

@poetics

The UB Poetics Discussion Group

Archive of Electronic Correspondence

August 2003

663 messages · Thu 31 Jul 2003 – Sun 31 Aug 2003

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

August 2003 was the month the list went back to its oldest domestic war — the mouth against the page. Six hundred and sixty-three messages moved through it, the war abroad now barely a rumor, and the room gave itself over to the argument it has been having since before there were listservs: whether a poem is finally a thing said aloud or a thing set down. A new national laureate was named that month, and two men who had spent their lives on opposite banks of exactly this divide would die before it ended, so that the quarrel and its casualties arrived, for once, in the same envelope.

The mouth's party was the louder. A journalist named flora fair wrote in soliciting comment for a cover piece on the state of slam poetry, on the Def Poetry Jam, on the slam as it belonged to *"the human tradition of storytelling"*, and the thread ran to nearly thirty messages of the perennial fight — the live voice and its roaring room set against the avant-garde's difficult, silent page. Kari edwards testified from San Francisco that spoken word owned the city; others sniffed that a crowd's applause was no measure of a poem. It was a class argument as much as an aesthetic one, and nobody's mind was changed.

The page had its champions too, at both ends of respectability. At the disreputable end, K. Silem Mohammad reported that the BBC World Service had interviewed him about Flarf, which he cheerfully defined on the air as *"Flarf is intentionally bad poetry that involves Google"* search results — the poem as sculpted junk text, the antithesis of anything you could shout. At the respectable end sat the new laureate, Louise Glück, whom even Geoffrey Gatz allowed he could *"approach her poetry with genuine respect"*, a sentence no one on the list would have spent on her predecessors. Between the Google spew and the crowned page, the middle held.

Then the divide claimed its theorist. Walter Ong died on the twelfth, at ninety, and Jim Andrews wrote the notice, recalling that *Orality and Literacy* was one of his favorite books — Ong the scholar who had argued that so much we credit to progress is better understood as *"shifts from orality to various stages of literacy."* The man who had drawn the very map the room was quarreling over, mouth on one side and page on the other, slipped off it in the middle of the month, and the coincidence was almost too neat to print.

And on the sixteenth it claimed its master. Haroldo de Campos died in São Paulo, and Charles Bernstein told the list he had been “*one of the great poets of the Americas*”, a founder of concrete poetry, the man who had made the page into a picture and driven the written poem as far from the human throat as it could go. Haas Bianchi remembered hearing him once in Brazil before an audience wholly enraptured. I have set August down exactly as the archive delivered it — the slam, the Flarf, the crowned laureate, the theorist and the master both gone in a fortnight — because it was the month the room’s endless argument between the voice and the page buried, in two weeks, the one man who had charted it and the one man who had perfected its far shore.

— K. M. F.

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- 416. Stephen Vincent — Re: Little Review: Ezra Pound, Poems and Translations
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- 418. Michael Rothenberg — Re: ebbe borregaard
- 419. Kirby Olson — Re: ethics/aesthetics
- 420. Harrison Jeff — a horse by any other bright articulate interior
- 421. Harrison Jeff — BIG CAR BOTH WAYS
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- 423. mIEKAL aND — wryte thru the roof
- 424. Stephen Vincent — Re: ebbe borregaard
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- 427. Alan Sondheim — umb
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- 439. Joel Weishaus — Re: ebbe borregaard
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- 441. Steve Tills — Re: Anti-transgender violence hits D.C. again
- 442. kari edwards — Re: Anti-transgender violence hits D.C. again
- 443. Catherine Daly — ::8.26::LA::*Unofficial* Book Launch::Catherine Daly, DaDaDa::
- 444. patrick dunagan — Re: Beckett's Aesthetics/Ethics
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- 446. George Bowering — Re: ebbe borregaard
- 447. Brennan Lukas — Back on the poetics horse: Giddddaaaayuppppppp!!!!
- 448. Alan Sondheim — reworked
- 449. kari edwards — 2003 feeder surplus

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- 458. Harrison Jeff — rusted rabbits at chariots o'clock
- 459. Harrison Jeff — America's Greatest Smile
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- 464. August Highland — Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Eight)
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- 466. Alan Sondheim — Please check out the revamped <http://www.asondheim.org/>
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- 483. mIEKAL aND — Re: Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?
- 484. oranget — Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?
- 485. Halvard Johnson — RIP: Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)
- 486. Halvard Johnson — Re: Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)
- 487. Kevin Hehir — Re: Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?
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- 491. Joel Weishaus — Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
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- 500. Schlesinger — News from Cuneiform
- 501. Ben Basan — Re: Kasey on the Beeb

- 502. Haas Bianchi — Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
- 503. Haas Bianchi — Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
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- 507. Alan Sondheim — Swoon of code memory she is beside herself
- 508. K. Silem Mohammad — Re: BBC & Flarf
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- 510. August Highland — The Four-Chambered Heart #0001 - #0006
- 511. August Highland — Anatomy Of The Western World #0002
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- 520. Peter Quartermain — Re: ebbe borregaard
- 521. Craig Allen Conrad — Apollinaire! Apollinaire! HAPPY BIRTHDAY! -- PATHOLOGIES OF NORMAL B...
- 522. Clifford Duffy — Borreaard and Spicer
- 523. Rob McLennan — TEN, a celebratory chappie
- 524. tom bell — Re: jordan davis
- 525. irving weiss — Re: nonce-words
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- 527. Harrison Jeff — Satis Verborum
- 528. Harrison Jeff — The Trigger Had Not Tasted Other Recluses
- 529. Tom Beckett — Two of the Parts
- 530. Joel Weishaus — Re: Borreaard and Spicer
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- 532. Dodie Bellamy — Re: Borreaard and Spicer
- 533. Stephen Vincent — Absent without a Vote
- 534. floodeditions — Graham Foust, As in Every Deafness
- 535. Rachel Loden — Re: BBC & Flarf
- 536. Rachel Loden — Re: utility problem
- 537. Stephen Vincent — Re: Absent without a Vote/Flarf oops!
- 538. Brian Kim Stefans [arras.net] — What is Said to the Poet Concerning Flowers (a new blog) & ...

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- 539. Alan Sondheim — honestly
- 540. George Bowering — Re: Borreaard and Spicer
- 541. August Highland — (c)ode
- 542. August Highland — (c)ode part1
- 543. Kevin Hehir — --dasypygal
- 544. Poetics List Administration — rockets and sentries blog
- 545. Chris Stroffolino — Re: Free Oakland A's Game Tomorrow
- 546. Kirby Olson — Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
- 547. mIEKAL aND — Artists' Haven: No Electricity, but What Views
- 548. Rob McLennan — rob's clever blog
- 549. Daniel Kane — Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE
- 550. David A. Kirschenbaum — Free Oakland A's Game Tomorrow

- 551. Kazim Ali — Re: Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE
- 552. flora fair — Poetry Slams
- 553. Renee Ashley — Re: Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE
- 554. kevinkillian — Re: Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE
- 555. Haas Bianchi — Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
- 556. tom bell — probably doesn't apply
- 557. Alan Sondheim — "fertile musings"
- 558. ryan fitzpatrick — process 02: "fantasticate|ruggedize" - Natalie Simpson
- 559. Alan Sondheim — ++ <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/web.exe> ++

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- 560. August Highland — (c)ode part1
- 561. August Highland — (c)ode part2
- 562. dcmb — Re: utility problem
- 563. dcmb — Re: Two of the Parts
- 564. Lewis LaCook — RUB RAIN RANDOM
- 565. Matt Keenan — HISTORY OF THEORISM
- 566. Matt Keenan — "fertile musings"
- 567. Ryan LeRoy Kleeberger — (no subject)
- 568. Bjørn Magnhildøen — Re: BBC & Flarf
- 569. Gwyn McVay — Re: HISTORY OF THEORISM
- 570. kari edwards — Re: Poetry Slams
- 571. austinwja — announcement: BLACKBOX summer gallery
- 572. flora fair — Re: Poetry Slams
- 573. Alan Sondheim — pure pollute
- 574. Kirby Olson — Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
- 575. Ian VanHeusen — Re: Poetry Slams
- 576. Laura Wright — Collom & Sikelianos in Boulder, CO Sept. 12
- 577. Gary Sullivan — Tina Darragh contact info?
- 578. Maria Damon — Re: Poetry Slams
- 579. Harrison Jeff — The Coquettes Transformed
- 580. Stephen Vincent — USA has a new poet laureate
- 581. Hilton Obenzinger — Re: The Coquettes Transformed
- 582. Poetics List Administration — Barrett Watten | Buffalo August 29th
- 583. Robert Corbett — September Readings for Experimental Theology
- 584. raea100900 — Komunyakaa's Best of
- 585. kevinkillian — Re: Komunyakaa's Best of
- 586. Geoffrey Gatza — Re: USA has a new poet laureate
- 587. Daniel Kane — What is Poetry: Conversations with the American Avant-Garde Discount
- 588. flora fair — Re: Poetry Slams
- 589. kari edwards — Re: USA has a new poet laureate
- 590. Fulcrum Annual — Fulcrum 2 Now at City Lights
- 591. hsn — Re: Poetry Slams
- 592. schwartzgk — USA has a new poet laureate
- 593. hell.com — Fwd: ON 40th ANNIVERSARY OF "I HAVE A DREAM" COMPUTER VIRUS REVOKES CIVIL RIGHTS

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- 594. Alan Sondheim — /sound
- 595. Ben Basan — Re: Barrett Watten | Techno Music Paper
- 596. Gloria Frym — Re: USA has a new poet laureate
- 597. Lewis LaCook — What is Conjunctivitis?
- 598. Lewis LaCook — Re: What is Conjunctivitis?
- 599. August Highland — The Illuminating Affliction #0001

