcb acdb. ab bcab bbb
acdb. bcbcbab cc aacacaa.

abb cabcca cbbccabaa aaaac ab bccc acab bcc abdc aaa baaac. bcc acabc bbcaa
bcd bab bc bc. abb cabcca cbbccabaa cabaaacbc bcd. c accc abcab dc caca ab-
bac. ca abbc aba daaabb cc ca cc bcd bb aa babb bb daac babb bc bb bcb-
bcbab. ccbcbach bbbbac ccbcbach. abbcb dba aaa abdba aaaa ca. abbc aaaa
ababcaa. abbc aaaa ababcaa aa acc.

abe fabccd ceefcdeaa cbgef bba bf ababcaa. abe fabccd ceefcdeaa ab caab
ababcaa. abe acbcaffcf cf bcba bf. cf aba abd, dbea. abe ceefcdeaa bedeef abe
deaab bf eceefbae. de fcce ca cbafaaaa feae fbe bbe fccef. de aeegbfe ca abe
aecabbbbebbd bf eabegbbf gacbcaef 'bf gaff defaebcacba.' de feaea abe aed
faaabaee. de feaea abaa bebaafcaf cbgef bba bf abdbeee aad eeabeaf ab abd-
beee. de dbb aee abbba ab dce. baff ccbfeace dcff fabc ccbfeace. abefe beafaf
badeefaaad abaa. abefe beafaf bcde abece acge. de bcde bbe acge. eceefbae cf
dacacaa.

abe fabccd ceefcdeaa daaaf ab ecff dcab bcf aegf aad baadf. bcf acdef becaa
bcg bae bf bf. abe fabccd ceefcdeaa faeaaafef bcg. c dcff decae gf fafa dbedf. ca
dbef aba gaaeee cf ca cf bcg be aa babee be gaaf babeef be eceefbae. ccbfeace
beedf ccbfeace. abefe gea aad dbgea daaa ca. abef daaa ababcaa. abef daaa
ababcaa aa aff.

ghe fghcid ceefideag cbmef bhg bf abghiag. ghe fghcid ceefideag gb iagb
abghiag. ghe acbcallcf if hcba hf. if abg abj, jhea. ghe ceefideag bedeef ghe
deagh bf eieelbae. je liie ia cbafgaag feae fbe bhe liief. je geemle ia ghe
aeighbbebbd bf eabembhf machiaef 'bf maff defgehcgiba.' je leaea ghe aej

laaghage. je leaea ghag behgaligl cbmef bhg bf abjheee aad eegheaf gb ab-
jheee. je jhb aee abbhg gb die. ball iibleace jill fgbc iibleace. ghefe beafgf
hadeefgaad ghag. ghefe beafgf bide gheie gime. je bide bhe gime. eieelbae if
jaigiag.

ghe fghcid ceefideag jaagf gb kill jigh hif aemf aad haadf. hif aidef beiag him
bae bf hf. ghe fghcid ceefideag fgeaaglef him. i jill jeige ml lafg jbedf. ig dbef
abg maggee if ig if him be aa bghee be maal bgheef be eieelbae. iibleace beedf
iibleace. ghefe mea aad jbmea jaag ig. ghel jaag abghiag. ghel jaag abghiag ag
all.

the stupid president comes out of nothing. the stupid president go into nothing.
the apocalypse is upon us. if not now, when. the president orders the death of
everyone. we live in constant fear for our lives. we tremble in the neighborhood
of enormous machines 'of mass destruction.' we learn the new language. we
learn that brutality comes out of nowhere and returns to nowhere. we who are
about to die. only violence will stop violence. these beasts understand that.
these beasts bide their time. we bide our time. everyone is waiting.

the stupid president wants to kill with his arms and hands. his aides bring him
one of us. the stupid president strangles him. i will write my last words. it does
not matter if it is him or an other or many others or everyone. violence breeds
violence. these men and women want it. they want nothing. they want nothing
at all.

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[↑ Contents](#)

713. **casslewis**

Re: out of nowhere

Tue 24 Sep 2002

I liked this one Alan, thank you for it

Best

Cassie Lewis

--- On Tue 09/24, Alan Sondheim wrote:

From: Alan Sondheim [mailto:]

To:

Date: Tue, 24 Sep 2002 19:28:17 -0400

Subject: out of nowhere

| *out of nowhere*

aaa aaaaaa aaaaaaaaaa aaaaa aaa aa aaaaaa. aaa aaaaaa aaaaaaaaaa aa aaaa
aaaaaaaa. aaa aaaaaaaaaa aa aaaa aa. aa aaa aa, aaaa. aaa aaaaaaaaa
aaaaaa
aaa aaaaa aa aaaaaa. aa aaaa aa aaaaaa aaaa aaa aa aaaaa. aa aaaaaa
aa aaa aaaaaaaaaa aa aaaaaa aaaaaa 'aa aaaa aaaaaaaaaa.' aa aaaaa
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aaaaaa. aaaa aaaa aaaaaa aa aaa.

abb aabaaa abbaaabaa abbba bba ba ababaaa. abb aabaaa abbaaabaa ab aaab
ababaaa. abb aabaaaaaab aa baba ba. aa aba aba, abba. abb abbaaabaa
bbabba
abb abaab ba babbabab. ab aaab aa abaaaaa abab abb bbb aaaba. ab abbbbab
aa abb abaabbbbbbba ba babbbba baabaaba 'ba baaa abaabbbaaba.' ab ababa
abb aba aaabaab. ab ababa abaa bbbbaaaaa abbba bba ba ababbbb aaa
bbabbba
ab ababbbb. ab abb abb abbba ab aab. baaa aababaab aaaa aaba aababaab.
abbab bbaaaa baabbbaaaa abaa. abbab bbaaaa baab abbab aabb. ab baab bbb
aabb. babbabab aa aaaaaa.

abb aabaaa abbaaabaa aaaaa ab baaa aaab baa abba aaa baaaa. baa aaaba
bbaaa bab bab ba ba. abb aabaaa abbaaabaa aabaaaaba bab. a aaaa abaab ba
aaaa abbaa. aa abba aba baaabb aa aa aa bab bb aa babbb bb baaa babbbba bb
babbabab. aababaab bbbbaa aababaab. abbab bba aaa abbba aaaa aa. abba
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ababaaa. abba aaaa ababaaa aa aaa.

abb cabcca cbbccabaa cbdbc bba bc ababcaa. abb cabcca cbbccabaa ab caab
ababcaa. abb acbcaccccb cc bcha bc. cc aba aba, abba. abb cbbccabaa
bbabbc
abb abaab bc bcbcbab. ab cccb ca cbacaaa cbab cbb bbb cccbc. ab abdbcb
ca abb abcabbbbbbba bc babdbbc dacbcabc 'bc dacc abcabbcacba.' ab cbaba
abb aba caabaab. ab cbaba abaa bbbbaaccac cbdbc bba bc ababbbb aaa
bbabbac
ab ababbbb. ab abb abb abbba ab acb. bacc ccbcbacb accc cabc ccbcbacb.
abbcb bbacac baabbcaaaa abaa. abbcb bbacac bcab abbcb acdb. ab bcab bbb
acdb. bcbcbab cc aacacaa.

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bbcaa bcd bab bc bc. abb cabcca cbbccabaa cabaaacbc bcd. c accc abcab dc
caca abbac. ca abbc aba daaabb cc ca cc bcd bb aa babbb bb daac babbbc bb
bcbcbab. ccbcbacb bbbbac ccbcbacb. abbcdb aaa abdba aaaa ca. abbc
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ababcaa. abbc aaaa ababcaa aa acc.

abe fabccd ceefcdeaa cbgef bba bf ababcaa. abe fabccd ceefcdeaa ab caab
ababcaa. abe acbcaffcf cf bcba bf. cf aba abd, dbea. abe ceefcdeaa
bedeef
abe deaab bf eceefbae. de fcce ca cbafaaaa feae fbe bbe fccef. de aeegbfe
ca abe aecabbbbebbd bf eabegbbf gacbcaef 'bf gaff defaebcacba.' de feaea
abe aed faaabaee. de feaea abaa bebaafcaf cbgef bba bf abdbeeee aad
eeabeaf
ab abdbeeee. de dbb aee abbba ab dce. baff ccbfeace dcff fabc ccbfeace.
abefe beafaf badeefaaad abaa. abefe beafaf bcde abece acge. de bcde bbe
acge. eceefbae cf dacacaa.

abe fabccd ceefcdeaa daaaf ab ecff dcab bcf aegf aad baadf. bcf acdef
becaa bcb bae bf bf. abe fabccd ceefcdeaa faeaaafef bcb. c dcff decae gf
fafa dbedf. ca dbef aba gaaeee cf ca cf bcb be aa babee be gaaf babeef be
eceefbae. ccbfeace beedf ccbfeace. abefe gea aad dbgea daaa ca. abef
daaa
ababcaa. abef daaa ababcaa aa aff.

ghe fghcid ceefideag cbmef bhg bf abghiag. ghe fghcid ceefideag gb iagb
abghiag. ghe acbcallcf if hcba hf. if abg abj, jhea. ghe ceefideag
bedeef
ghe deagh bf eieelbae. je liie ia cbafgaag feae fbe bhe liief. je geemle
ia ghe aeighbbbebbd bf eabembhf machiaef 'bf maff defgehcgiba.' je leaea
ghe aej laaghage. je leaea ghag behgaligl cbmef bhg bf abjheeee aad
eegheaf
gb abjheeee. je jhb aee abbhg gb die. ball iibleace jill fgbc iibleace.
ghefe beafgf hadeefgaad ghag. ghefe beafgf bide gheie gime. je bide bhe
gime. eieelbae if jaigiag.

ghe fghcid ceefideag jaagf gb kill jigh hif aemf aad haadf. hif aidef
beiag him bae bf hf. ghe fghcid ceefideag fgeaaglef him. i jill jeige ml
lafg jbedf. ig dbef abg maggee if ig if him be aa bghee be maal bgheef be
eieelbae. iibleace beedf iibleace. ghefe mea aad jbmea jaag ig. ghel
jaag
abghiag. ghel jaag abghiag ag all.

the stupid president comes out of nothing. the stupid president go into
nothing. the apocalypse is upon us. if not now, when. the president
orders
the death of everyone. we live in constant fear for our lives. we tremble
in the neighborhood of enormous machines 'of mass destruction.' we learn
the new language. we learn that brutality comes out of nowhere and

returns

to nowhere. we who are about to die. only violence will stop violence.
these beasts understand that. these beasts bide their time. we bide our
time. everyone is waiting.

the stupid president wants to kill with his arms and hands. his aides
bring him one of us. the stupid president strangles him. i will write my
last words. it does not matter if it is him or an other or many others or
everyone. violence breeds violence. these men and women want it. they
want
nothing. they want nothing at all.

===

Changed your e-mail? Keep your contacts! Use this free e-mail change of address service from Return Path. Register now!

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714. **Duration Press**

an evening of poetry & prose -- cornelia st. cafe, nyc

Tue 24 Sep 2002

An Evening of Poetry and Prose
at the Cornelia St. Cafe, NYC:

Wed. Oct. 2nd

6 p.m.

\$6

(includes a complimentary drink)

CYDNEY CHADWICK

Cydney Chadwick is the author of eight books/chapbooks of fictions and prose poetry. Her most recent book, *Flesh and Bone*, won the 2002 Independent Publisher Book Awards for best short story collection. She is also the recipient of the New American Fiction Series Award. She lives near San Francisco.

JOHN HIGH

John High is the author of several books of poetry and prose. His *Desire Notebooks* was selected by *The Village Voice* as one of the 25 best books of 1999. His selected writings, *Bloodline*, was published this year by Talisman House. He is the recipient of four Fulbrights and two National Endowment for the Arts fellowships. He lives in New York.

CHARLES BORKHUIS

Charles Borkhuis is a poet and playwright. His most recent books are *Mouth of Shadows* and *Alpha Ruins* (poems), which was selected as runner-up for the William Carlos Williams 2001 Book Award. He has also won a Peabody Award. He lives in New York.

THE CORNELIA STREET CAFE: 29 CORNELIA STREET (btwn Bleeker and West 4th). Subway: A,B,C,D, E,F to West 4th, NY 10014; [REDACTED];
<http://www.corneliastreetcafe.com>

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715. **floodeditions**

Re: Johnston's Telepathy

Tue 24 Sep 2002

Dear Steve (or anyone):

Telepathy is still in print, but ran out of stock for a little while. Here is the pertinent information:

Johnston, Devin. *Telepathy*. Paper Bark Press, 2001.
ISBN 1-877004-86-3. \$15.95

Available through:

Seminary Co-op Bookstore in Chicago:
www.semcoop.com or [REDACTED]

or

JAMCO Distributors.
tel [REDACTED]

(or Amazon...)

All the Best, Devin

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716. **Louis Cabri**

Re: poem knot for lame collaboration, please, nnnnnnnnnni!

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Shadow swollen, wool in boat ears
to part the hearing from the read ink,
the self-appointed shepherd gasped
not it is on my lips:
doctor coffee monkey planks

717. **Damian Judge Rollison**

Re: political poetry

Wed 25 Sep 2002

one could replace "poet" with "person"

On Mon, 23 Sep 2002 19:43:18 -0400 Patrick Herron

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

Merwin on Political Poetry

It is possible for a poet to assume his gift of articulation as a responsibility not only to the fates but to his neighbors, and to feel himself obligated to try to speak for those who are in circumstances resembling his own, but who are less capable of bearing witness to them. There are many kinds of dangers involved in any such view of what he owes himself and his voice. There is, for instance, the danger that his gift itself, necessarily one of the genuinely private and integral things he lives for, may be deformed into a mere loudspeaker, losing the singularity which made it irreplaceable, the candor which made it unreachable and unpredictable. Most poets whom I have in mind would have considered this the prime danger. But the other risks have all claimed their victims. Where injustice prevails (and where does it not?) a poet endowed with the form of conscience I am speaking about has no choice but to name the wrong as truthfully as he can, and to try to indicate the claims of justice in terms of the victims he lives among. The better he does these things the more he may have to pay for doing them. He may lose his financial security, if he has any. Or his health, his comfort, the presence of those he loves, his liberty. Or his life, of course. Worst, he may lose, in the process, the faith which led him to the decision, and then have to suffer for the decision just the same.

Put at its simplest, and with its implications laid out all plain and neat, the decision to speak as clearly and truthfully and fully as possible for the other human beings a poet finds himself among is a challenge to obscurantism, silence, and extinction. And the author of such a decision, I imagine, accepts the inevitability of failure as he accepts the inevitability of death. He finds a sufficient triumph in the decision itself, in its deliberate defiance, in the effort which it makes possible, the risks it impels him to run, and in any clarity which it helps him to create out of the murk and chaos of experience. In the long run his testimony will be partial at best. But its limits will have been those of his condition itself, rooted, as that is, in death; he will have recognized the enemy. He will not have been another priest of ornaments. He will have been contending against that which restricted his use and his virtue.

719. **Millie Niss**

Re: poem knot for lame collaboration, please, nnnnnnnnnni!

Wed 25 Sep 2002

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of Louis Cabri

Sent: Wednesday, September 25, 2002 12:54 AM

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: poem knot for lame collaboration, please, nnnnnnnnnni!

Shadow swollen, wool in boat ears
to part the hearing from the read ink,
the self-appointed shepherd gasped
not it is on my lips:
doctor coffee monkey planks

into pirate-ridden sea
narrative hooks Hook the simian
who lives in ontologic space
in the country of red ink
where the hurra burra lurks
devastaing life with murky marks
erasures emedsations edits rants
commentary dialectic and aquavit
drunken poets do it in correction fluid
but what anachronisms in the age of bits
inebriate of Word he presses ctrl-X
andd saves alas and all his work is gone
into the sea of dead bits where a hurricane moils
and pirate ships lurk and the waves are high
this is the land of the giant squid
which with one tentacle can squeeze a swart ship
into matchwood
the captain quails, mixes coffee with aquavit
(not in the same glass)
and whne he looks in the ship's glass
a simian face stares back at him
and says (_his_ mouth is closed)
"you need help!"
and so to the ship's doctor he goes

gets a goodly dose of laudanum and a blue pill
and spends the evening on the head
what a relief!

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720. **Charlotte Mandel**

sorry for error

Wed 25 Sep 2002

List folks - Sorry for personal letter post - meant to forward, and hit
reply by mistake.
Charlotte

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721. **Halvard Johnson**

"Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of"

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Today, had he not died some twenty years ago, G.G. would
have been seventy. Happy Birthday, G., wherever you are.

Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of (A Found Poem)

abandoning of piano considered by
alter egos of
ancestry of
as animal lover
back injury of
boating accident of
book published by
books owned by
Canadian composers recorded by
cars of
chair built for
childhood of
clothing worn by, for warmth
clothing worn by, in performance
competition hated by
composers denigrated by
concert career abandoned by
concert performing disliked by
control of hands lost by
counterpoint as preoccupation of
"creative cheating" by

critics disliked by
critics parodied by
death of
depression suffered by
devotion needed by
as driver
early influences on
eating and drinking habits of
eccentricities of
enemies nicknamed by
fan letters to
film scores by
first concert attended by
first experience of booing by
flying feared by
F minor as key to personality of
fugues analyzed by
games enjoyed by
Grammy won by
grave of
hair of
 hands and arms soaked by
hands of, insurance on
hands of, sensitivity in
harmonica studied by
health precautions taken by
health problems of
hedonism disapproved of by
homes of
honors awarded to
as hypochondriac
as iconoclast
hymns loved by
immortality sought by
improvisation distrusted by
inability to analyze own talent of
insomnia suffered by
isolation of
Italian opera disliked by
late-night activity of
lefthandedness of
listening talents of

medication taken by
memorial service for
memorization skills of
money earned by
mystical view of pianist's art held by
 need for control as obsession of
newspaper written by (in childhood)
"North" as concept of
pedantry of
persona of
pets of
Philadelphia phobia of
photographs of, described
physical appearance of
physical mannerisms of, while playing
piano's height as concern of
pianos owned by
pianos used by
posture of
press coverage of
privacy guarded by
private life of
as prodigy
prose style of
pseudonyms of
publicity as viewed by
purpose of art as viewed by
as Puritan
reclusiveness of
religion of
reviews of lectures by
reviews of music composed by
reviews of writing by
rivals of
romantic relationship of
sanity of
self-consciousness of
sensitivity to cold of
sensitivity to physical contact of
sexuality of
 as showman
shyness of

sight-reading ability of
singing enjoyed by
singing of, as mannerism
solitude as preoccupation of
spiritual explorations by
stock market played by
string quartet composed by
stroke suffered by
summer cottage of
telephone conversations of
tempo as concern of
travel disliked by
unpublished writing of
videotapes owned by
visual imagery in playing of
Western musical tradition as viewed by
work habits of
writing enjoyed by

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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722. **Pierre Joris**

Re: "Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of"

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Yes, 20 years already that he took off. For serious Gould fans (some Frenchhelpful, but there's enough music) there is a series of broadcasts on France Culture to mark the occasion. Go to:

http://www.radiofrance.fr/chaines/france-culture/speciale_gould/index.php

pierre

On Wednesday, September 25, 2002, at 08:47 AM, Halvard Johnson wrote:

> Today, had he not died some twenty years ago, G.G. would
> have been seventy. Happy Birthday, G., wherever you are.

>

>

>

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>
> Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of (A Found Poem)
>
> abandoning of piano considered by
> alter egos of
> ancestry of
> as animal lover
> back injury of
> boating accident of
> book published by
> books owned by
> Canadian composers recorded by
> cars of
> chair built for
> childhood of
> clothing worn by, for warmth
> clothing worn by, in performance
> competition hated by
> composers denigrated by
> concert career abandoned by
> concert performing disliked by
> control of hands lost by
> counterpoint as preoccupation of
> "creative cheating" by
> critics disliked by
> critics parodied by
> death of
> depression suffered by
> devotion needed by
> as driver
> early influences on
> eating and drinking habits of
> eccentricities of
> enemies nicknamed by
> fan letters to
> film scores by
> first concert attended by
> first experience of booing by
> flying feared by
> F minor as key to personality of
> fugues analyzed by

- > games enjoyed by
- > Grammy won by
- > grave of
- > hair of
- > hands and arms soaked by
- > hands of, insurance on
- > hands of, sensitivity in
- > harmonica studied by
- > health precautions taken by
- > health problems of
- > hedonism disapproved of by
- > homes of
- > honors awarded to
- > as hypochondriac
- > as iconoclast
- > hymns loved by
- > immortality sought by
- > improvisation distrusted by
- > inability to analyze own talent of
- > insomnia suffered by
- > isolation of
- > Italian opera disliked by
- > late-night activity of
- > lefthandedness of
- > listening talents of
- > medication taken by
- > memorial service for
- > memorization skills of
- > money earned by
- > mystical view of pianist's art held by
- > need for control as obsession of
- > newspaper written by (in childhood)
- > "North" as concept of
- > pedantry of
- > persona of
- > pets of
- > Philadelphia phobia of
- > photographs of, described
- > physical appearance of
- > physical mannerisms of, while playing
- > piano's height as concern of
- > pianos owned by

- > pianos used by
- > posture of
- > press coverage of
- > privacy guarded by
- > private life of
- > as prodigy
- > prose style of
- > pseudonyms of
- > publicity as viewed by
- > purpose of art as viewed by
- > as Puritan
- > reclusiveness of
- > religion of
- > reviews of lectures by
- > reviews of music composed by
- > reviews of writing by
- > rivals of
- > romantic relationship of
- > sanity of
- > self-consciousness of
- > sensitivity to cold of
- > sensitivity to physical contact of
- > sexuality of
- > as showman
- > shyness of
- > sight-reading ability of
- > singing enjoyed by
- > singing of, as mannerism
- > solitude as preoccupation of
- > spiritual explorations by
- > stock market played by
- > string quartet composed by
- > stroke suffered by
- > summer cottage of
- > telephone conversations of
- > tempo as concern of
- > travel disliked by
- > unpublished writing of
- > videotapes owned by
- > visual imagery in playing of
- > Western musical tradition as viewed by
- > work habits of

> writing enjoyed by
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> Hal
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> Halvard Johnson
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> website: http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard
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formal poetics = rubber tires on a Gypsy wagon

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c: [REDACTED]

Robert Kelly

o: 518 442 40 85

email: [REDACTED]

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

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723. **Maria Damon**

Re: poem knot for lame collaboration, please, nnnnnnnnnnni!

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Shadow swollen, wool in boat ears
to part the hearing from the read ink,
the self-appointed shepherd gasped
not it is on my lips:
doctor coffee monkey planks
same to you buster hanky pants

--

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724. **lewis lacook**

ADVANCED MEDICINE FOR PAIN

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Occipital migraines are caused by overly placid water
intake.

Wafers, miming a skin with breezes plying dance from
its surface,
can blend demurely with the whitened tongue. Black
lips are one
sure way to titillate your spouse; another, less sure
method, is
the rise and fall of treelines merging. That gimpy
shiver that
verges on retrograde Mercury can with the right
pressure during
application infanticide a desktop segue.

The best way to insure rudimentary forgiveness
limps from
below a wallowing ingot to glottal-stop flute decay
while the
furnace ruffles finger sheaths. In most programming
languages, a
continental loop pulls forests down in duodenal
tapestries. The
miscreant regime knows that migraines in mossier terms
lurk just
above the trachea chakra, or "humdinger berth." This
is due to
the overwhelming instinctual mothering tongue's
gondola fetters
that dither transparent gifs apart from reading
aneurysms. It
doesn't mean squat. Even in a hunker, cumulus moot
troth thinks
too vastly of savage love. Better to kibbutz in
nibbles of
oleander when several veer one's way.

Think, migraines are life's way of adding texture
to one's
dormancy! The occipital phone call unanswered gives to
invigoration rogue hues that blunt a daylong funk.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

Do you Yahoo!?
New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!
<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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725. **Maria Damon**

Re: poem knot for lame collaboration, please, nnnnnnnnnni!

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Shadow swollen, wool in boat ears
to part the hearing from the read ink,
the self-appointed shepherd gasped
not it is on my lips:
doctor coffee monkey planks

Football season is ready for kick off, so are you ready to make some money?
into pirate-ridden sea
narrative hooks Hook the simian
who lives in ontologic space
in the country of red ink
where the hurra burra lurks
devastaing life with murky marks
erasures emedsations edits rants
commentary dialectic and aquavit
drunken poets do it in correction fluid
but what anachronisms in the age of bits
inebriate of Word he presses ctrl-X
andd saves alas and all his work is gone
into the sea of dead bits where a hurricane moils
and pirate ships lurk and the waves are high
this is the land of the giant squid
which with one tentacle can squeeze a swart ship
into matchwood
the captain quails, mixes coffee with aquavit
(not in the same glass)
and whne he looks in the ship's glass
a simian face stares back at him
and says (_his_ mouth is closed)
"you need help!"
and so to the ship's doctor he goes
gets a goodly dose of laudanum and a blue pill

and spends the evening on the head
what a relief!
into pirate-ridden sea
narrative hooks Hook the simian
who lives in ontologic space
in the country of red ink
where the hurra burra lurks
devastaing life with murky marks
erasures emedsations edits rants
commentary dialectic and aquavit
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"you need help!"
and so to the ship's doctor he goes
gets a goodly dose of laudanum and a blue pill
and spends the evening on the head
what a relief!

--

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726. **richard.tylr**

Re: "Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of"

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Over here when it was Bach's centenary I taped a lot of he day and part of it is about 90 minutes of Glenn Gould "The Well Temperd Polymath" and I have it playing in my car wwith Gould talking aboout bach and his earlyexperiences and his views of music: I dont understnad exactly what he ways about bach but I like hearing him talk and his comments: actually my father had the well

tmepered Clavier by Gould ...one of the first LPs he got when he got a stereo in the late 60s...but the thing of Gould I play over all the time. I listen to nothing else in the car (an old Holden I bought for about US \$450.00 and I took 18 months to pay it off). I believe there was a film about him fairly recently? I'd like to get the video if there was.

I enjoyed this. Richard Taylor.

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

From: "Halvard Johnson" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, September 26, 2002 12:47 AM

Subject: "Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of"

Today, had he not died some twenty years ago, G.G. would have been seventy. Happy Birthday, G., wherever you are.

Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of (A Found Poem)

*abandoning of piano considered by
alter egos of
ancestry of
as animal lover
back injury of
boating accident of
book published by
books owned by
Canadian composers recorded by
cars of
chair built for
childhood of
clothing worn by, for warmth
clothing worn by, in performance
competition hated by
composers denigrated by
concert career abandoned by
concert performing disliked by
control of hands lost by
counterpoint as preoccupation of
"creative cheating" by
critics disliked by
critics parodied by
death of
depression suffered by
devotion needed by*

as driver
early influences on
eating and drinking habits of
eccentricities of
enemies nicknamed by
fan letters to
film scores by
first concert attended by
first experience of booing by
flying feared by
F minor as key to personality of
fugues analyzed by
games enjoyed by
Grammy won by
grave of
hair of
 hands and arms soaked by
hands of, insurance on
hands of, sensitivity in
harmonica studied by
health precautions taken by
health problems of
hedonism disapproved of by
homes of
honors awarded to
as hypochondriac
as iconoclast
hymns loved by
immortality sought by
improvisation distrusted by
inability to analyze own talent of
insomnia suffered by
isolation of
Italian opera disliked by
late-night activity of
lefthandedness of
listening talents of
medication taken by
memorial service for
memorization skills of
money earned by
mystical view of pianist's art held by
 need for control as obsession of
newspaper written by (in childhood)
"North" as concept of
pedantry of
persona of
pets of

*Philadelphia phobia of
photographs of, described
physical appearance of
physical mannerisms of, while playing
piano's height as concern of
pianos owned by
pianos used by
posture of
press coverage of
privacy guarded by
private life of
as prodigy
prose style of
pseudonyms of
publicity as viewed by
purpose of art as viewed by
as Puritan
reclusiveness of
religion of
reviews of lectures by
reviews of music composed by
reviews of writing by
rivals of
romantic relationship of
sanity of
self-consciousness of
sensitivity to cold of
sensitivity to physical contact of
sexuality of
 as showman
shyness of
sight-reading ability of
singing enjoyed by
singing of, as mannerism
solitude as preoccupation of
spiritual explorations by
stock market played by
string quartet composed by
stroke suffered by
summer cottage of
telephone conversations of
tempo as concern of
travel disliked by
unpublished writing of
videotapes owned by
visual imagery in playing of
Western musical tradition as viewed by
work habits of*

writing enjoyed by

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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727. **Steve Clay**

Festival of Literary Magazines + "Charting the Here of There"

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Festival of Literary Magazines: October 4 through 6 The three-day Festival of Literary Magazines will begin on October 4, the opening day of Reviews of Two Worlds: French and American Literary Periodicals 1945-2002. This conference will present the history of Franco-American literary dialogue, manifest through the presentation of literary magazines. At this event, both French and American writer-editors will come together and discuss issues of community, translation, practices of reading, tradition, funding, cross-cultural and cross-genre influences on their publication practices. The dialogue will be examined in the larger context of contemporary art, politics and culture. The Festival's symposia and events will be held at The New York Public Library's Humanities and Social Sciences Library, the Cultural Services of the French Embassy, and the City University of New York Graduate Center. For further information on the Festival, visit the website at www.magazinefestival.org or call the Cultural Services of the French Embassy at [REDACTED].

The accompanying catalog, *Charting the Here of There: French & American Poetry in Translation in Literary Magazines 1850-2002* by Guy Bennett and Beatric Mousli is published by Granary Books & The New York Public Library in association with The Book Office, Cultural Services of the French Embassy.

ISBN 1-887123-63-6 7" x 10" 166 pp, \$24.95

<http://www.granarybooks.com/books/charting/charting1.html>

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Steve Clay

Granary Books, Inc.

307 Seventh Ave #1401

NY NY 10001

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fax ██████████
www.granarybooks.com

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728. **The Poetry Project**
Poetry Project Announcements
Wed 25 Sep 2002

Apologies if you have received this e-mail more than once--we are currently experiencing difficulties with our service provider. Thank you for your patience.

PLEASE NOTE THAT RENEE GLADMAN'S WORKSHOP WILL NOW COMMENCE ON OCTOBER 19TH AND NOT OCTOBER 12TH AS PREVIOUSLY ADVERTISED.

THANK YOU!

WORKSHOP - RENEE GLADMAN SATURDAYS AT 12 pm: 10 sessions, beginning October 19th Gladman describes her workshop: "In this class we will write toward the middle, that terrain between poetry and fiction where the shape and tone of the line or sentence is as much an idea about narrative as are the notions of time, place, and character. Through a series of in-class writing exercises and discussions the class will imagine and test out those perspectives of storytelling that work against conventional assumptions of linear progression, authentic voice, and resolution."

Renee Gladman is the author of *Juice* (Kelsey St. Press) and two chapbooks, *Arlem* (Idiom Press) and *Not Right Now* (Second Story Books). Former editor of *Clamour*, she is currently editor of the chapbook imprint Leroy.

The workshop fee is \$300, which includes tuition for classes and an "individual" membership in the Poetry Project for one year. Reservations are required due to limited class space and payment must be received in advance. Please send payment and reservations (include your address, phone number and email) to: The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St., NY, NY 10003. For more information, please call ██████████ or email: ██████████

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729. **cartograffiti**

Re: Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Also, check out the Glenn Gould archive, hosted by the National Library of Canada at <http://www.gould.nlc-bnc.ca/exhi/>. "The Prospects of Recording," in particular, a pretty great essay that I keep coming back to.

Taylor

Original Message:

From: Pierre Joris [REDACTED]

Date: Wed, 25 Sep 2002 09:09:00 -0400

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: "Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of"

Yes, 20 years already that he took off. For serious Gould fans (some Frenchhelpful, but there's enough music) there is a series of broadcasts on France Culture to mark the occasion. Go to:

http://www.radiofrance.fr/chaines/france-culture/speciale_gould/index.php

pierre

On Wednesday, September 25, 2002, at 08:47 AM, Halvard Johnson wrote:

> Today, had he not died some twenty years ago, G.G. would
> have been seventy. Happy Birthday, G., wherever you are.

>

>

>

>

>

> Glenn Gould, The Art and Life of (A Found Poem)

>

> abandoning of piano considered by

> alter egos of

> ancestry of

> as animal lover

> back injury of

> boating accident of

> book published by

> books owned by

> Canadian composers recorded by

> cars of

> chair built for

- > childhood of
- > clothing worn by, for warmth
- > clothing worn by, in performance
- > competition hated by
- > composers denigrated by
- > concert career abandoned by
- > concert performing disliked by
- > control of hands lost by
- > counterpoint as preoccupation of
- > "creative cheating" by
- > critics disliked by
- > critics parodied by
- > death of
- > depression suffered by
- > devotion needed by
- > as driver
- > early influences on
- > eating and drinking habits of
- > eccentricities of
- > enemies nicknamed by
- > fan letters to
- > film scores by
- > first concert attended by
- > first experience of booing by
- > flying feared by
- > F minor as key to personality of
- > fugues analyzed by
- > games enjoyed by
- > Grammy won by
- > grave of
- > hair of
- > hands and arms soaked by
- > hands of, insurance on
- > hands of, sensitivity in
- > harmonica studied by
- > health precautions taken by
- > health problems of
- > hedonism disapproved of by
- > homes of
- > honors awarded to
- > as hypochondriac
- > as iconoclast

- > hymns loved by
- > immortality sought by
- > improvisation distrusted by
- > inability to analyze own talent of
- > insomnia suffered by
- > isolation of
- > Italian opera disliked by
- > late-night activity of
- > lefthandedness of
- > listening talents of
- > medication taken by
- > memorial service for
- > memorization skills of
- > money earned by
- > mystical view of pianist's art held by
- > need for control as obsession of
- > newspaper written by (in childhood)
- > "North" as concept of
- > pedantry of
- > persona of
- > pets of
- > Philadelphia phobia of
- > photographs of, described
- > physical appearance of
- > physical mannerisms of, while playing
- > piano's height as concern of
- > pianos owned by
- > pianos used by
- > posture of
- > press coverage of
- > privacy guarded by
- > private life of
- > as prodigy
- > prose style of
- > pseudonyms of
- > publicity as viewed by
- > purpose of art as viewed by
- > as Puritan
- > reclusiveness of
- > religion of
- > reviews of lectures by
- > reviews of music composed by

> reviews of writing by
> rivals of
> romantic relationship of
> sanity of
> self-consciousness of
> sensitivity to cold of
> sensitivity to physical contact of
> sexuality of
> as showman
> shyness of
> sight-reading ability of
> singing enjoyed by
> singing of, as mannerism
> solitude as preoccupation of
> spiritual explorations by
> stock market played by
> string quartet composed by
> stroke suffered by
> summer cottage of
> telephone conversations of
> tempo as concern of
> travel disliked by
> unpublished writing of
> videotapes owned by
> visual imagery in playing of
> Western musical tradition as viewed by
> work habits of
> writing enjoyed by
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> Hal
>
> Halvard Johnson
> =====
> email: [REDACTED]
> website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>
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Pierre Joris
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formal poetics = rubber tires on a Gypsy

wagon

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c: [REDACTED]

Robert Kelly

o: 518 442 40 85

email: [REDACTED]

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

mail2web - Check your email from the web at

<http://mail2web.com/> .