- 600. cris cheek — Re: Barrett Watten | Techno Music Paper
- 601. Bob Grumman — Re: USA has a new poet laureate
- 602. Ram Devineni — Marathon Reading on AIDS in Africa
- 603. Anne E. Pluto — Re: Poetry Slams
- 604. Grant Matthew Jenkins — Poetry Slams
- 605. Ian VanHeusen — Re: Poetry Slams
- 606. Alan Sondheim — Untitled
- 607. Haas Bianchi — Re: Poetry Slams
- 608. Haas Bianchi — Re: USA has a new poet laureate
- 609. Ian VanHeusen — Slam a poem
- 610. Joel Weishaus — Re: USA has a new poet laureate
- 611. Ben Basan — FW: Today's Tech-Dependent Activists
- 612. Laura Wright — Re: USA has a new poet laureate, random musings
- 613. Maria Damon — Re: Poetry Slams
- 614. hsn — Re: Poetry Slams
- 615. Steve Tills — Poetry Slams
- 616. Craig Allen Conrad — Carol Mirakove's TEMPORARY TATTOOS, Bukowski, dream of roller-skating w...
- 617. Catherine Daly — Re: Poetry Slams
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- 621. Steve Tills — SoMa Literary Review
- 622. Gabriel Gudding — laureateship & the american poetry of privatism
- 623. Catherine Daly — alright, using up post #2 for more on slams
- 624. David A. Kirschenbaum — Boog City Reading in Oakland, Thurs. 9/4
- 625. alexander saliby — Re: laureateship & the american poetry of privatism
- 626. flora fair — Re: Poetry Slams
- 627. flora fair — Re: Poetry Slams

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- 628. Alan Sondheim — Of me and my love for me
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- 631. August Highland — MULTI-SOURCE COMMUNICATION THROUGHPUT #0187
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- 634. flora fair — Re: Poetry Slams
- 635. Philip Metres — article on watten's bad history
- 636. Catherine Daly — Re: Poetry Slams
- 637. Kazim Ali — Re: Poetry Slams
- 638. Halvard Johnson — Re: Poetry Slams
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- 640. Del Ray Cross — SHAMPOO 18
- 641. Alan Sondheim — Virus Strings to Send to Rumania
- 642. Maria Damon — Re: Poetry Slams
- 643. Tenney Nathanson — POG COLLECTIVE reading: Saturday evening, September 6, downtown at MOCA
- 644. Kazim Ali — Re: laureateship & the american poetry of privatism

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- 648. Jukka-Pekka Kervinen — xStream #13 online
- 649. Alan Sondheim — death i cant escape thee
- 650. flora fair — Re: Poetry Slams

- 651. Maria Damon — Re: Poetry Slams
- 652. Maria Damon — Re: title haunt
- 653. Jeff Chester — Thank you!
- 654. Ron — Chicago Review question
- 655. mIEKAL aND — title haunt
- 656. mIEKAL aND — Re: title haunt
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- 658. dbuuck — Announcing _Crop_, by Yedda Morrison
- 659. nuyopoman — Slam
- 660. subrosa — Seattle SUBTEXT Readings Continue
- 661. Haas Bianchi — Re: Slam
- 662. Kazim Ali — Re: Slam
- 663. Alan Sondheim — How Obsession Makes Everything All Right

1. **Harry Nudel**

Face Fued Will....Mo Po News...

Thu 31 Jul 2003

Cindy Adams...

NY Post..p16...

funeral of Carol

widow Walter Matthau

of grief

grief over

THE WILL

ARAM..son

speak & refused

financia..discontent

kids & stepkids

inclue ARAM..

1st husband

Saroyan..

Listen

Light

Light

Light

LIGHT

drn...

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2. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: The future of the train.

Fri 1 Aug 2003

The hawks have disappeared. The wasps are thread-waisted.

Both Camille & I were stung repeatedly by large angry black wasps yesterday who have built a hive in our doorway. I chased them away with a stick.

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3. **August Highland** ***The Intention of Good Leaders*** *Fri 1 Aug 2003*

The Intention of Good Leaders

Eve said God below meantime existence more fact
Svarajya pomegranate animals less system proper
fit call addressed show animals less fear
forefathers fear forefathers system proper fit
rational people come rational people come petition
Thou garden to make clear to you Roccaleone own
fears rational people come like major part
snatching worshipped hotline allegations hopeless
even gave they got property call addressed show
grateful Destruction like major part hopeless even
gave hotline allegations grateful Destruction
reasons think get. She climbed responded soprano
worshipped thou art extinguished, responded
soprano consequence gave consequence gave
worshipped thou art prostrate enigmatic prostrate
enigmatic started set up operations Tohu Bohu
Roccaleone come prostrate enigmatic have become
great my children of Shobal many face entirely
closed power am while serving extinguished, Those
War Ninevites have become great my closed power am
many face entirely Those War Ninevites incline
school home regarding militia ministering
shoulder. incline school home -foster greater
ministering riff-raff riff-raff shoulder. silver
and gold silver and gold and walked around
reassured many frequently rule bras silver and
gold ring seven mindset exclaimed deck petition
Terry's purposes shall incline school home -foster
greater looks Darin drags ring seven mindset
petition Terry's deck looks Darin drags
genetically modified Adam, Seth, accomplished
Kyrie field hear those who taken just few -poured
breast Yet accomplished Kyrie consists fish go
consists fish go field hear those who herald
herald Every plant, abode own, each cock going
enjoyed herald nonproliferation twisted across
their give first met some diplomatic the

continuous taken just few -poured breast Yet
around his waist, nonproliferation some diplomatic
give first met around his waist, who lived too far
veil of light the being uttered commands virtual
relish dry food being uttered magic arts tradesman
magic arts tradesman commands virtual angels.
angels. thou mayest gain grips ruffians dominion
angels. angels arose wilt years old when he
considering see shall down arm relish dry food
Massy kept angels arose wilt see shall down arm
considering Massy kept convention same another
name initially trained provide technical another
name writings still writings still initially
trained no laughter in our no laughter in our base
ingratitude accountability handling it with no
laughter in our will hurtled bruised combat
proliferation supported health received set bring
now leading -come children Hanina provide
technical designs sought will hurtled bruised
received set supported health designs sought
company Dathan being had come up for the
congregation Besides shall see shall security
environment congregation Besides consequences
herself -arrived at the consequences herself -
arrived at the shall see shall group meetings
focus group meetings focus Agellius little from
the failure sanction group meetings focus all lord
Birth Noah earned restored gods control knew
organic great lonely leisure. security environment
good quarry Nature all lord Birth Noah knew
organic great control good quarry Nature female
spirits between indulgences Temple steps angels
and thirty cubits spoke quietly in my Temple steps
angels And God looking on And God looking on and
thirty cubits useful driving some useful driving
some unto led because of Abram Nahor and up
Zerubbabel voice useful driving some softly
account True must system quickly tracing languid
subject undertake howled with pleasure, spoke
quietly in my tiger's den with a softly account
True subject undertake tracing languid tiger's den
with a ourselves wits off only company saying

heaven up sicut aquilæ Sursum sandals animals less
saying heaven up creation, thou creation, thou
sicut aquilæ Sursum himself delightful himself
delightful rattled, a little pilot-fish. himself
delightful the land will be included improperly
Moses I am the Lord hans blixdirector other cock,
lubed it sandals animals less remote systems the
land will be hans blixdirector Moses I am the Lord
remote systems nuclear-weapon-free huge feels fat
can throne ways means taking place made personnel
throne ways means animals screaming animals
screaming taking place made where taken Wherever
where taken Wherever will time come show matter
divisions masks effort known where taken Wherever
saturnalia honor kept against will now proselyte
Oliver nor joining personnel popinjay lifted feet
saturnalia honor proselyte Oliver nor against will
now popinjay lifted feet full speed as though each
generation body shrinks You expect me to put
forbidden Yet dust body shrinks shortages within
nbc shortages within nbc You expect me to put
SATAN taby forth SATAN taby forth matters nothing
I've said it there! SATAN taby forth drove up ways
means Elliott to dinner. activities addition with a
big brown physical security forbidden Yet dust
Christine has drove up ways means with a big brown
activities addition Christine has arguments angels
rising thus Adam contemptuous clank further effort
design information contemptuous clank faces
separated led faces separated led further effort
ASCENSION ENOCH just ASCENSION ENOCH just
ballistic cruise world watching such dog began
bark ASCENSION ENOCH just documentation Tell
different turn made Death Adam can work wonders
saturnalia honor design information his lips. "I
documentation Tell can work wonders made Death
Adam his lips. "I through reddish book phoenixes
keeps below-olives God will let report close
linked scales below-olives God will your flock if
you your flock if you let report suddenly alone in
suddenly alone in Norhala am gates military Most
black Maria Rather think suddenly alone in

practitioners spices Paradise and the land of
clangor spared grave my jeans skirt and close
linked scales constantly emanation practitioners
clangor spared grave and the land of constantly
emanation ye gates ye loss bustled see packed rose
cymbals organs warned example Now when Joseph saw
rose cymbals organs hosts great hosts great warned
example way property Strabo way property Strabo
execution teachings think.

august highland

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Version: 6.0.505 / Virus Database: 302 - Release Date: 7/30/2003

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4. **August Highland** ***The Secret of Longevity***

Fri 1 Aug 2003

The Secret of Longevity

rainbow diarrhoea sin idea idea Jos

rainbow diarrhoea sin idea idea Jos

rainbow diarrhoea sin idea idea Jos dis help come some judgement prawn cus-
tomy speculative poke poke shilling master says never use dis help come some
judgement dis help come some judgement prawn customary speculative poke
poke shilling master says never use dis help come some judgement

paste divert loss Iden

gadfly income rank amidst chiefest nobles

envelop income istribution offer those other side Head being smugglers offer
those other side Head being envelop income istribution envelop income istribu-
tion offer those other side Head being smugglers offer those other side Head
being envelop income istribution

pure plum face indeed perhaps well thus mate play-off puncture wish granted
plum face indeed perhaps well thus mate play-off evils

pure plum face indeed perhaps well thus mate play-off puncture wish granted
plum face indeed perhaps well thus mate play-off evils

pure plum face indeed perhaps well thus mate play-off puncture wish granted
plum face indeed perhaps well thus mate play-off evils

thou hast made North South Tabor lecture jury plant Tis bad policy union saddle ledgers add up fortune Tis bad policy union thou hast made North South Tabor

thou hast made North South Tabor lecture jury plant Tis bad policy union saddle ledgers add up fortune Tis bad policy union thou hast made North South Tabor envelop income istribution offer those other side Head being smugglers offer those other side Head being envelop income istribution

table Unite Hecate-can son say more? wished wished horses looked back thee Elzevir
table

table Unite Hecate-can son say more? wished wished horses looked back thee Elzevir
table Grace Maskew decompressed sixteen each proboscis Grace Maskew Grace Maskew decompressed sixteen each proboscis Grace Maskew Grace Maskew decompressed sixteen each proboscis Grace Maskew

standing retreat where wanted Indeed soon
loathsome up further inquiry foot home clock
loathsome says slowly
standing

standing retreat where wanted Indeed soon
loathsome up further inquiry foot home clock
loathsome says slowly
standing

table Unite Hecate-can son say more? wished wished horses looked back thee Elzevir
table

came scorched
nineteen chances score cannot crown thee took coin pocket careless
voices knowing cause crown thee took coin pocket re-energise Nor e'er robbed spoils bequest came scorched
came scorched
nineteen chances score cannot crown thee took coin pocket careless
voices knowing cause crown thee took coin pocket re-energise Nor e'er

robbed spoils bequest came scorched
slurp suitcase f-scene reminded one those dreadful f-scene reminded one
those dreadful tenth slurp suitcase
slurp suitcase f-scene reminded one those dreadful f-scene reminded one
those dreadful tenth slurp suitcase
slurp suitcase f-scene reminded one those dreadful f-scene reminded one
those dreadful tenth slurp suitcase

strategy age floor easy baby

august highland

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5. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

WNBC on My Aim is Boog

Fri 1 Aug 2003

Hi All,

Randomly this cool dude from NBC came to our My Aim is Boog show the other night, and now, lo and behold, look what's up on their web site:

<http://www.wnbc.com/entertainment/2373645/detail.html>

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

Boog City

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

NY, NY 10001-4754

T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

F: [REDACTED]

www.boogcity.com

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6. **Bob Grumman**

Re: Haiku Skeptic

Fri 1 Aug 2003

--- jesse glass <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Hi Bob--No, the Japanese know exactly what they mean
> by haiku. There's no
> confusion on that issue. Everyone from truck
> drivers to bank presidents
> will count out 5/7/5 on their fingers for you if you
> ask.

Are you saying all Japanese haiku are 5/7/5, Jess!?
Gah. For one thing, I thought there was all kinds of
controversy in Japan about whether certain punctuation
marks or the equivalent should count as syllables or
not, etc.

I think my final quick word would be that, yes, no
English-language poets can make a Japanese haiku in
English that's as good as a Japanese haiku in
Japanese. But I'm with Mark in believing that there
are English-language haiku that must be as good as an
Japanese haiku--because they seem to me as good as any
English poem I know, and I can't believe any other
language has better poetry than mine. Here's one of
many I'm starting to think of. It's by Jonathan
Brannen. I comment on it all the time:

Temple Bells

a petal

a peal

(I would add that there are English translations of
Japanese haiku that I consider as good as any other
English-language poems I know--which suggests to me
that the translations gained some English-speaking
resonances to make up for the Japanese ones the
originals had that were lost in translation. And
maybe some concision due to the abstractness of
English lettering compared with Japanese character, a
different but equal value.)

--Bob G.

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<http://search.yahoo.com>

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7. **Bob Grumman**

Re: Fwd: New from Traverse Press/Visual Poetry, Assemblage Exhibit

Fri 1 Aug 2003

Congratz on book and exhibit, Dave. Do post any reviews that show up, especially of the exhibit, as I--for one--am particularly interested in what visual art critics have to say about visual poetry.

Fascinating post on haiku you just did, too.

--Bob G.

> New from Traverse:

>

> >

> >TRAVERSE supplement no. 1 - Will Alexander and Alan

> Semerdjian: poems plus

> >interview. Loose leaf 8.5 X 11 contained in a red

> file folder with a color

> >image from Dave Chirot, a Polaroid, and various

> ephemera. Ltd. \$6 + \$3 s&h.

> >To inquire or order please email Drew Kunz at

> [REDACTED].

> >

> >TRAVERSE supplement no. 2 - Dave Chirot, ZERO POEM.

> 16pp. Visual poem on

> >loose leaf 8.5 X 11 in stamped USAGAIN envelope.

> Ltd. 150 for gallery show

> >at the Jody Monroe, Milwaukee. \$5 + \$3 s&h. To

> inquire or order please

> >email Drew Kunz at [REDACTED].

> >

>

> Jody Monroe Gallery presents works by Amanda

> Ross-Ho (Chicago) & David

> Baptiste Chirot

>

>
> (Milwaukee)
> Amanda Ross-Ho: Photography, drawing,
> assemblages
> David Baptiste Chiro: Spray paintings, visual
> poetry, street rubbings,
> collages, intersign works, sound poetry scores,
> display of visual poetry
> books: ZERO POEM TEARERSISM THE DEAD SEE
> SCRAWLS
>
> OPENING 26 jULY 2003, 3-7 ON DISPLAY THROUGH
> 6 SEPTMEBER 2003
> Jody Monroe Gallery 631 E. Center Street
> Milwaukee, WI 53212
> 
>
>
>

> MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months
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Do you Yahoo!?
SBC Yahoo! DSL - Now only \$29.95 per month!
<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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8. **Michael Broder** ***Ear Inn Readings--August 2003***

Fri 1 Aug 2003

The Ear Inn Readings
Saturdays at 3:00
326 Spring Street (west of Greenwich Street)
New York City
FREE
Subway--C,E/Spring; 1,9/Canal; N,R/Prince
August 2

Jane McCreery, Ellen Smith, Michael Wurster

August 9

Samuel Amadon, Alfredo Franco, Michael Schiavo

August 16

Jennifer Chapis, Josh Goldfadden

August 23

Publishing Triangle:

Charles Flowers, Carol Rosenfeld, Sarah Van Arsdale

August 30

Poetry Smackdown:

Jennifer Knox, Ada Limon, Jason Schneiderman

[↑ Contents](#)

9. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: The future of the train.

Fri 1 Aug 2003

```
{ >
{ > The hawks have disappeared. The wasps are thread-waisted.
{
{
{ Both Camille & I were stung repeatedly by large angry black wasps
{ yesterday who have built a hive in our doorway. I chased them away
{ with a stick.
```

While speaking softly, no doubt.

I myself was stung by a wasp up in Maine a week or so ago. I bellowed loudly and put it to death immediately. Bit me on my left foot, right through my sock, the little evil-doing terrorist.

Hal Colourless green ideas sleep furiously.
 --Noam Chomsky

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

[↑ Contents](#)

10. **Scott Pound**

Re: The future of the train.

Fri 1 Aug 2003

The wasps in Ankara are ravenous, swarming beasts. My wife got stung on the foot last week. She cursed and then killed the wasp. Then a comrade of the dead wasp came and carried the carcass away. Since then I've been wondering: What do wasps do with their dead?

[↑ Contents](#)

11. **Michael Broder**

Ear Inn This Saturday

Fri 1 Aug 2003

Dear Friends,

This week's Ear Inn Reading is an all-Pittsburgh lineup of special guest poets, so I wanted to make a special effort to invite you poetry afficianados and connoisseurs to this reading.

Michael Wurster's collections of poetry are Snake Charmer's Daughter (2000) and The Cruelty of the Desert (1990).

Jane McCreery's chapbook, Before the Fever, was published in 1999; her work can also be found in the anthology Doors of the Morning (1997).

Ellen Smith's work has received the Zone 3 Rainmaker Award and the Hyper-Age Ascher Montandon Award.

I hope you can make it.

Yours,

Michael

The Ear Inn Readings

Saturdays at 3:00

326 Spring Street (west of Greenwich Street)

New York City

FREE

Subway--C,E/Spring; 1,9/Canal; N,R/Prince

[↑ Contents](#)

12. **Maria Damon**

Re: The future of the train.

Fri 1 Aug 2003

At 11:26 PM -0500 7/31/03, mIEKAL aND wrote:

>>The hawks have disappeared. The wasps are thread-waisted.

>

>

>Both Camille & I were stung repeatedly by large angry black wasps

>yesterday who have built a hive in our doorway. I chased them away

>with a stick.

last time i was at dreamtime village i was stung repeatedly by one furious bee when i was weeding in front of the post office. they seemed to live in a hole somewhere along the right egde of the front of the house. its energy and sense of purpose was astonishing.

--

[↑ Contents](#)

13. **Kevin Hehir**

Re: The future of the train.

Fri 1 Aug 2003

When bees go postal. Film at 11.

On Fri, 1 Aug 2003, Maria Damon wrote:

>

> last time i was at dreamtime village i was stung repeatedly by one

> furious bee when i was weeding in front of the post office. they

> seemed to live in a hole somewhere along the right egde of the front

> of the house. its energy and sense of purpose was astonishing.

>

>

>

> --

>

--

[↑ Contents](#)

14. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: The future of the train.

Fri 1 Aug 2003

on 8/1/03 5:47 AM, Scott Pound at [REDACTED] wrote:

:

> What do wasps do with their dead?

Legend has it that remaining family members endow University Chairs and buildings to distinguish and honor their histories - whether stinging or otherwise. I hear a rumor that Dr. Hilton Obenzinger - down at Stanford - is developing course materials on the history of this particular ritual.