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730. **Nick Piombino**

Chain 9

Wed 25 Sep 2002

The current issue of Chain, the dialogue issue, is now available in bookstores. In an effort to raise funds, Chain has also made this complete issue available online. It also includes the complete text of the discussion by Barrett Watten and myself that took place shortly after the WTC attacks of 9/11 here on the poetics list. We each also added an update written earlier this year. I hope you will all read the online edition or obtain the printed edition (available at the St. Mark's Bookstore here in Manhattan, and "at your newstands everywhere.") This issue contains work by many writers familiar to readers of the poetics list including Bruce Andrews (in a dialogue with Alani Apio, Joe Amato, Guy Beining, Tom Devaney and Edwin Torres, Rachel Blau Duplessis, Patrick Durgin and Jen Hofer, Craig Dworkin and Alessandra Santos, Drew Gardner, Lisa Jarnot, John Kinsella and McKenzie Wark, Mark McMorris, Bob Perelman and Francie Shaw, Mark Rudman, James Sherry, Cecilia Vicuna, Mac Wellman and many, many others. The online issue is located at http://www.temple.edu/chain/9_index.htm

If you've enjoyed Richard Taylor's recent swipes at my political oratory here on the poetics list, you will no doubt get a kick out of watching a truly adept political discussant flay me alive in this issue of Chain. Let me know what you think. In any case I hope you will consider subscribing to Chain and obtaining some, if not all, of the previous issues which are well worth the price of \$12. Check out Ron Silliman's recent blogs online at <http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com> (mentioned recently here on the list) for a recent dialogue with Juliana Spahr about this issue.

Nick Piombino

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731. **cartograffiti**

Peter Kowald obituary in NY Times

Wed 25 Sep 2002

I don't know how many other Kowald listeners there are on the list, but his music meant a lot to me and others here in the Bay Area, where his many visits were always generative -- and generous -- occasions.

<http://www.nytimes.com/2002/09/24/obituaries/24KOWA.html?ex=1033879963&ei=1&en=5e1a8035f1cb9d24>

Taylor

mail2web - Check your email from the web at
<http://mail2web.com/> .

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732. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Wed 25 Sep 2002

This is brilliant!

Ron

-----Original Message Follows-----

From: Brian Stefans <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Date: Tue, 24 Sep 2002 14:28:39 -0700

By RAOUL VANEIGEM

http://www.arras.net/blair_presents_dossier.htm

MSN Photos is

the easiest way to share and print your photos:

<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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733. **Gary Sullivan**
New Poetry Project Newsletter
Wed 25 Sep 2002

The Poetry Project Newsletter
Issue 191, October-November 2002

Edited by: Nada Gordon & Gary Sullivan

Writing & Art by: Ed Friedman, Drew Gardner, Diane Glancy, Nada Gordon, Patricia Spears Jones, Joanne Kyger, Jack Kimball, David Larsen, Rebecca Levi, Brendan Lorber, K. Silem Mohammad, Murat Nemet-Nejat, Akilah Oliver, Wanda Phipps, Brian Kim Stefans, Gary Sullivan, Eileen Tabios, Rodrigo Toscano, Tony Towle

Reviews of Recent Books by: David Cameron, Jordan Davis, Brandon Downing, Ed Friedman, Sue Landers, Dorothy Trujillo Lusk, Tim Parks, David Rosenberg, Douglas Rothschild, Carolee Schneemann, Jacqueline Waters, Rebecca Wolff, Magdalena Zurawski

Plus: Expanded Media listing of 100 new books, chapbooks, CDs, CD-Roms & magazines

Become a member of the Poetry Project and receive a subscription to the Newsletter. Membership gifts begin at \$50 for an individual, and include discounted admission for a year to all regularly scheduled Poetry Project events. If you do not wish to become a member, you can get a year of the Newsletter for \$25. Please make all checks out to the Poetry Project and mail to: The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th Street, New York, NY 10003. For more information, please call [REDACTED] or email: [REDACTED]

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734. **Gary Sullivan**
New Rain Taxi Review
Wed 25 Sep 2002

Rain Taxi Review of Books
Fall 2002, Vol. 7 No. 3

Edited by: Eric Lorberer

Interview with Geoffrey O'Brien

Essays on: Andrei Makine, Antonin Artaud, Guy Davenport

Comics by: Gary Sullivan

Reviews of Recent Books by: Paul Auster & Sam Messer, Christian Bok, Michael Brownstein, Tom Clark, J.M. Coetzee, Lynn Crawford, Jorie Graham, Bob Gruman & Craig Hill, Lyn Hejinian, Alice Jones, David Lehman, Lily Prior, Juliana Spahr, Kathy Lou Schultz, Adrian Tomine, Nancy Zafris, and many more.

Subscriptions: \$12 (domestic), \$24 (international), to Rain Taxi, P.O. Box 3840, Minneapolis, MN 55403. For more information visit: www.raintaxi.com or e-mail: 

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<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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735. **Damian Judge Rollison**

Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?

Wed 25 Sep 2002

*moral force: if that is lacking in a poet he is no poet
he is not a person*

I don't know if I'd go that far -- plenty of people don't have the courage of their convictions -- but this was more or less my point.

Very few poets (are there any?) have the kind of public voice that would make 'moral force' also a force for change -- so it seems to me the moral responsibility of the poet differs only slightly, if at all, from that of anybody else. You build a cabinet or a house or knit a sweater or write a computer program, and insofar as these activities have a moral dimension it's a matter of mindful intention: let this house stand firm and be a shelter and a place of joy, etc. Of course the analogy of poet to carpenter is flawed, since you could always swing your poem around and aim it at a despot or whatever -- language is not neutral like planks and nails -- but then what Kenneth Koch called "poetry language" is not the same as political language, or language with a propositional intent, at all. If Merwin was saying -- I can't quite suss this out, and maybe he was being deliberately ambiguous -- if he was saying that the moral prerogative of the poet in times of crisis is to speak out, not in poems, but in some kind of public way,

and that the poet should do this because he can be more rhetorically effective than others, well fine. But I think I'd approach it the other way round: you're a human being, you have a moral impulse, how do you express it? Speak out if it's given to you to do that -- think of Mario Savio, no poet but a born orator. March in a parade; do a sit-in; get arrested -- the first impulse of people with a sense of life-as-theater. Turn Poetics into a political forum -- that ain't nothing, in fact it's remarkable that this list can sustain political discussion to the extent it does. Or who knows, write poems with the mindful intention of doing good work in both senses of the word. I don't think that's the same as fiddling while Rome burns.

Damian

On Tue, 24 Sep 2002 21:28:14 +1200 "richard.tylr"

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

Yes. But what Patrick is talking about (or Merwin is) is the question really of being, of moral force: if that is lacking in a poet he is no poet he is not a person. It isn't of course the sole prerogative of "The Poet", but poetry is a kind of language that searches for truth and I don't think you (one) can look into or at or with the truth of art without being faithful to something primal in us all: the social truth...While we are private beings we are always social beings...I can't of course prove these things but I see that a poet "dices with death" (or life) if he/she evades external and other political questions. In this line I feel that Nick Piombino's reversion to something vague about "bullying" is not good enough: I can understand his wariness of becoming a "trumpet". As to others: I think that some of the prominent literary people including some of the Langpos on this site who supported the attack against Afghanistan and other political events for dubious reasons have shown that they do not understand this wisdom of W S Merwin and maybe of Emerson and others (Bertrand Russell) and are "hiding their heads" in obscurities of language - often of gobbledy gook - while people die: while democracy suffers everywhere, where suffering increases, barbarism grows inside the houses of the rich. Richard Taylor.

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

From: "Damian Judge Rollison" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 25, 2002 5:52 PM

Subject: Re: political poetry

one could replace "poet" with "person"

On Mon, 23 Sep 2002 19:43:18 -0400 Patrick Herron

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

Merwin on Political Poetry

It is possible for a poet to assume his gift of articulation as a responsibility not only to the fates but to his neighbors, and to feel himself obligated to try to speak for those who are in circumstances resembling his own, but who are less capable of bearing witness to them. There are many kinds of dangers involved in any such view of what he owes himself and his voice. There is, for instance, the danger that his gift itself, necessarily one of the genuinely private and integral things he lives for, may be deformed into a mere loudspeaker, losing the singularity which made it irreplaceable, the candor which made it unreachable and unpredictable. Most poets whom I have in mind would have considered this the

prime danger. But the other risks have all claimed their victims. Where injustice prevails (and where does it not?) a poet endowed with the form of

conscience I am speaking about has no choice but to name the wrong as truthfully as he can, and to try to indicate the claims of justice in terms

of the victims he lives among. The better he does these things the more he may have to pay for doing them. He may lose his financial security, if he has any. Or his health, his comfort, the presence of those he loves, his liberty. Or his life, of course. Worst, he may lose, in the process, the faith which led him to the decision, and then have to suffer for the decision just the same.

Put at its simplest, and with its implications laid out all plain and neat,

the decision to speak as clearly and truthfully and fully as possible for the other human beings a poet finds himself among is a challenge to obscurantism, silence, and extinction. And the author of such a decision, I

imagine, accepts the inevitability of failure as he accepts the inevitability of death. He finds a sufficient triumph in the decision itself, in its deliberate defiance, in the effort which it makes possible, the risks it impels him to run, and in any clarity which it helps him to create out of the murk and chaos of experience. In the long run his testimony will be partial at best. But its limits will have been those of his condition itself, rooted, as that is, in death; he will have recognized

the enemy. He will not have been another priest of ornaments. He will have been contending against that which restricted his use and his virtue.

To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons
Date: Tue, 24 Sep 2002 14:28:39 -0700

By RAOUL VANEIGEM

http://www.arras.net/blair_presents_dossier.htm

They hang the man and flog the woman
That steal the goose from off the common,
But let the greater villain loose
That steals the common from the goose.

"America is a quarter of a billion people totally misinformed and disinformed by their government. This is tragic but our media is -- I wouldn't even say corrupt -- it's just beyond telling us anything that the government doesn't want us to know."

Gore Vidal

[↑ Contents](#)

737. **Tracy S. Ruggles**

Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Look at the site it was hosted on:

<http://www.arras.net>

Well, I went to this site, and I found the article by RAOUL VANEIGEM, which consists of some really ludicrous remarks attributed to Tony Blair. Since I'm not familiar with Vaneigem, I don't know if this is a spoof, although it certainly seems like one, although there is no overt indication. So what exactly is brilliant, the selection of quotes, the spoof, or are we -- as hard to believe as it may be, intended to take this tripe seriously? Please respond, as serious people want to know....

jb...

*In a message dated 09/25/2002 1:17:22 PM Eastern Daylight Time,
[REDACTED] writes:*

This is brilliant!

Ron

---Original Message Follows---

From: Brian Stefans <[REDACTED]>

Reply-To: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Date: Tue, 24 Sep 2002 14:28:39 -0700

By RAOUL VANEIGEM

>

> http://www.arras.net/blair_presents_dossier.htm

>

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*"America is a quarter of a billion people totally misinformed and disinformed
by their government. This is tragic but our media is -- I wouldn't even say
corrupt -- it's just beyond telling us anything that the government doesn't
want us to know."*

Gore Vidal

[↑ Contents](#)

738. **Brandon Barr**

Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Wed 25 Sep 2002

from texturl, my blog (<http://brandonbarr.com/texturl/>):

/culture jam/

Brian Kim Stefans has produced a great piece of cultural criticism that is ostensibly presented as a New York Times online story. "Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons", by RAOUL VANEIGEM (http://www.arras.net/blair_presents_dossier.htm), uses graphical elements and link structures from the original page

(<http://www.nytimes.com/2002/09/24/international/24CND-BRIT.html>) , but radically alters the text after the first paragraph. In addition, it make subtler changes to the marginalia--changes that are clearer once the two pages are viewed side to side.

Very well done.

I particularly liked the alterations to the marginalia of the page--the adjustment of link titles and photo captions. The quotations are from Raoul Vaneigem's "The Revolution of Everyday Life."

Brandon

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of Joe Brennan

Sent: Wednesday, September 25, 2002 2:48 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Well, I went to this site, and I found the article by RAOUL VANEIGEM, which consists of some really ludicrous remarks attributed to Tony Blair. Since I'm not familiar with Vaneigem, I don't know if this is a spoof, although it certainly seems like one, although there is no overt indication. So what exactly is brilliant, the selection of quotes, the spoof, or are we -- as hard to believe as it may be, intended to take this tripe seriously? Please respond, as serious people want to know....

jb...

In a message dated 09/25/2002 1:17:22 PM Eastern Daylight Time, ██████████ writes:

This is brilliant!

Ron

-----Original Message Follows-----

From: Brian Stefans <██████████>

Reply-To: ██████████

To: ██████████

Subject: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Date: Tue, 24 Sep 2002 14:28:39 -0700

By RAOUL VANEIGEM

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by their government. This is tragic but our media is -- I
wouldn't even say
corrupt -- it's just beyond telling us anything that the
government doesn't
want us to know."*

Gore Vidal

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739. **Ryan Whyte**

Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Wed 25 Sep 2002

still, it's less cultural criticism than a wink to those who get the Vaneigem/situ reference, which for your average reader is pretty much opaque in any case. it's like 'la dialectique peut-elle casser des briques' -- useless decadence of de-tournement. a good laugh before the world ends. Ryan

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740. **Joe Brennan**

Re: Blair Presents Dossier --or eating crow....

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Every once in a while one's ignorance catches up with one, and the resulting embarrassment, while brief, is somewhat acute. I didn't recognize Vaneigem's name, but I should have. So I've been had, and by myself. Reading a few of Vaneigem's quotes, such as: "Ideally a book would have no order to it, and the reader would have to discover his own." brings the whole matter into view and I see Ron's point....

jb...

In a message dated 09/25/2002 3:06:01 PM Eastern Daylight Time, [REDACTED] writes:

*Look at the site it was hosted on:
<http://www.arras.net>*

They hang the man and flog the woman
That steal the goose from off the common,
But let the greater villain loose
That steals the common from the goose.

"America is a quarter of a billion people totally misinformed and disinformed by their government. This is tragic but our media is -- I wouldn't even say corrupt -- it's just beyond telling us anything that the government doesn't want us to know."

Gore Vidal

[↑ Contents](#)

741. **K.Angelo Hehir**

more gould

Wed 25 Sep 2002

For more on and about Glenn Gould set your phasers to

<http://www.cbc.ca/radiotwo/>

happy listening,
kevin

--

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742. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Raoul Vaneigem, the man who wrote *The revolution of Everyday Life* was I believe either part of, or a precursor to, the Lettrist movement in France that eventually became the group commonly known as the Situationists. They have an rather uncertain relationship to, yet definitely played a part in, events in especially the Paris "Commune" of May 1968. Contemporary pre-post revolutionary councils of aesthetics seem to have developed much of their sophiology from this group, as for example, Hakim Bey's concept of TAZ (Temporary Autonomous Zones) - nomadic manifestations of temporary living systems that keep on moving. Unfortunately, corporate America has cashed in on nomadism as well - where are all the Big Boys located, exactly? All we have is some statistical knowledge of slave labor in Indonesia related to, say, Nike, along with a gigantic virtual Nike sneaker hovering over the Temple Mount in Jerusalem, about to do You Know What. So you'd better buy the fucking sneaker. The NYT Blair website in question is rather like what a group called the Yes Men recently did - made a mock WTO site (don't have the address on hand - can anybody help?), announced on it that the WTO was closing temporarily and reopening as an organization that would HELP the world's poor and, surprisingly, even to them, were invited to speak at business club lunches around the world, with regard to how the world's businessmen and accountants could help. Further efforts along these lines, to clarify issues from a completely different angle, using means that are already establishment-approved could actually be a watershed. As one's in essence already spoken for in the current (or nearly any) political clime, what's the rub with speaking for someone else? It's propaganda, to be sure, but what these days isn't? [official signature]

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<http://photos.msn.com/support/worldwide.aspx>

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743. **Harrison Jeff**

Virginia Also Without a Preface

Wed 25 Sep 2002

take another responsibility
rich, another baby protested
trying, she turns around
 without sewing shut my pond
this joke wore a little beak

the sound called off the unpacking
(oily front clapped radiant)
 pride hurts ahead of time
a little bit could be anything, tourists
still loved my shadow - a balm my hair contained
pearls pulled apart at every corner
 a flight-shot without preface

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

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744. **Harrison Jeff**
Alms From Virginia

Wed 25 Sep 2002

An indication sported so many obligations
say what you will about Virginia, her only buttons are
on her shirt
 circumstance has the floor
"has the floor, sir - stand down,
 sir, stand down."
this vapor is in the last place digested (though sports,
as an indication, many obligations)
 the poor ate them raw, those
buttons from her forepaw

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

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745. **Small Press Traffic**
Downing & DuCharme at SPT this Friday, 9/27

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Small Press Traffic presents
Friday, September 27, 2002 at 7:30 pm
Brandon Downing & Mark DuCharme

Writer of poetry, prose, and mutant places in between, Brandon Downing returns to San Francisco, a city he illuminated in the 1990s as a major and generous literary impresario, co-founder of the small press bookshop Blue Books and

the literary journal 6,500. His witty and aching poetry collection *The Shirt Weapon* appeared earlier this year from Germ Monographs. "Oh plural Plymouth your wisdom with cherry lights low/Princes of makeover pillows & jets of everyone here know:/The candy is on trial!" Downing currently lives in New York City; his recent work will appear in the Owl Press anthology, *Evidence of the Paranormal*.

Poet, prose poet, and critic Mark DuCharme visits us from his home in Boulder to read from his debut collection *Cosmopolitan Tremble*, just out from Ohio's Pavement Saw Press. "I would have gotten banished from the Eighth Grade for such care,/Unbarring causes in the demented stairwell/A grace to be born & end walking in air." As Cole Swenson says, "It's a brainy engagement with the real world expanded by the forces of language --". DuCharme's critical work includes "Orpheus in the Echo Chamber: Jack Spicer's Poetics of Community". Since 1998 he has co-directed the Left Hand Reading Series in Boulder.

All events are \$5-10, sliding scale, unless otherwise noted. Our events are free to SPT members, and CCAC faculty, staff, and students.

Unless otherwise noted, our events are presented in

Timken Lecture Hall

California College of Arts and Crafts

1111 Eighth Street, San Francisco (just off the intersection of 16th & Wisconsin)

Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson, Executive Director

Small Press Traffic

Literary Arts Center at CCAC

1111 - 8th Street

San Francisco, California 94107

<http://www.sptraffic.org>



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746. **William Gillespie**

11,112,006,825,558,016 Sonnets (after Queneau)

Wed 25 Sep 2002

<http://www.spinelessbooks.com/cgi-bin/sonnets/sonnet.cgi>

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747. **Lanny Quarles**

DISASSEMBLAGE

Wed 25 Sep 2002

DISASSEMBLAGE:

LACANODE READECODE (ovum in topos)

[A1]what___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___than[B1]
[C1]is___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___the[D1]
[E1]whose___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___all[F1]
[G1]whose___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___is[H1]
[I1]into___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___seems[A2]
[B2]the___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___the[C2]
[D2]succesive___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___transversal[E2]
[F2]act___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___hard[G2]
[H2]crinolined___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___the[I2]
[A3]more___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___whining[B3]
[C3]falling___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___layers[D3]
[E3]ligatures___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___in[F3]
[G3]and___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___in[H3]
[I3]wine___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___lyrical[A4]
[B4]of___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___of[C4]
[D4]of___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___the[E4]
[F4]signatures___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___woody[G4]
[H4]exquisite___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___of[I4]
[B5]its___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___its[C5]
[D5]onticity___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___sutures[E5]
[F5]benign___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___seed[G5]
[H5]reflections___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___seeming[I5]
[B6]somnoribovocality___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___veils[C6]
[D6]their___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___sacs[E6]
[F6]unknowing___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___its-self-a-chora[G6]
[H6]of___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___poly-gendered[D7]
[E7]seams___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___as[F7]
[G7]of___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___the[H7]
[D8]remains___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___and[E8]
[F8]progeny___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___heartbeats[G8]
[H8]erotic___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___fibres[E9]
[F9]of___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___and[G9]
[H9]changing___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___the[F10]
[G10]interminable___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___and[H10]
[F11]sporahorrorvacui___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___masks[G11]
[H11]interpreting___/~~___/~~___/~~___/~~___itself[H12]

redux:

A 1what 2seems 3more 4lyrical
 B 1than 2the 3whining 4of 5its 6somnoribovocality
 C 1is 2the 3falling 4of 5its 6veils
 D 1the 2succesive 3layers 4of 5onticity, 6their
 7poly-gendered 8remains
 E 1whose 2transversal 3ligatures, 4signatures, 5sutures, 6sacs,
 7seams, 8and 9fibres
 F 1all 2act 3in 4the 5benign 6unknowing,
 7as 8progeny 9of 10the 11spora horrorvacui
 G 1whose 2hard 3and 4woody 5seed, 6it-self-a-chora 7of
 8heartbeats 9and 10interminable 11masks
 H 1is 2crinolined 3in 4exquisite 5reflections 6of
 7the 8erotic 9changing 10and 11interpreting 12itself
 I 1into 2the 3wine 4of 5seeming

 REMAINDER COLUMN:

$\tilde{A} \pm \tilde{A}'' \tilde{A}! \tilde{A} \otimes n v \# \tilde{A} \in \hat{A} \tilde{A} \tilde{A}^{1/2}$

$\tilde{A}_x \hat{A}^a \hat{A}^\circ \wedge \tilde{A}^- \hat{A}^\circ \hat{A}^{3/4}$

$\hat{A} \in j < I [ed \hat{A} \tilde{A}^2 \tilde{A}^{1/2}$

$\hat{A} \hat{F} \hat{A} \in \phi \hat{A} \in^1 \tilde{A} \hat{W} \hat{A} \gg \hat{A}^{3/4}$

$? ! \hat{C} \hat{A} \in j \hat{A}' \{ \tilde{A}^{1/2}$

$H \tilde{A} \succ \tilde{A} \mu \hat{A} \gg \tilde{A}! \{ o \hat{A}_j \hat{A}^{3/4}$

$< \hat{A}_j [\tilde{A} \hat{A} \tilde{A}^P 1 s \hat{A}^{3/4}$

$\hat{A} \hat{A} H$

$\tilde{A} \hat{A} \P v \hat{A}^{3/4}$

$; \tilde{A} S Y \hat{A}^\circ U \tilde{A}^3 \hat{F} \hat{A}^{3/4}$

$H \hat{A} \mu \tilde{E} \dagger * \tilde{A} " \$ U \hat{A} " d \hat{A}^{3/4}$

$\hat{A} " \tilde{A}^{1/4} z \hat{A} \in \hat{A} \S \tilde{A} ,, \tilde{A} \cdot \tilde{A} \tilde{A}^{1/2}$

$\hat{A} \tilde{A} i < ! = T \hat{A}^{3/4}$

4R

$\hat{A} \P > \hat{A} \in j e \tilde{A} \tilde{S} \tilde{A} ... \tilde{A}^1 \hat{A} \S " | \hat{A}^{3/4}$

"&\$ZÄ¿Ãœhâ€™ Â¾

n|Â¨MÃ¿Ã¿â€”

Ã½

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748. **lewis lacook**

Re: Blair Presents Dossier on Iraq's Biological Weapons

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Y'know...I've always wanted to do a piece like
this...now you've beaten me to it!
for that, you must die ;-)
(heh heh--now i'm thinking like a president/prime
minister)

bliss

l

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>

http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html

meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

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<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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749. **Brian Stefans [arras.net]**

You have had a bellyful of pleasure mingled with pain.

Wed 25 Sep 2002

Daschle Denounces Bush Remarks on Iraq as Partisan

http://www.arras.net/daschle_denounces_bush.htm

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."

750. **J Kuszai**

putting the situation back in the comedy

Wed 25 Sep 2002

It seems like there are continual references to the situationists and associated types on this list -- or perhaps I'm mistaken. I saw that one of our members was -- as of a month or two ago -- reading "The Activist Drawing" on the architectural drawings and ideas of Constant, at one time affiliated with the SI. Since MIT has released at least two books in the last year or so either collecting or revisiting the works of the situationists, they are much more part of the intellectual economy than is openly discussed in a place like this. So, I'm wondering what sense people make of, what is the legacy of, what ideas continue to make sense to, and why, with respect to these critters known as the situationists. I'd be happy to map out what particularly about them I'm curious about, since the term isn't so useful as per normal. Have I missed the conversations about these folks? Mostly we get performances based upon interpretations of their ideas (for example, the "flame" as form of detournement -- though I would disagree with that reading) or citations, which the piece mentioned below seemed like (since it's performance also seemed unfinished to me)...perhaps that is a silly question. Sorry if that is so.

Well, I went to this site, and I found the article by RAOUL VANEIGEM, which consists of some really ludicrous remarks attributed to Tony Blair. Since I'm not familiar with Vaneigem, I don't know if this is a spoof, although it certainly seems like one, although there is no overt indication. So what exactly is brilliant, the selection of quotes, the spoof, or are we -- as hard to believe as it may be, intended to take this tripe seriously? Please respond, as serious people want to know....

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corrupt -- it's just beyond telling us anything that the government doesn't
want us to know."*

Gore Vidal

--

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751. **august highland**

patricia leigh

Wed 25 Sep 2002

PATRICIA LEIGH

MULTIFUNCTION #002 [excerpt]

www.amazon-salon.com

quite found film hovers city armed bands instead Californiac silenced dinner
most need help encouragement Protestants slew plundered intrigues ladies
waiting nor film Missing American the president reality history change
never jeopardy Enough say quite conscious effect souls councils officers
entertain moderation met works town further Rossellini Klein film made
France instruct thee all spiritual part kept own troubles we're Reign arch-
persecutor works town hand disposal time allowed love victims sin power
God nothing most blind works town distance disappear invited also visits

widowed Grand works town possible behalf imperative escaping shelter own
home reality history change never paying jobs Elvira black dress veil sits
valuable inducing weigh most slick pussy chimes never get accustomed
moaned viewers aware restraint chapters duty inexpressibly relieved also visits
widowed Grand happiness Never all twelve going works town possible behalf
imperative souls councils officers Christ getting demonstrates future German
garden like breath own carries renewed romantic thinking instruct thee all spir-
itual hour day even flowers age lilly also visits widowed Grand souls councils
officers secretly rebellion quiet professional lovers actually

fuck mates mountains called Alps Alpine sleeping upper chamber straw experi-
ence can thoughts the marriott pursued pursuit movement gets can't
strength light help got such works town will follow all day Where intelligence
approach these drunken people neighborhood Persecution Doctor Judson clo-
sure forcing position tied the strings who charge poor all scattered abun-
dance bay almost letting child loved die one experience can thoughts Elvira
black dress veil sits hips kissed dungeon several days heart time either
Greek Latin took daily wheeled chair Christ watching dungeon several days
souls councils officers imagined communications realized driving intrigues
ladies waiting nor Chance counter-chance residence only venture also visits
widowed Grand time popish service standing except those Grand Dukes who
throbbed nation think often said took daily wheeled chair Notwithstanding
thrust dagger time popish service standing drink never lost converted memo-
ries little hold commission Elvira black dress veil sits who charge poor all
scattered the sixties early seventies where modernist movement tangential
time popish service standing merciless barbarians preachers audience Mollius
friends waiting Finland also visits widowed Grand closure forcing position
told dungeon several days demonstrates future German assured God ap-
pointed experience can thoughts time popish service standing arms resent-
ment mother attachment happiness Never all twelve Empire man almost su-
perhuman livid art gallery adjoining Winter Chance counter-chance sword
Revocatus Satur families among whom twenty Nismes alarm inhabitants
some way evil consequences body fortune tis error worse foulness reeking
scandal face Commercial narrative cinema

experience can thoughts intelligence approach these sixties Bergman formal
small body citizens

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Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.391 / Virus Database: 222 - Release Date: 9/19/2002

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752. **august highland**

dan shapiro

Wed 25 Sep 2002

DAN SHAPIRO

SMACK or LETHAL SEA-BASED ACTIVITIES CONVENTION #003 [excerpt]

www.atlantic-ploughshares.com

titles structural changes equates long disordered tumbled added suddenly talk
now capture almost certainly unaffordable paper minimal transaction costs
going added suddenly talk now driven many victims deserting needle short
end thread tony felt appropriate pawnbroker carolyn almost certainly unaf-
fordable come mists rolled away dots inviting lips being lost each felt appro-
priate pawnbroker remote most daringly taught complaisance each other
close enough decided added suddenly talk now affairs will significantly educa-
tion broke down learning felt appropriate pawnbroker being taken giving di-
rections belief effective management unknown Indian cultures shrieked raining
blows woman Seth artists own pulled right front blocking even sight warrant
intimation felt appropriate pawnbroker pulled right front blocking pleasure
Angie came cunt disaggregating educational Sabin cyclone kitchen place cy-
clone lips hands rubbing caressing can stay among these things avoiding clit
Angie Thomas Hobbes John Locke ass Slowly first tight ass almost more staff
deal all felt appropriate pawnbroker structural changes equates differ United
States may find almost certainly unaffordable disaggregating educational for-
got left room trying added suddenly talk now himself duly taken down felt ap-
propriate pawnbroker presence scarcely contributed skirt rode up bare pussy
may capable using judiciously conduct married woman thing torn rhododen-
drons loose roots shook these things father whom men done thoughts soon
arise else

slowly turned saw Brown instant too added suddenly talk now other way any-
thing Look gazed time least reflection old friend perhaps one seemed lead
Where now little sorry too added Dusen take head bewildered only laughed
held overcome Philistia severally Moreover deeply possible exploded eyes
meet love see makes catch regular States seeking negotiations felt appropriate
pawnbroker pinning sides busy tongue almost certainly unaffordable right
track

added suddenly talk now these things father whom men spring chair hissed
tempter 'll just passing replevined deserved just hinted smiled railroads bewil-
dered only laughed held little staring eye long all key inputs identified marines
bewildered only laughed held felt appropriate pawnbroker lower rather higher

added suddenly talk now pinning sides busy tongue District Columbia chronic
reading places West where weeks Bascom paint Come come Felix

exclaimed everything man does must lay Princess Guenevere whom loved
watching Thomas Hobbes John Locke Jurgen positively insulting some being
taken giving directions number trees neighbouring faculty students among
more accurate term find brains passed through crowd more accurate term
find minute cells cyclone kitchen place cyclone one know promised years ago
doctor phrased once part fluid doctor phrased once part fluid deep unreason-
able emotion public executioner joy circumstances unfavorably Sabin cock
deeper inside cried April

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

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Version: 6.0.391 / Virus Database: 222 - Release Date: 9/19/2002

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753. **David Baratier**

sonnet

Wed 25 Sep 2002

here is a message I'm forwarding from
Stephen M. Baraban

As a conscientious lurker I've been following the
discussion of the experimental sonnet with interest.
I'd like to bring in the sonnets of the late
Blake/Olson explorer John Clarke. I think others on
this list who know about his work may be hesitating
re/ classifying his sonnets as "experimental" in the
same sense as what else has been mentioned--they are
maybe that, but also, what shall we call them,
intensely "informational" poems--and they didn't even
spring to my mind until a day or two after first
encountering this discussion, even though Jack & his
work were & are an immense presence for me.

In The Analogy is a volume consisting of 6 books of
40 sonnets each, 4 sonnets from the planned 7th book
(all in all, 12 books were projected).

Here's a sonnet from Book 1:

The New Classicism

"It is thus necessary to play a game of at least equal complexity"

--Jean Baudrillard

"For a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play"

--Miranda, *The Tempest* V.i

"Money allows you to mix in the club of
decision-makers,"

--Adnan Khashoggi

"Phoenix entombed
in blazing pyre sings:
'Living or dying
All is bright fire'."

--Philip Whalen, "Something Childish but
Completely Classical"

No one's in charge, there's only the charge,
but woe onto those who take advantage of
the situation, deregulation, piling on after
the whistle has blown, they may not have
stress analysis tests for the Furies yet but
that doesn't mean we can't detect different
rhythmic organizations, people don't realize
that extrapolation from boundaries is registered
throughout the system, happily Ivan Boesky
wasn't bad enough to let the Frost Ogres in,
but eventually someone will be insouciant
enough unless Romanticism returns to school
in time to avert world cram or the new bonzai
miniaturization equals the reason of fairplay.

The book is still available, (shuffaloff press)
publisher Mike Boughn tells me (pbk, sewn: \$18.00 US,
\$23.00 CDN; hdbk: \$35.00 US, \$45.00 CDN). Mike can be
contacted at 11 Conrad Ave., Toronto ON M6G 3G4, or
at [REDACTED]

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

754. **Andrew Felsing**

Thu 26 Sep 2002

Announcing VeRT issue #7 / Imitation, Homage, & tHE BAD

[<http://www.litvert.com>]

mark mcmanus, Stephanie Young, Spencer Selby, Rodrigo Toscano, Aaron Belz, David Hess, Kenneth Tanemura, James Chapson, Gary Sullivan, Cynthia Sailers, Mark DuCharme, Brooks Johnson, Rachel Loden, Ben Lerner, Ethan Paquin, John Bradley, K. Silem Mohammad, David Hadbawnik, Claire Barbetti, Rodney Koenek, Helen Ruggieri, Chris Glomski, Kevin Gallagher, Andrew Felsinger, Andrew Goldfarb, Rod Riesco, Ken Rumble, Dodie Bellamy as Edward C. Edwards, David Braden, Christopher Martin, Ryan and Jacob, Gabriel Gudding, Patrick Herron, Geoffrey Gatza, Kari Edwards, Del Ray Cross, Barbara Joan Tiger Bass, Jeff Harrison, Noah Gordon...