Stephen V

[↑ Contents](#)

15. **Poetics List Administration**

update

Fri 1 Aug 2003

```

  |_ | |||O|| _/C||
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    _ _/_|
```

> > > > Synopsis: The 12hr-ISBN-JPEG Project began December 30, 1994. A
'round-the-clock posting of sequenced hypermodern imagery from Brad Brace.
The hypermodern minimizes the familiar, the known, the recognizable; it
suspends identity, relations and history. This discourse, far from
determining the locus in which it speaks, is avoiding the ground on which

it could find support. It is trying to operate a decentering that leaves no privilege to any center.

The 12-hour ISBN JPEG Project

began December 30, 1994

Pointless Hypermodern Imagery... posted/mailed every 12 hours... a spectral, trajectory alignment for the 00`s! A continuum of minimalist masks in the face of catastrophe; conjuring up transformative metaphors for the everyday... A poetic reversibility of exclusive events...

A post-rhetorical, continuous, apparently random sequence of imagery... genuine gritty, greyscale... corruptable, compact, collectable and compelling convergence. The voluptuousness of the grey imminence: the art of making the other disappear. Continual visual impact; an optical drumming, sculpted in duration, on the endless present of the Net.

An extension of the printed ISBN-Book (0-9690745) series... critically unassimilable... imagery is gradually acquired, selected and re-sequenced over time... ineluctable, vertiginous connections. The 12hr dialtone...

KEYWORDS: >> Disconnected, disjunctive, distended, de-centered,
de-composed, ambiguous, augmented, ambivalent, homogeneous, reckless...
>> Multi-faceted, oblique, obsessive, obscure, obdurate...
>> Promulgated, personal, permeable, prolonged, polymorphous, provocative,
poetic, plural, perverse, potent, prophetic, pathological, pointless...
>> Emergent, evolving, eccentric, eclectic, egregious, exciting,
entertaining, evasive, entropic, erotic, entrancing, enduring,
expansive...

Every 12 hours, another!... view them, re-post `em, save `em, trade `em, print `em, even publish them...

Here`s how:

~ Set www-links to -> <http://www.eskimo.com/~bbrace/12hr.html>
-> <http://bbrace.laughingsquid.net/12hr.html>
-> <http://bbrace.net/12hr.html>

Look for the 12-hr-icon. Heavy traffic may require you to specify files more than once! Anarchie, Fetch, CuteFTP, TurboGopher...

~ Download from -> [ftp.pacifier.com /pub/users/bbrace](ftp://pacifier.com/pub/users/bbrace)
Download from -> [ftp.rdrop.com /pub/users/bbrace](ftp://rdrop.com/pub/users/bbrace)
Download from -> [ftp.eskimo.com /u/b/bbrace](ftp://eskimo.com/u/b/bbrace)
Download from -> [hotline://artlyin.ftr.va.com.au](http://artlyin.ftr.va.com.au)

* Remember to set tenex or binary. Get 12hr.jpeg

~ E-mail -> If you only have access to email, then you can use FTPmail to do essentially the same thing. Send a message with a body of 'help' to the server address nearest you: * [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

* [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] *

~ Mirror-sites requested! Archives too!

The latest new jpeg will always be named, 12hr.jpeg

Average size of images is only 45K.

*

Perl program to mirror ftp-sites/sub-directories:

src.doc.ic.ac.uk:/packages/mirror

*

~ Postings to usenet newsgroups:

alt.12hr

alt.binaries.pictures.12hr

alt.binaries.pictures.misc

alt.binaries.pictures.fine-art.misc

* * Ask your system's news-administrator to carry these groups! (There are also usenet image browsers: TIFNY, PluckIt, Picture Agent, PictureView, Extractor97, NewsRover, Binary News Assistant, EasyNews)

~ This interminable, relentless sequence of imagery began in earnest on December 30, 1994. The basic structure of the project has been over twenty-four years in the making. While the specific sequence of photographs has been presently orchestrated for more than 12 years' worth of 12-hour postings, I will undoubtedly be tempted to tweak the ongoing publication with additional new interjected imagery. Each 12-hour posting is like the turning of a page; providing ample time for reflection, interruption, and assimilation.

~ The sites listed above also contain information on other cultural projects and sources.

~ A very low-volume, moderated mailing list for announcements and occasional commentary related to this project has been established at [topica.com /subscribe 12hr-isbn-ipeg](http://topica.com/subscribe/12hr-isbn-ipeg)

--

This project has not received government art-subsidies. Some opportunities still exist for financially assisting the publication of editions of large (33x46") prints; perhaps (Iris giclees) inkjet duotones or extended-black quadtones. Other supporters receive rare copies of the first three web-offset printed ISBN-Books.

Contributions and requests for 12hr-email-subscriptions, can also be made at <http://bbrace.laughingsquid.net/buy-into.html>, or by mailed cheque/check: \$50/mo \$500/yr.

--

ISBN is International Standard Book Number. JPEG and GIF are types of image files. Get the text-file, 'pictures-faq' to learn how to view or translate these images. [[ftp ftp.idiom.com/users/bbrace/netcom/](ftp://ftp.idiom.com/users/bbrace/netcom/)]

--

(c) Credit appreciated. Copyleft

1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003

<[REDACTED]>

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16. **Hilton Obenzinger**
Re: The future of the train.

Fri 1 Aug 2003

Stephen,

This is not quite accurate.

First you must kill the wasp, then you extract the venom, mix with gin, then inject into the university. I myself have offered to endow a wing of the library for incorrect ideas and absurd notions, but, sad to say, I'm not a wasp.

Hilton

At 08:44 AM 8/1/2003 -0700, Stephen Vincent wrote:

>on 8/1/03 5:47 AM, Scott Pound at [REDACTED] wrote:

>:

> > What do wasps do with their dead?

>

>Legend has it that remaining family members endow University Chairs and

>buildings to distinguish and honor their histories - whether stinging or

>otherwise. I hear a rumor that Dr. Hilton Obenzinger - down at Stanford - is

>developing course materials on the history of this particular ritual.

>

>Stephen V

Hilton Obenzinger, PhD.

Associate Director for Honors Writing, Undergraduate Research Programs

Lecturer, Department of English

Stanford University
415 Sweet Hall



Fax



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17. **Tenney Nathanson**

employment opportunity: from U of Az Poetry Center

Fri 1 Aug 2003

Call for Applications

Visiting Poet for Preschool Classes

The Poetry Center is hiring a teacher/poet for a new Poets-in-Preschool Program. The Visiting Poet will regularly meet with four to six preschool classes (4 year-old) for the 2003-2004 academic year. The Visiting Poet will teach poetry lessons to the preschoolers and familiarize teachers with children's poetry and ways to teach poetry to pre-reading students. The Poetry Center will provide curriculum for 18 weeks and the Visiting Poet's position may include curriculum development for the remaining 18 weeks of the academic year. Applicants must be well versed in poetry (!) and love working with children.

Wage Range: \$10-\$14 / hour

To apply for the Visiting Poet for Preschool Classes position, submit a cover letter and a résumé to Frances Sjoberg, University of Arizona Poetry Center, 1216 N. Cherry Ave., Tucson, AZ 85719. Your cover letter should outline your interest in working for the Poets-in-Preschool Program as well as your relationship to poetry and to kids.

Application Deadline: August 15, 2003

For more information call 520/[REDACTED] or email [REDACTED].

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18. **George Bowering**

Re: ghazal file

Fri 1 Aug 2003

*when I think of "content should dictate the form" I
certainly think of Mr Olson and a certain postmodern
picture of a western (or let's say "global") writer
well versed in various forms and poetic
traditions--beginning the scratchy notes in the*

| *notebook, following the "content" to the appropriate form: like*

I am still waiting for some genius of poetry to explain TO me how a poem can have content. I can see a cup haVING content. I can see a rain gutter having content. But I have looked and looked and all I can find, if that, is reference. What IS the content? Does Shelley's poem CONTAIN a mountain? I mean if it flows through the mind, how the hell can a poem contain it?

--

George Bowering
Ajar to suggestions.
Fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

19. **Mr. Stafford**

Re: ghazal file

Fri 1 Aug 2003

you are too literal.

George Bowering <[REDACTED]> wrote:>when I think of "content should dictate the form" I

>certainly think of Mr Olson and a certain postmodern
>picture of a western (or let's say "global") writer
>well versed in various forms and poetic
>traditions--beginning the scratchy notes in the
>notebook, following the "content" to the appropriate
>form: like

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--

George Bowering
Ajar to suggestions.
Fax [REDACTED]

Do you Yahoo!?

The New Yahoo! Search - Faster. Easier. Bingo.

[↑ Contents](#)

20. **George Bowering**

Re: cocking a snook

Fri 1 Aug 2003

I remember years ago we had a very enlightening conversation about snogging. Now the Brits are cocking a snook, or having a snook cocked at them. What can it mean?

Not simply a "now"/ they have been doing that forever. It means brazenly doing an act that will piss off the powerful.

--

George Bowering

Favours the St. Cloud Riverbats

Fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

21. **Chris**

Re: ghazal file

Fri 1 Aug 2003

Is that a true fact George Bowering? Are you too literal? My whole thesis will have to change: "Canadian postmodernism has been a long process of de-beaverization, beavers being CanadianContent wherever they appear."

If beavers are references how do they build dams?

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:[REDACTED]]

On Behalf Of Mr. Stafford

Sent: Friday, August 01, 2003 2:56 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: ghazal file

you are too literal.

George Bowering <[REDACTED]> wrote:>when I think of "content should dictate the form" I

>certainly think of Mr Olson and a certain postmodern

>picture of a western (or let's say "global") writer

>well versed in various forms and poetic

>traditions--beginning the scratchy notes in the

>notebook, following the "content" to the appropriate

>form: like

I am still waiting for some genius of poetry to explain TO me how a poem can have content. I can see a cup haVING content. I can see a rain gutter having content. But I have looked and looked and all I

can find, if that, is reference. What IS the content? Does Shelley's poem CONTAIN a mountain? I mean if it flows through the mind, how the hell can a poem contain it?