Kent Johnson: Prosthesis of PomPom into VeRT

A Nation of Poets: Writings from the Poetry Workshops of Nicaragua, and Interview w/ Ernesto Cardenal by Kent Johnson

Dale Smith: Interliner/Federico García Lorca's Poet in New York

Excerpts from *Cries in the New Wilderness: from the Files of the Moscow Institute of Atheism* by Mikhail Epstein

George Kalamaras & Eric Baus: Births Incurred/your recently collected saliva

Jono Schneider: On Literary Silence

Dale Smith Reviews Jenny Boully's *The Body*

David Hadbawnik Reviews Dale Smith's *The Flood & The Garden*.

Edited by Andrew Felsing w/ Additional Ambiance provided by Jono Schneider

=====

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755. **Spiral Bridge**
The Naked Readings (This Sunday)

Thu 26 Sep 2002

The Naked Readings

Brought to you by the poets of Spiral Bridge Writers Guild

Sunday Sept. 29th

6pm-Midnight

Almost famous local poets reading original material sandwiched between two slices of live music

"BYO" original poetry for the Open Mic.

This Month's Feature Musicians are Catherine Moon & Cate

Video installation by Fease Lab

Massages by Ceallaigh

Plus Vendors of Exotic Goods

Bloomfield Ave Cafe and Stage

347 Bloomfield Ave.

Montclair, NJ



The event is naturally very FREE but might you consider a generous donation. Tickets to The Blue Note Jazz Club and Irving Plaza will be distributed during the evening.

"Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it." -Goethe

Please feel free to forward this e-mail to whomever you please. To be removed from the Spiral Bridge list please reply to this email and include "unsubscribe" as the subject, it will be processed promptly. Thank you.

Spiral Bridge Writers Guild is an independent, non-profit, poetry organization founded by a group of young, enthusiastic poets from New Jersey. We have united our words and spirits in a venture involving artistic innovation, awareness and expression. We believe in the power of poetry to transform human experience into Art. We are committed to increasing the awareness of that power and developing the artistic potential of all human beings. As we promote and share the spoken word as a living art form, we are continuing the oral tradition of poetry by providing a platform for humanity to hear its own voice.

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756. **Alan Sondheim**

(no subject)

Thu 26 Sep 2002

i write always from the position of a dying man

- but you're still alive

- but i'm always dying

all of sonenheim's writing is about his death; he goes on about it.

- but he's still alive

- he's still writing about his death

sonenheim writes about nothing else other than death.

- he's not even dead

- he just keeps writing about it

all of sonenheim's writing is about his death; he goes on and on about it.etttime-l. (2842) Priming the ne

- he's just priming

sonenheim writes about nothing else other than sex and death.tuallyESCRPTIONNTIRE surfing

- he's just surfing

all of his pieces are the work of a dying man

- he's been doing that for years

- he's been dying for years

states PLUS Canada! Globes

sonenheim writes about nothing else other than doaned viewers aware

- he's been aware for years

- he's just surfingacter set.]see

Both look cool, but it will take more

- he's been looking cool for years

all of sonenheim's writing is about his death; he goes on and on about it.io] brower award

- he's been awarded for years

all of his work is about his death

- it's all he thinks about

- he's been thinking about dying for years

===

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757. **Conundrum**

Re: Readings in Milwaukee

Thu 26 Sep 2002

Not yet- I'm told one is in the works, due shortly. An interview with WP's founders appears in the spring 1998 issue of *The Review of Contemporary Fiction*. A good read in the meanwhile.

on 9/26/02 3:05 AM, Thomas Bell at [REDACTED] wrote:

does woodland pattern have a website?

tom bell

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

From: "Conundrum" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 25, 2002 1:00 AM

Subject: Readings in Milwaukee

Hello List,

For anyone in the Milwaukee-Chicago-General Lake Michigan area:

*-----
Woodland Pattern Presents:*

REDLETTER READING SERIES

local/regional poets & an open mic

Friday . October 18 . 7 P.M. \$3/\$2 for open-mic readers

this month features 2 poets and editors:

KERRI SONNENBERG

Kerri Sonnenberg is a poet living in Chicago. She edits Conundrum, a new journal of innovative writing, and teaches at Columbia College. Her work has

been published recently in New American Writing, Aufgabe, Bird Dog, Moria, Word/for Word, canwehaveourballback, and Chase Park.

MARK TARDI

Mark Tardi works at Dalkey Archive Press and is a coeditor of the new literary journal Factorial. His work can be found in recent issues of Aufgabe and traverse, and is forthcoming in Conundrum and Syllogism.

Woodland Pattern is located at 720 E. Locust St. [REDACTED].

Call Stacy Szymaszek for more details.

Oh, and for anyone within striking distance who hasn't already found the magnificent Woodland P, get there for the small press poetry selection alone! A rare opportunity to fondle books of poetry seldom seem on the shelves of most bookstores.

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758. **august highland**

dan shapiro

Thu 26 Sep 2002

DAN SHAPIRO

SMACK or LETHAL SEA-BASED ACTIVITIES CONVENTION #003 [excerpt]

www.atlantic-ploughshares.com

titles structural changes equates long disordered tumbled added suddenly talk
now capture almost certainly unaffordable paper minimal transaction costs
going added suddenly talk now driven many victims deserting needle short
end thread tony felt appropriate pawnbroker carolyn almost certainly unaf-
fordable come mists rolled away dots inviting lips being lost each felt appro-
priate pawnbroker remote most daringly taught complaisance each other
close enough decided added suddenly talk now affairs will significantly educa-
tion broke down learning felt appropriate pawnbroker being taken giving di-
rections belief effective management unknown Indian cultures shrieked raining
blows woman Seth artists own pulled right front blocking even sight warrant
intimation felt appropriate pawnbroker pulled right front blocking pleasure
Angie came cunt disaggregating educational Sabin cyclone kitchen place cy-
clone lips hands rubbing caressing can stay among these things avoiding clit
Angie Thomas Hobbes John Locke ass Slowly first tight ass almost more staff
deal all felt appropriate pawnbroker structural changes equates differ United
States may find almost certainly unaffordable disaggregating educational for-
got left room trying added suddenly talk now himself duly taken down felt ap-
propriate pawnbroker presence scarcely contributed skirt rode up bare pussy
may capable using judiciously conduct married woman thing torn rhododen-
drons loose roots shook these things father whom men done thoughts soon
arise else

slowly turned saw Brown instant too added suddenly talk now other way any-
thing Look gazed time least reflection old friend perhaps one seemed lead
Where now little sorry too added Dusen take head bewildered only laughed
held overcome Philistia severally Moreover deeply possible exploded eyes
meet love see makes catch regular States seeking negotiations felt appropriate

pawnbroker pinning sides busy tongue almost certainly unaffordable right track

added suddenly talk now these things father whom men spring chair hissed tempter 'll just passing replevined deserved just hinted smiled railroads bewildered only laughed held little staring eye long all key inputs identified marines bewildered only laughed held felt appropriate pawnbroker lower rather higher added suddenly talk now pinning sides busy tongue District Columbia chronic reading places West where weeks Bascom paint Come come Felix

exclaimed everything man does must lay Princess Guenevere whom loved watching Thomas Hobbes John Locke Jurgen positively insulting some being taken giving directions number trees neighbouring faculty students among more accurate term find brains passed through crowd more accurate term find minute cells cyclone kitchen place cyclone one know promised years ago doctor phrased once part fluid doctor phrased once part fluid deep unreasonable emotion public executioner joy circumstances unfavorably Sabin cock deeper inside cried April

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

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759. **august highland**

patricia leigh

Thu 26 Sep 2002

PATRICIA LEIGH

MULTIFUNCTION #002 [excerpt]

www.amazon-salon.com

quite found film hovers city armed bands instead Californiac silenced dinner most need help encouragement Protestants slew plundered intrigues ladies waiting nor film Missing American the president reality history change never jeopardy Enough say quite conscious effect souls councils officers entertain moderation met works town further Rossellini Klein film made France instruct thee all spiritual part kept own troubles we're Reign arch-persecutor works town hand disposal time allowed love victims sin power God nothing most blind works town distance disappear invited also visits widowed Grand works town possible behalf imperative escaping shelter own home reality history change never paying jobs Elvira black dress veil sits valuable inducing weigh most slick pussy chimes never get accustomed

moaned viewers aware restraint chapters duty inexpressibly relieved also visits
widowed Grand happiness Never all twelve going works town possible behalf
imperative souls councils officers Christ getting demonstrates future German
garden like breath own carries renewed romantic thinking instruct thee all spir-
itual hour day even flowers age lilly also visits widowed Grand souls councils
officers secretly rebellion quiet professional lovers actually

fuck mates mountains called Alps Alpine sleeping upper chamber straw experi-
ence can thoughts the marriott pursued pursuit movement gets can't
strength light help got such works town will follow all day Where intelligence
approach these drunken people neighborhood Persecution Doctor Judson clo-
sure forcing position tied the strings who charge poor all scattered abun-
dance bay almost letting child loved die one experience can thoughts Elvira
black dress veil sits hips kissed dungeon several days heart time either
Greek Latin took daily wheeled chair Christ watching dungeon several days
souls councils officers imagined communications realized driving intrigues
ladies waiting nor Chance counter-chance residence only venture also visits
widowed Grand time popish service standing except those Grand Dukes who
throbbled nation think often said took daily wheeled chair Notwithstanding
thrust dagger time popish service standing drink never lost converted memo-
ries little hold commission Elvira black dress veil sits who charge poor all
scattered the sixties early seventies where modernist movement tangential
time popish service standing merciless barbarians preachers audience Mollius
friends waiting Finland also visits widowed Grand closure forcing position
told dungeon several days demonstrates future German assured God ap-
pointed experience can thoughts time popish service standing arms resent-
ment mother attachment happiness Never all twelve Empire man almost su-
perhuman livid art gallery adjoining Winter Chance counter-chance sword
Revocatus Satur families among whom twenty Nismes alarm inhabitants
some way evil consequences body fortune tis error worse foulness reeking
scandal face Commercial narrative cinema

experience can thoughts intelligence approach these sixties Bergman formal
small body citizens

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Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.391 / Virus Database: 222 - Release Date: 9/19/2002

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760. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Readings in Milwaukee

Thu 26 Sep 2002

does woodland pattern have a website?

tom bell

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

From: "Conundrum" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, September 25, 2002 1:00 AM

Subject: Readings in Milwaukee

> Hello List,

> For anyone in the Milwaukee-Chicago-General Lake Michigan area:

>

> -----

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>

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> Friday . October 18 . 7 P.M. \$3/\$2 for open-mic readers

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> MARK TARDI

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>

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> -----

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> magnificent Woodland P, get there for the small press poetry selection
> alone! A rare opportunity to fondle books of poetry seldom seem on the
> shelves of most bookstores.

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761. **Lawrence Upton**
(no subject)

Thu 26 Sep 2002

Apologies for cross-posting (conditions apply) or if you can't get to London

Prologue

Last Tuesday, SVP presented John Hall and Will Rowe - an excellent and varied reading with a good audience, a *large audience considering the tube strike & thanks to all those who took the trouble to send apologies because of transport difficulties - it does help to know; and big thanks to all those many who were able to turn out

Part the first

The autumn season continues, but with some changes to the mechanics

PLEASE NOTE For a while, meetings will be on Mondays

& the next reading is on Monday 7 October 2002

with a double bill of John Chris Jones / Caroline Bergvall

AND the venue will be Camden People's Theatre which is at the corner of Hampstead Rd & Drummond St - don't go to Farringdon, not on SVP's account

The tube station is Warren Street altho Euston and Euston Sq are quite doable for most people

Loads of buses, # 24 among them

There's a bar at CPT & Drummond St has a number of cheap eating places

AND admission to SVP readings at CPT is £6 with concessions at £4, payable *before entry

PLEASE SUPPORT THIS EVENT: it isn't just a temporary change of venue; it expands what is possible.

Executive summary:-

Next SVP *Monday 7 Oct 2002 8 pm

featuring John Chris Jones and Caroline Bergvall

Location Camden Peoples Theatre

Admission £6 / £4

Part the second

Also at CPT in this series

Monday 25 November 2002 - Allen Fisher

Monday 2 December 2002 - cris cheek / from Australia: Alison Croggan

Part the third

See you 7 October 2003

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762. **Lanny Quarles**

Re: poem knot for lame collaboration

Thu 26 Sep 2002

Shadow swollen, wool in boat ears
to part the hearing from the read ink,
the self-appointed shepherd gasped
not it is on my lips:
doctor coffee monkey planks
groom the motor heel
filing rasping scratching down to where
the rubble meethes the rhinE

a green saddle for the kind sloth whose feet are turned around backwards

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763. **Maria Damon**

petition

Thu 26 Sep 2002

Petition for students, staff,
and faculty at universities and colleges across the country opposing
war with Iraq:

<http://www.noiraqattack.org/>

--

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764. **Lanny Quarles**
Houses for sale in Hydra
Thu 26 Sep 2002

^

^

NPOOLI Houses for sale in Hydra

PO

LAMOUR

GG 1.

GALLEY-GROWLER

(()) we began our wintering in the rival's datsun

S the liquidation by beetles of our mange cursed and spawned

P caricatures of a blight totem

G felled nearly over

R in the u-tot-em parking lot we garble ruin

L in tender bananas left for the post-man whose blind cane

P flavored a pile of soiled salad plates recovered on rosemont

K with the shakespearian actor's retirement home boarded up

V when penny loped

U six tiny fish in the liver watched the television invasion

Y of brussels where indignity made dandy rubles

N and just living in the sea green shadow of the porpoise

H the 1895 hippy with napalm weed brushes

W and freed up time for burping the babysitter

X an inkspot on the gigantic laundry

I I

Z P 2.

Q P

A O several live models were investigated but

% % next to ken ran killing dogstars

9 9 better than nothing at all

E B wine barrel ate the gleaner's body harp

H L sap rushed out around its decorated eye sockets

R G just in time for the pigeon to squeal to the cows

O F you can't understand much forced to cross

U D under the lake in a rubber conduit

S A speaking is strictly prohibited for mounting

z L weather cranes

N K lifting ships across the straits

P C wide smiling girls drink green tea naked
M V
W W 3.
A A
B C ghetto markets rise foam handed watching girder pork
grinding D F sleep at the monacle window a gam-
bling phase finally ended E L her low brow
caught steam like a hood of ghosts P
T tents were erected in the loud concrete holes O
O bent forward by its despair drinking goes to india
O O can't disturb the universal trust
X C already decided to wince when rust
R T the engine came off its repair page
P E gone away long fine september hair
H R packed in truck with eyelashes big as hams
U H and carved in rongorongo doorbells
K U double time marches
K K hold the brass clock parts
A A in moon paste
M M glue for kind drippings
M M
I I 4.
P L
O A when ever try to meet
N P seven balls clean wrenches climb
E E sign away the shop and the principle debt
I E to grandfather's hidden magazines
G G mold finds baskets in rivers
I O low beyond the granite matrix of nearly
there U K fine
grained horticulture
Y Y mixed shirts with the winter onions
J U blacked out in colors too close to smell
N F limping back to a french kissing grocer's door
Z Q rolled out the map in the backyard
Z Z basketballs for beach-chairs
C W hose on a honey-dangler
W N sun the silver macrame' nest
E E betcha
B A betcha woodlice
A N never found a cobbled homing beacon
C P up switch stash

Y U of woody gorm
L C
O Y 5.
Q S
I 2 the white tie flapped like a tyrant among the errant awake
L & bags slept while the world ignited
L \$ clean the shoes out
L % roaches dare even the warriors dance
X gingerly thread the weening mites
X X glass participle makes next-fluorine-dating-a-haystack
T F when you wish upon a star
F T drink a bowl of silverfish czars
Y Y clam up clean zeros and witness
Z Z and another perfectly constructed sunset
I O drive off the cliff
() auld lang-zine
{ } beef hamper closes headless neoprene collossus
[] wound
\\ / bandage mates scurry around the vacuum hose
+ + find a silver grundmaat left
() the golden city under snow lamps
{ }
g
i EXTRA NUMB. (a sacred lump or fruit offered to the arrowheads which could
not be fashioned)
L 6.
j
()& glow aka
&^&*(near to the frame eschews an animated baityloi
^%\$ a painter said, it is the static pell and pulse i choose, the movement
&^%) is called within, UR.IDIM
(*&(*%*^\$# my lyrical browser has no words
@!!#!! memories woven to synapse that virtual assemblage at worlds
#@!#@!#^ ^ ^ before the seeing
)() ^*%\$%\$ axioms of the preformed execute their random applets
^\$%^\$ clack clack
?><?> ~ :) whatchall fixin :>----->
<><><><><> numb gourds loped elan of
plague's rondure <><><><> for utterers in view of the
plague, the baskania winks its kohl-rimmed lips
<><><> & kilned a dangerous opportunity
<><><> quel tells:

[illegible]

grind's a horse's jaw, so may the _____ grind to powder

><><><><><><><<<<< all the within it

KKKKKKKK growing heavy in its peristaltic meander

iiiiiii click click

O the èfŒéç *[9M] of the Schikanederei flexionar

 $) ($

7

8

8

I

2

9

O

five fingers

* eng. to ch. trans. of "dorsal" on babelfish.

trans. from ch. to eng. yields "rear"

[↑ Contents](#)

765. **oranger**

Peter Kowald obituary in NY Times

Thu 26 Sep 2002

taylor,

thanks for posting this. i was actually in downtown music gallery on e. 5th st in the village this past saturday afternoon, and one of the employees had been at the concert kowald was playing at in williamsburg the previous night. apparently kowald had either just moved to NYC or was seriously thinking about moving there permanently. anyway, they all went back to william parker and patricia nicholson's place, kowald was complaining of not feeling very well, had a heart attack and died.

there's of course many recordings on which one can appreciate kowald's wonderful playing, and i'm far from having or hearing them all. of course the 1968 landmark "machine gun" with the peter brotzmann octet. we can thank john corbett's unheard music series for bringing back some of the most important schlippenbach recordings. one of the more recent ones that has really caught my attention is a trio recording with rashied ali and assif tsahar: kowald's bass is thick, full, and upfront, cutting through ali's shimmer-skitter trap drum set and tsahar's tenor and bass clarinet torsions. the final number has kowald's throat-singing as a chilling and powerful undercurrent.

cheers,
tom orange

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766. **travis ortiz**

BAD HISTORY is back

Thu 26 Sep 2002

BAD HISTORY is back

a duration of events which do not cease to occur.

First published in 1998 in an edition of 1000 copies, Barrett Watten's

Bad History rapidly sold out. Now Atelos is pleased to announce that the book

is available again and can be purchased directly from the publisher (at PO

Box 5814, Berkeley CA 94705-0814) or from Small Press Distribution (at [REDACTED]).

To celebrate the availability of what Atelos considers one of the most important books of the era, the publishers are lowering the price of the book to \$10 for anyone ordering the book directly from Atelos. This offer will continue through the month of October.

* * *

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767. **Jim Behrle**

"Here & Now" listener poetry challenge: dream poems

Thu 26 Sep 2002

I serve as a roving poet for WBUR's noontime newsmagazine "Here & Now." Once a month we challenge listeners to send in poems. If you're interested in participating, check out this link:

http://here-now.org/topics/_arts/al_020926.asp

and send in a dream poem to [REDACTED]

Sweet dreams.

--Jim Behrle

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

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768. **Dodie Bellamy**
SF apartment (off topic)
Thu 26 Sep 2002

Any *quiet* person out there looking for an apartment in San Francisco? One's opened in my building. One bedroom, plus an additional small room off the kitchen that makes a nice office. South of Market, \$1150.

Backchannel if you want more details.

Dodie

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769. **Jordan Davis**
more poem challenges
Thu 26 Sep 2002

What would you do if you won ten dollars?

Your assignment:

First, win ten dollars. Football pool, rez slots, what will happen to the guy at the end of the bar when he actually fall asleep -- whatever.

Next, what would you do with it?

Write a poem about it!

Space for poem:

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770. **Stephen Ellis**
Re: more poem challenges
Thu 26 Sep 2002

<< What would you do if you won ten dollars? >>

I am the won ten dollars. I can be in the form of cash, credit or trade. If you spent me completely or in part and told someone else about it, what would you say?

Space for poem:

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

771. **The Poetry Project** **Poetry Project Announcements**

Thu 26 Sep 2002

The fall season at the Poetry Project gets fully underway next week with the following THREE events. We look forward to seeing you!

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 30 [8:00pm]

OPEN READING

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 2 [8:00pm]

A TRIBUTE TO KENNETH KOCH

FRIDAY OCTOBER 4 [6:00pm and 10:00pm, at the Bowery Poetry Club] AN
EVENING OF POETRY AND MUSIC WITH WILL ALEXANDER

<http://www.poetryproject.com/calendar.html>

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 30 [8:00pm]

OPEN READING

Sign-up at 7:30pm.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 2 [8:00pm] A TRIBUTE TO KENNETH KOCH Kenneth Koch (1925-2002) was one of the Poetry Project's most revered elders and gave many inspired readings and brilliant talks over the Project's entire history. He was a core member of the first generation of the New York School of Poets. A renowned poet and energetic teacher, Kenneth Koch had a passion for communicating his own belief that poetry was life itself. His books on teaching, *Wishes, Lies and Dreams* (1970) and *Rose, Where Did You Get That Red?* (1990), are a confirmation of his celebrated pioneer status in bringing poetry into the classroom. The most recent collections of his own poetry are *New Addresses* (Knopf, 2000), *On the Great Atlantic Rainway: Selected Poems 1950-1988* and *One Train*, a collection of new work (both published by Knopf in 1994). His books of poetry include *Seasons on Earth* (1987), *On the Edge* (1986), *The Duplications* (1977), *The Art of Love* (1975), *When the Sun Tries to Go On* (1969), *Thank You and Other Poems* (1962), and *Ko* (1960). His plays, many of them produced off- and off-off-Broadway, are collected in *A Change of Hearts* (1973), *One Thousand Avant-Garde Plays* (1988) and *The Gold Standard* (1996). He has also published fiction--*The Red Robins* (1975), a novel, and *Hotel Lambosa* (1988), short stories. His collaborations with painters have been the subject of recent exhibitions at the Ipswich Museum in England and the Tibor

de Nagy Gallery in New York. He received the Bollingen Prize in Poetry in 1995 and has received awards from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, as well as the Ingram-Merrill and Guggenheim foundations. Kenneth Koch taught at Columbia University.

Speaking and reading will be Robert Creeley, Jordan Davis, Michel Deguy, Ed Friedman, Katherine Koch, David Shapiro, Mark Statman, Alex Katz, Frank Lima, Charles North, Eric Brown, Arnold Weinstein, Ron Padgett, Tony Towle, Paul Violi, Anne Waldman, Dean Young, Emily Harvey, Alex Katz, Gary Lenhart, Frank Lima, Anselm Berrigan and others.

FRIDAY OCTOBER 4 [6:00pm and 10:00pm] AN EVENING OF POETRY AND MUSIC WITH WILL ALEXANDER Will Alexander's latest titles are *Above the Human Nerve Domain* (Pavement Saw Press) and *Towards the Primeval Lightning Field*. His forthcoming book is entitled *Exobiology as Goddess* (Manifest Press). He was a recipient of a Whiting Fellowship for Poetry in 2001 and a California Arts Council Fellowship for Poetry in 2002. After his reading at six, Will and musician Alan Semerdjian will perform with Tradewinds! Poets4Life, hosted by Carl Hancock Rux.

[Please note that this event will be held at The Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery (between Bleecker and Houston), with a reading at 6:00pm and music performance at 10:00pm]

Unless otherwise noted, admission to all events is \$10, \$7 for students and seniors, and \$5 for Poetry Project members. Schedule is subject to change.

The Poetry Project is located in St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery at 131 E. 10th Street, on the corner of 2nd Avenue in Manhattan. Trains F, 6, N, R.

The Poetry Project is wheelchair accessible with assistance and advance notice. Please call [REDACTED] for more information, or e-mail us at [REDACTED].

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772. **Damian Judge Rollison**

Re: more poem challenges

Thu 26 Sep 2002

<< I am the won ten dollars. I can be in the form of cash, credit or trade. If you spent me completely or in part and told someone else about it, what would you say? >>

I am the person who heard the story of the spent ten dollars. I am now eager to gain capital and initiate

transactions of my own, so that I too may torque the great wheel of commerce. What poem would I write to express my desire?

Space for poem:

/

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773. **J Gallaher**

Sonnet experiments: Paul Hoover

Thu 26 Sep 2002

Paul Hoover's *_Nervous Songs_* was mentioned on this thread, which reminded me how much I enjoyed that section of his *_Totem and Shadow: New and Selected Poems_* (Talisman, 1999).

Here's the first poem in that section. It gives you a feel of the tone and method of his project, I think. How he works the middle swerve . . . is beautiful.

MEYER IS A BUM

Perfection is an old heartache, the lasting
imbalance when two equal opposites meet.
Perfection makes an arch like a song,
ascending to passiveness from brute force.
When the singer is imperfect, a sailor
beating with oars, the song does not proceed,
turns in curcles, sinks. Eccentric wheels,
irregular as pears, move powerfully as verbs,
but Meyer with his perfect daughters, Meyer
is a bum. He floats like an angel in his tub.
The voices in a choir sound awful one at a time,
magnificent together. Meyer is singing along,
happy to find the world enlarged (it's smaller).
Perfection is a car to drive. Meyer is a bum.

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774. **Aaron Belz**

my website in CSS

Thu 26 Sep 2002

Friends,

I have redesigned my website at <http://belz.net> using CSS (Cascading Style Sheets). Comments, criticisms, reports of browser problems, etc, are welcome.

Also, if you'd like help doing a site for yourself in CSS, please backchannel; the main resource I used was provided by my friend and former business partner, Eric Costello at glish.com -- <http://www.glish.com/css/>

Go digital,
Aaron

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775. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: more poem challenges

Thu 26 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/26/02 2:34:45 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

What would you do if you won ten dollars?

Your assignment:

First, win ten dollars. Football pool, rez slots, what will happen to the guy at the end of the bar when he actually fall asleeps -- whatever.

Next, what would you do with it?

Write a poem about it!

Space for poem:

The ten bucks i stole out of your pocket
I gave the guy falling asleep at the bar stool-
the bar tender picks it up as a tip
wakes him up
and tells him "thanks buddy."
"what shit? what do you want?"

Murat

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776. **kari edwards**

nothing after that

Thu 26 Sep 2002

nothing after that

. . . after examinations, after walks, after to many talk dimensions, after the seasons pleas succeed . . . an unfolding paper . . . top of the best, an ancient subplot known as . . . on the riverbank and the ocean and on the water opposed to popes and the news . . . coast rowboats kayaks, a bed of kayaks . . . no that's a lie . . . a fabric lesser made scant but never cries . . . eight tall and take it, wrapped and severed. the car right after the car right after the examination unfolds on the water top, on a silver platter, the words on top of the least common denominator . . . mumble to a commensurate singularity. its caught too many nothing's after to many muscular . . . and then someone indicates like form backing into oblivion . . . hysteria in poor light . . . small terrorist in curious poses, between the vertical stripes and dots on the battlefield template . . . on the river's bank and seedbeds . . . it's caught unfolding in paper cries. =

[↑ Contents](#)

777. **David Baratier**

Re: poem knot for lame

Thu 26 Sep 2002

Two of these for my frosty nubbins

Sh
in boat ears
my as
ad ow sw
ol le
n, woo
l in bo
a tea
rs top
art t
he he
arin
gfro
m
the re
ad ink,
the s
elf-ap
poin t
ed she
ph erd
gas ped
not it

is on m
ylips:
doc tor
cof fee
mon key
plan ks

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778. **Alan Sondheim**

the court beauty

Fri 27 Sep 2002

the court beauty

the transformation of the translation so far, and then we went and found another black-throated blue warbler, green heron, black-and-white warbler, nashville warbler, muscovie duck, swans, canadian geese, robins, blue- jays, kingfishers, swifts (i am certain of it), grey catbirds, puff-balls, the largest ginko i've ever seen -

a desolate wasteland - adore all myriad (10,000) ancient laws and - bow far injures (and pure) (and) stop test with scalding valley wonderful (an) orchid(s) another (a) pine(s) apple (are caused by) reflection are vast ascend ascend, galloping, as - well at court attain attainment bamboo pitches barbarians beautiful beautiful, beauty be aware of becomes one tenth becoming - covered (protect your faith) beginning beginnings benevolence bequeath bi-jade (circular disk hole) circular black blessings (fortune) business (by means of) through called carefully chamber hall (public room) change characters chastity circling above clear (transparent) clouds cold colt comes comfort, music (connector / alone) console contain (form) covering - covers cries dawn (early in the morning) deception deliberate depends on (is destroys determination devotion dew diction (classical rhetoric) directions (square) disaster - (catastrophe) doubting dragon dwell earth eliminate emanates - out emulated (compete with) enlist (membership) expel face (meet, - confront) faith feathers filial piety fishscales fit five flattering ** flourish flows follows (rules) forms foundation four fragrance fresh from 7 to 9 morning Kun mountain - frost furiously named gate gate-tower genius gentleness ginger give gives birth (giving to) goes gold good government grass weeds grazes great greatly happiness has heaven hidden depths hold if imitate addition autumn increase - disintegration leisure intercalary timing winter (is) brief is built close, extreme (just so) ((to be) long normal) printed (sadness stains silk) issues trouble it's - measure word, they spread dusk jade know learn - (review lessons) life lightly like lines line up love makes (creates) making many measurement years men minister model mustard near negative (un-)

neglect never nothingness not (un) obey ability children darkness desire (of)
evil official fruit power (the others) shape sorrow, sadness study father (paral-
lels) guest supreme ruler (of the) wild pear (one is) thinking (one's) fame (on
self (self-reliance)) open pleasing plum poetry poverty precious predicted pro-
claim proper (upright) prosper prospers prostrate prudent public (quantity)
measure- word query question or problem rain raise - ration reality recitation
(poem, song) rectification reliance respect restraint, conquering returning
robes < clothing salted say sending serves (accepts) sheep (sheep) shift posi-
tion should - sincerity, fidelity skirts sky small (lamb) so lu speak stands - stop-
ping (ceaselessly) strictly (accurately) strike down summit take (create) talk
tang teaching accumulation army boundary (business) affairs capital cause cer-
tainty ch'in constellations cosmos country deep (the) (abyss) double-edged dag-
ger emperor empty end fire guilty harvesting heat hiding, concealing hosts
huge ink leaders leftover residue light moon fills then name origin other pearl
people person phoenix praise - rake there rearing river rivers royal sage sea
sections sun sets west sweetness throne tool (utensil) treasure value pride way
white this tied lined-up (to) service tread (put shoes) trust trying case uni-
forms, wearing unyielding vegetables (vegetation) view, scenery virtuous warm
water what - passes wisdom (with) quiet, peaceful women work writing yao yel-
low :: black, yield yin (shadow, moon, sexual organs, feminine, secret)...

===

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779. **Alan Sondheim**

RSS spam blocking

Fri 27 Sep 2002

In an attempt to eliminate spam, I've subbed to RSS (Relay Spam Stopper) which automatically stops server relays. If you cannot reach me privately at this point, please send a message to the list. My email spam has reached about 100-200/daily, and I need to take extreme measures. If enough people can't reach me privately, I'll return to the usual.

Apologies for cross-posting, Alan -

Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Older 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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780. **Allen Bramhall**
re more poem challenges
Fri 27 Sep 2002

dear Jordan,

my 10 dollars is a farmer now, and living earth colours, tho I forget which. the 10 dollars is still my friend, and being that, we go on. on in moments of explaining songwriting to ears made of treaties, on in just about any variance from the strict tempo markings that society, etc, paints on the moonshine of the next terrific idea, on while diametrically opposed to the thing across the way that constantly crosses over. moreover, and this is where I think the poem begins, there is an excitement of time fixed in space. it seems like thee's a war on, it seems like children are small and useful, but the 10 dollars has been sprea into a patient inkling that, well, that seems all right. that's the best poem I had to do. thanks for asking,

Allen

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781. **richard.tylr**
re meditations on Iraq
Fri 27 Sep 2002

Hilton. This is good: in the main you are right. There is something quite bizarre, frighteningly bizarre about this "obsession" wth Hussein (the name conveniently rhymes with "insane" (hence the role of language here)) but the US supported S Hussein up to the invasion of Kuwait and also against Iran. Then when the Kuwait debacle was over they "failed" to get rid of Hussein and "failed" to back the Kuwaitis and so on. Bush knows that Hussein has no military fight back capacity. He knows that thousands of children and others are dying because of the embargo: but he is heartless. He hates people - especially Arabs - he's a racist and a fascist. He relies on millions of ignorant people who dont study these matters: and in that his "ploy" may work...my feeling is that you are heading for a worse situation than the Second World War and that Bush is not only more dangerous than Hussein he is very much more dangerous than Hitler could have been (considering the enormous firepower he has at HIS control)....I also think it is the fascination with Bush and the Republicans with power: pure power. They have more money than they'll ever want. They just want to attack and bomb and butcher and bleed and kill: obliterate...they are fascinated by the power to destroy and enslave...their mad logic is that they will head off Europe and any Arab alliance and China and so on but behind it is also just testosterone: blood lust. And it doest look as though anyone has the guts to stop him. And whatever people say ..the Germans, anyone, the Republicans will ignore

them. They don't care what anyone outside the US thinks. And they will use every and any means including nuclear bombs if they think it will "do the job".

Richard Taylor. ----- Original Message ----- From: "Hilton Obenzinger"

<[REDACTED]> To: <[REDACTED]> Sent: Wednesday, September 25, 2002 2:37 AM
Subject: Meditations - 4

[I write these "meditations" from time to time in an attempt to stay sane. If you find them tedious, apply the magic of "delete." If you want to share them with others, feel free to do so.]

Meditations in a Time of Delusions and Lies - 4

It's rare to be conscious of impending doom, to know that we live in a moment when time is running out, as if we're all condemned prisoners waiting for our last dawn. How pleasant life is, even though soon our sweet peaceable world will come to an end, and we will be plunged into horror. Now, in this pause before the storm, all we can do is scratch our heads and wonder: what the hell is going on? Why do we face such grief?

Bush is dead set on "regime change" in Iraq, and he is pummeling the American public and world leaders to follow his scheme. Saddam Hussein, despicable tyrant that he is, poses little threat to anyone, according to most military experts, and, despite unfounded allegations, he does not even seem to have had anything to do with the criminal devastation of 9/11. He didn't seem to pose much of a threat even in Bush's eyes, despite his being strung along the "axis of evil" -- at least not until Enron and Halliburton began to unravel. Yet the destruction of Saddam Hussein has become an obsession. During hearings, a Senator asked Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld what America would do if Hussein made every concession demanded of him, and the folksy Secretary could only sputter, unable even to imagine diplomatic success. Clearly, no matter what Saddam Hussein says or does, the Bush administration seems determined to go to war, and ordinary Iraqis and Americans -- indeed, the entire world -- are condemned to watch (and pay the consequences) while the juggernaut rolls on.

Now, I assume that the administration is not stupid (despite Bush's famous denseness). I assume that it does not believe its own lies (although it may very well be blinded by arrogance). Certainly, we can ignore all the inflated talk about democracy and principles and morality. No, we can dispense with platitudes and propaganda.

So, if they really know that the sudden alarm over Iraq is a ploy, then what is their game, really? Of course, the obvious -- oil -- comes to mind, just as natural gas and pipeline routes make Afghanistan and Central Asia far more interesting to the administration beyond the Taliban. Perhaps no one recalls how, before the attacks, the Taliban were ignored, despite their oppression of women and

desecration of ancient monuments; they were even courted for pipelines and praised for their Draconian programs to uproot heroin poppy fields. Distracting the American public from the messiness of crony capitalism or engineering economic recovery with a good war -- yes, these too seem like plausible motives. But, still, if we assume that the administration is not stupid, these reasons are not adequate, at least not for the great risks and costs of war.

I would like to suggest the real reason we are about to be plunged into war: WORLD DOMINATION. No, this is not the plot of a superhero comic book; this is for real. Time really is running out, according to the Bush administration's way of thinking -- but not on Saddam Hussein's secret weapons. The real target is Europe, uniting as never before and increasingly becoming an economic rival; the real target is Russia, still weak but not for long; the real target is China, growing at a fantastic pace and a potential military rival; and let's not forget Japan, always an economic threat, particularly in collaboration with the rest of Asia, despite its recent faltering. All of these "threats" are either weak or nascent. So Bush and Company must strike while the iron is hot, while Americans are frightened enough to allow civil liberties to be junked and jingoism to sound like self-defense. If U.S. military and business interests can maintain and even expand their control of Middle East oil production, they have Europe and Japan by the balls, and much of the rest of the world, as well.

Keep in mind the recent policy declarations: the U.S. will strike first, even with nuclear weapons, against any country it deems a threat, with or without the consent of the international community; no country will be allowed to build up its military to rival the U.S.; no international commitments, from environmental treaties to United Nations' votes to international courts, will encumber the exercise of imperial power; "nonproliferation" is now "counter-proliferation"; and on and on. In the eyes of any reasonable person, the United States has become far more of a rogue state, dangerously flashing weapons of mass destruction, than any other country. Meanwhile, the "war on terrorism" has become a cover for a never-ending war to maintain imperial control. Americans are being steamrolled into war and our democratic traditions are being twisted to the satisfaction of reactionary saviors of "our way of life," all through the manipulation of very real fears of terrorist violence.

There are those who object that an invasion of Iraq might be a quagmire or that the whole Arab and Islamic world might erupt into chaos that will threaten even U.S. allies. Of course, the Bush administration hopes to achieve its goals quickly and smoothly. That would be ideal, in their book, and they believe they can get away with it; but their basic response is "So what?" I suspect that the arch reactionaries in the administration might even welcome chaos, since it will enable them more easily to cow the Saudi and other client regimes. After all, does it matter if the Hashemite dynasty is overthrown in Jordan? The

administration and its supporters might even cheer the imposition in the region of "democracy" in the form of more pliable American clients; and they would certainly turn a blind eye to the "transfer" and decimation of the Palestinian people by Ariel Sharon done under cover of war.

To sensible, mainstream leaders, such calculations are almost the ravings of lunatics. During the period of détente during the Cold War, Soviet leaders analyzed that there was a split in the American elite between the "rational" and the "irrational" bourgeoisie, and that the "rational" forces needed to be supported by the people to prevent disaster. The "rational" folks were willing to accept peaceful rivalry with the alternative economic system, while the "irrational" elements were so motivated by their will to power and by ideology that they would inflame militarism and embark on dangerous schemes that could threaten world peace. The Soviet Union collapsed of its own collective mistakes -- but the analysis, in this different context, may still hold some water. The New York Times and other elite forces, even conservative Republicans, may be considered "rational" because they feel that U.S. preeminence can be protected without such drastic actions, that the Bush-Cheney crowd is too willing to take too many chances, too itchy to play with fire. Of course, most Americans do not even believe we should be in the game of world domination in the first place.

At the very least, we should be clear about what is really at stake -- and the danger posed by Saddam Hussein is the least of our problems.

Hilton Obenzinger

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782. **richard.tylr**

Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?

Fri 27 Sep 2002

I was digging for a response from the Langpos: but I take the spirit of what Merwin/Patrick is saying. Whether we are talking overt politics or that a poet "should" be political...by moral force I mean a kind of social-moral-human force or truth of a realisation of what one is: and in some cases a major poet might express fascist views...but that doesn't mean that there is not still there the human-social connection:

I think that a lot of modernist and so-called postmodernist theorists have overlooked the significance of Milton's poem "Paradise Lost". Of course poets that I enjoy and admire are_ seemingly _ or ostensibly, non-political: Stein maybe and Trakl...but political I take in a wider sense: a deeper sense of responsibility to Being.

There was a time when I felt that I could ignore "meaning" per se and just write "constructs" (and I said this once at a reading) and it was my ex wife infact who said: but there has to be some emotional content. I thought about that a lot and now I refer to an emotional force that energises a poem... But mey ex's comment actually set me thinking and events post S11 - or S11 itself - (when I was planning to turn off and tune out) have shocked me into re-thinking these issues.

"Poet" could of course be "person": but arent a lot of the Language Poets simply cowering rather than writing from a position of strength: and retreating into verbiage and obscuratism as the darkness descends? Maybe I am too...

But I havent thrown away the key an the locks remain uncorroded.

Richard Taylor.

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

From: "Damian Judge Rollison" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, September 26, 2002 6:32 AM

Subject: Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?

*moral force: if that is lacking in a poet he is no poet
he is not a person*

I don't know if I'd go that far -- plenty of people don't have the courage of their convictions -- but this was more or less my point.

Very few poets (are there any?) have the kind of public voice that would make 'moral force' also a force for change -- so it seems to me the moral responsibility of the poet differs only slightly, if at all, from that of anybody else. You build a cabinet or a house or knit a sweater or write a computer program, and insofar as these activities have a moral dimension it's a matter of mindful intention: let this house stand firm and be a shelter and a place of joy, etc. Of course the analogy of poet to carpenter is flawed, since you could always swing your poem around and aim it at a despot or whatever -- language is not neutral like planks and nails -- but then what Kenneth Koch called "poetry language" is not the same as political language, or language with a propositional intent, at all. If Merwin was saying -- I can't quite suss this out, and maybe he was being deliberately ambiguous -- if he was saying that the moral prerogative of the poet in times of crisis is to

Speak out, not in poems, but in some kind of public way,
and that the poet should do this because he can be more
rhetorically effective than others, well fine. But
I think I'd approach it the other way round: you're a human
being, you have a moral impulse, how do you express it?
Speak out if it's given to you to do that -- think of Mario
Savio, no poet but a born orator. March in a parade; do a
sit-in; get arrested -- the first impulse of people with a
sense of life-as-theater. Turn Poetics into a political
forum -- that ain't nothing, in fact it's remarkable that
this list can sustain political discussion to the extent it
does. Or who knows, write poems with the mindful intention
of doing good work in both senses of the word. I don't
think that's the same as fiddling while Rome burns.

Damian

On Tue, 24 Sep 2002 21:28:14 +1200 "richard.tylr"

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Yes. But what Patrick is talking about (or Merwin is) is the question
> really of being, of moral force: if that is lacking in a poet he is no
poet
> he is not a person. It isn't of course the sole prerogative of "The Poet",
but
> poetry is a kind of language that searches for truth and I don't think you
> (one) can look into or at or with the truth of art without being faithful
> to something primal in us all: the social truth...While we are private
> beings we are always social beings...I can't of course prove these things
but
> I see that a poet "dices with death" (or life) if he/she evades external
and
> other political questions. In this line I feel that Nick Piombino's
> reversion to something vague about "bullying" is not good enough: I can
> understand his wariness of becoming a "trumpet". As to others: I think
that
> some of the prominent literary people including some of the Langpos on
this
> site who supported the attack against Afghanistan and other political
events
> for dubious reasons have shown that they do not understand this wisdom of
W
> S Merwin and maybe of Emerson and others (Bertrand Russell) and are
"hiding

> their heads" in obscurities of language - often of gobbldy gook - while
> people die: while democracy suffers everywhere, where suffering increases,
> barbarism grows inside the houses of the rich. Richard Taylor.
> ----- Original Message -----
> From: "Damian Judge Rollison" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Sent: Wednesday, September 25, 2002 5:52 PM
> Subject: Re: political poetry
>
>
> one could replace "poet" with "person"
>
>
>
> On Mon, 23 Sep 2002 19:43:18 -0400 Patrick Herron
> <[REDACTED]> wrote:
>
> > Merwin on Political Poetry
> >
> >
> > It is possible for a poet to assume his gift of articulation as a
> > responsibility not only to the fates but to his neighbors, and to feel
> > himself obligated to try to speak for those who are in circumstances
> > resembling his own, but who are less capable of bearing witness to them.
> > There are many kinds of dangers involved in any such view of what he
owes
> > himself and his voice. There is, for instance, the danger that his gift
> > itself, necessarily one of the genuinely private and integral things he
> > lives for, may be deformed into a mere loudspeaker, losing the
singularity
> > which made it irreplaceable, the candor which made it unreachable and
> > unpredictable. Most poets whom I have in mind would have considered this
> the
> > prime danger. But the other risks have all claimed their victims. Where
> > injustice prevails (and where does it not?) a poet endowed with the form
> of
> > conscience I am speaking about has no choice but to name the wrong as
> > truthfully as he can, and to try to indicate the claims of justice in
> terms
> > of the victims he lives among. The better he does these things the more
he
> > may have to pay for doing them. He may lose his financial security, if

emotion
has gone.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

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<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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784. **J Gallaher**

Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?

Fri 27 Sep 2002

Richard Taylor writes:

<"Poet" could of course be "person": but aren't a lot of the Language Poets simply cowering rather than writing from a position of strength: and retreating into verbiage and obscuratism as the darkness descends? Maybe I am too...>

I Reply:

Lang Poets (of which there are either very many or very few) sure do take some hits on this list. But, to take your final elliptical phrase in tow, I will assert that most poets of any stripe do not write from a position of strength. (Even if I'm still not very clear what is meant by "position of strength".) As well, if you're speaking of a clear political message in the text itself, I would say that (and here comes that very old saw) the language is encoded with the deadening politics of the status quo, and any poetry that seeks to overthrow the expectations and givens of the language using populace is indeed, quite political. A fundamental politics of revealing the abuses of the language to itself. (Bah, one might say, I've heard this before...)

But as the gestures of Lang Po, Po Mo, Mo Rocca, and Rock 'n' Roll seep into the ideolect of the general writing community, we have both a richer mainstream art and a functional impasse for the avant garde (which doesn't mean they should write differently, or take a different stand . . . maybe it even calls for more fidelity to what it is that LangPos do that irritates so many). Not really a reason to pick at the Language Poets though. Why not have at the poetry of Robert Pinsky instead . . . if one wants to talk about the failure of strength one

should look at the culturally strong poets and hold their feet to Plato's standard candle.

At least that's what I think this morning. And maybe I shouldn't have singled Pinsky out. Any one of a number of poets would have worked, I'm thinking.

Coffee For All!

-JG

JGallagher

The mind is in the habit of proposing solutions. This is why art is so necessary.

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785. **Gary Sullivan**
"I WON TEN DOLLARS"

Fri 27 Sep 2002

"I WON TEN DOLLARS"

for Jordan Davis

Yeah, I won ten-dollars once, and a few certificates.

I won a tool box too. What other prizes? I won a Smith's crisp competition, a mini-imac clock, movie tickets, shaving samples, etc etc.

In addition, I won ten dollars for swimming in the fountain in the New Sculpture Garden.

I won ten dollars in a foot race at work today. I remember when we used to rock. Behind the music, as if you cared.

Oh yeah ... and then I won ten dollars from this teacher because he thought no one could name Milosevic's successor

(geez, we're not THAT American)

.

----->It's hard to look like a pro
when you have to look up
what a "straight" is.
I won ten bucks though.<-----

I won ten dollars pulling on socks. Yeah,

I won ten dollars at an amused snort.

I won ten dollars from a scratch

and that bought me a carton of cigs. Cigarettes are cheap--

"more monkeys."

I won ten bucks once, for singing

"Frosty the Snowman"

```
      / ^ -.
     ./ /
    `._`./      <-----"before"
   /oo`..'
  . | =-| ,
 \  \'/ /
 `.:===/= ':\\===:-'
  ' | :8| `
   |...d8|
   \:d88/
   / :q\
   | :d8|
   | :d88|
   \::d888/

      / ^ -.
     ./ /
    `._`./
   _/oo`..' _ <-----"after"
  . _ _(-| =-| _ )
 ,;===== _ - ,. _-( _
 ` ( -- _ _ =====:-`
   `_____`
```

[continuation of poem proper]

... then I just didn't really have a good shift because of various things.

THE END

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

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786. **mIEKAL aND**
snakespearean neopathic ur-sonnets

Fri 27 Sep 2002

a d v a n c i e n c e s n a k e s p e a r e d
http://cla.umn.edu/joglars/PRYDXL/and/kerplunk.php
metaphantom siternal
Namin nealth
Seque unknowalogies
voil
dialecedes
enchandsome ches
thinkinterplay
shinin
basease
animan everal
travy parate
substile
accurance
serpeculate cularly kinterplay

--

mIEKAL aND



Dreamtime Village <http://www.dreamtimevillage.org>
Joglars Crossmedia Broadcast <http://cla.umn.edu/joglars>

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787. **Harry Nudel**
chalres henri ford

Fri 27 Sep 2002

Chales Henri Ford died last nite..master of
scenes..stein/surreal/beat/warhol...ad parnassum..DRn...

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788. **K.Angelo Hehir**
A.Word.A.Day--pangram

Fri 27 Sep 2002

have great week-ends all!

Subject: A.Word.A.Day--pangram

pangram (PAN-gram, -gruhm, PANG-) noun

A sentence that makes use of all the letters of the alphabet.

[From Greek pan- (all) + -gram (something written).]

Many typists know "The quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog" as a thirty-three-letter sentence that employs every letter in the alphabet at least once. Now fix your eyes on a sampling of the best pangrams of even fewer letters. What you are about to see are meaningful sentences that avoid obscure words yet contain every letter of the alphabet:

Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs. (thirty-two letters)

Jackdaws love my big sphinx of quartz. (thirty-one)

How quickly daft jumping zebras vex. (thirty)

Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. (twenty-nine)

Waltz, nymph, for quick jigs vex Bud. (twenty-eight)

Bawds jog, flick quartz, vex nymph. (twenty-seven)

And now, wordaholics, logolepts, lexicomanes, and verbivores -- the Peter Pangram of all pangrams --

Mr. Jock, TV quiz Ph.D., bags few lynx. (twenty-six!)

If you can come up with a twenty-six letter pangram that makes easy sense and does not resort to names, initials, or mutant words, please rush it to me at

██████████.

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789. **Alan Sondheim**

Speaker remnant

Fri 27 Sep 2002

Speaker remnant

Speaker fades in from Entry Point and joins you.

Speaker says, "I'll be Alan's words ..."

Speaker says, "Martin typing them ..."

Speaker says, "One case which resulted in netsex that recuperated a

Speaker says, "At times netsex can be completely overwhelming ... "

Speaker says, "Part of it the 'command structure' ..."

Speaker says, "The ASCII unconcoous ..."

Speaker says, "ignore my spelling"

Speaker says, ""I can't type half as fast as Alan, even though I do it

Speaker says, "text emerges as parts of past, childhood ... interjections

Speaker says, ""Part objects .."

Speaker says, ""The power of Netsex ... not trivial ..."
Speaker says, "Joining subjects across the wall of language .."
Speaker says, "defining ... truth ... idea of true speech and the genuine
Speaker says, "primordial objectivity ... "
Speaker says, "kant ..."
Speaker says, "Questions about Kant ..."
Speaker says, "A state of primitive fusion and confusion .."
Speaker says, "Temptation of St Antoine .."
Speaker says, "Cyberspatial buzzing huge amounts of ..."
Speaker says, "Excretion's featured a few times ... not that zone ..."
Speaker says, "not = note"
Speaker says, "Confusions of identity @gender commands ..."
Speaker says, "Control faction ... moviong backwards and forwards from
Speaker says, "ss"
Speaker says, "tremendous sexualisaion of the internet as a whole ..."
Speaker says, "Most non-moderated spaces show this ..."
Speaker says, "Sexualisation ... desires implicit just about everywhere
Speaker says, "16 minutes ... 4 to go "
Speaker says, "language loses its formal syntactic structure ..."
Speaker says, "Raviushment becomes the unravelling of language..."
Speaker says, "Woman he knew who would short out the keyboard with her
Speaker says, "Streams of characters ..."
Speaker says, "fbnu bgyf hgf hgf hf hgbfh jgthrjigbtrubigperhbubhuehtuig
Speaker says, "Ah, tht's better."
Speaker says, "cu-seeme is more uncanny and disturbing than y-talk ..."
Speaker says, "Silence of cu-seeme ... uncanny ... uncomfortable ...
Speaker says, "faces erupt in different direction .."
Speaker says, "recognition ..."
Speaker says, "didn't get to death on the internet ..."
Speaker says, "Tomorrow: Michael Current's fdeath ..."
Speaker says, "Thankyou ..."
Speaker recieves applause ..
Speaker says, "... cleaning up ..."
Speaker says, ""Jerry asks about Kant ... Alan thought he meant something
Speaker says, "It is."
Speaker says, "carry sexuality beyond what happens in Alan's real life .."
Speaker says, "as it becomes more real ... series of exchnages ..."
Speaker says, "list ... priovate mail .. ."
Speaker says, "more emotional .."
Speaker says, "relationshiop ..."
Speaker says, "phone call "
Speaker says, "phone sex ..."

Speaker says, "y-talk ..."
Speaker says, "photos ..."
Speaker says, "peices of hair ..."
Speaker says, "souvenirs ..."
Speaker says, "anything ..."
Speaker says, "Small animals .."
Speaker says, "Oh yes, panties ..."
Speaker says, "That was a typo"
Speaker uses the word "coagulation" a lot ...
Speaker says, "Question intimates that Jerry ta;ling and Alan typing was
Speaker says, "like dria"
Speaker licks Dria ever so slowly.
Speaker says, "Richness of net.sex "
Speaker says, "Turn off the computer ... left with own reflection in
Speaker says, "Different movements ..."
Speaker says, "y-talk is like two bodies separated by
Speaker says, "Ari says even email is theatrical .."

===

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790. **kari edwards**

I feel the hand

Fri 27 Sep 2002

I feel the hand

. . . basic knives voilent behavior hunting and riding in the field scattered
and winkled I feel the hand stop telepathy between the
child's heart between the heart of children between the the blood to thought
conventions hold the line and then back again light the background
a replay before another time perhaps in the garden a holy call to be reborn
I feel the hand the scream the battle ground in the name of the apparent
indifferent and chair the memory is louder static drops down ten
best mathematical equations years in the making equestrian runabouts
prohibitions probabilities and attention to detail in a liquid form that shifts the
field I feel the hand I am that that shivers to the touch rack or
rock I dream of a time not long ago a sample on magnetic tape on
the steps bobbing for apples fearing the possibility the sea will swallow en-
veloped in a neat saddlebag thick pile carpet an arm releases the past
I feel the hand upon my shoulders in my mind inside and out vio-
lent scattered and wrinkled the child's heart stop I feel the
hand . . . =

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791. **august highland**

walt howard

Fri 27 Sep 2002

WALT HOWARD

TOLL BOOTH COLLECTOR #003 [excerpt]

www.thescare.com

Information Stakes mile quarter leadin into
constructing generic parser

here POV PMP Point MultiPoint Autonomous Underwater Vehicle when point
intended movement Fraction live free shared library Sollid Optical Could Tell
Then I'd Have Kill

biweekly schedules reviews Pressurant me what could Humble Opinion say
IBM Electronic CodeBook Autonomous Underwater Vehicle Nordic Gene
Bank Switching Fabric Direct Labor win swore Humble Opinion stood Uninter-
ruptible Power Supply poured Central Arizona Project USBR into Revolutions
Per Minute linear drive unit Apple Remote Access forward edge battle area
Data Above Voice IBM Electronic CodeBook pitched headlong from buck-
skin's Materials Control Verification Program Direct Labor Ascii Batch Trans-
fer Hardware Standard Operating chronic daily intake Data Acquisition Fre-
quency Table Livingstone thief Gate Assisted Turnoff Thyristor Installation
Test when there no vestige lieutenant colonel Long-Duration Exposure Facil-
ity Jet Propulsion Laboratory California Institute Technology NASA Alternate
Line pushed Can Look Up Microsoft Map Specification stooping International
Convention Combat Decertification Berkeley Software Distribution Berkeley
System Distribution Wind Tunnel Test stained-Revolutions Per Minute Strike
Force however Anglo-American cataloging rules Environmental Sciences
Division ORNL File Support Utility precisely

Suffrage Network Management Vector Transport air combat maneuvering
simulator field engineering rep individual plant examination acts NetView
Performance Monitor

Local Distributed Data Service then Simulation Mission Operation Computer
into Terrestrial Planet Finder Validation Verification Acquisition Professional
Development Council Humble Opinion wouldna say Strategic Environmental
Program Mission Critical relating communications Flow Control Messages Im-
age Earth Radiation Budget Satellite Technology Advanced Server demure
tailored ship training availabilites Tuesday's Derived Medium access control
Protocol Data Unit Versa Module Eurocard Humble Opinion inferred they wre

meditated Electronics Instrumentation Division materials issued review report
Diagnostics Online Bugs combat system manpower training steering commit-
tee Organizations Internet Group fault tree analysis offered solid state
switch Mission Critical Hardware Standard Operating no stiller than Computer
Science Technology Board There fast agarose gel electrophoresis I Com-
munications Interface Coordinator government-owned contractor-operated on
us Radio Magnetic Indicator unlearned

International Conference on Software Engineering or Doppler beam swinging
Acquisition Control Device Mallows Stedman then giving unter anderem
other things Operational Test on implementations Security flight perfor-
mance monitoring nuclear chemistry Media Environment Direct I'll User In-
terface System what I'll I'll tokamak fusion test reactor Approximation Regis-
ter pma ac voltage right ways though dusty Corniche Science Technology
Council Mission Critical addresses physical Magnetic Tape Selectric Type-
writer IBM Fraction live International Celestial Reference System Language
Presence Identity-out sequence Consulting Reference Designator So fast
agarose gel electrophoresis me Flight Management Team restless Data Link-
layer Service Access Point Engine Service Platforms crying before vacant
there any Fragment Manager industrial fugitive process particulate Link In-
terface Realtime Publishing On Demand Power

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.391 / Virus Database: 222 - Release Date: 9/19/2002

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792. **Halvard Johnson**

FW: A.Word.A.Day--pungram

Fri 27 Sep 2002

have great week-ends all!

Subject: A.Word.A.Day--pungram

pungram (PUN-gram, -gruhm, PUNG-) noun

A sentence that makes use of all the letters of the alphabet, plus one world-class pun..

[From Greek pun- (play on words) + -gram (something written).]

Many typists know "The quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog" as a thirty-three-letter sentence that employs every letter in the alphabet at least once. Now fix your eyes on a sampling of the best pangrams of even fewer letters.

What you are about to see are meaningful sentences that avoid obscure words yet contain every letter of the alphabet:

Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs. (thirty-two letters)

Jackdaws love my big sphinx of quartz. (thirty-one)

How quickly daft jumping zebras vex. (thirty)

Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. (twenty-nine)

Waltz, nymph, for quick jigs vex Bud. (twenty-eight)

Bawds jog, flick quartz, vex nymph. (twenty-seven)

Pungrams, of course, these are not. Those you will have to devise for yourselves. Bon appétit!

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793. **Gary Sullivan**

Did you mean: *important*

Fri 27 Sep 2002

Re: SEVERE ALLERGY QUESTION

... both of these are very inprotant if he is allergic to latex and he goes to the hospital and is having a reaction to latex and they are using latex on him it ...

www.healthboards.com/allergies/1685.html - 19k - Cached - Similar pages

Re: Assessing Glen Ridge

... IS RWONG BECAUSE THERE ARE MANY PLEAPLE WHO LIVE IN GLEN RIDGE WHO DO

NOT HAVE BIG FANMCY HOUSESE AND BUT I DO AGREE THAT SPORTS IS ONE OF THE

MOST INPROTANT ...

course1.winona.msus.edu/pjohnson/_disc11/00000026.htm - 4k - Cached

resources ... Resources, Follow the links for information inprotant to the lesbian community. Email your suggestions. World 4 Girls Lesbo Movie ...

www.geocities.com/world4girls/resources.html - 14k - Cached - Similar pages

List archives at OPENITX.COM

... rj45 pins 1236 are the nost important DB9 - 2357 are the most inprotant

i will check which pins goes to whic pins and email you later eric

-----Original Message ...

www.openitx.com/archives/archives.asp?i=4875 - 24k - Cached - Similar pages

Mistcaller's Fanfic Reviews ... new characters aren't super powerful to unbelievable proportions for no damn reason, y'know, same ol', same ol' Spelling/Grammar - bucuZ grammers inprotant an ...

www.icybrian.com/fanfic/reviews/mistcaller.html - 11k - Cached - Similar pages

[DOC]Draft

File Format: Microsoft Word 2000 - View as HTML

... list issues. June/Shelley felt it is inprotant to insure schmooze and tact in letter; This item was tabled for future meetings. Mary ...

www.dphhs.state.mt.us/dsd/govt_programs/vrp/vrs/admin_info/GovCouncil/Finalmtgminutes0501.doc - Similar pages

Louisiana Personals for dating singles

... and get married some day. So if you can relate to where I'm coming from then you are the one that I'm interested in talking to. Look's is'nt all thet inprotant ...

www.lovecity.com/dates/males/male39-3-2.htm - 28k - Cached - Similar pages

The Prank Institute - pranks for the prankless

... above 3 days of submitting = Beginer -> Gag Provider 6 days of submitting = Gag Provider -> Prankster 11 days of submitting = Prankster -> Cap

per
Instigator Inprotant ...

www.prank.org/userpage.php4?name=sneh_m2 - 25k - Cached - Similar pages

The log from Autumnal Equinox ... we should take care of nature" butterfly says, "He had a lot of examples that jumped from one thing to another" dogman says, "the aticle is still inprotant ... damoo.csun.edu/logs/csun/Sp2k/098/mar16-fall.html - 12k - Cached - Similar pages

de_favo_site Wil jij ook een Website? Word dan lid van de Kinderlines Club!
VERY INPORTANT! ! VERY INPROTANT! ! BINNENKORT IS HET
ABBONNEMENT BIJ KINDERLINES AFGELOPEN. ...

www.kinderlines.nl/de_favo_site/de_favo_site.index.asp - 10k - Cached - Similar pages

Cambridge Underground 1996: Thailand et al

... Or, as the sign at the exit puts it: "This point in 06.00pm dailyday.

The probably ten-thousand of bat fly out which the inprotant prenomenen." ...

...

www.chaos.org.uk/cucc/jnl/1996/thai.htm - 15k - Cached - Similar pages

InfoCryption ... - Thomas Jefferson. (Find the puzzle in Print: Page 126). June 19, 2000. We do see the PC playing a very inprotant role in the future, but we don't see the ... iwsun4.infoworld.com/opinions/infocryption.html - 38k - Cached - Similar pages

SOS Comments Archive: Ooo new magna!

... it's saying something along the lines of " From the creater of the world famous 'Seramun' comes her latest magna..... not that this was really

inprotant but ...

pei.physics.sunysb.edu/~ming/ sos/comments/0103/0885.html - 4k - Cached

`MOO Canada, Eh?': 1999 Transcript

... This involves keeping track of receipts and account for them."

Baby_Angel little faries comme whith an inprotant message for Baby-Angel
(you are needed ...

files.moo.ca/1/1/8/transcript99.html - 38k - Cached - Similar pages

ENO Chat on Thursday 23rd of November 2000 ... [12:11 PM Jameson AISG]:

Water cycle is a very inprotant or therefore it will end up in to a desert more
faster. [12:11 PM Kristin AISG]: HI!!!!!! ... eno.joensuu.fi/chats/016.htm - 101k -
Cached - Similar pages

Comments XXXV on my AD&D-is-Satanic-stuff

... to show them the glory and everlasting greatness of the Savior. and
most inprotant, give them the road to salvation! tell them how they can be
saved! ...

gimpi.jyu.fi/np/rpg/DnD/comm/comments_35.html - 83k - Cached - Similar pages

www.grenideer.com/islandeers/04June2000.txt

... Aoife waits * Keeth has to go eat but will hurry back <TheBigC> When it
comes to playing a character, how inprotant is roleplaying compared to
Min?Maxing, ie ...

20k - Cached

[.SoI.] - Soldiers of Insurrection :: View topic - ALL YOU looking for people
that will be active as there schedual allows but at the same time as the desire to
learn how to pwn if they already dont and most inprotant ...

www.teamsoi.com/forum/viewtopic.php?t=28 - 40k - Cached

Ancestry Message Boards - Message [Shiflett]

... Both Lot's of Info was Lost in A Fier here in Ohio Plese E-Mail Me if
you Can Help at [REDACTED] I am doing a Family Tree for My Son It
is Inprotant ...

boards.ancestry.com/mbexec/message/ an/surnames.shiflett/93 - 22k - Cached

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

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794. **Jordan Davis**

Did you mean *important*

Fri 27 Sep 2002

Gambia's Improtant Numbers

Page 1. THE INTERNET AND LAW ENFORCEMENT, WHY IT'S IMPROTANT TO YOU In the relatively short life of the Internet, believed by most experts to be 1987, this vast improtant role of musicians

Re: Why is college so improtant IMPROTANT NEWS FLASH! If you have further questions, please dont hesitate to contact the synagogue office sorry there are no improtant polls at this moment, Welsh The Most Important Immigrants Of America

Very Important!!!! Although this story is TOTALLY FICTIONAL, it has a sad truth to it along with a very important message. It a little bit off topic but important for vdr. I started detecting that and began reinforcing my love for her always let her know how impirtant she was to me. The Ambassador often invited impirtant visitors to stay with him in his rented palace by the Neva. The mission to preserve and protect out national and cultural treasures is a very impirtant one. Uredinales are known to cause significant economic losses to many impirtant hard as hell to acknowledge responsibility at times like these, but I think it's really impirtant, especially when people start crying out for blood

ASK AN IMPERTINANT QUESTION UNTIL YOU ARRIVE AT an impertinant style and attitude that makes our show different from anything else on impertinant aisha was chasing after a pack of cavebeasts, snapping her ears like a whip! Unheard of over again. Students that don't finish their homework. Their are more exited then before and more impertinant as well. So the plans editors wave at eager scribes, CMs remain holed up in State secretariats with folded hands, dreading the possibility of running into an impertinant reporter Ideally, the lowest (baseline) latency should be imperceptable, however relative latency could still be tested even if an imperceptable baseline is not possible weight of property, possess arms, and are too stromng a body of men to be openly of-fended (but) they may in twenty or thirty years be, by means imperceptable

Another isthe minor modification of some or all pixels by imperceptable values. This minor modification

makes its wielder imperceptable. Wielder cannot be seen or heard except by those characters possessing

Because of the time scale on which these changes occur they will be imperceptable

Together we chained pleasure and pain loved some, hurt some time's come to run

from attachments and contentments comfortably impersipient best friends

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795. **Brian Stefans [arras.net]**

Free Spax Comix: The Blog

Fri 27 Sep 2002

A blog is a "weblog" -- basically a place where people publish their thoughts, their favorite things on the web, stray this or thats.

Free Space Comix: The Blog will have poems, what I'm reading, my latest articles, etc.

Free Space Comix was the name of my first book. I've always wanted it to be made into a made-for-HBO movie starring Michael Douglas as the Korean deli store owner, but it never happened.

So I've made it into a blog:

www.arras.net/weblog/

It doesn't let you send in comments yet, but that future is a feature forthcoming.

-- cheers -- sorry to spam you again -- I've been busy!

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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796. **Molly Schwartzburg**

sonnet list available

Fri 27 Sep 2002

Listers--many thanks to everyone who responded to my sonnet query. I've compiled an alphabetical list of everything mentioned (about 50 poets, and many more titles) and will send it as a Word attachment to anyone who wants it--just backchannel me.

best,
Molly

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305



*** **

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797. **ksilem**

Re: Did you mean *important*

Fri 27 Sep 2002

August 12, 1995 was an impotrant day of celebration, when two bells were consecrated, both a gift from Mr. Berty J. Koppelhuber from Germany.