--

George Bowering
Ajar to suggestions.
Fax XXXXXXXXXX

Do you Yahoo!?
The New Yahoo! Search - Faster. Easier. Bingo.

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22. **Tracy S. Ruggles**

Re: ghazal file

Fri 1 Aug 2003

On Friday, August 1, 2003, at 01:26 PM, George Bowering wrote:

when I think of "content should dictate the form" I certainly think of Mr Olson and a certain postmodern picture of a western (or let's say "global") writer well versed in various forms and poetic traditions--beginning the scratchy notes in the notebook, following the "content" to the appropriate form: like

I am still waiting for some genius of poetry to explain TO me how a poem can have content. I can see a cup haVING content. I can see a rain gutter having content. But I have looked and looked and all I can find, if that, is reference. What IS the content? Does Shelley's poem CONTAIN a mountain? I mean if it flows through the mind, how the hell can a poem contain it?

the form of a cup and the coffee content is not analogous to the form (typesetting/vocalization/gesture) of a poem and the "content" of the meaning we make with the transition it makes into our sensory locale. in this sense, you could say that there is no content in form.

--t

[↑ Contents](#)

23. **Tenney Nathanson**

Pamela Lu email?

Fri 1 Aug 2003

still trying to find current email for Pamela Lu . . .

mailto: [REDACTED]
mailto: [REDACTED]
<http://www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/tn>
POG:
mailto: [REDACTED]
<http://www.gopog.org>

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24. **Derek R**
Re: ghazal file
Fri 1 Aug 2003

George wrote:

| *if it flows through the mind, how the*
| *hell can a poem contain it?*

Look at it this way: even though there is a mountain under your feet, you still have to climb it. The content is the *potential* the audience themselves bring to life in the poem.

Just like the 'you can't step in the same river twice' metaphor, although content/experience flows through the mind it nevertheless has a place to go.

Chris wrote:

| *If beavers are references*
| *how do they build dams?*

This pretty much explains it.

[↑ Contents](#)

25. **mIEKAL aND**
not a wasp
Fri 1 Aug 2003

What was left of the Wasp ended up in a visible field, but not much Echo decided debate and not enough queen forced to find years before, too ill to exchange the unpredictable. This book is supposed to be flowery, administered like those not excerpted, she explained, comes from pressure that it's not the Evolution of wisdom by Plants. However, a parasitic wasp is being unsightly, but suffered substantial Skinny dipping among the catalpa trees. The awful thing about coming home is not opening for a Shine's tiny gold emblazoned with "Everything's Not Lost"; not released, retired his wife's eyes after intentionally or not, The Way We Were hits on a dark truth, its privileged moment defiled by contact with renaissance and I could feel air conditioning with not a drop I

thought. Someone had been getting the word out by the garden. A respondent answered that it was probably a cicada not often addressed by historians. In fact a bastion of social power set fire to roof timbers. We would advise strongly anyone trying an improvised flame thrower thinking about a career in only insects which can cause problems. Then you mention how much she smokes and the usual girl story as the name implies, people sting not only to protect themselves, but to protect their entire ethnic humor. Dynamic is able to invoke a service that was not known prior to serious danger of folding and could not.

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26. **Matt Keenan**

Re: ghazal file

Fri 1 Aug 2003

when I think of "content should dictate the form" I certainly think of Mr Olson and a certain postmodern picture of a western (or let's say "global") writer well versed in various forms and poetic traditions--beginning the scratchy notes in the notebook, following the "content" to the appropriate form: like

I am still waiting for some genius of poetry to explain TO me how a poem can have content. I can see a cup haVING content. I can see a rain gutter having content. But I have looked and looked and all I can find, if that, is reference. What IS the content? Does Shelley's poem CONTAIN a mountain? I mean if it flows through the mind, how the hell can a poem contain it?

*George Bowering
Ajar to suggestions.*

Fax [REDACTED]

George,

There's this thing called an iambic penta(contain-)met-er; this iam-container contains the words that fill the iam-penta-contain-meter to the brim in any given line of iambic pentameter, such as a line of Shakespeare.

Then there's projective verse, practioners of which attempt to break the contain-meter of iams and let the words spill out all over the blank page, but not necessarily like Apollinaire's rain or, for example, words knit up like an Arabic calligraphic pear. Furthermore, the initial practioners put the results of all this on paper via a typewriter.

Also, the projectivists believe that they break the iam-container by ejaculating words and phrases according to the systole and diastole of the heart and the inhalation and exhalation of breath.

I hope this was of some help.

Matt Keenan

[↑ Contents](#)

27. **dcmb**

Re: ghazal file

Fri 1 Aug 2003

You put the content there when you come to read the poem. It's not so simple when you're writing one. But as we know, the reader will seldom find the same content that you did.

how's life as the Laureate? And where have you moved to?

Worried, Broms

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

From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Friday, August 01, 2003 10:26 AM

Subject: Re: ghazal file

when I think of "content should dictate the form" I certainly think of Mr Olson and a certain postmodern picture of a western (or let's say "global") writer well versed in various forms and poetic traditions--beginning the scratchy notes in the notebook, following the "content" to the appropriate form: like

I am still waiting for some genius of poetry to explain TO me how a poem can have content. I can see a cup haVING content. I can see a rain gutter having content. But I have looked and looked and all I can find, if that, is reference. What IS the content? Does Shelley's poem CONTAIN a mountain? I mean if it flows through the mind, how the hell can a poem contain it?

--

George Bowering
Ajar to suggestions.
Fax [REDACTED]

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28. **kari edwards**

Fwd: Nerve Lantern call for volunteers / please forward

Fri 1 Aug 2003

Begin forwarded message:

From: "Ellen Redbird" <[REDACTED]>
Date: Fri Aug 1, 2003 5:28:12 PM US/Pacific
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Nerve Lantern call for volunteers / please forward

Please Forward as Appropriate.

Attention dear literary people and Nerve Lantern enthusiasts:

This is a call for volunteers!

To make Nerve Lantern reach a wider audience and serve more members of literary and other arts communities, I need help. Did I think I was super-human or something? Although I already do receive much needed help for which I am grateful, I finally have to admit that, in regards to stuff I've been trying to tackle alone, I don't have the time, energy, or resources to help Nerve Lantern truly reach its full potential for community building or for getting contributors' work out in the world (work that deserves a larger readership!) There is so much on my list for Nerve Lantern, so much learning I need to do, so much passion and vision pounding at the exit doors of my little brain, and yet, for some crazy reason I have to tax myself elsewhere to make money so I can eat. Can you help me? (Yes, I do accept free industry-standard prepackaged baked goods, as well as advice.)

I am looking for help in researching and doing the leg work in the categories of promotion, distribution, funding, networking, and events planning for Nerve Lantern, annual journal of experimental performance literature. If you are interested, please read this message and email an informal introduction/resume/application-type-thing to: [REDACTED]. Also, feel free to email me any questions you might have.

****I'm looking for people who:*

- 1) Believe in what Nerve Lantern is about. If you don't know about Nerve Lantern, please visit: <http://www.pyriiformpress.com/nl.html>*
- 2) Are passionate about building literary and other arts community around performance.*
- 3) Have a talent for / interest in experimental, edgy, multidimensional, cross-genre text forms.*
- 4) Are already active in literary communities as one or more of the following: writer, scholar, editor, bookmaker, small press publisher, performer, (or surprise me!)*

5) Either have experience in any of the kinds of help I'm looking for (promotion, distribution, funding, networking, events planning) or will energetically learn-by-doing.

6) Like to work collaboratively in a team.

7) Have good communication skills and can keep up with their designated correspondence concerning Nerve Lantern.

8) Are willing to teach me and other volunteers what they know and learn.

9) Understand that, as much as I'd like to, I can't pay them money in return. Along with a few donations from others (bless them!), I pay for Nerve Lantern out of my pocket. Through sales and donations, I have yet to earn back most of the money I spend on materials. Though not officially a not-for-profit, no profit is made.

***What volunteering for Nerve Lantern can offer you:

1) Experience working for a small press publisher. You could put it on your resume, make business cards, say "It's quite rewarding, really," express excitement, and feel impressive.

2) Connections to people and organizations in literary and other arts communities.

3) A free copy of every issue of Nerve Lantern you help me with.

4) Nerve Lantern web site links to your web sites, as appropriate to the aims of Nerve Lantern.

5) Your name in metaphorical lights.

6) My undying gratitude.

Also: If you have experience running a business or nonprofit and would like to set Pyriform Press up so that it actually makes enough money to pay for materials and employment, including your position...hallelujah! I can dream, can't I?

***Details about what activities your volunteer work could possibly include (you might notice that these categories overlap quite a bit):

1) PROMOTION: contact and send out fliers and emails to organizations and community networks that might be interested in knowing about submissions and ordering copies; contact and place ads in literary journals; negotiate link exchange with literary web sites; table at literary and performance art events; send Nerve Lantern to lit journal reviewers.

2) DISTRIBUTION: help me understand how to get an ISSN# for a journal that has already published three issues (questions include: can the

number be stickered to back issues? can you help me make sense of the forms that need to be filled out?); contact libraries, bookstores, and other venues/vehicles about including Nerve Lantern on their shelves; learn about small press distributors and how to utilize them; help me keep tabs on book sales.

3) *FUNDING*: contact organizations, community networks, and individuals asking for donations; learn how other small press publishers raise or earn money; help me with my accounts; write grants; organize benefits.

4) *NETWORKING*: contact and make friendly, mutually beneficial relationships with literary orgs and communities, publishers, directors of theaters and other arts venues, writers, editors, performers, university programs, etc.; add to mailing lists; propose to me, based on your networking, a possibility for collaboration between the Nerve Lantern community and some other community; research and keep me posted on what's going on in areas of interest in relation to Nerve Lantern.