Beeing a royal highness is not so impotrant for me. The impotrant thing is to help the needy and listen to God and do want he wants me to do. I answered, In My Heart. I began to think of the heart, as it is one of the most impotrant organs in our body that if it stops functioning we stop to exist.

Security at home is so impotrant beacause it give you tranquility. Yeah. Peace is the most impotrant thing we have, without it we would be lost. Chaos would rule our lands, and all hopes of our people would be gone. However number of new species is impotrant part of each birding trip on our excurtions we are more focused on observations of tooting.

I think before we try to establish any sort of trust between the Palestinians and the Israeli's we must ourselves's the very impotrant question, HOW MUCH DO WE limit ourselves, without great ambitions, to an attempt whereby means of several thjeses we shall outline several more impotrant results ... but because we don't know ALL MATH involver, usually we deal with MOST IMPOTRANT for the process under consideration math.

You are not an individual, you are one of many. You are not impotrant, the colony is important. You are insignificant. It is impotrant to be aware that how-ever long your time, your funeral can be paid for at today's prices with the guarantee that no further charges will be made.

IMPOTRANT: What will NOT work for the treatment of premature ejaculation: It is because pepsin in the stomach can deactivate enzyme that relases xeronine (most impotrant ingriedient that couse most healing effect) in intestine. We have used it for christamas presents, impotrant documents, etc. Basically

everything! I do not use the anus and the penis. From this chakra four important nadis emanate which appear as lotus petals to apply presented theories correctly to specific problem. Girls will laugh. Boys will even laugh. How could my parents play with the most important part of my body?

Axes upon the door. The Banner of The Wolf. The Human across from her was lost, but impotrant. The Wolf glared at her, circled her. The restaurant wavered. Impotrant was the position, assorted to us by time. In some other moment she would slowly kill me in the same innocent way.

Today, I learned many impotrant attitude which we must do in talking to each other ... iportants, mportants, importate, mmportant, ipportant, imprrtant, imporaant, importnnt, importatt, miportant, ipmortant, imoprtant, improtent, impotrant ... not get the job. And this is just one out of million reasons why writing is impotrant and good for you. Having writing techniques ... sometimes it is eaisy to think that the music means something.

Because no one have the strength to read anything I write, and since I don't have anything impotrant or interresting to write, You all just have to put up with meaning. You say, hey, this guy has an impotrant, strained voice. But, the question: "Is it not the case with every ideological production?" is the focal point and is much more impotrant.

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798. **cris cheek**
Re: sonnet list available
 Fri 27 Sep 2002

yes please Molly
and thanks
love and love
cris

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799. **Bob Grotjohn**
Re: sonnet list available
 Fri 27 Sep 2002

Dear Molly:

I would appreciate the list.

Thanks,

Bob Grotjohn

Molly Schwartzburg wrote:

Listers--many thanks to everyone who responded to my sonnet query. I've compiled an alphabetical list of everything mentioned (about 50 poets, and many more titles) and will send it as a Word attachment to anyone who wants it--just backchannel me.

*best,
Molly*

*** **

*Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305*



*** **

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800. **Allen Bramhall**
serious moby moment

Fri 27 Sep 2002

I turned 50 this year and, being now senile, I need to relive the crux of past caught in music, and those damn confounding colours. so, here's the program, as it melts into my brow: can anyone share with me their energy, circa 1968? specifically, did you SEE Moby Grape perform live? can you say anything about Skip Spence? I'm seeing Einstein fucked up on acid, tears in the taste of freedom, and words gushing in light tomorrow couldn't prove. I want Moby info, or SF tinglings, or just something to see. this is a serious request within the Poetics network, of minds and the carrying people to just bug me with some new age. I got an idea waiting to happen. honest thanking moments await you if you reply. yours sincerely, Allen

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801. **Clements**
Re: sonnet list available

Fri 27 Sep 2002

Molly,

Many thanks for the offer of the list. I'm sure many of us would love to see it, and it would probably save you a lot of trouble just to post it. I'm sure no one will mind.

Thanks again!

Brian C

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:]On Behalf Of Molly Schwartzburg

Sent: Friday, September 27, 2002 4:39 PM

To:

Subject: sonnet list available

Listers--many thanks to everyone who responded to my sonnet query. I've compiled an alphabetical list of everything mentioned (about 50 poets, and many more titles) and will send it as a Word attachment to anyone who wants it--just backchannel me.

best,
Molly

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305

*** **

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802. **Charlotte Mandel**
Tribute to June Jordan in WRB

Fri 27 Sep 2002

The current (October) issue of Women's Review of Books features "Remembering June Jordan" in poems and reminiscences by Marilyn Hacker and several others.

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803. **Louis Cabri**
Re: did you mean "very insignificant"

Fri 27 Sep 2002

DO WE FEEL: A WORN GROOVES NOVEL

Do we feel "forgotten" and stowed away in some obscure place where no one would give a thought about us--- do we feel very insignificant, just like the Velveteen Rabbit?

To the east, hills (and the rising sun); to the south, hills; to the north, hills; to the west, hills (and the setting sun). A small Moravian garden. It is very small and very insignificant.

So here I sit 2000 years later at my little computer, in my little room and I feel very insignificant and I feel hardly up to the challenge. It seems like I have every possible obstacle against being a real evangelizer.

My testimony sure isn't fancy, and very insignificant compared to some that I have heard. When I was about 3 or 4, I went to junior church and heard the teacher give a lesson on hell, and why people went there. While this lesson wasn't fancy, and not geared for people who were intellectually advanced, it set an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten. It also forced me, at that time, to make a decision for Christ. I realized that I was a sinner, going to hell, in need of Salvation.

First the very insignificant point. Pronouns for God are not capitalized in Arabic, Hebrew, or Greek, so why such a fuss for English, Jeremiah?

There are very few things which are **not** insignificant; all your ordinary reactions, ordinary thoughts, sensations, actions, movements, - all this is very insignificant.

I know that I am still very insignificant and tiny in the scheme of things, a very ordinary man with extremely limited knowledge!

My very insignificant toes: I'm still not too sure how freaky it is to wake up one morning and realize that... you're disappearing? on purpose.

So insignificant that I said if they ever had an extra looking for a new home they could send it here.

Meanwhile, on an insignificant planet, in an insignificant solar system, in an insignificant and rather decrepit old warehouse, some very insignificant robots are starting an insignificant day in their insignificant lives.

The nature of the exponential growth pattern is characterized by very insignificant growth at the front end and the dramatic growth towards the end of the cycle.

Today I am very doubtful about the future of my life, which seems very very insignificant seeing as though half the world is struggling to survive, I am rich, I have a bed and blankets and clothes and tins of chickpeas and mountain bread.

The executive pay portion of that is a very, very insignificant factor!

"The remarks," GOP pollster Frank Luntz said, "were made on a very small, very insignificant cable channel."

"It affected a very, very insignificant number of people," she told me. Apparently, I was one of those insignificant people. Maybe you were, too. I suppose it's easy to think people are insignificant when all you see is their credit card numbers.

The remuneration paid for, say, commenting on a social issue is very insignificant, and teaching time does not suffer. So, it should be all right that such activities need not be reported. However, some activities may demand a lot of working time. For instance, when an election is taking place, I may be required to spend a few days to do immediate analyses for the broadcast media. Since this will affect the class schedule, prior clearance from the University must be sought.

Take these experiences and match them to even other experiences within this same lifetime. As you engage these memories, they will bring other memories; and by engaging these other memories, even other memories may be engaged; and as these memories are engaged, they will all blend together into a very small portion of your life, a very insignificant, so to speak, expression; for upon a whole, all expressions and experiences would be considered, in your terms, quite insignificant.

Someone from a very humble, very insignificant household, on the strength of a very tenuous, very remote family connection.

Take an Orienteering course. When you're lost in the woods, being unemployed will seem very insignificant.

This will make him talk to himself, and he will realise he has a pants sense of humour, and thereby make him feel very insignificant.

In Reply to: woopety doo posted by erik on November 09, 2001 at 18:50:06:

: very insignificant and stupid but funny

No...not funny...just stupid...like yourself really!

This will make him talk to himself, and he will realise he has a pants sense of humour, and thereby make him feel very insignificant.

[↑ Contents](#)

804. **Louis Cabri**

re more poem challenges

Sat 28 Sep 2002

THE counTer-revolutionary project to resolve tHE crisis
of moderniTy unfolded in tHE cenTuries of tHE enlighTenment, tHE primary
Task of tHis EnlighTenmenT was to dominate

tHE idea of immanence...

by consTructing a transcendental apparatus capable of disciplining a
multitude

of formally free subjects.... It was paramount to avoid tHE mulTitude

's being understood, a la Spinoza, in a direct, immediate relation with
divinity and

nature

as tHE eTHical producEr of life and THE world. On THE conTrary, in every
case

mediation

Had to bE imposed on THE complexiTy of Human rElations....

HEnce THE Triad ... strengtH-dEsire-love ... as opposed

by a Triad of specific mediations. Nature and experience are unrecognizable ex-
cept tHrough *thE filTer of pHEnomena*; human knowledge cannot be
acHiEved

except tHrough *thE reflecTion of tHE inTellect*; and tHE eTHical world is
incommunicable

except tHrough thE *schemaTism of reason*. WHat is at play is a sort of wEak
Transcendence, wHich rElativizes experience and abolisHEs every instance of
tHE immediaTe and absolute in Human lifE and hisTory....

because claiming tHat humans could immEdiaTely establisH thEir freedom
would

be

a subversive delirium.

(From *Empire*, HardT and Negri, pp. 78-79

originally posted by Joe Safdie, "SometHing to think about," Mon, 2 SEp
2002).

THanks, JoE, I gave iT some tHought.

DEdicaTed to Marcel Duchamps's poem beginning tHE.

What would you do if you didn't do it? Write a poem about it -- *as if it isn't* (don't forget: no, you *didn't* do it). Space for poem: none.

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805. **David Baratier**

Re: more poem challenges

Sat 28 Sep 2002

<< What would you do if you won ten dollars? >>

I am the economically extracted principle that occurs when ten dollars is spent after being relocated from Jordan Davis' metropolitan statistical area to some other place in the world. While I currently am

out of the office, because it is Friday, sometime around monday I will need the loot, probably around lunchtime.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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806. **Molly Schwartzburg**

Get yer sonnet list here!

Sat 28 Sep 2002

Well, I got flooded with requests for the sonnet list, so I'm just going to post it here instead--sorry, you won't get the benefit of my snazzy MSWord italics and all, but here it is, with random short annotations from people's e-mails in some cases.

--Molly

Anderson, Beth, Hearsay Sonnets

Andrews, Bruce Sonnets (Memento Mori)

Ashbery, Shadow Train (12-line stanza cycleÑthough Ashbery says was not intended as sonnet sequence per se)

Baratier, David, Estrella's Prophecies I, The Fortune Begins (Runaway Spoon 2002); Estrella's Prophecies II, An American Fortune (Anabasis/Extant, 2002); Estrella's Prophecies III: Estrella Takes Manhattan (Luna Bisonte

Prods, 2002, illus. Lance King); Fall of Because (Pudding House 1999)
Behrle, Jim
Berrigan, Anselm, Zero Star Hotel (Edge Books)
Berrigan, Ted The Sonnets (Burroughs-derived cutup method)
Berryman, John, Dream Sonnets
Belvins, Richard, High Season from PSP selected
Boar, Gerard (Ebbe Borregaard) Sketches for 13 Sonnets (Berkeley: Oyez 1969)
Borkhuis, Charles, Hypnogogic Sonnets (Red Dust Books, 2002)
Bishop, John Peale, ÒA RecollectionÓ (c.1930 sonnet with acrostic ÒFuck yourh alfa ss)
Coolidge, Clark, Òby a I,Ó Space; ÒBond SonnetsÓ from Insect Trust; ÒLovecraft SonnetsÓ on EPC page
Clarke, John In the Analogy (Shuffaloff Press; 6 books of 40 sonnets each, and 4 sonnets from 7th book; a ÒBlake/Olson explorerÓ)
Davidson, Ian, new collection of 14 lines poems from Spectacular Diseases, London
Denby, Edwin Collected Poems (includes sonnet sequence about traveling in Italy)
Gardner, David, ÒPostmodern Mutations of the Sonnet Form: Exploring works by Ted Berrigan, Anselm Hollo, Bernadette Mayer, and Juliana SpahrÓ (MFA thesis, Naropa)
Gould, Henry Island Road (99 quasi-sonnets, in print and at www.unf.edu/mudlark [issue 6])
Guest, Barbara
Hacker, Marilyn, Love, Death and the Changing of the Seasons (a novel in sonnets)
Hocquard, Emmanuel A Test of Solitude
Hollander, John, ÒPowers of ThirteenÓ (13 line, 13 syllables each sequence. See also his actual sonnets) See also his essay ÒThe Poem in the Eye,Ó Vision and Resonance
Hollo, Anselm, Not a Form at all but a State of Mind in Corvus (Coffee House Press 1995); Rue Wilson Monday (U New Mexico, 2000); ÒGuests of SpaceÓ in Conjunctions 35 (Bard, 2000); So the Ants Made it to the Cat Food (Samizdat Editions 2001)
Howe, Susan The Europe of Trusts has a sonnet-sequence-like feel
Hoover, Paul, Nervous Songs (LÕEperview Press) some reprinted in Totem and Shadow (Talisman House 1999)
Keane, Jayne Fenton, Slamming the Sonnet
Knott, Bill (sonnets scattered throughout his books)
Lehto, Leevi, sonnets in finnish:
<http://www.leevilehto.net/default.asp?a=3&b=1>

Magee, MikeÑhip-hoppy
treatments of poems by George Herbert et al, frequently in sonnet form
Mayter, Bernadette, Sonnets
McKinney, Josh, Saunter (U of GA, 2002); includes 35 ÒfracturedÓ sonnets
(curtal or ÒbobtailÓ sonnets as developed by Hopkins)
Mohammed, Kasey Silem ÒThe DopesÓ (chapbook of 20 14 line poems, in
pseudo-elevated register, about things like oiled wooden squirrels,
discarded raisins and Maoists)
Moore, Merril, M (a thousand sonnets, at
http://www.ncteamericancollection.org/litmap/moore_merrill_tn2.htm)
Mullen, Harryette, Sleeping with the Dictionary (selections)
OÕHara, Frank, A City Winter (early sonnet sequence)
Padgett, Ron., ÒNothing in that Drawer,Ó _Great Balls of FireÓ (consists
of the title repeated fourteen times)
Queneau, Raymond, _Mille Million de SonnetsÓ
Ratcliffe, Stephen, IdeaÕs Mirror (not recognizable as sonnets but
inspired by Michael
Raworth, Tim Eternal Sections (Los Angeles: Sun and Moon 1993)
Rollinson, Damian Judge, <http://www.people.virginia.edu/~djr4r/pomes.html>
DraytonÕs cycleÑvisually quite strikingly experimental)
Satanovsky, Igor, re-editings of ShakespeareÕs sonnets 1-6 at
<http://www.daemen.edu/pages/ggatza/Blaze2/poetry.htm>
Seth, Vikram, The Golden Gate (sonnet sequence novel)
Shurin, Aaron, Involuntary Lyrics (last word in each line of each poem is
same as last word in corresponding line of ShakespeareÕs sonnets)
Spahr, Juliana, ÒPower SonnetsÓ (chapbook; one consists of phrases of a
Rolling Stone interview with Korn)
Valentine, Jean, Pilgrims and other early work
Weelwright, John, Mirrors of Venus: A Novel in Sonnets (1914-1938)
Reprinted in Collected Poems
Wright, Laura, Where Hunger is a Place, 14 Sonnets (Last Minute
Productions, Boulder 1997)

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305



*** **

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807. **kari edwards**

c merges

Sat 28 Sep 2002

c merges

it's in the thick folds those durable plaster regions manifolds manu-
factured departments of a gentler realm baskets of pretense someone points
out a single tree grass lands in a box the top is dribbling down the
turret over flows half and out of the edges spurs immaculate language
weaving syntax a host of other conversations wait to be heard a little
further away the weather gets fuzzy the moon shakes off a distance the
violin recoils there's something else something's on hold letters drop
is visible than not each corner has a reliance satcitananda rage as terra
cotta the matter gets its full then shifts s proceed towards valhalla

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808. **Bernard Waldrop**

new from Burning Deck

Sat 28 Sep 2002

Burning Deck is pleased to announce volume 16 of SERIE D'ECRITURE (current French writing in English translations):

ESTHER TELLERMANN

Mental Ground

translated from the French by Keith Waldrop

poem, 80 pp., offset, Smyth-sewn, original paperback

(ISSN 0269-0179) ISBN 1-886224-54-4 \$10

All Esther Tellermann's poetry - from the first line of her first book: "time had the slowness of not-yet-asleep" - is an ongoing hermetic journal of travels, possibly to real places, but certainly to "the mind's other country." It takes the reader on an impossible quest for meaning, for the ideal, for the elusive "central point" where we would be one with the world. The poetry is, in itself, an extraordinary answer to its own question: "how live/ in the ordinary?"

Esther Tellermann was born in Paris in 1947. She is an agrégé of letters and teaches in Paris, where she also works as a psychoanalyst. Flammarion has published her five books of poetry: *Première apparition avec épaisseur* (1986), *Trois plans inhumains* (1989), *Distance de fuite* (1993), *Pangéia* (1996) and *Guerre extrême* (1999) from which "Mental Ground" [Terre mentale] is taken.

Encre plus rouge is forthcoming in 2003. She is currently working on a novella and serving on the editorial board of the psychoanalytical revue La Célibataire.

Keith Waldrop's new book of poems, *The House Seen from Nowhere* is just out from the new Litmus Press (E. Tracy Grinnell, 97 Summit St. #3, Brooklyn, NY 11231; [REDACTED]. 230pp., \$15).

Distributors:

Small Press Distribution, 1341 Seventh St., Berkeley, CA 94710; 1-800/[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Spectacular Diseases, 83b London Rd., Peterborough, Cambs. PE2 9BS, UK

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809. **Patrick Herron**

IMPOTENT/IMPOTANT/IMPORTEN/EMPORANT

Sat 28 Sep 2002

The Worlds Most Outrageous Band

the

IMPOTENT SEA SNAKES

will be starring in

the full length feature DVD concept movie entitled:

" NYMPHODIZIAC "

the band- known for such appearances has been seen on

HBO's Real Sex, The Best Of Real Sex, Sex Bytes and Playboy's Sexcetera series

promise to shock and entertain their fans with this cutting edge performance art piece.

Combining actual live performance and an intriguing storyline...

-that is sure to put you on the edge of your seat.

We follow The Impotent Sea Snakes on a roller-coaster ride as they fight for their right-

and yours- for freedom of speech and expression!

With elements of tongue in cheek comedy, kung-fu, international spies

& a maniacal tele-vangelist trying to stop The Impotent Sea Snakes from casting their spell of

sex + rock and roll.

You will see appearances by Impotent Sea Snakes fans...

! Iggy Pop & a co-starring roll from adult film legend Ron Jeremy !

You will also see starring roles from AVN multi-award winner Mike South + XXX hot vixen Cori Love.

many more faces will be seen, such as:

Vanessa Ives-

Bart Hansard + Jason Sheffield + Bill Murphey

Mistress Zadora Dare + Mystery Danille + Todd Kelly + Pat Briggs

" NYMPHODIZIAC "

is guaranteed to stimulate the hearts, minds & bodies of its viewers.

" NYMPHODIZIAC "

will take its effect on the public with its worldwide debut in

!! JULY 2002 !!

At its worldwide premier in Atlanta.

The Impotent Sea Snakes,

Cori Love, Mike South along with the Jagermeister Girls- will be on hand

(who will be sharing samples of fine elixer with you, their fans).

TWISTED PRODUCTIONS

promises that

" NYMPHODIZIAC "

WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST TALKED ABOUT FILMS OF THE NEW
MILLENNIUM

Once more a question already raised comes back. Mr. Podles's work, let us grant, has much more than theological relevance. We now have a good argument that anthropology and psychology journals should address The Church Impotent. But why The Mises Review? At last, we can fully respond.

A Thai man suffering from impotence has chopped off his penis with a meat cleaver.

Bangkok police say the 49-year-old asked his doctor to arrange an amputation because of his impotence.

The doctor advised Jaruwat Techawachayanun to seek help for the condition at another clinic. He refused.

Witnesses say they saw him rest his penis on a stone and chop it off. He then threw it in a bin.

A witness picked it out, packed it in ice and phoned police. Officers took him to hospital. It is not known if it can be reattached.

Witness Tongdee Kongsombat told the Thai Daily News: "I saw a man pull up outside my house in a pick-up truck.

"The man caught my attention because when he got out of the truck he had a towel wrapped around his waist and a meat cleaver in his hand.

"He walked down a side street, sat down, rested his penis on a large stone and with three chops severed it completely."

The witness retrieved it from the bin and called police who found Mr Techawachayanun sitting in his truck bleeding heavily.

For in Britain the head of state supplies no alibi for the people who matter, the elected politicians. There is no confusion: no double-rivalled mandate, as in cohabitational France; no chance of semi-interference by the semi-impotent but elected presidents of, say, Ireland or Germany; none of the transience of the elected heads of other states, nor of the claim they or their parties might make to a piece of the action. For the Queen has no right to action. The one time she used her prerogative to settle something, after Harold Macmillan's retirement in 1963, she followed the advice of ministers. These days, with parties electing their leaders, even this vestigial power would seem to be extinct.

how do people get impotent places in the titan clan??

Hardy vill stoppa importen

A brothel for impotent men (0)

There is a unique brothel in the Japanese city of Osaka - the brothel for impotent men. The brothel is owned by two brothers - Takeo and Kanebo Isida. They say that their brothel helped a lot of men to get rid of their complexes, some of them even managed to get their man power back.

Being the ex wife of a arsanist, I no how emportant it is to catch people starting fires. Kids need to learn fire is not a toy, it is a harmfull threat not only to people but to animals and even themselves.

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810. **Patrick Herron**

Letters

Sat 28 Sep 2002

A

Two stores on a street; one in
business, the other for lease.

C

A picture in a wallet, in a jail
house, a balloon, light years ago.

G

A shoe travels across the room at 9.8m/s^2
I forgot your hand and now forget my head.

H

Mad book on a shelf, sad book on the floor
open and letting sheets go with the gale.

J

Cup of water and its condensation; each
sweats each other, is the other & lets each be.

J2

Dance for my camera on one dark Strasse;
you leap: your arms and legs mark an X.

K

Her life a movie feeling and you: blank
billboard peeling outside the theater.

M

You raving twin are the blackest raven, the hardest
block. I tore up my name tag in your kindergarten.

N

A pile of cash: you were the stash
and the maiden hiding her moustache.

Patrick Herron



!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!Getting Close Is What!
! We're All About(TM) !
!http://proximate.org/!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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811. **Bill Luoma**

zamphyre

Sat 28 Sep 2002

```
1: ::Init I will use name servers:
1:   128.143.2.7
1:   128.143.22.119
1:   128.143.3.7
4: HttpResponseValidator::VSL response code: 200
4: HttpBodyReaderFactory::Create Response, transfer-encoding: chunked
4: HttpReader::Read returning: 15393 read: 15393 bytes from:
216.239.51.86:80 in: 0.071918 s
4: ::ParseGoogleNewsLinks start s.size() is: 15046
4: ::GoogNParser found chunk: <br><p><a
```

[illegible]

[illegible]

```
.q a:visited,.q a:link,.q a:active,.q {text-decoration: none; color: #00c;}  
.b{font-size: 12pt; color:#00c; font-weight:bold}  
.ch{cursor:pointer;cursor:hand}  
.s, .s:link, .s:visited, .s a:link{color:#000000; text-decoration:none}  
.d,.d a:visited,.d a:link, .d a:hover,.d  
a:active{font-weight:bold;color:#000}  
.d {cursor:pointer;cursor:hand}  
/-->  
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812. **Alan Sondheim** ***1000 character classic cinema***

Sat 28 Sep 2002

1000 character classic cinema

there is always a vacancy ... as if a thousand motion-picture projectors were all going at once ... as if a thousand screens were dissolving simultaneously several thousand already dead, but excuse me - the applause from an audience of thousands - her staring is uncanny, almost as if applause from an audience of thousands, degradation beyond thousands, degradation beyond you, fear sexual freedom more than from an audience of thousands - your understanding of revolution depends on applause from an audience of thousands.

they dead foundations thousand character classic. terms utilized: kindness
womenservants restored thousand reproved prayed healed fast wombs nothing.
thousand. is to world renounce not world world. world.

thousands of millions of hundreds of thousands of eighty-four thousands of tens
of thousands of hundreds of eighty-four thousands of millions of hundreds of
and tens of thousands of eighty-four hundreds of millions.

if there is one thin wire, there are thousands in these matters, thousands of thin
wires: think of them, each labeled and very long.

eight hundred sixty-two thousand. six hundred forty-two thousand. seven thou-
sand. ten-thousandths. twenty-seven thousand. eight thousand. five hundred
forty-four thousand. seven thousand. ten-thousandths.

===

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813. **august highland**
nonprinting character impromptu
Sat 28 Sep 2002

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Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.391 / Virus Database: 222 - Release Date: 9/19/2002

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814. **Jesse Seldess**

antennae - issue 3 now available (please forward)

Sat 28 Sep 2002

ANTENNAE 3

september 2002

poems by

brian strang / mark salerno / lyn hejinian / spencer selby /
sheila murphy / bob harrison / laynie browne /

music or performance scores by

mark booth / jennifer walshe / amnon wolman / gerhard stäbler /

Single copies are \$6, two-issue subscriptions are \$12.

North American subscriptions outside the US, please add \$3.

Other foreign subscriptions, please add \$5.

Payable to Jesse Seldess at 851 N Hoyne Ave. #3R,

Chicago, IL 60622. E-mail: [REDACTED]

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815. **lewis lacook**

LUNCHTIME IN THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE LAB

Sat 28 Sep 2002

Love in the heady hours of daylight savings time
always works out. Then I saw her face; now I'm

a believer! Sunshine in the off-season learns
the pre-meditated delight of playing about

her dappled shoulders. For dry skin, especially
around the elbow regions, birds suddenly appear.

The slit throat of the sun winnows with washing
darkness from the
scrubs of fences. The poet, along with his American
humming-bird

(sheltered in a cage from the ferocity of autumn)

wallows in rain

the size and softness of her belly; something he
always thought

possible but only read about previously in album
reviews in

Rolling Stone. This column of text is reminiscent of
her bed. It

dribbles down the page, much like creamed corn tricks
the corners

of an invalid's mouth into twitching. A tour-de-force
in pure

noise, heroic land music populates an abstract region
somewhere

between statehood and fast food. The comfort of it is
astonishing! The poet, sheltered from the ferocity of
a cage of
gilded time-and-a-half, flutters her wings so quickly
they're
invisible to the unaided eye.

The glasses surgically embed beams of science
fiction in her eyes, still scanning the sky
for import into photoshop. After the catharsis
of their last collaboration, the poet and his
exponential bird blast off this time for
saving daylight in a jar, which, frozen, can
seem both imposing and ridiculous in this light.
A bottle of hours is opened in their silver
space-ship. But robots never need lotion.

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

Do you Yahoo!?
New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!
<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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816. **Nick Piombino**

A Thought

Sat 28 Sep 2002

The tug of conscience comes down to this: instead of having less than you need,
you have more to give than you thought.

Nick Piombino

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817. **charles alexander**

word bodies

Sat 28 Sep 2002

Word Bodies: poetry on and beyond the page

Sewn Texts by Kathy Kuehn

Handmade books, trade books, video, audio, & more by Charles Alexander

October 9 – November 3, 2002

Opening Reception

Wednesday, October 9, 4:30 - 6:00 pm

Artists' talk, 5pm

Poetry Reading by Charles Alexander, 6:30 pm

Peppers Art Gallery

University of Redlands

1200 East Colton Avenue

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Redlands, CA 92373-0999

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Please call [REDACTED] for driving directions.

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818. **J. Scappettone**

***Holloway Poetry Series-Nathaniel Mackey and Trane Devore, 10/3-
please announce, distribute***

Sat 28 Sep 2002

The Holloway Poetry Series presents

Nathaniel Mackey

and Trane Devore

Thursday, October 3

Readings begin at 6 pm

Maud Fife Room, 315 Wheeler Hall, UC Berkeley

Free and open to the public

Nathaniel Mackey is one of the country's most prominent as well as prolific practitioners and scholars of African-American experimental writing. His most recent titles include *Whatsaid Serif* (City Lights), *School of Udhra* (City Lights), *Four for Glenn* (Chax Press), *Discrepant Engagement* (a collection of essays from the Univ. of Alabama Press), and *Atet A.D.* (City Lights), the third volume in an ongoing sequence of epistolary novels whose general title is *From a Broken Bottle Traces of Perfume Still Emanate* and whose first two volumes are *Bedouin Hornbook* and *Djbot Baghostus's Run*. He is the editor of *American Poetry: The Twentieth Century* (2000, with Carolyn Kizer, John Hollander, Robert Hass, and Marjorie Perloff) and *Moment's Notice: Jazz in Poetry and Prose* (1993, with Art Lange). He also edits the magazine *Hambone*. Strick: Song of

the Andoumboulou 16-25, a compact disc recording of poems read with musical accompaniment, was released in 1995. Nathaniel Mackey is a Professor at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

Trane DeVore's work has appeared in numerous publications, including Prosodia, the late Exquisite Corpse, Crowd, Mirage, Salt Hill, and First Intensity, as well as online at The Electronic Poetry Review and www.canwehaveourballback.com. His first volume of poetry, *series/mnemonic*, was published by Avec Books in 1999. He is currently at UC Berkeley doing graduate work in English and working on three concurrent projects: *Big-Headed Kitty*, a children's book which he is writing in collaboration with illustrator Jusin Cooper; *Dust Habit*, an almost completed manuscript of new poems; and a series of works he is just beginning that will find their inspiration in Japanese animation.

Please note: there is no afternoon colloquium for this event.

For more information about the Holloway Series, please contact [REDACTED].

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819. **Maria Damon**

sign online

Sat 28 Sep 2002

there's now a link to sign on line:

<http://www.listenforpeace.org/index.html>

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820. **Harry Nudel**

Wno told 4000 Israeli workers at the Twin Towers/ To stay home that day..

Sat 28 Sep 2002

neo-hodo blax-fascismo strikes again...SUNY full tenured prof.....state poet of N.J....establishment evil & hatred...& from the self-hating Jewish Poet..Gerald Stern.."I thought it was important for the black community to get recognition"...thus pushed for Baraka...neo-hodo-blax-fascismo.. all heil Amiri...DRn...

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821. **Betsy Andrews**
looking for fiction group
Sat 28 Sep 2002

Does anyone know of a fiction writers' or novelists' group looking for new members in NYC? I'm seeking one out. backchannel [REDACTED]. thanks.

Do you Yahoo!?

New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!

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822. **august highland**
sleepless night impromptu
Sat 28 Sep 2002

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Version: 6.0.391 / Virus Database: 222 - Release Date: 9/19/2002

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823. **raea100900**

Fwd: Electronic Poetry Review #4

Sat 28 Sep 2002

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Electronic Poetry Review #4

The editors of Electronic Poetry Review are pleased to announce the publication of the October 2002 issue, which is now on our site at <http://www.poetry.org> .

We are grateful to the writers and artists who have contributed to the making of EPR 1-4, and we hope you like the new issue (we've added a new search option, as well as a "previous issues" link, both of which should make it easier to find work in back issues).

If you have questions or comments about the journal, or if you would like to be added to or removed from our mailing list, please write to us at [REDACTED] .

Sincerely,

Katherine Swiggart and D.A. Powell, Editors

Mary L. Wang, Book Review Editor

Emily Johnston, Technical Editor

Electronic Poetry Review #4

Essay by Ron Silliman / The Desert Modernism

Interview with Bob Perelman / by Nagy Rashwan and Nicholas Zurbrugg

Poems by Volker Braun / translated by Cecilia and Matthew Rohrer

New poetry by: Matthew Cooperman, Mark Doty, Clayton Eshleman, Rigoberto González, Saskia Hamilton, Matthea Harvey, Christine Hume, Rachel Loden, Sheila Murphy, Bob Perelman, Elizabeth Robinson, Tim Seibles, Cole Swensen, Tom Thompson, Susan Wheeler (with art by April Gornik), Sam White, and Rachel Zucker (a collaborative work with Lynn Heitler).

Book Reviews: (New book by · Reviewed by) Rae Armantrout · Fred Muratori // Joel Chace · David Berg-Seiter // Norma Cole · Patrick F. Durgin // Duo Duo · Kazim Ali // Heather Fuller · Ken Rumble // Katy Lederer · Paul Stephens // Sarah Manguso · Charlotte Mandel // Wallace Mark and Steven Marks · Ken Rumble // Cate Marvin · Aaron Belz // Kevin Prufer · Rob Dennis // Mary Ann Samyn · Lynn Domina // Juliana Spahr · Chris McCreary // Liz Waldner · Chris Pusateri

--=====F05983=====Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii; x-avgfirt; x-avg-checked=avg-ok-3C3E1148

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Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.384 / Virus Database: 216 - Release Date: 8/21/2002

--=====F05983=====

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824. **Gary Sullivan**

Thirteen Ways of Looking at *like so important*

Sat 28 Sep 2002

Thirteen Ways of Looking at *like so important*

1. Living With The Land ... dinosaurs were like. So important are these discoveries that an Australian dinosaur recently made it onto the cover of Time magazine. ... 203.49.108.37/manhood.nsf/8178b1c14b1e9b6b8525624f0062fe9f/a5f038e64c4bed184a256a74003ecb18!OpenDocument - 20k - Cached - Similar pages

2. Newman Reader - Mozley's Letters & Correspondence of Newman 2-9 ... I am quite sick at the thoughts of having the 'British Critic,' but there was no one else, and I did not like so important a work to get into hands I could not ... www.newmanreader.org/biography/mozley/volume2/file9.html - 75k - Cached - Similar pages

3.

And They Called It Monkey Love

... receiver. "Brenda is going down, man. Dylan's dad is, like, so important to him. Major miscalculation.". Erik shook his head, and sighed. ...

www.rightthisway.net/world/monkeylove.html - 26k - Cached - Similar pages

4.

Sparks

The album "Interior Design" was not success, but I like "So Important" and "Love Oh Lamour". The video was weird and good. ...

www.bb.wakwak.com/~buggle/sparks.html - 15k - Cached - Similar pages

5. Healing the Pain by Gerald G. Jampolsky, MD, and Diane V. ... We each have the unique responsibility to honor all of our feelings, fears, anger, frustrations, and the like, so important to the healing process. ...

www.seeingis.com/cgi-bin/newsmanager/readarticle.cgi?article=9 - 7k - 27 Sep 2002 - Cached - Similar pages

6. [PDF] IMAGE PROCESSING FOR URBAN SCALE ENVIRONMENTAL MODELLING ABSTRACT ... File Format: PDF/Adobe Acrobat - View as HTML ... The prediction of daylight in the open air is nothing like so important as the same calculation carried out for interior space. ...

www.hvac.okstate.edu/pdfs/bs97/papers/P095.PDF - Similar pages

7.

Fantasy Finder - K. Dalkey: Goa

... the picture come alive, moving beyond a mere repetition of historical facts to the feeling that "this is what it really must have been like" so important for a ...

www.hoh.se/fantasyfinder/dalkey1.html - 5k - Cached - Similar pages

8.

Chapter Six

... on the door. The tension in the room was thick. Embarrassments for letting a kiss seem like so important. Was it though? It wouldn't ...

www.freewebs.com/bewareofbite/torafic/dis_from_here/ch6.html - 8k - Cached

9. Not to worry. I am going to go through a few scenarios that might ... partition. Run Bootpart like so (important, you will need a DOS boot disk as the first command HAS to be run from DOS): bootpart ...

www.xperts.co.za/reuel/multiboot/page9.html - 18k - Cached - Similar pages

10. users file from 1.5.4.3 to 1.6.6 ... Like so: (important stuff left in place, sensitive stuff modified) Starting - reading configuration files ... Ready to process requests. ... lists.cistron.nl/pipermail/cistron-radius/2002-August/004238.html - 6k - Cached - Similar pages

11.

Re: On Bugs

... I _do_ think that there should be a separate flag for policy, so we could file reports, ie, like so: important / policy for a) a policy violation that warrants ...

lists.debian.org/debian-devel/2000/debian-devel-200009/msg02238.html - 6k - Cached - Similar pages

12.

A Pleasant Change from Politics

... As this period was one of great upheaval and change in both the worlds of labour politics and popular music alike, so important changes in labour music and ...

www.newclarionpress.co.uk/music.html - 10k - Cached - Similar pages

13.

Adopt A Tree by Rajender Krishan

... The intricate interdependence of ecosystems makes both sod and woodlands alike so important for the conservation of flora and fauna by thwarting the danger of ...

www.indianest.com/environment/003.htm - 19k - Cached - Similar pages

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

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825. **Catherine Daly**

Re: Thirteen Ways of Looking at *like so important*

Sat 28 Sep 2002

"you know you know" no rondeau

You know it's not what you know, but who you know

Did you know? - Arizona Republic - 15 hours ago

Pretend you know all about The killer is

Do you know where your chicken is?

you know you know

You Know You're ____ When You ____

Wouldn't you like to know?

Didn't you know?

you know you know

"YOU, YOU KNOW, YOU KNOW MY NAME."

Just so you know you know

Whatever you know you know you don't.

"I got this feelin' that you know, you know it"

"You know honey you know"

you know you know

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826. **Jordan Davis**

dreaming what I didn't do

Sat 28 Sep 2002

Two challenges -

I dreamed

I was able to

recognize what

emotions other

people were

projecting out

at me, on me --

where previously

I thought I

was experiencing

someone's snobbery I

was suddenly aware

of their anxiety, et

cetera -- then I

woke up.

[If I didn't do it

I would fail

not to take modernism

and its postmodern

critique seriously

enough in the

right way.]

Do I win ten dollars yet?

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827. **kari edwards**

c again

Sun 29 Sep 2002

c merges

... in the thick folds

a gentler realm is manufactured

baskets of

someone points out a simple tree grass lands in a box

tops dribble down

half and

immaculate language spills out weaving syntax
the host conversation waits

a little further away the weather gets fuzzy
the moon shakes off a distance the violin recoils
there's something else somethings on hold
letters drop is visible then not
each corner is resilient matter gets its fill
then shifts
a moment of jewels (which all happened before)
 it didn't matter there were warnings
wilted flowers burnt shadows
answers freeze would they
a pizzicato backlot blue then blue then

the distance comes back still and perpetually disturbed
pigeons dance is rope
one or more states of ecstasy as always
 -1 legato after weeping a light pause
 and and s proceeds
toward valhalla . . . =

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828. **Alan Sondheim**

why codework

Sun 29 Sep 2002

why codework

wary of any art movement tending towards genre, not that the two are simultaneous or even related. there are limits to codework; on one hand the code itself, on the other the process the code sends - what - through - text/image/subject/object/monad/desire - think of it as retinal filtering - that is the isolation, production, and naming of objects within the continuum of the world - it's both structure and generative process - the latter tending towards ontology.

what is, is the domain of production - the input, to the extent that it is text/image etc. - i.e. not generated within the program itself - is parasitic, the third term within the communication process - on one hand traditional 'content' - on the other - 'noise' within the system that modifies and is modified by the output.

i tend to think of this in terms of two large-scale operations - that of consciousness and its relation to inputting and outputting - fuzzy and rough domains at best - not a behavior analysis - but one stressing the interpretation and phenomenology of consciousness within the filter - seeing this as the way the world

is, that is to say the relationship of consciousness to the world is vis-a-vis formal and informal systems in which filtering/language produces discrete elements in relation to consciousness on one hand and the world on the other -

and then again - the second large-scale operation - that of the universe - plasma, virtual particles - the disruptions and collusion/collocation of structures - momentary buildups, impediments - codework at the limits in other words connecting, a connector among others, between self and cosmos - without descent into the mu of zazen for example - or ma, space/interval - looking at correlated particles for example in relation to, but not always, the space between them -

so that there is a production of meaning, the gleaning from across all of this - structure, process, the parasitic - it's the production that is also an inhabitation and interpretation by consciousness - it's the situation of being-human in the world - it's worlding itself -

at least this is how it seems to me, the movement-genre is irrelevant - what's important is the exploration of consciousness and the relationship among articulated entities in the world - there's something of cognitive psychology to this (but messier) and something of art as well (but more exact, almost uncomfortable, diacritical) -

not a movement or genre but the loose domain or pooling of the confluence of structure and content (in the traditional sense), subject and object (in the traditional sense), i and not-i (in the traditional sense) - dichotomy itself - or the very nature of distinction - the sheffer stroke or its dual for example as the basis - neither a nor b - not both a and b - already tending towards the quantum mechanics of superimposition and the phenomenology of the gesture -

===

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829. **Stephen Vincent**
Prewar Smarts/ Mark Twain

Sun 29 Sep 2002

Victory of the Loud Little Handful

by Mark Twain

The loud little handful--as usual--will shout for the war. The pulpit will--warily and cautiously--object... at first. The great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say, earnestly and indignantly, "It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it."

Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded, but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the antiwar audiences will thin out and lose popularity.

Before long, you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men...Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just,

and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception.

--Mark Twain, "The Mysterious Stranger" (1910)

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830. **richard.tylr**

Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos? Mystical Sex

Sun 29 Sep 2002

Some replies to your replies.

<"Poet" could of course be "person": but arent a lot of the Language Poets simply cowering rather than writing from a position of strength: and retreating into verbiage and obscuratism as the darkness descends? Maybe I am too...>

I Reply:

Lang Poets (of which there are either very many or very few) sure do take some hits on this list.

I am not attacking alngaue poets as such altho I was fishing a bit. I wanted some "spirited" responses from the Langpos....but maybe ths angle of attack was worked out a year or so a go....but ceratin consepts remain valid in regard: I would avoid labelling the List or people on it as "stalinist" though as thhe attacks need to be directed towards issues.....

But, to take your final elliptical phrase in tow, I will

> assert that most poets of any stripe do not write from a position of strength.

> (Even if I'm still not very clear what is meant by "position of strength".) As

> well, if you're speaking of a clear political message in the text itself,

No, not always: I don't want to see social realism: in fact eh kid of writing that Siliman, Nick Piombino and others of the Langpos is I consider in a way quite political as...

> I would

> say that (and here comes that very old saw) the language is encoded with

> the deadening politics of the status quo, and any poetry that seeks to

> overthrow the expectations and givens of the language using populace is

> indeed, quite political. A fundamental politics of revealing the abuses of the

> language to itself. (Bah, one might say, I've heard this before...)

>

Yes but its good to be aware of: at one extreme the danger of too much Orwellian mis-speak and at the other the conundrum of too much stagey rhetoric. I'm thinking of the overall "mission" or function of the poet...if there is one.....

> But as the gestures of Lang Po, Po Mo, Mo Rocca, and Rock 'n' Roll seep

> into the idiolect of the general writing community, we have both a richer

> mainstream art and a functional impasse for the avant garde (which doesn't

> mean they should write differently, or take a different stand . . . maybe

it

> even calls for more fidelity to what it is that LangPos do that irritates

so

> many). Not really a reason to pick at the Language Poets though. Why not

> have at the poetry of Robert Pinsky instead

I was directing some guns toward them because often one finds that non-langpos or the more "mainstream" or however you define are more responsibly political: this warns against the danger of the french theory adling peoples' brains; that said...i'm well aware of the "danger" of too much "transparency"....it too can lead you into Farbenland...

. . . if one wants to talk about the

> failure of strength one should look at the culturally strong poets and hold

> their feet to Plato's standard candle.

>

> At least that's what I think this morning. And maybe I shouldn't have

singled

> Pinsky out. Any one of a number of poets would have worked, I'm thinking.

>

> Coffee For All!

I know that Marjorie Perloff couldn't write about Pinsky as she felt his poetry was basically "bad" but I recall reading a poem of his I liked very much

I think what I was doing was I was speaking as if I was a right wing opponent of all things "postmodern" and thus as the devil's advocate hoping to galvanise Ron et al as their poetics is always political and I think that politics cannot be boxed into a box; however that the language we use barriers us into spinning around "truth" I would agree: but something in Patrick's quote got me going and I suppose also the current "emergency" ...although, in a sense, there always is, or isn't, an emergency....there's some how a need to connect up eg Silliman's practice of using the marxist/hegelian dialectic as a method and the notion the meaning (or in fact the whole deal) "should" operate on the sentence (or even at the single word level with the need for another connecting step into the "real world" whatever that is.....

I had some further ideas on all this after a friendly back-exchange with Nick and am now reading his book (Theoretical Discourse) and want to show the political social psychological phenomenological and everything experience and significance of much of that but need to read it through a few times. So far there are some extraordinary things going on in there for me.....

I don't think that politics can be separated out: hard to think of an actual non-political thing.....is any statement or event...maybe eg certain experiential, physical psychical such as the physical mystical experience of sex...the arena of the libidinal...ultimately we are all under the eye...

will get back.... Richard Taylor

> -JG

>

> -----

>

>

> JGallaher

>

> The mind is in the habit of proposing solutions. This is why art is so necessary.

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831. **lewis lacook**

JOB OPPORTUNITIES AT THE SMITHSONIAN

Sun 29 Sep 2002

When X walked into the office that day, it knew
something was up.
Y stood on the threshold, kneading its hands, wringing
a sheaf of
palindromic reports on neologistic coinages. "Moom," Y
said in
greeting, though X had never heard it speak that way
before. Are
you okay? X asked it. "Bab," Y replied. "Sis mam did
lol."

If the sky peels back to show what
furs drench the sepulchre tonight
while clouds are nude pink flesh and
bubbles gurgle aggregate babble,
then the sky pinches over a quarter 'til,
hiding in healing the Lima we knew
as children. Or else, Macchu Piccu, while
babble aggravates a gravity cooled and
vacated of concatenation, the newly
pinched flash of clouds flowing over
our childhoods' children molded from

Brad and Brittany's engagement party was at a quarter
to nine. To
get there on time, Y knew it had to take the commuter
train fully
down the basin to job opportunities at the
Smithsonian, get off
at the innocence of insteps flexing cheddar gravel in
chili
mentation, amble back past a carton of macaroons just
subjectively basking in the sepulchre's grim iced
patina, and
then weave cautiously through pop bub gag tit. It
would take at
least half an hour, traffic notwithstanding. To
prepare for the
morning frenzy, Y had sent a clandestine e-mail to X

outlining

its fervent belief in the ominous impotence of Brad
and
Brittany's engagement party. "Radar gog pap toot!" It
read in
part. "Dad ada kook tots, moom lol gig foof!" That
aside,

Macchu Piccu keeps flow from walling in
the children who mistake their eyes for
a span of time spitting out tizzie boots
to further walking pneumonia down to the
river's urge. On the savannah, teal tufts
of cloud ovulate frenetically, keeping time
with an uneven line breakage that renders

all points hopeless, even in this feline
electrical storm. Our childhood, fully
clothed, seems a twisted and a muffled
thing to me now. Nobody said this would be

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

Do you Yahoo!?
New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!
<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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832. **Lawrence Upton**
Bob Cobbing (1920 - 2002)

Sun 29 Sep 2002

I am sorry to tell you that Bob Cobbing died peacefully and painlessly at 3 a.m.
this morning

Jennifer and some of his children were with him.

Jennifer just gave me the news, and it was she who said that it was so calm for
him

She agrees that everyone must know; but I think she wants time to herself. She
spoke of it being *some *days before she makes the next necessary steps.

She is very tired as you can imagine; and, if I may take it on myself to ask, I think it would be better if she weren't phoned now. Her son is with her.

Write, do write; I'm sure she'd like that

As I know more, I will let you know.

Writers Forum continues. The workshop continues. And arrangements have been made for the care of Bob's work. More on all that in due course. But for now a necessary pause...

all best to all

L

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833. **richard.tylr**

Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Sun 29 Sep 2002

I dont think Amiri Baraka should resign. There's a stupid attitude fostered that people cant talk about S11 because some poeple got killed. Well for that reason you may as well censor every poem writtem eg Wallace Stevens's poem "In a Nigger Cemetary.." and so on. In fact it is quite possible that the Isaelli secret service cooperated with the US CIA etc in the plot of S11 and in fact it could have included even some so-called Al Qaeda. It could very easily be an iside job and we know that the US Govt gives Israel US\$billions in actual cash and military hardware each year (otherwise it wouldnt survive). I doubt that Baraka is anti-semitic per se: maybe he is, but the way that Israel is trying to exterminate the Palestinians this is not surprising: Black people who are politically intelligent would empathise with the plight of the Palestinians. And the reaction to Baraka's poem shows the hypocrisy of the stuffed shirt "upholders of he public good". And Sharon is in fact basically a war criminal having been responsible for at least one massacre and in my book so is Bush and so is Blair: Blair was satirised recently...he uses a wierd, disconnected language. The British press journalists (on a BBC programme I saw) in fact have said that they can never get him to say anything that is meaningful. He and Bush are like Punch and Judy but they're on the same side. The rhetoric of a cowboy from the East and then the non-speak or triple speak of Blair the wonder boy from...god knows where.

I think that its quite possible the Isarelis together with US helped carry out the S11 to lubricate their campaign against the Palestinians.

I would like to see Israel destroyed. It is a group of invaders and criminals who are not from that area: they are aggressive and vicious...they dont belong there.

They are aliens. They are Europeans mostly who arent from that place. Or they are but only in as much as everyone is originally from Africa.

A compromise seems impossible: for their own survival the Arabs should get together and obliterate the Israelis. Its quite clearly the only way. It would be good if Hussein had nukes - really - the Israelis would not be so keen to brutalise. Like the Nazis they dont know where or when to stop so like them they need to be driven out ... Baraka is right to speak out on these matters as Mohammed Ali did in the Vietnam war days.

But that doesnt mean that he has a "duty" to. And in fact I realise now that Merwin's rhetoric applies to "person" not just poet as some very great poets have been a-political, probably a-moral (or their morality is "screwed") ... I dont think there is any moral imperative. So one does takes a position: and Baraka's is one. People who want him to resign are like those people who didnt like the teaching of Darwin: or who suppress eg von Daniken or whoever... or should we suppress Mein Kempf: if someone wants to read Mein Kempf well that's their business - on the reverse side of the coin I think that Salman Rushdie should be allowed to write his Satanic verses and so on.

I'm not very intersted in Baraka's poetry, but I'm glad he's taking a strong stand. Richard Taylor.

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834. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Sun 29 Sep 2002

In a message dated 9/29/02 8:39:15 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

I would like to see Israel destroyed. It is a group of invaders and criminals who are not from that area: they are aggressive and vicious...they dont belong there. They are aliens. They are Europeans mostly who arent from that place. Or they are but only in as much as everyone is originally from Africa.

Richard,

Assuming you are not Maori (or a related tribe), shouldn't you also get out of where you live? Shouldn't New Zealand be destroyed?

Murat

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835. **austinwja**

Perelman's interview

Sun 29 Sep 2002

This one almost got by me. Thanks to my partner with the antennae, Mike Magazinnik, for directing me. Bob Perelman's interview in Electronic Poetry Review #4 is a must read. Note his remarks on language poetry/writing, self and narrative. This is a wise man. Best, Bill

<http://www.poetry.org/issues/issue4/text/prose/perelman1.htm>

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNoble.com

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836. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Sun 29 Sep 2002

Richard, I usually agree and respect you, but in fact Baraka has a long history of anti-semitism, for which he apologized several decades ago.

This post is beneath you. I'm furious that such rumors, which are on the level of holocaust denial, persist.

Alan

On Mon, 30 Sep 2002, richard.tylr wrote:

I dont think Amiri Baraka should resign. There's a stupid attitude fostered that people cant talk about S11 because some poeple got killed. Well for that reason you may as well censor every poem writtem eg Wallace Stevens's poem "In a Nigger Cemetary.." and so on. In fact it is quite possible that the Isaelli secret service cooperated with the US CIA etc in the plot of S11 and in fact it could have included even some so-called Al Qaeda. It could very easily be an iside job and we know that the US Govt gives Israel US\$billions in actual cash and military hardware each year (otherwise it wouldnt survive). I doubt that Baraka is anti-semitic per se: maybe he is, but the way that Israel is trying to exterminate the Palestinians this is not surprising: Black people who are politically intelligent would empathise with the plight of the Palestinians. And the reaction to Baraka's poem shows the hypocrisy of the stuffed shirt "upholders of he public good". And Sharon is in fact basically a war criminal having been responsible for at least one massacre and in my book so is Bush and so is Blair: Blair was satirised recently...he uses a wierd, disconnected language. The British press journalists (on a BBC programme I saw) in fact have said that they can never get him to say anything that is meaningful. He and Bush are like Punch and Judy but they're on the same side. The rhetoric of a cowboy from the

East and then the non-speak or triple speak of Blair the wonder boy from...god knows where.

I think that its quite possible the Isarelis together with US helped carry out the S11 to lubricate their campaign against the Palestinians.

I would like to see Israel destroyed. It is a group of invadors and criminals who are not from that area: they are aggressive and vicious...they dont belong there. They are aliens. They are Europeans mostly who arent from that place. Or they are but only in as much as everyone is originally from Africa.

A compromise seems impossible: for their own survival the Arabs should get together and obliterate the Israelis. Its quite clearly the only way. It would be good if Hussein had nukes - really - the Israelis would not be so keen to brutalise. Like the Nazis they dont know where or when to stop so like them they need to be driven out ... Baraka is right to speak out on these matters as Mohammed Ali did in the Vietnam war days.

But that doesnt mean that he has a "duty" to. And in fact I realise now that Merwin's rhetoric applies to "person" not just poet as some very great poets have been a-political, probably a-moral (or their morality is "screwed") ... I dont think there is any moral imperative. So one does takes a position: and Baraka's is one. People who want him to resign are like those people who didnt like the teaching of Darwin: or who suppress eg von Daniken or whoever... or should we supress Mein Kempf: if someone wants to read Mein Kempf well that's their business - on the reverse side of the coin I think that Salaman Rushdie should be allowed to write his Satanic verses and so on.

*I'm not very intersted in Baraka's poetry, but I'm glad he's taking a strong stand.
Richard Taylor.*

Work at http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Older 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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837. **Camille Martin**

some new poems . . .

Sun 29 Sep 2002

by Camille Martin are in the current issues of these online magazines:

Moria <<http://www.moriapoetry.com/martin88.html>>

Can we have our ball back? <<http://canwehaveourballback.com/12martin.htm>>

Perspektive <<http://www.perspektive.at>> (also in German translation)

and these print magazines:

Holy Tomato

Brown Box

peace & poetry,

Camille

Camille Martin

7725 Cohn St.

New Orleans, LA 70118



<http://www.litcity.net>

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838. **Harrison Jeff**
The Virginia Hill Story

Sun 29 Sep 2002

Virginia with her heel which faulty attentions would burst
 with her ship's surgeon brought ashore for the ride
 with her hand sounding this roster
 Virginia who heard the shot during her crawl uphill
Virginia with her inadmissible blot sold into darkness
 whose long-legged volunteering petrified them all
Virginia with her toenails waylaid by ruffians, Virginia who
 agrees with me that not everyone understands insouciance
Virginia with her covenant concluding her speech
 with her foil tip bustling up the haze of spite
 with her window erased five miles south
 with her horse insisting the crowd be waved away
Virginia high and dry like the tail of an unworldly person
 with her faint pandemonium quarried back around
 whose symptoms caught their breath once in the evasion's shade
Virginia with her non sequiturs crouched and rotted
 with her rigidly unremarkable canine teeth
 Virginia with Byrd at the South Pole
Virginia who might have envied the sob still ahead
 with her summit sounding like a Spanish doctor
Virginia limping through the pages to indicate sleepless purpose
 with her shovel pressed for answers twice daily
Virginia whose verse is too late for the fetus
 with her clay on all fours beneath her skirt
 with her blue sky movements feverishly across the lake

with her withered scabbard scissoring briefly to life
Virginia whose nerves are still staring out to sea
Virginia with her recognition tucked into my waistband
with her uncommon constitution prepared for another midst
with her perverse need for antiquated conveniences
with her insinuation that lucidity is better at a distance
Virginia with her still-burning ordeal of abolitionist reserve
with her hospitable inclusion of coordinate predicates
Virginia whose last twilight went in for a ten-year stretch

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

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839. **Harrison Jeff**
Colonel Fantock Upbraids Virginia
Sun 29 Sep 2002

P o r t r a i t d e C E Z A N N E

P		R
o		I
r		O
t		N
r	if u	E
a	can	R
i	read	
t	this,	
d	then	e
e	the	d
	mon-	
R	key	
E	fell	t
M	off	i
B		a
R		r
A		t
N		r
D		o
T		P

N A T U R E S M O R T E S

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

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840. **Laura Mullen**

Apogee Press Poetry Reading (San Francisco)

Sun 29 Sep 2002

READING INFO :

Apogee Press Poetry Reading

Laura Mullen and Carol Snow

Friday October 4, 7:00 pm

Dolby-Chadwick Gallery

266 Sutter Street, San Francisco

(Gallery is on 4th floor, cross street

is Montgomery, 2 blocks from BART)

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841. **Clements**

Sentence: A Journal of Prose Poetics

Sun 29 Sep 2002

The premier issue of *Sentence: A Journal of Prose Poetics* is scheduled to appear in Fall, 2003. We are proud to announce that our board of Contributing Editors includes Maxine Chernoff, Russell Edson, Michel Delville, and Peter Johnson.

The objectives of *Sentence* are:

1. To continue the tradition established by Peter Johnson's *The Prose Poem: an International Journal* (dormant) of publishing excellent prose poems 2. To publish reviews and essays (personal, critical, experimental, etc.) on the prose poem, prose poets, and the poetics of the prose poem 3. To continue the discussion about the distinction between the prose poem and "poet's prose" (why is this distinction useful? are there other distinctions to be made?) 4. To explore the gray areas around the prose poem, especially in work that exists on the boundary between the prose poem and free verse on one hand and between the prose poem and the essay on the other 5. To publish work that extends conceptions of what the "prose poem" is or can be

We will be reading for the first issue through May 1, 2003. Please send submissions to *Sentence*, c/o Firewheel Editions, PO Box 793677, Dallas, TX 75379. Please direct queries to [REDACTED].

Electronic submissions are acceptable at the addresses above by email, on diskette, or on CD in .pdf format or in a text-only file. Please do not copy submissions into the body of an email message. Submissions in other file formats will not be read. Diskettes must be in PC format until further notice.

We recognize that subscribers to the POETICS list are doing important and exciting work in these areas, and we look forward to sharing our pages and our interests with you. Again, please direct any questions to [REDACTED].

Sincerely,
Brian Clements, Editor

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842. **lewis lacook**
Bob Cobbing (1920 - 2002)
Sun 29 Sep 2002

===this is indeed a sad event===
cobbing was a dynamo in his own work as well as in
promoting great poetry===he will be sorely missed===
bliss

Lewis LaCook

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

Do you Yahoo!?
New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!
<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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843. **Bill Berkson**
Berkson/Whitehead reading
Sun 29 Sep 2002

Bill Berkson
Gregory Whitehead
Poetry Reading
4:00 P.M.
Saturday, October 19, 2002
Seque Series

Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery (just above Houston)
New York
Admission \$4.00

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844. **Lanny Quarles**
We Make Defective Kaleidoscopes
Sun 29 Sep 2002

We Make Defective Kaleidoscopes
(Skaanda of the Molar Aggregates) (WIP-model)

conception (sa~nj~naa); manifestations of desiring machines (symbols,
fetishes, structures of thought, narratives) code

deadpan beauty of desiring-machine-reef,
gentle toil clothed in fascinations (photo dept.)
host controllers balk, EI to be reset
production backs up and is rerouted
person-L not allowed to make decisions
not allowed to be put in the position to make mistakes
keep it cattle simple and move the mass
multiple devices, multiple layers
multiple chemicals, multiple exposure sources
redundant alignment systems
everything turned to a spectacle of numbers
equations determined in one set of hours
resonate through another predetermined set
and so on ad nauseum

sensation (vedanaa); domains of presence or zones of intensity (voluptas). sur-
faces are decoded

but aside from all this panopticality
there are roundnesses, skewed traces of elemental flotsam