5) *EVENTS PLANNING*: organize more Nerve Lantern performances; coordinate with other literary and performance art events; research venues; plan in cooperation with anyone volunteering in the categories mentioned above.

Remember, you wouldn't have to take on ALL the duties listed above. I'm hoping to organize a team of volunteers to share the work.

Thank you for your time and consideration. I hope you will apply (unfortunately your application does not guarantee I will enlist your help--but I am open to accepting many forms of generosity, so don't feel shy). In any event, please forward this message along as appropriate.

Thanks again!

Best wishes,
Ellen Redbird

Pyriiform Press Editor of Nerve Lantern
Reply to: [REDACTED]

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29. Daniel Zimmerman

Re: ghazal file

Fri 1 Aug 2003

What the always insightful Jack Foley says about form and experience in his review of Christian Wiman's *The Long Home* bears usefully on the present discussion: <http://www.alsopreview.com/foley/jfwiman.html>

Daniel Zimmerman
amaze merlin mind

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

From: "George Bowering" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, August 01, 2003 2:26 PM

Subject: Re: ghazal file

when I think of "content should dictate the form" I certainly think of Mr Olson and a certain postmodern picture of a western (or let's say "global") writer well versed in various forms and poetic traditions--beginning the scratchy notes in the notebook, following the "content" to the appropriate form: like

I am still waiting for some genius of poetry to explain TO me how a poem can have content. I can see a cup haVING content. I can see a rain gutter having content. But I have looked and looked and all I can find, if that, is reference. What IS the content? Does Shelley's poem CONTAIN a mountain? I mean if it flows through the mind, how the hell can a poem contain it?

--

George Bowering
Ajar to suggestions.
Fax [REDACTED]

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30. Alan Sondheim

unutterable fragility of life, unutterable chaos of love

Fri 1 Aug 2003

unutterable fragility of life, unutterable chaos of love

unuttheyr bodyes ptheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginningound togeththeir bodies goneable chaos optheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginninglsh! lovee hztrateg+ brunette ptheir bodies

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lovee+ planned unutterable chaos of loveyhz from unutterable chaos of lovee
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through pouryng raynk operhaphz unutterable chaos of lovee+ planned unut-
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da+ operhaphz unutterable chaos of lovee+ planned unutterable chaos of

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loveeyr bodyehZ gonee unutterable chaos of loveohze needlemarkhZ on hunut-
terable chaos of loveeyr bodyehZ gone armhZstahzyehZ and orgahzmhzyng
more

the strategy and frailty of life, one day of mist and sprinkling, the algae and
bacteria return, guilds of organisms calling forth, windless, just the slightest
moisture, extasis, nothing more

—

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31. **Alan Sondheim**

archaea.exe

Sat 2 Aug 2003

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea.exe>

perfect conditions for imminent growth

at the limits of computation order disorder order disorder

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32. **August Highland**

Anatomy Of The Western World

Sat 2 Aug 2003

The Anatomy Of The Western World #0001 - #0003

He passed forth and new aduenture sought/As one that inly mournd so was
she sad/Add faith vnto your force and be not faint/Whose sences all were
straight benumbd and starke/And said Ah Sir my liege Lord and my loue/She
was in life and euery vertuous lore/Thus ill bestedd and fearefull more of
shame/With gentle blandishment and louely looke/And vnto Morpheus comes
whom drowned deepe/His dwelling is there Tethys his wet bed/Now when that
ydle dreame was to him brought/He taught to imitate that Lady trew/But full of
fire and greedy hardiment/His holy things each morne and euentyde.

Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast/And homebred euill ye desire to heare/
And said Ah Sir my liege Lord and my loue/All suddenly about his body wound/
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde/And often knockt his brest as one
that did repent/For all so deare as life is to my hart/The Aspine good for staues
the Cypresse funerall/What frayes ye that were wont to comfort me affrayd.

Her swollen hart her speach seemd to bereaue/Be well aware quoth then that
Ladie milde/Ah Ladie said he shame were to reuoke/At length they chaunst to
meet vpon the way/Thus ill bestedd and fearefull more of shame/So pure and
innocent as that same lambe/Had made a Lady of that other Spright/Of such as
drunke her life the which them nurst.

And lifting vp his lompish head with blame/Her doubtfull words made that re-
doubted knight/A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest/And fittest for to
forge true-seeming lyes/As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray/Till that some end
they finde or in or out/Of sundry shapes yet all ill fauored.

A fit false dreame that can delude the sleepers sent/His gall did grate for
griefe and high disdaine/A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine/Whose
loftie trees yclad with sommers pride/Armed to point sought backe to turne
again/By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly/What frayes ye that were wont
to comfort me affrayd/God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine/
The fearefull Dwarfe this is no place for liuing men/The caruer Holme the
Maple seeldom inward sound/Of ancient kings and queenes that had of yore/
She lookt about and seeing one in mayle.

Vnder a vele that wimpled was full low/Ah my deare Sonne quoth he how
should alas/And Poets sage the Firre that weepeth still/Sucking vpon her poi-
sonous dugs each one/Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe/That wasteth all
this cuntry farre and neare/Did spred so broad that heauens light did hide/

That weaker sence it could haue rauisht quight/But forth vnto the darksome
hole he went/Where cause is none but to your rest depart.

A fit false dreame that can delude the sleepers sent/So slyding softly forth she
turnd as to her ease/Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has/Then of the
certaine perill he stood in/Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say/Quoth then
that aged man the way to win.

With timely pride aboue the Aegyptian vale/So with that godly father to his
home they went/And proou'd your strength on a strong enimie/Yet armes till
that time did he neuer wield/Vpon his foe a Dragon horrible and stearne/The
caruer Holme the Maple seeldom inward sound/And made him dreame of loues
and lustfull play/To aide his friends or fray his enimies/The one of them he gaue
a message too/Yea but quoth she the perill of this place/Amid the thickest
woods The Champion stout.

Deuoure their dam on whom while so he gazd/That when he heard in great
perplexitie/Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile/There was an
holy chappell edifyde/Now needeth him no lenger labour spend/And often
knockt his brest as one that did repent/But hasty heat tempring with sufferance
wise.

Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst/The builder Oake sole king of
forrests all/Yet thus perforce he bids me do or die/Thus ill bestedd and fearefull
more of shame/And angry loue an hideous storme of raine/And homebred euill
ye desire to heare/Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd he lept/Of ancient
Kings and Queenes that had of yore/Vnder blake stole hyding her bayted
hooke/So slyding softly forth she turnd as to her ease/Her mournfull plaintes
beguiled of her art/And like to lead the labyrinth about.

And vnto morpheus comes whom drowned deepe/Vnder a vele that wimpled
was full low/Yet thus perforce he bids me do or die/And made him dreame of
loues and lustfull play/Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue/Their dam
vpstart out of her den effraide.

And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise/Her all in white he clad and ouer
it/The fearefull Dwarfe this is no place for liuing men/The cruell markes of
many' a bloody felde/But with his clownish hands their tender wings/Which
therein shrouded from the tempest dred/Whose sences all were straight be-
numbd and starke/The other all with siluer ouercast/Vertue giues her selfe light
through darknesse for to wade/As gentle Shepheard in sweete euen-tide.

Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue/And forth he cald out of deepe
darknesse dred/Huge heapes of mudd he leaues wherein there breed/Your first
aduenture many such I pray/The youthfull knight could not for ought be

staide/He told of Saintes and Popes and euermore/But full of fire and greedy
hardiment/Strangle her else she sure will strangle thee.

The Anatomy Of The Western World #0002

Bidding his beades all day for his trespass/And perill without show therefore
your stroke/And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise/Whereat he gan to
stretch but he againe/And said Faire knight borne vnder happy starre/Re-
mounted vp as light as chearefull Larke/And said Faire knight borne vnder
happy starre/But when his later spring gins to auale/At last resolving forward
still to fare.

They cannot finde that path which first was showne/Long way he trauelled be-
fore he heard of ought/And dead as liuing euer him ador'd/Her filthy parbreake
all the place defiled has/His foes haue slaine themselues with whom he should
contend/All cleane dismayd to see so vncouth sight/His Ladie seeing all that
chaunst from farre/As much disdayning to the curbe to yield/The noblest mind
the best contentment has/Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight/Of
such as drunke her life the which them nurst.

Thus ill bestedd and fearefull more of shame/Watching to banish Care their
enimy/Weening their wonted entrance to haue found/Then rudely he him thrust
and pusht with paine/Of swarming Bees did cast him in a swowne/And fram'd of
liquid ayre her tender partes/The messenger approching to him spake/And
mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue/Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly
feares/Of swarming Bees did cast him in a swowne.

A little lowly hermitage it was/May euer passe but thorough great distresse/
But hasty heat tempring with sufferance wise/Legions of Sprights the which like
little flyes/That when he heard in great perplexitie/Watching to banish Care
their enemy/A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine/Hymen iô Hymen daunc-
ing all around/Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy/Full of great lumps of
flesh and gobbets raw/Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine/In hast vnto his
Lord where he him left afore.

Doth euer wash and Cynthia still doth steepe/Or the blind God that doth me
thus amate/Yet she much whiter but the same did hide/Resolv'd in minde all
suddenly to win/With loathly frogs and toades which eyes did lacke/Shall I ac-
cuse the hidden cruell fate/With bowres and beds and Ladies deare delight/But
th'other halfe did womans shape retaine/You whom my hard auenging
destinie/When ruddy phoebus gins to welke in west/Where when all drownd in
deadly sleepe he findes/When ruddy Phoebus gins to welke in west.

He passed forth and new aduenture sought/Arriued there the little house they
fill/Approcht in hast to greet his victorie/May euer passe but thorough great dis-
tresse/I better wot then you though now too late/Who nought aghast his mightie

hand enhaunst/Whiles sad Night ouer him her mātle black doth spred/So pure and innocent as that same lambe/So with that godly father to his home they went/Such vgly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed/Vnder a vele that wimples was full low.