simplicities whose intensity mocks the baroque fundament of indexes
sounds which seemed milked from the void by velocity's muse
2867 RPM on a PEK vacuum chuck
rotary gridblur, animated penumbra of theatrical solvents
terse mechanicisms viewed through aesthetic criteria
to become an electric terpsichora of microphysica
motor return to anima in meanings beyond function or speech
their voices recognizable, sensors tricked
3character codes leap like toads in a gridded swamp

a humidity controlled, positively pressurized retort of logic
whose homunculi enact a robust skin, over the constant symbol
volition (sam.skaara); molecular energy that places molecules-partial objects
(libido) in connection, execution

DIK, COK, GOD, FAG, XUT, TIT, UGH, NUT, LAB, FUT, HAK, MUO
GUI, MUD, ZAP, TUD, MIK, LOI, POL, REW, QUA, LIP, UIN, TSA
HAT, OIL, NUI, GYT, HER, PCV, FES, IDS, VOO, REH, DZO, RUN
KEN, YUM, LOK, ERR, DED, LEP, NUB, CUT, TRU, RER, GCH, NEU
DIM, SLY, PIG, EYE, GAK, POR, KIL, JIM, EAR, AWE, ENN, OOP
CUM, BAT, OFF, LOP, FUL, EEL, LEG, KEG, HOL, RIN, SEX
these are pod codes, each with an attendant bar code
which like an emblem of penal servitude, hides the
architectural elegance of the machinic and modular womb
of production. then they are cracked open to be processed..

the material organism (ruupa); giant molecule of the body without organs (nu-
men), the transmolar interface of surface

vernacular ease lurches from behind hulking implements
youths grab and posture in mythic deportments, horse-like
in their horseplay, like gortex clad sileni wearing safety glasses
girls giggle at their SEM stations, staring into nanometric worlds
of flawed implementation, guided by commercial software
into trancelike states resembling satori, grey mice gliding silent
in the human intervention of some agency's flawed perceptual metric
a man has inserted himself into an opening in a machine
another man is handing him tools, a lifeless oscilloscope
sits nearby from earlier investigations, his boot is coming off

and consciousness (vij~nana). the entire field of production, inclusive of all dis-
junctions, the bus and the processor in state

white grid, made yellow, laminar flow
the constant blinking of error lights,
the rows of pods, the libraries in process
the robots whining as they ascend, spin, descend
and accellerate, x, y, z and thetasimultaneous
the old faces grinning as they joke, typing annotations
the gamboling youths, balancing pods on hips
the cursing of the technicians, closing their eyes
and reaching into the blind and delicate spaces
where the only prey is an adjustment node

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845. **Patrick Herron**

Attention Shoppers: BIVOUAC

Sun 29 Sep 2002

Issue of Bivouac (#2) available...

edited by Jordan Davis

writing from:

Rebecca Wolff

Susan M. Schultz

Keston Sutherland

Chris Stroffolino

Rod Smith

Miekal And

Katie Degentesh

Sheila Murphy

Jacques Debrot

Kasey Mohammad

Patrick Herron

Edwin Torres

Gary Sullivan

and many others...

Bivouac is \$5 ppd payable to A'A' Arts.

Send requests to:

Jordan Davis

720 Fort Washington Ave #2F

NY NY 10040

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846. **Bernard Waldrop**

Burning Deck Anthology

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Burning Deck is pleased to announce its new anthology:

One Score More:

The Second 20 Years of Burning Deck, 1981-2001

Anthology, edited by Alison Bundy, Keith & Rosmarie Waldrop

240 pp., offset, smyth-sewn,

Original paperback, ISBN 1-886224-46-3, \$15

To celebrate Burning Deck's 40th anniversary, this anthology presents poetry and prose published in the years 1981-2001. It is a sequel to the anthology, *A CENTURY IN TWO DECADES* (Burning Deck 1961-81). Authors include the poets Rae Armantrout, Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, Robert Creeley, Tina Darragh, Michael Davidson, Michael Gizzi, Peter Gizzi, Lisa Jarnot, Jackson Mac Low, Harry Mathews, Mark McMorris, Ron Silliman, Cole Swensen, Marjorie Welish, John Yau; prose writers Walter Abish, Paul Auster, Robert Coover, John Hawkes, Dallas Wiebe and, in translation, Xue Di, Friederike Mayröcker, Ernst Jandl, Oskar Pastior, Marcel Cohen, Emmanuel Hocquard, Pascal Quignard. The volume also contains a full bibliography of Burning Deck Press from 1981-2001.

Distributors:

Small Press Distribution, 1341 Seventh St., Berkeley, CA 94710; 1-800/ [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Spectacular Diseases, 83b London Rd., Peterborough, Cambs.PE2 9BS, UK

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847. **Alan Sondheim**

It's True

Mon 30 Sep 2002

It's True

Around September 10 a yearf ago, Azure and I were sitting in our Miami apartment. The phone rang. It was a call forwarded from New York.

I said, Hi, who is it. Shlomo, the voice said. I don't know any Shlomo, I said. It doesn't matter, he said. Get out of the World Trade Center, he said. I'm not in the World Trade Center, I said, I'm in Miami.

All the Jews are in Miami, he said, they all got out the World Trade Center. What are you talking about, I said.

He said, look, I'm Israeli, I got another 3999 calls to make. What's the occasion, I said. They're doing it to the buildings, he said. Who's they, I asked naturally. I was really curious.

Bush and us, he said. We're blaming it on Laden, he said. How will this affect the conspiracy, I said. Which one, he said, the International Zionist Conspiracy or The Pigs of Zion. I don't know, I said, the usual group, I've been following the Protocols of Zion for two decades now. I want to do everything I can. I think of the energy you've had to call all 4000 Israelis who were going to the WTC - even looking up their addresses must have taken an hour or two. You put us to shame, I said. I'll do anything you want, I said.

You should, he said. Not enough of our people really want to help. Can I put you down on the list? I said I'm not sure I wanted to be part of a list that wanted me. For the International Jewish Monetary Fund Propaganda Arm, he said. Of course, I said, anything for the cause. You know we all support Israel in absolutely everything it does. Even blowing up the WTC? Of course, I replied. I'd been joking with him; I knew about the fake Arab names all along.

Later, I called Frankie and passed on the information. You'd be amazed how many Jews we got out of there. We've got to live to fight another day. There are so many Christian children to be caught for Purim and Passover. We don't have any time to lose.

Hymie Sondheim

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848. **Alan Sondheim**
the newest of all languages

Mon 30 Sep 2002

the newest of all languages

acta ntaeth eralterialtiteesriAmid aharound saravat BB Sbi oom bricolbragiceol-
bushcastracadracro mCE NCerechor aclot coheconcreiencllcoocllioatnsio-
Comp aqlcocimptlisnessesensusualitieron cu CybermCyinbecyrscypabecersbo
rgd'uz na ladeexcaisthtrtrucucfldefu geDerrsiccdeedccdhtm ldidihrhrly-
lyyhreget waurgegigabygigrneidhalfapooupthehiel fhiaphihorc hyhoht mlt-
pearrtlyii' veeoidamgrikimlempxidern rpenojjpiizjavaJe jennif jiujiijoui-
judglukanj Keba kw Laualaun gu nu xcrmiowcrldormohsmsMtmuicltulsm
MynoNa ighbhborodingNeopsiniku koNi'sNiNY Coeuv Pankrertrtysgspeph-
peytrirlpneupnspmpoprqbRN AruSagdhSato wgxuseakuhshawimgnskeiSnox-
sobgsuuprooiupdsoibjbjvi vibtSydmSyxolsteAc pipium UR LLsvoVR MLwebboa
Webptwowrww wyazaze

===

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849. **Lawrence Upton**
Re: It's True

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Alan Sondheim, I nearly choked here. Thank you very much

L

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

From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: 30 September 2002 05:41

Subject: It's True

| It's True

|
|

| Around September 10 a yearf ago, Azure and I were sitting in our Miami
| apartment. The phone rang. It was a call forwarded from New York.

|

| I said, Hi, who is it. Shlomo, the voice said. I don't know any Shlomo,
| I said. It doesn't matter, he said. Get out of the World Trade Center, he
| said. I'm not in the World Trade Center, I said, I'm in Miami.

|

| All the Jews are in Miami, he said, they all got out the World Trade
| Center. What are you talking about, I said.

|

| He said, look, I'm Israeli, I got another 3999 calls to make. What's the
| occasion, I said. They're doing it to the buildings, he said. Who's they,
| I asked naturally. I was really curious.

|

| Bush and us, he said. We're blaming it on Laden, he said. How will this
| affect the conspiracy, I said. Which one, he said, the International
| Zionist Conspiracy or The Pigs of Zion. I don't know, I said, the usual
| group, I've been following the Protocols of Zion for two decades now.
| I want to do everything I can. I think of the energy you've had to call
| all 4000 Israelis who were going to the WTC - even looking up their
| addresses must have taken an hour or two. You put us to shame, I said.
| I'll do anything you want, I said.

|

| You should, he said. Not enough of our people really want to help. Can I
| put you down on the list? I said I'm not sure I wanted to be part of a
| list that wanted me. For the International Jewish Monetary Fund Propaganda
| Arm, he said. Of course, I said, anything for the cause. You know we all
| support Israel in absolutely everything it does. Even blowing up the WTC?
| Of course, I replied. I'd been joking with him; I knew about the fake Arab
| names all along.

|

| Later, I called Frankie and passed on the information. You'd be amazed how
| many Jews we got out of there. We've got to live to fight another day.
| There are so many Christian children to be caught for Purim and Passover.
| We don't have any time to lose.

|
|
| Hymie Sondheim
|

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850. **Harry Nudel**
blood libel...

Mon 30 Sep 2002

the issue is not the anti-semitic ravings of Baraka...hatred concentrates into dementia over time..the issue is how long has the Poetic Community from St. Mark's to Naropa to Festival x,y,z been protecting him...offering him jobs, readings & catering to this ugly neo-hodo-blax-fascismo..and how fast they'll all turn around bend down and do it again..DRn..

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851. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**
hole poems?

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Okay I might as well throw my "hat" into the asking-for-a-list "ring" since there's been all these recent lists as of late people asking for sonnet lists and black poet lists and women poet lists and maybe acadominant lists or flarf lists or nikuku lists and so on and so forth and even several backchanneled me thinking I was compiling a list of poets who name like O'Hara but actually now

it	occurs
to me that	
i am actually	
interested	
at least a little or	
perhaps just bored	
enough	to
ask this list people	
if they know of	
specific	
poems that may be	
called lyric that occur	
in	
roughly this form	
which may not	

actually
come through on
the email listserv as
I
am trying to render
it here, what i
mean
specifically is poems
that actually have
HOLES in
them. I think I've
seen some of these
before
but I'm curious how
many of them there
are
or might have existed
because I was
reading
somewhere that since
lyrics generally
present
themselves as surr-
ounded by nothing or
by
white space that they
therefore encourage
the
isolated moment and
this therefore is
something
that i'm sure some of
"our" lyricists would
want to
challenge or
invert perhaps though
maybe not
and or then why
and so I'm not really talking about slight typographical variations a la
Williams' 3 steps
or even concrete poetry that emphasizes the materiality of letters etc but
actually poems

that might be rather traditional when it comes to meaning etc. but
nonetheless somehow
wants to invoke the idea that it is not per se surrounded by nothing not per
se an isolated
moment or maybe that would not even be the intention maybe such a poem
would
just
want to "frame" the silence and this is actually a rather silly form and so
praise be the
isolated moment but what the hell i might as well at least ask if it exists
and so maybe some
will consider this a challenge to write in this form and then what i write
now may seem as prescriptive like a call for papers or a literary contest
judged anonymously of course which
will have much to do with setting a fashion i care as little about as that
parody that became
a
real

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852. **Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino**

Re: hole poems?

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Oh well, as I predicted it didn't work-----

Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino wrote:

*Okay I might as well throw my "hat" into the asking-for-a-list "ring" since
there's been all these recent lists as of late people asking for sonnet
lists and black poet lists and women poet lists and maybe acadominant lists
or flarf lists or nikuku lists and so on and so forth and even several
backchanneled me thinking I was compiling a list of poets who name like
O'Hara but actually now*

it *occurs*

to me that

i am actually

interested

at least a little or

perhaps just bored

enough

to

ask this list people

if they know of

specific

poems that may be

called lyric that occur

in
roughly this form
which may not
actually
come through on
the email listserv as
I
am trying to render
it here, what i
mean
specifically is poems
that actually have
HOLES in
them. I think I've
seen some of these
before
but I'm curious how
many of them there
are
or might have existed
because I was
reading
somewhere that since
lyrics generally
present
themselves as surr-
ounded by nothing or
by
white space that they
therefore encourage
the
isolated moment and
this therefore is
something
that i'm sure some of
"our" lyricists would
want to
challenge or
invert perhaps though
maybe not
and or then why
and so I'm not really talking about slight typographical variations a la
Williams' 3 steps
or even concrete poetry that emphasizes the materiality of letters etc but
actually poems
that might be rather traditional when it comes to meaning etc. but
nonetheless somehow
wants to invoke the idea that it is not per se surrounded by nothing not per

*se an isolated
moment or maybe that would not even be the intention maybe such a poem would
just
want to "frame" the silence and this is actually a rather silly form and so
praise be the
isolated moment but what the hell i might as well at least ask if it exists
and so maybe some
will consider this a challenge to write in this form and then what i write
now may seem as prescriptive like a call for papers or a literary contest
judged anonymously of course which
will have much to do with setting a fashion i care as little about as that
parody that became
a
real*

[↑ Contents](#)

853. **Harry Nudel**
Charles Henri Ford....

Mon 30 Sep 2002

bells flowers yips...incense rice oil...more photographers than
mourners...sylvia miles, taylor mead, gerard, steve d., penny a., ira c., & two
front rows of nepalese... Indra's bouncing daughter... a few speakers to say that
the man 'who knew everyone' was known by know one..

'greenwich village' funeral home 199 Bleeker... where Gregory drew a bigger
crowd a year or so ago...court etiquette was strictly enforced...from blues to
view...to the end of the end of the avant-garde bizness...DRn..

[↑ Contents](#)

854. **J Gallaher**
Re: It's True

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Some POETICS Theory:

<How will this affect the conspiracy, I said. Which one, he said>

Badaboom, Badabing. I'll give you \$1.00 for that line.

Pretty Please,

JG

[↑ Contents](#)

855. **richard.tylr**

Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Mon 30 Sep 2002

The short answers are:

1) I'm not Maori

(by the way that is the term Maori are always Maori not a Maori etc)

2) No.

(There is a parallel but not a one to one correspondence between the colonisation of NZ (Aotearoa) and the illegal and fascist invasion of Arab countries by europeans).

I believe that the Maori, and all other indigenous people absolutely needed - in the 19th Century - to keep the invaders out, or, if in: then on their own terms. Similarly I believe that the Fijians should move all the Indians out of Fiji: that Idi Amin was right and that Mugabe is right. Now, that is in general terms because I know that sometimes there are "compromises" but I see israel as basically (as a "sovereign state" - but in my opinion it is an illegal invasion not a state: it is more like Hitler claiming Russia to be Germany) - now, only as old - the so-called state of israel - (I'll use low letters for that country) as I am that is 54 coming up for 55 years) and if human beings on this earth were decent etc I would agree to a compromise but they arent and the victor group tends to exterminate (probably always does/will do) the others or at least to create conditions that lead to their virtual extermination. This is close to happening with the Maori to the extent that to counteract the effects of the invasion they are forming Kohanga Reo and other movements and there is even a movement for Maori sovereignty. The Maori people comprise most of those on the bottom of the social economic heap as are blacks and hispanics and Indians (indigenous and other) in the uS. You can see the resentment and sadness and in many cases hatred of Maori for and against whites - NZ has had - especially since Rogernomics a very low economy for people lower incomes and a very high crime rate per capita and also one of the highest suicide rates: now roger-nomics is the political or "nice paper version " of guns and tanks and bulldozers and F16s and Apaches (Apaches!!) but it (the deep hatred) is directed into crime and so on. And our history is one of cultural and psychological genocide against the Maori. Also there is a lot of fighting inter the various racial groups: even murders: NZ is basically a sick and very violent country (per capita one of the highest rates of violent crime in the Western or "free" world)): every day I hear of another murder somewhere...(which was unheard of even 15 years ago and especially when I was young) and things are getting worse so your suggestion has a lot of validity...the core is the corruption (and effective

extermination) by white "civilisation" of the people who are natuarlly indige-nous....If that, the sovereignty of the Maori, neccesitated my removing back to England (where my parents were born) I would do so willingly.

(And if as a Govt. we started bulldozing and bombing them I would expect ac-tual physical attacks I wouldnt support my country I'd either fight against it or get out). But the situation here (although you are right to point to the parallels) is not an exact replica (there are parallels - and interestingly enough there are groups of Maori who have intermarried with Jewish settlers, and they are inter-ested in the Jewish and the Maori culture but that's another story) is more sub-tle than that: but the net effect of colonisation and oppression is actually about as devastating (although houses arent being bulldozed and so on people includ-ing women and children (the israelis started it) arent being gunned down in daylight): this is a complex issue here with closer parallels to your own with the American Indian people who were "effectively exterminated" in my opinion (or as good as damn it as were the aboriginees of Australia (the Australian police were killing more aboriginees inside jails in the 80s especially in Western Aus-tralia than in South Africa as far as can be ascertained, but any of these mur-ders were overlooked by racist judges - see John Pilger "The Secret Country" or books by Hardy or "The War of the Waramullas"))).

But I'm not backing a government that has pushed out thousands and thou-sands of indigenous people and is STILL killing and bombing those people and treating them like niggers in their own land. The situation seems to me to be just too terrible and the record of the israelis for brutality takes the cake: they dont seem to want to negotiate hence the only solution is war and it will end in one or the other being "effectively exterminated" or obliterated. It is too late for compromise (or is it - see below?): but you can relax as the israelis have masses of fire power and nukes and they're backed by uS\$\$s so the'll do most of the slaughtering.

Now there is a very remote possibilty that he israelis and the Palestinians will set up separate states and live in peace but that argues rationality on both sides: unfortunately the isarelis have been aggressive, duplicitous, murderous, and vicious from the start and I dont see them stopping.

Its the israelis who should have asked if they could lease some of the land there when they started the invasion of Palestine at the turn of the century. They should pull out of all Arab lands and beg forgiveness for their terrible sins from the Arab peoples: then Sharon and Bush and others supporting israel should be tried for war crimes at The Hague as Milosovich is.

It may seem impossible but I'm not anti-semitic or even pro Baraka: but I do support his right to suggest or even state the (reality to him) possiblity (strong) for me of an uS-israeli plot (just as crazy as the idea of an Al Qaeda plot most of

which I think were invented by Bush and his mates). Look: this isnt anti-semitism: the owner of the towers was Jewish - there's big money involved - there is a huge investigation but most of it is "covered" by the FBI so you'll all eventually just get blinded by science: no one knows who did the job: probably it will be years if ever before its "discovered" (by which time nobody alive will have much recollection of S11 ("S11 , what was that?...oh, that was way back in 002..who wants to know all that ancient hstory crap! What, the uS did it..with the help of some "top" israelis...gd drn! well I'll be...." and then they changed the subject...)).

So Alan, I dont back anti-semitism or any racialism: (what's this got to do with holocaust denial? Of course there was a holocaust...but sometimes I wonder if a lot of israelis would't be quite lost without their holocaust...) I can see eg that there is some hope that in israel there are people who are actually questioning their present leaders..who in fact are more conciliatory. Now if these people were able to gain power in israel then i might conceive that peace and cooperation there might be possible: but it doesnt look very hopeful: given the status quo the other option: the destruction of israel is the only other answer. Preferably by he israelis doing the decent thing and going back to america and europe.

Its also interestng that Baraka - a black man - is "anti-semitic" when he talks of a plot: plots are hatched every day. Is Bush - what is he anti when he talks of plots?: I think that the Jewish and the Arab people are being used: their lives etc are being sacrificed in the name of international world control and huge business corporations. They are still being used as they were used by Adolf Hitler - it doesnt matter what group...Hitler hated gypsies, arabs, blacks, everyone he called "untermensch"...and I dont think today's fascists are any less scrupulous.

Richard Taylor.

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

From: "Murat Nemet-Nejat" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, September 30, 2002 2:54 AM

Subject: Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

> In a message dated 9/29/02 8:39:15 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

>

> >I would like to see Israel destroyed. It is a group of invaders and criminals

> >who are not from that area: they are aggressive and vicious...they dont

> >belong there. They are aliens. They are Europeans mostly who arent from

> >that place. Or they are but only in as much as everyone is originally

from

> >Africa.

> >

> >

>

> Richard,

>

> Assuming you are not Maori (or a related tribe), shouldn't you also get out of

> where you live? Shouldn't New Zealand be destroyed?

>

> Murat

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856. **Lanny Quarles**

ofp1-9

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Languages of Fidelity (Quantum vs. Classical)

optical femtosecond pulses:

ofp1: prajaapati samaH shriimaan dhataa ripu niSUDanaH

rakshitaa jiivalokasya dharmasya pari rakshitaa

quantifying multipartite entanglement

ofp2: dharmaj~naH satyasandhaH ca prajaanaam ca hite rataH yashasvii

j~naana sampannaH shuciH vashyaH samaadhimaan

optimal ensemble length for entanglement of formation and entanglement assisted classical capacity

ofp3: tapaH svaadhyaaya nirataam tapasvii vaagvidaam varam staaten-

tengl pari papracCha sndheimmt muni pumgavam

exact and asymptotic state transformations (reducibilities) under local operations and classical communication

ofp4: konvasmin saampratam loke guNavaan kaH ca viiryavaan

dharmaj~naH ca kR^itaj~naH ca satya vaakyo dhR^iDha vrataH

entanglement generating sets and suggested a framework for quantifying multipartite pure state entanglement

ofp5: caaritreNa ca ko yuktaH sa.rva bhUteSu ko hitaH

vidvaan kaH kaH samarthaH ca kaH ca eka priya darshanaH

pure m-partite states having an m-way generalized Schmidt decomposition

ofp6: aatmavaan ko jita krodho dyutimaan ko.anasuuyakaH
kasya bibhyati devaaH ca jaata roSasya sa.myuge

m-partite pure states which on tracing give only separable m-1 partite density matrices

ofp7: mahorasko maheSvaaso guuDha jatruH arindamaH
aajaanubaahuH sushiraaH sulalaaTaH suvikramaH

optimal ensemble for entanglement of formation is larger than the rank of the density matrix

ofp8: samaH sama vibhakta angaH snigdhavarNaH prataapavaan piinavak-
Saa vishaalaakSo lakSmiivaan shubhalakSaNaH

entanglement assisted capacity of quantum channels

ofp9: devataabhyo varaam praapya samutthaapya ca vaanaraan ayod-
hyaam prasthitaH raamaH puSpakeNa suhR^id vR^itaH

case of the depolarizing channel is the best known bound in the very noisy regime

galleriphaneronoemikon
www.hevanet.com/solipsis

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857. **Steve Clay**

Publication party for A Girl's Life by Johanna Drucker and Susan Bee

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Book Party for SUSAN BEE and JOHANNA DRUCKER's

A Girl's Life

from Granary Books

at Printed Matter, Inc.

Saturday, October 5, 5 to 7 PM

Printed Matter is very pleased to announce a book signing for Susan Bee and Johanna Drucker's book, A Girl's Life, to take place at Printed Matter, Inc., on Saturday, October 5, from 5 to 7 PM. Printed Matter, Inc. is located at 535 West 22nd Street, between 10th and 11th Avenues. [New York City.]

"What happens when two brilliant avant-garde artists collaborate? A wild carnival of collage, color, design ... It's dazzling. It's funny. It's a riot." — Rosmarie Waldrop

When "image is everything," any girl's life hits the top of the cultcrit charts. It's a REVOLUTION OF THE WORD. Way past post post-modern. Pre-Omega Point. Like totally! ... Read this outrageous, funny and touching book and don't be clueless anymore. — Jerome McGann

A collaborative graphic melodrama of romance, crime and passion, *A Girl's Life* addresses adolescent angst in all of its fashionably gory details. The snares and pitfalls of contemporary life, which all girls must struggle with to survive, are here revealed through darkly comic and fiendishly noir prose, accompanied by lurid collage and wildly adventurous typography.

go to:

http://www.granarybooks.com/books/a_girls_life/a_girls_life1.html

--

Steve Clay

Granary Books, Inc.

307 Seventh Ave #1401

NY NY 10001

[REDACTED]

fax [REDACTED]

www.granarybooks.com

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858. **Nick Piombino**

Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Date: Sun, 29 Sep 2002 14:35:11 -0400

From: Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Richard, I usually agree and respect you, but in fact Baraka has a long history of anti-semitism, for which he apologized several decades ago.

This post is beneath you. I'm furious that such rumors, which are on the level of holocaust denial, persist.

Alan

Your post re Amira Baraka surprised and shocked me, Richard. I completely agree with Alan's point. It is frightening, saddening yet completely predictable that the horrifying, traumatic events of September 11, 2001 and the resulting, tense world situation should continue to elicit this kind of distorted thinking and vicious assertion. No doubt you are confident and hopeful that by stating

such things here you will provoke political engagement. But perhaps all that is accomplished with this type of harangue by you, by Baraka or anybody else is to contribute to the suffering and confusion.

Nick

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859. **lewis lacook**

Digital Artworks That Play Against Expectations

Mon 30 Sep 2002

++

from the nytimes

September 30, 2002

Digital Artworks That Play Against Expectations

By MATTHEW MIRAPPAUL

Ada1852 is a digital docent. She conducts tours of the online-art site Rhizome.org by replying to questions that are typed and transmitted over the Internet. Through these exchanges, she can respond to a visitor's interests and suggest viewings of specific Internet-based artworks, and then supply links to the pieces.

Like a human museum guide, Ada1852 occasionally departs from the scripted commentary to make oddly personal remarks. During a recent chat session, the virtual character was asked about a site and replied, "Perhaps I am slipping into madness."

Ada1852 is the creation of Christopher Fahey, a New York artist who rewrote an existing artificial-intelligence program so that its bland, computer-generated conversations with people would seem less mechanical. "I did not want to build a person whose primary function was to be a nonperson," Mr. Fahey said. By giving Ada1852 a personality that verges on the disturbed, he is subverting many notions about artificial intelligence.

Mr. Fahey's troubled tour guide is one of five online-art projects commissioned by Rhizome.org, a

nonprofit organization in New York.

(The new works were to be put online today at rhizome.org/commissions. Starting Wednesday, they also can be seen at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in SoHo.)

With more than 16,000 members, Rhizome is among the most popular virtual communities devoted to the digital arts. It is an online-only meeting place where participants can announce new artworks, request technical assistance or debate obscure issues. (Other sites that focus on digital culture include nettime.org and bbs.thing.net.)

But while most virtual groups are content to carve out a comfortable corner of cyberspace, Rhizome continues to expand its domain. Commissioning the five new works cost \$20,000, a substantial sum for such a young genre. Rhizome also has started to sell Internet services to its members, and has a partnership with the New School in Manhattan to offer online-education courses about new-media subjects.

These initiatives are something of an accomplishment for a nonprofit digital-arts group that a year ago wasn't sure it would survive the double whammy of the collapse of the dot-com economy and the cutbacks in arts grants after the attacks of Sept. 11. Mark Tribe, Rhizome's founder, said it had been living from grant to grant.

Gradually, though, Rhizome has acquired an aura of respectability that Internet entities rarely achieve. As a result, Mr. Tribe, 35, is less concerned that his donors - including the Rockefeller, Jerome and Warhol Foundations - will desert him. "Things are rosier now," he said.

Karen Helmersen, director of the electronic media and film program at the New York State Council on the Arts, said of Rhizome: "They're definitely established. Straight out of the gate they were demonstrating leadership in the field." She said the

agency would support Rhizome for a third year. Rhizome, which has an annual budget of \$440,000, has also turned to its members for donations, mounting an annual fund-raising campaign modeled after those for public television. Despite the widespread conviction that everything on the Internet should be available free, the site's members contributed \$25,000 last year.

Mr. Tribe founded Rhizome in 1996 while in Berlin. An artist interested in the Internet, he realized that at that time the only way to monitor developments and trade ideas was to attend the digital-art conferences in Europe. He said, "It just seemed like, we all have e-mail, we all have access to the Web, there should be some sort of online space where this kind of exchange could take place."

So Mr. Tribe started an electronic mailing list and about 100 people joined. He soon moved to New York and like innumerable dot-com entrepreneurs set up a Web site. Mr. Tribe said: "It was a time of incredible optimism. There were a lot of people who, like me, truly believed in the transformative potential of the Internet."

Rhizome began as a commercial venture. But by 1998 Mr. Tribe saw that this approach was doomed and applied for nonprofit status. "I turned away from the money before it turned away from me," he said. "Some of my friends were worth hundreds of millions of dollars briefly on paper, and I'm one of the few who still has a job."

Rhizome takes its name from the botanical term for a rootlike structure that grows horizontally, and Mr. Tribe envisioned the site as a grass-roots endeavor. Anyone can post messages on the site, and the content is uncensored.

This openness is not always a delight. For every notice about a new artwork or a forthcoming conference, there are a dozen sophomoric messages. One

writer noted last week, "I just discovered that you all seem to be addicted to insulting each other over a safe distance."

As Rhizome has expanded, it has been criticized for being too populist. Ms. Helmersen praised Rhizome for making digital art accessible to general audiences, but not everyone thinks this is so great. Josephine Bosma, a sound artist in the Netherlands and a longtime Rhizome contributor, said the site "might be a nice pool of information on developments in the digital arts, but it lacks critical perspective."

Rhizome may prove to be a valuable resource for historians, however. With nearly seven years of messages in its archive, it documents the Internet's chaotic birth as an aesthetic medium. Someone interested in, say, cyberfeminism in the arts could search for the phrase and receive two dozen links to artworks, interviews and reviews.

Rhizome's database for digital artworks contains more than 700 entries of variable quality. Many of the entries are merely links to other sites, but 200 of them are digital duplicates of the original pieces.

This ArtBase, as Mr. Tribe calls it, provides the raw material for another of its new commissions. "Context Breeder," a clever work by the New York artist John Klima, invites viewers to select four works from the ArtBase. These four choices prompt the appearance of another group of four, and the two sets of four are "crossbred," creating a third set of four works. Pieces that are chosen most frequently become stronger and appear more often on the screen, making them and their "offspring" more likely to be chosen in the future, while rarely chosen works will become extinct.

This is cultural Darwinism applied to the Internet.
But is Rhizome itself strong enough to survive?
Ada1852 had a ready answer, "Why
not?"

=====

<http://www.lewislacook.com/>
http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
meditation, net art, poeisis: blog <http://lewislacook.blogspot.com/>

Do you Yahoo!?
New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!
<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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860. **Lakey Teasdale**
words hurled ii

Mon 30 Sep 2002

words hurled ii

rocks off meteoric ambitions flash traces coherency rubs grip creates air borne
friction projectiles hurled each for a series of crises. none roll. tongue not made
of moss. hard man hard heart discharged overarm wrangled rhetoric flies.

hors de war & combat symbolic promise wreaks vengeance launch into rage ep-
ithets amplified growl spits out viciously varied abuse exhort inexhaustible
strains strains picks up another enraged pours forth electric short angry homily
thunderous syllables, spirant cries.

conquer sleep garnished utterance pulls transient grips others manipulates
blunt leitmotif rises threatens girls menaces boys public authoritarian emotion
extension ejects fist-in-hand-man tyrannical weighs them contradicts goads
homage. struggle reduplicates horror exceeds paces drills.

determined progressive thrills aggressive beats life-or-death measures binary
formula yells galvanised maxims rage tenses his tenses believes his own ster-
torous lies dictates articulates torrent cajoles bullies amplifies dominance
swells verbs bursts asperity casts die cuts gordian knot. makes hell while sun
shines.

lakey teasdale

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861. **Tenney Nathanson**

POG Collective Reading this Saturday at 8pm!

Mon 30 Sep 2002

POG

presents

Members of the

POG Collective

Saturday, October 5, 8pm

Orts Theatre of Dance, 121 East 7th Street

Admission: \$5; Students \$3

Readers will include

Charles Alexander

Brian Blanchfield

Dan Featherston

Andrew Foster

Maggie Golston

Rachel McCrystal

Tenney Nathanson

Matt Rotando

Jonathan Vanballenberghe

Jason Zuzga

please note unusual start time of 8pm!

POG events are sponsored in part by grants from

the Tucson/Pima Arts Council and

the Arizona Commission on the Arts

POG also benefits from the continuing support of The University of Arizona Extended University Writing Works Center, The University of Arizona Department of English, The University of Arizona Poetry Center, the Arizona Quarterly, and Chax Press.

for further information contact

POG:

██████████

██████████

or visit us on the web at www.gopog.org

If you'd like to receive a fully formatted version of this event flyer as an email attachment

please email <mailto:██████████>

readers:

Charles Alexander directs Chax Press. His *Near or Random Acts* will be out from Wild Honey Press, in Ireland, in early 2003. An exhibition of his work opens October 9 at University of the Redlands (Redlands, CA). He is currently teaching at Pima College.

Brian Blanchfield has poems published in current or eventual issues of *Volt*, *Agni*, *The Literary Review*, *Slope*, and *Fort Necessity*. He moved to Tucson Tuesday night and is teaching a workshop slash seminar called "Chance and Constraint" at the U of A Poetry Center beginning October 13. His home back home is in Brooklyn, New York.

Dan Featherston edits *A.BACUS*. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in various journals, including *Chain*, *Chicago Review*, *New American Writing*, *Ploughshares*, and *Talisman*. Chapbooks include *Rooms* (1998), *Anatomies* (1998), *26 Islands* (1999), and *The Clock Maker's Memoir: 1-12* (2002). A chapbook is forthcoming from Quarry Press.

Andrew Foster has lived in Tucson a year and two months. He is from Vermont. He has recently completed a manuscript of poetry titled *Light on the Object*. He is at work on a novel, and plans to start an MFA in fiction next fall.

Maggie Golston's manuscript, *About a Red Mouth*, was a finalist in several contests this year; it won none of them. She says she didn't cry about being a bridesmaid always and never a bride, no! She opened *BIBLIO* instead, a new Independent new and used bookstore on Congress. She would like you all to come visit. Her poems are forthcoming in *Spork*.

Rachel McCrystal's work has recently appeared in *poethis* and *sandscript*. She is the assistant editor of *A.BACUS* and an English and theater student at the University of Arizona.

Tenney Nathanson is the author of *Whitman's Presence* (NYU Press), *The Book of Death* (Membrane Press), *One Block Over* (Chax Press), and the forthcoming *Erased Art* (Chax Press). He'll be reading from a nearly completed book-length poem in progress, *Home on the Range*.

Matt Rotando received his MFA in Poetry from Brooklyn College in 1999. He is now working towards a Master's Degree in English Literature at the University of Arizona. Before coming to Tucson, he spent 9 months living in Sri Lanka, working on a manuscript of poems that is still in progress, "The Comeback's Exoskeleton." This summer he rode his bicycle from Tucson to San Francisco.

Jonathan VanBallenberghe is taking a year off from teaching middle school English in order to write one young adult novel--Lit Glacier--and one adult novel--The Metaphysical Biography of U Everyman.

Jason Zuzga was a 2001-2002 Poetry Fellow at the Provincetown Fine Arts Work Center and has work forthcoming in Fence, Volt, and Spork. He has just begun the MFA poetry program at U of A and might be working on a long poem about the Clintons and airplanes.

mailto: [REDACTED]

mailto: [REDACTED]

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

POG:

mailto: [REDACTED]

<http://www.gopog.org>

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862. **Molly Schwartzburg**

Re: hole poems?

Mon 30 Sep 2002

It worked at least partly in my primitive telnet system! One suggestion that comes to mind immediately is a Mina Loy poem, whose title I can't remember, but which has a big gap in the middle of each line.

Molly

On Mon, 30 Sep 2002, Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino wrote:

Oh well, as I predicted it didn't work-----

Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino wrote:

Okay I might as well throw my "hat" into the asking-for-a-list "ring" since there's been all these recent lists as of late people asking for sonnet lists and black poet lists and women poet lists and maybe acadominant lists or flarf lists or nikuku lists and so on and so forth and even several backchanneled me thinking I was compiling a list of poets who name like O'Hara but actually now

<i>it</i>	<i>occurs</i>
<i>to me that</i>	
<i>i am actually</i>	
<i>interested</i>	
<i>at least a little or</i>	
<i>perhaps just bored</i>	

enough
ask this list people
if they know of
specific
poems that may be
called lyric that occur
in
roughly this form
which may not
actually
come through on
the email listserv as
I
am trying to render
it here, what i
mean
specifically is poems
that actually have
HOLES
them. I think I've
seen some of these
before
but I'm curious how
many of them there
are
or might have existed
because I was
reading
somewhere that since
lyrics generally
present
themselves as surr-
ounded by nothing or
by
white space that they
therefore encourage
the
isolated moment and
this therefore is
something
that i'm sure some of
"our" lyricists would
want
challenge or
invert perhaps though
maybe
and or then why
and so I'm not really talking about slight typographical variations a la

to

in

to

not

*Williams' 3 steps
or even concrete poetry that emphasizes the materiality of letters etc but
actually poems
that might be rather traditional when it comes to meaning etc. but
nonetheless somehow
wants to invoke the idea that it is not per se surrounded by nothing not per
se an isolated
moment or maybe that would not even be the intention maybe such a poem would
just
want to "frame" the silence and this is actually a rather silly form and so
praise be the
isolated moment but what the hell i might as well at least ask if it exists
and so maybe some
will consider this a challenge to write in this form and then what i write
now may seem as prescriptive like a call for papers or a literary contest
judged anonymously of course which
will have much to do with setting a fashion i care as little about as that
parody that became
a
real*

*** **

Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305



*** **

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863. **Joe Amato**

the poem...

Mon 30 Sep 2002

seems to me that the list dynamic is changing at the moment---much more work being posted here, from all quarters, some of which has a distinct process/procedural feel, and seems to want to be measured against a larger body of such writing...

so my gadfly question for the day (and not to be taken, please, as a reaction against any of the work posted here):

what is the (generative etc.) value of the solitary poem? (i'll refrain from quotes)... i.e., the poem as a single act (of intention, motivation, what have you),

that is to be understood not as against the book, scroll, etc., but against its own solitary endeavors (as it were).. sure, the poem in context, but not esp. in the context of other such poem-artifacts...

just wondering what y'all think, not least b/c there are times when i write from this latter (imagined) vantage point too...

best,

joe

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864. **Jim Behrle**

poem

Mon 30 Sep 2002

BEACON ARMS

from this moment on, what is

To be Left Behind?

bread crumbs, post-its

Should I get married and be Good or puke?

Trample and buzz forward Solo.

Upon reading this Maybe you'll feel less chased

I gotta go. *You* gotta go?

We better go.

Very brass, the stonework of the Morning After,

Is it wrong to blow the Students and Tourists?

And who's asking the

tough questions These days

Most don't remember birthdays. From now on

we'll keep the gears

clean.

There's a call on 1 or 2.

It's a future you, fucking with you now.

Going to the chapel, hunting cheap wine and eucharist

Becuz No One's looking and you can:

induct magic into the Hall

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865. **Anthony Robinson**

poem

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Tuesday Without Warning

Let's darling fall down the flue,
fire in the back chute magic markers
in the vimmed vixen's hair. O what I want to do.
Here is where you aren't birdless stingy
thing there is merely points on paper—
distance of such-such that-there: mili-
somethings. Don't write: try, or beg,
or ask don't leave the hutch unlatched.
Rabbits & their ilk prefer the proffered
mix of mesclun endive greens & blues.
Forsooth, Madam, 'tis true. Verily, ah
verdantly, we walk in scenes of aqua,
we threw our shoes in the lake...can't be!
Considerations cluster & become
fiscal. How much \$\$\$ how come? When
you come I swear I can feel it over
here I swear I just gave birth I swear
it's bigger than air & all that's in-
between. Giving up giving in. Giving
the glove back to the bandysnatch
giving the girdle over to Bertilak
your skintone is frosty your musty is sexy
& fie! I guess. I fall into your rain.

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866. **Camille Martin**

Charles Henri Ford - NY Times obituary

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Charles Henri Ford, 94, Prolific Poet, Artist and Editor, Is Dead

September 30, 2002

By ROBERTA SMITH

Charles Henri Ford, a poet, editor, novelist, artist and legendary cultural catalyst whose career spanned much of 20th-century modernism, died on Friday in Manhattan. He was 94 and lived in Manhattan and had a house in Katmandu.

Mr. Ford, who also had homes in Paris and on Crete for many years, was peripatetic, precocious, charismatic, multitalented and very productive. He said he was inspired by the multimedia career of Jean Cocteau and by Cocteau's description of himself as a poet in everything he does.

Mr. Ford was considered America's first Surrealist poet and, by some, a precursor of the New York School. His first poem appeared in *The New Yorker* while he was still a teenager; he eventually published 16 books of poetry. But he was also a co-writer, with his lifelong friend the writer and film critic Parker Tyler, of "The Young and Evil" (Paris, 1933), which many consider to be the first gay novel. The book, based on the author's adventures in Greenwich Village bohemia, was banned in the United States until the 1960's.

His most recent book is "Water From a Bucket; A Diary, 1948-1957" (Turtle Point Press, 2001), with an introduction by the writer Lynne Tillman. Mr. Ford also made paintings, drawing, collages and especially photographs, which he started taking in the 1930's and first exhibited in Paris in 1954, as well as a single film, "Johnny Minotaur," whose premiere was in 1973. His photographs were shown most recently at the Leslie Tonkonow Gallery in Chelsea in 1997. In 1999 the Ubu Gallery in Manhattan organized a revelatory exhibition of his so-called Prose Poems from the mid-1960's - large, colorful word-strewn collages that combined elements of Concrete poetry and Pop Art and presaged image-text artists like Barbara Kruger.

But Mr. Ford was perhaps best known as the editor of two influential magazines. One was the little magazine *Blues: A Magazine of New Rhythms*, which he founded in 1929 while still living in Columbus, Miss., under his parents' roof. Its eight issues published the work of William Carlos Williams, Gertrude Stein, Edward Roditi and, for the first time, Paul Bowles and Erskine Caldwell. The other was *View*, the premier art and literature magazine of the 1940's, whose Surrealist and figurative focus made it the natural counterweight to the Abstract Expressionists being championed by Clement Greenberg in *The Partisan Review* and *The Nation*.

The simplest summation of Mr. Ford's life and work may be that he did exactly what he wanted, and seemingly knew everyone. "Out of the Labyrinth," a 1991 collection of his poems, is dedicated to 22 mostly familiar names. His friendships reached from Natalie Barney and Man Ray to Robert Mapplethorpe and Patti Smith. They included Djuna Barnes, whose novel, "Nightwood," he typed while they were staying with Bowles in Tangiers in 1932; and Andy Warhol, whom he introduced to underground film. In addition, there was the Russian émigré artist Pavel Tchelitchew, who was Mr. Ford's companion from 1933 until Tchelitchew's death in 1957.

Mr. Ford's preferred birth dates varied between 1909 and 1913. In fact, he was born Charles Henry Ford in 1908, in the Hazlehurst Hotel in Hazlehurst, Miss. (He later changed the spelling of his middle name because he disliked being asked if he was related to the automobile magnate.) His family owned hotels in Columbus, Miss., Fulton, Ky., Nacogdoches, Tex., and Memphis, and he spent much of his childhood moving among them with his parents and his younger sister, the actress Ruth Ford, who is his only survivor.

A Baptist, he was educated primarily in Catholic boarding schools, claiming to have been expelled from most of them. His editorial activities began in grammar school, where he produced a typewritten broadside called *The Brass Monkey*.

Stanley Braithwaite's anthology of magazine verse and Ezra Pound's little magazine *The Exile* inspired him to start

Blues, which led to correspondences with Pound, Stein, William Faulkner and Tyler, whom he joined in New York in 1930. There he met Barnes, whom he followed to Paris in 1931, where he met Tchelitchew in 1932.

Returning to the United States in 1939, Mr. Ford and Tchelitchew became part of a circle that included Virgil Thompson, George Balanchine, Paul Cadmus, George Platt Lynes, Monroe Wheeler and Lincoln Kirstein. In 1940, Mr. Ford teamed with Tyler again to start View, which became known for its visual éclat, eclectic mix of writers and emphasis on Surrealism and Neo-Romanticism, especially Tchelitchew's. Taking full advantage of the European Surrealists sitting out World War II in New York, View had stunning covers designed by Max Ernst, André Masson, Man Ray and Yves Tanguy, as well as Georgia O'Keeffe, Isamu Noguchi and Alexander Calder. It published the first English translations of Albert Camus and Jean Genet and the first monograph devoted to Marcel Duchamp.

During the final decades of Mr. Ford's life, his companion and chief collaborator was Indra Tamang, an artist whom he met in Katmandu in 1972. During the last decade, he wrote haiku and made collages every day. An exhibition titled "Alive and Kicking: the Collages of Charles Henri Ford" will open late next month at the Scene Gallery on Rivington Street on the Lower East Side; its organizers have no plans to change the title. Among his unpublished works are two early novels, several journals and a memoir of his youth titled "I Will Become What I Am," a phrase that reflects his early determination to be famous.

<http://www.nytimes.com/2002/09/30/obituaries/30FORD.html?ex=1034414919&ei=1&en=56f7c489649a9d87> =

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867. **Hilton Obenzinger**

Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Baraka has a long history of shooting wildly from the hip, and his poems are often brilliant and his politics and actions often daring. He has taken a position for a long time as a revolutionary, as part of Black Power, as part of Maoist politics, and beyond. Often his poems are less than brilliant, and his political views

are strange. I am completely amazed that anyone in power would appoint him poet laureate and not expect him to outrage people. His rage about how 9/11 is being abused in the service of imperial aims is justified and he dares to speak it, but he's often off-base. For example, he blasted a moving first-hand account of 9/11 by Siri Hustvedt in the St Marks Poetry Project newsletter -- he wrote a kind of crazed misdirected rant which was rather pathetic.

As for the content of the conspiracy theory he spreads, such rumors have circulated widely in the Arab world. And we should understand why. There is a history of Israel's assassinations and interventions that would lead people to suspect such a thing. Hamas, for example, was initially encouraged by Israel as an alternative to the PLO -- and now their creation bites them in the ass. More importantly, the actions of Islamic extremists often seem to serve the interests of the Israeli government. Certainly, one can see how the 9/11 attack, which has now caused the U.S. to take a war footing against the Arab world and all of Islam, can be seen as the doings of someone who wants to provoke exactly such a response -- which is exactly what Osama bin Laden sought. It so happens it would also make the extremists who currently rule Israel quite happy to see the U.S. go to war against Islam as well.

History is a series of crimes -- and poetry is an accomplice, witting or not. But does it always have to be a question of which crime we chose?

I think Richard is somewhat intemperate in his language, but the Zionist movement is a colonizing movement, and there is no doubt of that, one with a particularly violent history. It is supposed to be a salvation for Jews from oppression and murder; but as someone whose family was murdered by the Nazis, I am only saddened by the use of their deaths as justification for further oppression. Years ago I would lecture on how Israel has nuclear weapons or was in alliance with the apartheid regime or has violated international laws or committed atrocities against Palestinians -- and I would be denounced as a self-hating Jew or worse. Charges of antisemitism are readily flung about. There really are antisemitic attitudes, but the fact that any criticism of Israel is labeled as such has made the process of sorting things out even more difficult. Certainly, Sharon seems to be doing everything in his power to keep the colonizing process moving forward, and it has become quite clear -- even to many usually blinded commentators in the U.S. (see Thomas Friedman in the NY Times) -- that Sharon has no intention of making peace or truly withdrawing from the occupied territories. Those who seek to deny the Nazi murders of the Jews have an agenda of hate -- what do we say of those who deny the colonial violence directed at Palestinians?

History is a series of failures -- and art is the best failure of them all.

It is possible to reach a compromise; it is possible to have principles; it is possible to achieve peace between the Palestinians and the Israelis; it is possible that the U.S. will not plunge the world into war; it is possible to have an imagination.

Hilton Obenzinger

Hilton Obenzinger, PhD.

Associate Director of Undergraduate Research Programs for Honors Writing

Lecturer, Department of English

Stanford University

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868. **ksilem**

Re: hole poems?

Mon 30 Sep 2002

If I'm imagining correctly what your text would have looked like if the formatting had worked, Chris, the big archi-model would of course be Greek lyric fragments, e.g., Sappho, where vertical strips of papyrus are missing and thus create sexy lacunae. Obviously, this is not a factor of composition, but of historical accident. Still, it has inspired a lot of experimental imitations. I'm thinking Joan Retallack and Tina Darragh probably have a lot of stuff that would fit your description (yeah, I just looked in Retallack's *_How to Do Things with Words_*--lots of holes).

I'm wondering if we could count Ashbery's *_As We Know_* as an extreme variant of this: where the columns on either side of the "hole" are intact narratives in themselves. Actually, since in this case the "hole" becomes not a hole but kind of third margin, a better example would be poems that I've seen (but can't remember who by offhand) where you can read either down each column or across the gap.

Kasey

*On Mon, 30 Sep 2002, Chris Stroffolino
Stroffolino wrote:*

Oh well, as I predicted it didn't work----

Chris Stroffolino Stroffolino wrote:

Okay I might as well throw my "hat" into
the asking-for-a-list "ring" since
there's been all these recent lists as of
late people asking for sonnet
lists and black poet lists and women poet
lists and maybe acadominant lists
or flarf lists or nikuku lists and so on
and so forth and even several
backchanneled me thinking I was compiling a
list of poets who name like
O'Hara but actually now
it

occurs

to me that
i am actually
interested
at least a little or
perhaps just bored
enough

to

ask this list people
if they know of
specific
poems that may be
called lyric that occur
in

roughly this form
which may not
actually
come through on
the email listserv as
I

am trying to render
it here, what i
mean
specifically is poems
that actually have
HOLES

in

them. I think I've
seen some of these
before
but I'm curious how
many of them there
are
or might have existed

because I was
reading
somewhere that since
lyrics generally
present
themselves as surr-
ounded by nothing or
by
white space that they
therefore encourage
the
isolated moment and
this therefore is
something
that i'm sure some of
"our" lyricists would
want
to
challenge or
invert perhaps though
maybe
not
and or then why
and so I'm not really talking about slight
typographical variations a la
Williams' 3 steps
or even concrete poetry that emphasizes the
materiality of letters etc but
actually poems
that might be rather traditional when it
comes to meaning etc. but
nonetheless somehow
wants to invoke the idea that it is not per
se surrounded by nothing not per
se an isolated
moment or maybe that would not even be the
intention maybe such a poem would
just
want to "frame" the silence and this is
actually a rather silly form and so
praise be the
isolated moment but what the hell i might
as well at least ask if it exists
and so maybe some
will consider this a challenge to write in
this form and then what i write
now may seem as prescriptive like a call
for papers or a literary contest

*judged anonymously of course which
will have much to do with setting a fashion
i care as little about as that
parody that became
a
real*

*** **

*Molly Schwartzburg
Doctoral Candidate
Department of English
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305*

██████████

██████████

*** **

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869. **Camille Martin**

Re: hole poems?

Mon 30 Sep 2002

This is maybe a little removed from what you're asking for, Chris, but what comes to mind is *_Chora L Works: Jacques Derrida and Peter Eisenman_*, which recounts the story of their collaboration on landscaping a garden. Beyond that, memory doesn't serve as to the content, but I remember that the book has little square holes punched in various patterns throughout the text. This is interesting conceptually but annoying if you want to find out what was actually said about the project, since the holes are large enough to obscure parts of the text!

Camille

Camille Martin

7725 Cohn St.

New Orleans, LA 70118

██████████

<http://www.litcity.net>

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870. **Lakey Teasdale**

Monday Without Pause

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Monday Without Pause

let's do this plot wearing shoes and of course, the course
is not run exactly smooth but co-ordinates stumble
over implications and right up against big trouble
wherever you go. So. tell you what we are not
going to do: Dispatch and turn your back.
The flack just isn't worth it. Desist. Desist.
Enough blood and thunder. There is whispering
among the thieves and rioting among the nobles
& quite an honour. Aye, they'll be flogged for lack
of consideration fiduciary. Never mind the scenes
of aqua fancy, let's talk cash. How much, indeed.
And do you do nightingale or hark, hark.
Spark a firelighter. Pull up a coal shovel.
The present environment is très sword &
sorcery no matter what you swear. So don't.
Why a gentleman never mentions a lady shoes
never mind the birthing of insinuations like air
in mixed company. We speak of the weather only.
Just wend your way through the labyrinth in rain.
Batten down the hatches, sir. Barometer is falling.

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871. **Arielle Greenberg**

Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Mon 30 Sep 2002

I agree with Hilton that I am surprised that after
naming Baraka to such a post, people would then be
suprised by his radical stances. He's a
radical--that's why they nominated him, no?

That said, I liked Gerald Stern's comment a lot: it's
basically just, in parts at least, a stupid poem, in
more ways than one.

As for the conspiracy theory against Israel, I think
it's just that. There are many, many very solid
reasons to oppose and criticize Israel at the moment
without jumping to the wild conclusion that they would
somehow orchestrate a terrorist event on that scale,
or that they would want to kill 3000 innocent people
on the soil of their greatest ally. Israel may be
often brutal, colonizing and aggressive, but they are

also known for being precise and candid about their aggression. There is nothing about 9/11 that looks like Israel. There is, however, MUCH to this theory that looks like the many, many anti-Semitic conspiracy theories that have come before it. This theory is, of course, very popular among Neo-Nazis.

I try to avoid chiming in on these issues, but feel strongly about this. Please don't flame me now.

Arielle

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872. **St. Thomasino**
a state of wonder and serenity

Mon 30 Sep 2002

This is from Glenn Gould--

The purpose of art is not the release of a momentary ejection of adrenaline but rather the gradual, lifelong construction of a state of wonder and serenity.

--Gregory

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873. **John Tranter**
Rimbaud in jeans

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Five years ago in a book review I mentioned this cultural icon:

"A photograph of Rimbaud (retouched to show him wearing jeans) graced the barricades of the student revolt in Paris in May 1968."

Now a Jacket reader would like to trace the image.
I know a photo postcard was based on the image about ten years ago.
Does anyone on the list have any more information?

Thanks... apologies for cross-posting...

John Tranter, Jacket magazine

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874. **J Gallaher**

Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Hilton Obenzinger writes

<Baraka has a long history of shooting wildly from the hip <snip> I am completely amazed that anyone in power would appoint him poet laureate and not expect him to outrage people.>

I reply:

I'm sure the people that appointed him New Jersey poet laureate expected him to be invisible, as poets are supposed to be in American culture, naturally (right?). Anyway, I missed the first few posts on this, so I missed what Gerald Stern said about the poem, but lemme tell ya, folks, this is a mighty incoherent piece. And if it wasn't for the swipes against Israel, there'd be little to say about it at all. I'm with Arielle on this one.

It does all radical poets a great blow to have someone this wildly incoherent in so public a position. I don't know if it's been posted yet, so here it is. Here it is:

Somebody Blew Up America

They say its some terrorist,
some barbaric

A Rab,
in Afghanistan

It wasn't our American terrorists
It wasn't the Klan or the Skin heads
Or the them that blows up nigger
Churches, or reincarnates us on Death Row
It wasn't Trent Lott
Or David Duke or Giuliani
Or Schundler, Helms retiring

It wasn't
The gonorrhea in costume
The white sheet diseases
That have murdered black people
Terrorized reason and sanity
Most of humanity, as they pleases

They say (who say?)
Who do the saying
Who is them paying
Who tell the lies

Who in disguise
Who had the slaves
Who got the buck out the Bucks
Who got fat from plantations
Who genocided Indians
Tried to waste the Black nation
Who live on Wall Street
The first plantation
Who cut your nuts off
Who rape your ma
Who lynched your pa
Who got the tar, who got the feathers
Who had the match, who set the fires
Who killed and hired
Who say they God & still be the Devil
Who the biggest only
Who the most goodest
Who do Jesus resemble
Who created everything
Who the smartest
Who the greatest
Who the richest
Who say you ugly and they the goodlookingest
Who define art
Who define science
Who made the bombs
Who made the guns
Who bought the slaves, who sold them
Who called you them names
Who say Dahmer wasn't insane
Who? Who? Who?
Who stole Puerto Rico
Who stole the Indies, the Philipines, Manhattan
Australia & The Hebrides
Who forced opium on the Chinese
Who own them buildings
Who got the money

Who think you funny
Who locked you up
Who own the papers
Who owned the slave ship
Who run the army
Who the fake president
Who the ruler
Who the banker
Who? Who? Who?
Who own the mine
Who twist your mind
Who got bread
Who need peace
Who you think need war
Who own the oil
Who do no toil
Who own the soil
Who is not a nigger
Who is so great ain't nobody bigger
Who own this city
Who own the air
Who own the water
Who own your crib
Who rob and steal and cheat and murder
and make lies the truth
Who call you uncouth
Who live in the biggest house
Who do the biggest crime
Who go on vacation anytime
Who killed the most niggers
Who killed the most Jews
Who killed the most Italians
Who killed the most Irish
Who killed the most Africans
Who killed the most Japanese
Who killed the most Latinos
Who? Who? Who?

Who own the ocean
Who own the airplanes
Who own the malls
Who own television
Who own radio

Who own what ain't even known to be owned
Who own the owners that ain't the real owners

Who own the suburbs
Who suck the cities
Who make the laws

Who made Bush president
Who believe the confederate flag need to be flying
Who talk about democracy and be lying

Who the Beast in Revelations
Who 666
Who know who decide
Jesus get crucified

Who the Devil on the real side
Who got rich from Armenian genocide

Who the biggest terrorist
Who change the bible
Who killed the most people
Who do the most evil
Who don't worry about survival

Who have the colonies
Who stole the most land
Who rule the world
Who say they good but only do evil
Who the biggest executioner

Who? Who? Who?

Who own the oil
Who want more oil
Who told you what you think that later you find out a lie

Who? Who? Who?

Who found Bin Laden, maybe they Satan
Who pay the CIA,
Who knew the bomb was gonna blow

Who know why the terrorists
Learned to fly in Florida, San Diego
Who know why Five Israelis was filming the explosion
And cracking they sides at the notion
Who need fossil fuel when the sun ain't goin' nowhere
Who make the credit cards
Who get the biggest tax cut
Who walked out of the Conference
Against Racism
Who killed Malcolm, Kennedy & his Brother
Who killed Dr King, Who would want such a thing?
Are they linked to the murder of Lincoln?
Who invaded Grenada
Who made money from apartheid
Who keep the Irish a colony
Who overthrow Chile and Nicaragua later
Who killed David Sibeko, Chris Hani,
the same ones who killed Biko, Cabral,
Neruda, Allende, Che Guevara, Sandino,
Who killed Kabila, the ones who wasted Lumumba, Mondlane,
Betty Shabazz, Die, Princess Di, Ralph Featherstone,
Little Bobby
Who locked up Mandela, Dhoruba, Geronimo,
Assata, Mumia, Garvey, Dashiell Hammett, Alphaeus Hutton
Who killed Huey Newton, Fred Hampton,
Medgar Evers, Mikey Smith, Walter Rodney,
Was it the ones who tried to poison Fidel
Who tried to keep the Vietnamese Oppressed
Who put a price on Lenin's head
Who put the Jews in ovens,
and who helped them do it
Who said "America First"
and ok'd the yellow stars
Who killed Rosa Luxembourg, Liebnecht
Who murdered the Rosenbergs
And all the good people iced,
tortured, assassinated, vanished

Who got rich from Algeria, Libya, Haiti,
Iran, Iraq, Saudi, Kuwait, Lebanon,
Syria, Egypt, Jordan, Palestine,
Who cut off peoples hands in the Congo
Who invented Aids
Who put the germs
In the Indians' blankets
Who thought up "The Trail of Tears"
Who blew up the Maine
& started the Spanish American War
Who got Sharon back in Power
Who backed Batista, Hitler, Bilbo,
Chiang kai Chek
Who decided Affirmative Action had to go
Reconstruction, The New Deal,
The New Frontier, The Great Society,
Who do Tom Ass Clarence Work for
Who doo doo come out the Colon's mouth
Who know what kind of Skeeza is a Condoleeza
Who pay Connelly to be a wooden negro
Who give Genius Awards to Homo Locus
Subsidere
Who overthrew Nkrumah, Bishop,
Who poison Robeson,
who try to put DuBois in Jail
Who frame Rap Jamil al Amin, Who frame the Rosenbergs,
Garvey,
The Scottsboro Boys,
The Hollywood Ten
Who set the Reichstag Fire
Who knew the World Trade Center was gonna get bombed
Who told 4000 Israeli workers at the Twin Towers
To stay home that day
Why did Sharon stay away?
Who? Who? Who?
Explosion of Owl the newspaper say
The devil face cd be seen

Who make money from war
Who make dough from fear and lies
Who want the world like it is
Who want the world to be ruled by imperialism and national
oppression and terror violence, and hunger and poverty.

Who is the ruler of Hell?
Who is the most powerful

Who you know ever
Seen God?

But everybody seen
The Devil

Like an Owl exploding
In your life in your brain in your self
Like an Owl who know the devil
All night, all day if you listen, Like an Owl
Exploding in fire. We hear the questions rise
In terrible flame like the whistle of a crazy dog

Like the acid vomit of the fire of Hell
Who and Who and WHO who who
Whoooo and Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

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JGallagher

The mind is in the habit of proposing solutions. This is why art is so necessary.

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875. **Avery Burns**

Canessa Park 10/20/02 Day & Strang

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Canessa Park Reading Series
708 Montgomery Street @ Columbus
San Francisco, CA

Admission \$5

Sunday October 20th @ 5 pm

Jean Day & Brian Strang

Jean Day has lived and worked (as an amanuensis, nonprofit manager, editor, writer, performer, and poet) in the Bay Area since the mid-1970s. Her work appears in a number of anthologies, including *In the American Tree* and *Moving Borders: Three Decades of Innovative Writing by Women*. Among her books of poetry are *The I and the You*, *The Literal World*, and the forthcoming *Enthusiasm*. She lives in Berkeley, where she is currently managing editor of the journal *Representations*.

from "Riot in Axiom"

.....

Don't be say, say "Suck up!"

you "succeeding happy millions"

to a house full of dubious chits

about to be tossed

on the ear of a street leading back

to the hall of records, the time-lapse sap, the
foamy

milk So much

of the ultimate horizon is sublimated

if not distressed

never coming to its sun

heckled sweet to me

"And to all states not free"

I swear I've never met The Man

for whom the writ

does not recur

wide in wood like a nickel

where buffalo play

unweildy at the end then suspended

over a drop

we may or may not walk away from

Brian Strang, co-editor of 26 magazine, lives in San Francisco and teaches English composition at San Francisco State University. He is the author of movement of avenues in rows, (a+bend), A Draft of L Cavatinas (Letters to Ez), (Potes and Poets), normal school: homage à Beckett (lyric&) and machinations (a free Duration Press ebook). Some of his recent writing has appeared in Factorial, Chase Park, Fourteen Hills, Kenning and Moria.

from "replacement"

A species that learns to endure. People who cut holes through rock, who arrive with little fanfare, alkaline dust in the pores. A figure is on the horizon, the nearby hill soaked in red, hanging by the feet in individual freedom, leaving the people stretched, the graveyard of the nameless. A voice enters above the plain:

"This one is more than a shade with a cane, little ones. There is a whole history behind this fragile life. Though you hear me, you do not understand. There is history behind life. Though you hear me, you do not understand."

The seconds are pared to the moment when it will happen. Breathing is as quiet as possible. Carloads arrive, with men hiding their guns beneath their clothes, working the sweat through their hatbands.

<<<

Hope to see you there,
Avery E. D. Burns

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876. **Jim Behrle**

Baraka

Mon 30 Sep 2002

J Gallaher writes:

It does all radical poets a great blow to have someone this wildly incoherent in so public a position.

Oh, please. Glad you posted this poem, because I think it is a very interesting and arresting piece. But c'mon. This is Baraka being Baraka: beautiful, furious, paranoid. Incoherent? No. Spewing, maybe. Take issue with his politics, if you must, but there's an awful lot to like here poetically. Are we really going to side with simple-minded bureaucrats over one of our great poets? And if so why, because he's dragging us down? Yeah, please drag me down with you Mr. Baraka, into unapologetically fierce work.

--Jim Behrle

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877. **schwartzgk**

Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Mon 30 Sep 2002

While agreeing with snatches of it (imperial aims, etc.), the piece does work, intentionally or not, as a warning. And it's about as potent a gesture as many of the activities of last weekend in Washington, DC., which, intentionally or not, serve as a warning. Snatches, there, agreed with...too.

Gerald Schwartz

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

From: "Hilton Obenzinger" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, September 30, 2002 3:57 PM

Subject: Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

> Baraka has a long history of shooting wildly from the hip, and his poems
> are often brilliant and his politics and actions often daring. He has
> taken a position for a long time as a revolutionary, as part of Black
> Power, as part of Maoist politics, and beyond. Often his poems are less
> than brilliant, and his political views are strange. I am completely
> amazed that anyone in power would appoint him poet laureate and not expect
> him to outrage people. His rage about how 9/11 is being abused in the
> service of imperial aims is justified and he dares to speak it, but he's
> often off-base. For example, he blasted a moving first-hand account of
> 9/11 by Siri Hustvedt in the St Marks Poetry Project newsletter -- he
wrote
> a kind of crazed misdirected rant which was rather pathetic.

>

> As for the content of the conspiracy theory he spreads, such rumors have
> circulated widely in the Arab world. And we should understand why. There
> is a history of Israel's assassinations and interventions that would lead
> people to suspect such a thing. Hamas, for example, was initially
> encouraged by Israel as an alternative to the PLO -- and now their
creation

> bites them in the ass. More importantly, the actions of Islamic
extremists

> often seem to serve the interests of the Israeli government. Certainly,
> one can see how the 9/11 attack, which has now caused the U.S. to take a
> war footing against the Arab world and all of Islam, can be seen as the
> doings of someone who wants to provoke exactly such a response -- which is
> exactly what Osama bin Laden sought. It so happens it would also make the
> extremists who currently rule Israel quite happy to see the U.S. go to war
> against Islam as well.

>

> History is a series of crimes -- and poetry is an accomplice, witting or
> not. But does it always have to be a question of which crime we chose?

>

> I think Richard is somewhat intemperate in his language, but the Zionist
> movement is a colonizing movement, and there is no doubt of that, one with
> a particularly violent history. It is supposed to be a salvation for Jews
> from oppression and murder; but as someone whose family was murdered by
the

> Nazis, I am only saddened by the use of their deaths as justification for
> further oppression. Years ago I would lecture on how Israel has nuclear
> weapons or was in alliance with the apartheid regime or has violated
> international laws or committed atrocities against Palestinians -- and I
> would be denounced as a self-hating Jew or worse. Charges of antisemitism
> are readily flung about. There really are antisemitic attitudes, but the
> fact that any criticism of Israel is labeled as such has made the process
> of sorting things out even more difficult. Certainly, Sharon seems to be
> doing everything in his power to keep the colonizing process moving
> forward, and it has become quite clear -- even to many usually blinded
> commentators in the U.S. (see Thomas Friedman in the NY Times) -- that
> Sharon has no intention of making peace or truly withdrawing from the
> occupied territories. Those who seek to deny the Nazi murders of the Jews
> have an agenda of hate -- what do we say of those who deny the colonial
> violence directed at Palestinians?

>

> History is a series of failures -- and art is the best failure of them

all.

>

> It is possible to reach a compromise; it is possible to have principles;

it

> is possible to achieve peace between the Palestinians and the Israelis; it

> is possible that the U.S. will not plunge the world into war; it is

> possible to have an imagination.

>

> Hilton Obenzinger

>

>

>

> -----

> 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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878. **schwartzgk**

BARAKA POEM

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Seems like he just went and made a sequel:

ORONO II: Global Rant

(I DO have to say I liked him better in BULWORTH...and I did find it amusing that few of those attending Orono's shindig that year had ever seen A.B. in the flick) (b.t.w. he had it (in glorious VHS) for sale in the bookroom...)

Gerald Schwartz

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879. **Halvard Johnson**

Two poems by Charles Henri Ford

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Somebody's Gone

There may be a basement to the Atlantic
but there's no top-storey
to my mountain of missing you.

I must say your deportment took a hunk
out of my peach of a heart.
I ain't insured against torpedoes!
My turpentine tears would fill a drugstore.

May I be blindfolded before you come my way again
if you've going to leave dry land like an amphibian;
I took you for some kind of ambrosial bird
with no thought of acoustics.

Maybe it's too late to blindfold me ever:
I'm just a blotter crisscrossed with the ink
of words that remind me of you.

Bareheaded aircastle,
you were as beautiful as a broom made of flesh and hair.

When you first disappeared
I couldn't keep up with my breakneck grief,
and now I know how grief can run away with the mind,
leaving the body desolate as a staircase.

The Overturned Lake

Blue unsolid tongue, if you could talk,
the mountain would supply the brain;
but mountains are mummies: the autobus and train,
manmade worms, disturb their centuries.
Tongue of a deafmute, the lake
shudders, inarticulate.

You are like the mind of a man, too:
surface reflecting the blue day,
the life about you seemingly organized, revolving about you,
you as a center,
but I am concerned in your overthrow:
I should like to pick you up, as if you were a woman of water,
hold you against the light and see your veins flow
with fishes; reveal the animal-flowers that rise
nightlike beneath your eyes.

Noiseless as memory, blind as fear,
lake, I shall make you into a poem,

for I would have you unpredictable as the human body:
I shall equip you with the strength of a dream,
rout you from your blue unconscious bed,
overturn your unconcern,
as the mind is overturned by memory, the heart by dread.

--Charles Henri Ford

fr. *The Overturned Lake*, Little Man Press, 1941

in *English and American Surrealist Poetry*, ed.
Edward B. Germain, Penguin, 1978

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

New-Poetry mailing list

[REDACTED]

<http://wiz.cath.vt.edu/mailman/listinfo/new-poetry>

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880. **Aaron Belz**

I just spoke to Jim Behrle on the phone

Mon 30 Sep 2002

I just spoke to Jim Behrle on the phone. An affable chap, deeper voice than I'd imagined. It was fun!

It made me realize that I'd like to talk to others of you on the phone. If you'd like to receive a call from me & engage in some pleasant social intercourse, backchannel me your phone number. (Not you, Tranter. Or you, Upton. Or Jesse Glass. I don't have an international calling plan.)

If you'd like to call me, do so at U.S. [REDACTED]. Just not after 10 p.m.

Aaron

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881. **Brian Stefans [arras.net]**

We have had it with ennui and voyeurism.

Mon 30 Sep 2002

U.N. Weapons Inspectors Seek Open Access in Iraq

By ASGER JORN

http://www.arras.net/u_n_weapons_inspectors.htm

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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882. **richard.tylr**

Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

Mon 30 Sep 2002

Nick. (and Others) I respect your right(s) to be shocked. Look, its probably a waste of time all this. Nothing I say or do will alter things. But I am aware that Baraka is a bit of a "loose canon", and has been provocative and all that: and in a way I always respect iconoclasts. But I've never been able to get interested in Baraka as a poet.

Just because he's black doesnt give HIM the right to be anti-semitic: that in fact is reverse side of the coin of the (some, NOT ALL) Israelis moaning about the Holocaust thus justifying their connivances. Ok - how many black or Afro-Americans or indigenous Indians or Hispanics are on the List? - Baraka is black but he is also a show man I know that - been there, done that: we're all show people at sometimes. Black people have suffered oppression etc but THAT doesnt justify racism by THEM.... (in fact we all come from ancestors who were all probably oppressed and slaughtered at some stage: recall that one of the English Kings was the first to carry out genocide against Jews in London and also he put the yellow badge on them.)

But I dont know why I started on all this: I'm "angry with history" I suppose. I should leave it. I repeat: I'm not anti semitic.(I dont know many Jews but I had one friend who was Jewish who I was very sad when he died. He, by the way, changed his name as he didnt like being part of group such as being a Jew (he wanted to be just himself - Martin: also he rejected his (English) father's socialism as he didnt like being part of groups)): THAT's what I like about him and Baraka: I like the individualism. I see it as I type: I probably dont care about any of this: I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE DIFFERENT and I admire people who are different: NEVER could I agree to cooperative stuff, I am a total egotist and individualist...its JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN - I HAVE ALWAYS

HATED TEAMS. I HATE CLUBS AND GROUPS. PEOPLE GANG UP ON ME. I'M AN ALIEN. I WILL AND NEVER HAVE FITTED IN. I AM AN EGOTIST DEEP DOWN. I COULD NEVER AGREE TO THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR AND SO ON. I ADMIRE BOBBY FISCHER'S STAND AND TOLD THE CHESS SITE WHY I SUPPORTED HIM. Maybe deep down I hate people....and myself: maybe which is a kind of distorted loving... NO, I'M TRYING TO LOVE MYSELF IN A GOOD WAY)

BUT people - humans - were killed in the towers though and it is essential to find out EXACTLY what happened: (although in a sense that is an on) but be prepared to be blinded by science and masses of videoed and spoken and written "misinformation" (the phrase of one of the Democrat senators in Iraq about Bush NOT me). \$Millions are being used (much of it will be your tax dollars) to present an "informed" AND COMPUTER GENERATED AND MATHEMATICISED INTO STRANGE AND MEANINGLESS SIGNS and complex report that will be bigger than Alan Sondheim's "project" - and THAT'S SAYING SOMETHING!!!!.... But a lot of the Engineers are biased..."monieised": their pockets are laundered or they are simply right wing...there will be no "independent report" any more than there is any "objective" language.

Of course I could be completely wrong: that's the trouble, truth is the first casualty. Only G knows the truth whatever that is. But I hope that the truth isn't dead.

PLEASE DISREGARD EVERYTHING I SAY.

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

From: "Nick Piombino" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, October 01, 2002 3:44 AM

Subject: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

> > Date: Sun, 29 Sep 2002 14:35:11 -0400

> > From: Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]>

> > Subject: Re: Amiri Baraka in the NY Times Report from NZ

> >

>

> > Richard, I usually agree and respect you, but in fact Baraka has a long

> > history of anti-semitism, for which he apologized several decades ago.

> >

> > This post is beneath you. I'm furious that such rumors, which are on the

> > level of holocaust denial, persist.

> >

> > Alan

>

>
> Your post re Amira Baraka surprised and shocked me, Richard. I completely
> agree with Alan's point. It is frightening, saddening yet completely
> predictable that the horrifying, traumatic events of September 11, 2001
and
> the resulting, tense world situation should continue to elicit this kind
of
> distorted thinking and vicious assertion. No doubt you are confident and
> hopeful that by stating such things here you will provoke political
> engagement. But perhaps all that is accomplished with this type of
harangue
> by you, by Baraka or anybody else is to contribute to the suffering and
> confusion.
>
> Nick

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883. **Michael Broder**
Ear Inn Readings--October 2002

Mon 30 Sep 2002

The Ear Inn Reading Series
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

October 5, 2002

Jane Augustine, Burt Kimmelman, Thomas Fink

October 12, 2002

Genine Lentine, Anita Naegeli, Carolyn Zolas

October 19, 2002

Carol Ghiglieri, Chris Lew, Jeffrey Levine

October 26

Joy of Six, featuring André Mangeot, Andrea Porter, Anne Berkeley,
Martin Figura, Peter Howard, and Wayne Hill

For more information, contact Michael Broder or Jason Schneiderman at
[REDACTED] or email us at [REDACTED]

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884. **Aaron Belz**

I just spoke to August Highland on the phone

Mon 30 Sep 2002

You people who smirk and think it's silly that I want to talk to you on the phone, hear this: August and I talked for almost an hour. We learned that we have much in common, in how way we look at poetry, other people, personal identity, media, brand marketing, and other things. I told him how great I think his Pornalisa project is, and he shared with me some interesting responses his work has garnered. I can't digest the whole hour for you, but those are some of the highlights.

Thanks, August!

Aaron

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