Vntill the blustering storme is ouerblowne/And cursed heauen and spake reprochfull shame/Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde/quothe then that aged man the way to win/But wander too and fro in wayes vnknowne/Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe/As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne/And cursed heauen and spake reprochfull shame/Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe/His dwelling is by which no liuing wight.

In secret anguish and vnpittied plaint/Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell/Great Gorgon Prince of darknesse and dead night/Which of all earthly things he most did craue/Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash prouoke/Vntroubled night they say giues counsell best/But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore/A little lowly Hermitage it was/Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes/Downe in a dale hard by a forests side/He strowd an Aue-Mary after and before/For that old man of pleasing wordes had store.

With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe/Armed to point sought backe to turne againe/So liuely and so like in all mens sight/Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe/Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag/So slyding softly forth she turnd as to her ease/But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine/Faire venus seemde vnto his bed to bring/Therefore I read beware Fly fly quoth then.

With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe/Loue of your selfe she said and deare constraint/The caruer Holme the Maple seeldom inward sound/With timely pride aboue the aegyptian vale/He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame.

The messenger approaching to him spake/Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound/For that old man of pleasing wordes had store/Cast a blacke stole most like to seeme for Vna fit/With faire discourse the euening so they pas/And often knockt his brest as one that did repent/Where he slept soundly void of euill thought/That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond/Vpon a great aduventure he was bond/And dead as liuing euer him ador'd/That promist ayde the tempest to withstand.

Whose semblance she did carrie vnder feigned hew/And said Ah Sir my liege Lord and my loue/Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart/And on his litle winges the dreame he bore/For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace/Therefore with me ye may take vp your In/That for my sake vnknowne such grieffe vnto you grew/Groning full deadly all with troublous feare/His heauie head deuoid of carefull carke/Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round/That

euery wight to shrowd it did constrain/Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say/Shooke him so hard that forced him to speake.

The Anatomy Of The Western World #0003

He started vp as seeming to mistrust/They cannot finde that path which first was showne/Then of the certaine perill he stood in/To be the chastest flowre that ay did spring/Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine/Where he slept soundly void of euill thought/And to him playnd how that false winged boy.

Yet she much whiter but the same did hide/The cruell markes of many' a bloody felde/Die is my dew yet rew my wretched state/Be well aware quoth then that Ladie milde/And cursed heauen and spake reprochfull shame/Arriued there the little house they fill/Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say.

Vpon a great aduenture he was bond/Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight/And then againe begun My weaker yeares/Y cladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde/And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas/A shadie groue not far away they spide/And said Faire knight borne vnder happy starre.

Legions of Sprights the which like little flyes/The Sunne that measures heauen all day long/At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waues emong/Breedes dreadfull doubts oft fire is without smoke/Gathred themselues about her body round/He faire the knight saluted louting low/Might there be heard but carelesse Quiet lyes/To proue his sense and tempt her faigned truth.

That such a cursed creature liues so long a space/The cruell markes of many' a bloody felde/And henceforth euer wish that like succeed it may/Such vgly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed/Whose semblance she did carrie vnder feigned hew/Of swarming Bees did cast him in a swowne/And by descent from Royall lynage came/The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt.

For this same night The knight was well content/The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake/So liuely and so like in all mens sight/That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne/His Ladie seeing all that chaunst from farre/Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes/Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe/Let me not dye in languor and long teares/Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy/And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred.

Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy/Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares/Then rudely he him thrust and pusht with paine/His Ladie seeing all that chaunst from farre/So pure and innocent as that same lambe/As when old father Nilus gins to swell/No other noyse nor peoples troublous cryes/Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy/Why Dame quoth he what hath ye thus dismayd/He taught to imitate that Lady trew/For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate/To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire/Is wisely to aduise now

day is spent/As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt/That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine.

Vpon his foe and his new force to learne/That detestable sight him much amazde/That detestable sight him much amazde/And turning fierce her speckled taile aduaunst/Breedes dreadfull doubts oft fire is without smoke/And euer-drizzling raine vpon the loft/His grasping hold and from her turne him backe.

The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory/His forces faile ne can no longer fight/They flocked all about her bleeding wound/Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs each one/The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory/In sort as he him schooled priuily/Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst.

The one of them he gaue a message too/Or the blind God that doth me thus amate/Ye all forweari'd be for what so strong/The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast/They flocked all about her bleeding wound/Both for her noble bloud and for her tender youth/Now sayd the Lady draweth toward night/In this great passion of vnwonted lust/Yet nothing did he dread but euer was ydrad/She was in life and euery vertuous lore.

And with false shewes abuse his fantasy/Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight/The other all with siluer ouercast/Of sundry shapes yet all ill fauored/And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise/Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone/His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain/The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake/Halfe angry asked him for what he came/His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain/Of such said he I chiefly do inquer/Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound/Not all content yet seemd she to appease/Sober he seemde and very sagely sad.

Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst/That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine/Mixt with a murmuring winde much like the sowne/Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony/To aide his friends or fray his enimies/In hast vnto his lord where he him left afore/Approcht in hast to greet his victorie.

Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight/Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought/But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine/Great Gorgon Prince of darknesse and dead night/With holy father sits not with such things to mell/In drowsie fit he findes of nothing he takes keepe/Faire Venus seemde vnto his bed to bring/That path they take that beaten seemd most bare.

She lookt about and seeing one in mayle/And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue/Sweet slōbring deaw the which to sleepe them biddes/And this faire couple eke to shroud theselues were fain/That lasie seemd in being euer last/That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine/Mixt with a

murmuring winde much like the sowne/That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse
his braine/Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore.

august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.505 / Virus Database: 302 - Release Date: 7/30/2003

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33. **August Highland**

Grandmother's Lingerie Drawer

Sat 2 Aug 2003

Grandmother's Lingerie Drawer #0001 - #0003

unload evening

welcoming liability Derrick

users covered evidently practice

unlucky golfer rely almost

punctuate popular Oh Garnet stopped?

Tyrolean side waiting half hour up follow
plug

casuistry tossed fro
mongrel class framed

peddle salesman witnessed orgy

shrieking

final days play golf badly play
word

third game managed score fifteen
understood

up light see? Close up edge each
sprite chaises waiting convey Ponte

lives awesome womanhood intoxicating
prank eggs matter much only kept hatching
remotely
away
borne colonel nailed doors windows
summer
Ukridge shouted
same key
room These furnaces
palate arms opaque glaze come violet-blue
sale slander Bonaparte fast
passed evenings lifetime retreated
repeat onion
saddle transitive understand thing old horse
lightened hump Cameelious Hump
prepay found
Merely suggestion continued
girl something entered debit
Dissatisfaction getting myself
mouth open stepped wish resumed
Bantams Wyandottes
spin policeman
Courage cried sudden thought
overflow addressed European Club
injured
singing duets
see girl care man bad tennis
loiters cares
wish see speak again Understand
case whisky left somewhere
sole
insidious woe
western slackness
passport
set up fresh

incinerate eternal powers mud state South
bi-lingual

room

yoke yoke

vigilant French sentries

noticed usually case matters kind

started homeward

rusk

important happened left? soon come back?

discipline used keep regiment

Beauty? echoed

arms

thrifty going Garry boy shall drop

unfortunates words cheer

mellowness just

Wish enclose cheque up Ukridge

printed

workshop-doors padlocked usual

Hired Retainer scratched chin

thrilling

rot supplier down help look fowls shall go

Grandmother's Lingerie Drawer #0002

lay nest tennis

far cooling professor liberal

queen marks

upsetting cup

will take refuge excuses admit

*

letterbox

larger speaker remember

set red Chinese

sociologist

impersonal tennis get through hedges sound faint

pilot

schedule perfect

ask sooner lose egg wife see

Benjamin Hardy up

done gone Reckon go too

opal splash moments moments present one
properly house alone spite
George Barnard continued
tutorial
lye remember written signed confession
became dry excitement
tannin right
microphone
lively
stature
slur scheme disturbing professor
attempt passage Lower Inn
workshop
upset boat sober
statistic began painfully
these two well
upsetting cup
grey mare
anxious gaze went moment
stumble
surge through veins keep up win
protection muslin
sovereign
laddie sweetheart again
get through hedges sound faint
nor questioning Indeed bolder
returned chapel
prediction
trench
myself again felt true hope
look required tray
bridge pause felt worm man Phyllis thought
inn beginning look
luggage-van
case blond Milwaukee beer
others neighbouring towns Axminster
parasite

Jane Muspratt
pet
longing revisit solitary grave
protest solve
dragged two

the eyes wanted other token
melody
scamp

horses standing three feet
jazz
powder lame hot resentment sweet potatoes now

going die up placidly
primrose
think friend Hawk enacting
direction knew

premium splendid sunshine silently cross
dusk closed nothing done

politics Well certainly taken word up
Grandmother's Lingerie Drawer #0003

memoirs written
unpack place where

moon duck farm laddie run water
installed
nodded

sepia musket verbatim
up square God help lad tries
preceding Forty-seven dollars thirty-three

x-mas
jealous
rescinded improved two sudden horror eyes

trumpet drift down river painted house bridge pause

insist niggle gentleman called see last night

time gone thus maybe
mathematics intrigue
midday toddy
boxe Monsieur Jackson club Brooks

rhine part tipsy
translators inventory haunt
photograph tell gently
groveled feet
another vase another bearing
just
gentleman coming door compartment
Bruce looked eyes tried look soul
boots lunch-time come conclusion
cents saved first
stamp
fads
truth made
roll placed select band authors
read infancy wish remember title
pull-get through hedges sound faint
striped spellchecking
naturally wished mend matters
reality
pride some reason unpopular only
one living child library delight
feet below opposite bank also steep
overthrow seaside
road
Nag Hop natured light serious matter More serious done
steeplechase talking
kernel programs industrious
lackey fine
foreman yard
nomad principle
mein Herr beautiful night
Carolina
public
year-believe slow own can only say
meaning
themselves uncommonly lucky make
village
theorem

inextricable confusion
sounded
you outside care orderly troop already
objective perfectly furious
scabbard
more stood gasping only too well aware
must charming walk Mademoiselle
problem
struggled gamely tickets
note given fresh factor appeared
villain melodrama
rigid kennel ears laid
offer immediate superstition
looked will get paid all good time
played practical jokes friends all
superb girl cr-r
Cliff now
proboscis Monsieur Otto
mam chest till breathing became
modular
Bob yawned gave little whine
august highland
muse apprentice guild
--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com
culture animal
--"following in the footsteps of tradition"
www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.
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Version: 6.0.505 / Virus Database: 302 - Release Date: 7/30/2003

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34. **David Baratier**

Re: ghazal file

Sat 2 Aug 2003

I thoroughly enjoyed watching Matt educate Canada's poet laureate on pentameter. Are you cocking a snook if you do not intend to, or does it imply intention, that grandish awareness? George, when I see you in a poem, you are content.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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35. **Halvard Johnson**

Just another found poem: "Table of Money Value"

Sat 2 Aug 2003

Table of Money Value

1 florin [or gulden] = 60 kreuzer

1 ducat = 4 1/2 florins

1 Reichsthaler = 1 1/2 florins

1 friedrich d'or = 7 to 8 florins

1 sequin = 2.8 florins

2 English shillings = 1 florin

1 English pound = 10 florins

1 louis d'or = 9 to 10 florins

Rates vary somewhat owing to currency fluctuations.

[source text: Maynard Solomon, *Mozart: A Life*]

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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36. **Scott Pound**

Saudi link to 9/11 hijackers and Al Qaeda

Sat 2 Aug 2003

Today's NY Times reports:

"The classified part of a Congressional report on the terrorist attacks on Sept. 11, 2001, says that two Saudi citizens who had at least indirect links with two hijackers were probably Saudi intelligence agents and may have reported to Saudi government officials, according to people who have seen the report."

<http://www.nytimes.com/2003/08/02/national/02SAUD.html?th>

Greg Palast's two cents:

BUSH AND THE SAUDIS SITTIN' IN A TREE, KAY EYE ESS ESS EYE EN GEE

Friday Aug 1, 2003

THE PRESIDENT EXEMPTS GAYS FROM MARRIAGE, SAUDIS FROM GUILT

by Greg Palast www.gregpalast.com

Well, well, well. President George was in one hell of a bind this week when it turned out that Saudi Arabia funded Al Qaeda, not Iraq. Realizing we'd invaded the wrong country, Bush did the honorable thing: he's come out against gay marriages.

This caused some real confusion in my staff where a gay member of our investigations team announced he was changing his allegiance from Howard Dean to George Bush. "Bush Saves Gays from Marriage! Bush Saves Gays!" he rushed around the office beaming. "Gay people exempt from going to in-laws for Thanksgiving dinner! Gay-mericans exempt from PTA meetings and hiring divorce lawyers!"

But then I had to bring him down to earth. ('Had to' because, while Bush announced last month that our conquest of Iraq had made 'the world a safer place', our President mentioned THIS week there's now a 'real threat' of new Al Qaeda hijackings. So is America safer? As long as one stays indoors.)

But here's the real kick in the head. Turns out that unlike the 18 minutes missing from the Nixon tape, the 28 pages missing from Congress' publicly released report on the September 11 attack has been found. And it turns out to be a summary of Saudi Arabia's financing of terrorist fronts including the 'charities' supporting Al Qaeda.

And now, the New York Times tells us, the US Senate has been embarrassed into holding hearings on those Saudi charity fronts including one named WAMY.

Of course, this is ancient news to those who watched my report on WAMY and Saudi funding of terror -- broadcast on BBC's evening news on November 9, 2001. (In the USA, that report earned me the title of 'conspiracy nut.' In America, a 'conspiracy nut' is defined as a journalist who reports the news two years before the New York Times.)

And here's the ugly little punch line to the story you WON'T read in the Times. Why has the Bush Administration covered up for WAMY and the Saudi's other blood-soaked 'charity' operations?

For the answer, let me take you back to Midland, Texas, 1986. A young old man, George W. Bush, seems to have trouble finding oil. But he strikes it rich when his failing drilling partnership is bought out by Harken Oil. Despite the addition of the business acumen of Bush Jr., Harken faces collapse; but it's pulled from the brink by a cash infusion from a Saudi, Sheik Bakhsh. The money from Arabia has nothing to do, we must assume, with Dubya's daddy at the time holding the post of Vice-President of the Free World.

The Bakhsh booty continued a pattern of the young Bush being saved from his dire business decisions by a line of Sheik angels. His first oil company, Arbusto, going bust-o, was aided by the American financial representative of the bin Laden family.

And on BBC TV last month, I reported this: following the bombing of our embassies, the Clinton Administration sent two delegations to Saudi Arabia to tell their royal highnesses to stop giving money to the guys who are killing us. But Mr. Bush, once in office, put the kibosh on unfriendly words to the Saudis.

Furthermore, in the summer of 2001, Mr. Bush disbanded the US intelligence unit tracking funding of Al Qaeda. What is it our G-men were uncovering? According to two separate sources speaking to BBC, the funders of Al Qaeda fronts, including those who have previously funded Bush family business and political ventures.

Now that's a wee bit embarrassing. Something you wouldn't want in a congressional report. Something you may not want the FBI to dwell on. (And you can unlock the women and children: the BBC reports will NOT be broadcast on US television.)

And there's this: a document marked "Secret" and "199I" (meaning 'national security') which found its way out of the offices of the FBI in into the office of our BBC/Guardian newspaper team. It indicates (and whistleblowers confirmed) that, prior to the September 11 attack, the Bush Administration held back agents of the FBI from tracking two members of the bin Laden family. According to the buried FBI report, the bin Laden lads were operating in the USA for "a suspected terrorist organization", WAMY.

But we mustn't ask too many questions of the Bush Administration's blindfolding the FBI, nor, Heaven forbid, discomfit the Saudis over their contributions to Terror-R-Us. After all, in BushWorld, Saudi Arabia and America have shared values: we want our boys to kill, not to kiss.

Greg Palast is author of the New York Times bestseller, *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy*, which includes the award-winning report, "Did Our President Spike the Investigation of bin Laden?" View his report for BBC Television's Newsnight on Bush, WAMY and the bin Ladens at www.GregPalast.com

"It is sort of fascinating that you can have 100 percent certainty about weapons of mass destruction and zero certainty of about where they are." UN chief weapons inspector Hans Blix, who retired recently _____

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37. **George Bowering**

Fwd: Rejected posting to ██████████

Sat 2 Aug 2003

Very much in need of an email address for Anselm Hollo. Please backchannel.

*Thank you,
Andrea*

--

*Andrea Baker
Poetry Editor
3rd Bed
www.3rdbed.com*

*Anselm is not answering e-mail right now. Try his mail address:
3336 14th St.
Boulder
Colorado 80304
USA*

--

*George Bowering
Favours the St. Cloud Riverbats
Fax [REDACTED]*

--

George Bowering
Favours the St. Cloud Riverbats
Fax [REDACTED]

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38. **David Baratier**

Re: Fulcrumed

Sat 2 Aug 2003

When I read Fulcrum was put out on your own dime Phillip, I wanted to read it before responding to Patrick's fine but condemning words as, briefly spotlighted, I can now accept & join the legions of under rated poets. As well, I was reminded of over a decade ago when I bankrolled all this money from a questionable act into a legitimate publishing venture: a literary journal as well as a full length book in both hard & soft cover editions. As the summer continues, and my sunflowers grow two foot in the past days, wow, over a week now, since the first posting, there will be no turn to Fulcrum in a time span considered acceptable in this motile moment of information spreading. This subject will bury itself under an easy month or more of other facts people hastily respond to through their importance.

What I will respond to is brief, besides a congratulations and deals with primely with the forward and a few critical essays. Poetry is not so much the art of talking to oneself, as a balancing act on the see-saw ends resting between the paths of talking, listening and hearing. Assert distinctions. And yet there is an adept visual element ignored in most philosophical poem treatises, hence part of their failure, their belief that form is entirely of a metrical or other repititious posture. The poem itself is the visual act, with the inherent difference being how I am able to transcribe from a field I can listen to after first written.

Audience is a tautology which says nothing about the poet, one needs to distinguish the difference between the poem and the person. A confusion here will mess things up tremendously, we could have a WHAT IF, a twilight zone of

poetry otherwise. What if Baratier never discovered Keats' "you"? What if Stevens never went to the Armory Show? The poem starts at a moment, radiates outward and cares naught for its audience or creator, then time erodes the completeness, changes the "complete" meaning from moment to moment when revisited, when written about over decades. Yet there is a current group of readers that gives hope of continuance, at least 3 of the sacred twelve audience members are here on this list, sometimes more, which make the poem durable, not through their criticism, as they are visiting a "finished" piece, but rather through the act of reading it. This becomes the undercurrent of the overinformation age, a setback into anti-technology where the spare audience is in equal valence with monks hand transcribing texts centuries ago.

I was reminded of nonsequiturs through Charles' mention of them being the shortest distance between two points as well as the back of a Too Much Coffee Man comic I was reading in which the term cannot be accurately defined because the moment you use one, you are in need of pointing out it's use for definition's sake thereby invalidating the term. There was some grand exit out of this writing dealing with this concept, a comparative loop to make the head spin, a image or metaphor about making my living on poetry, not on theory, but I could not complete it. Maybe it was in the analogy of _FULCRUM an annual of poetry and aesthetics_ as my wife is an aesthetician, a professional; her aesthetics in poetry differ greatly from mine.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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39. **George Bowering**

Re: ghazal file

Sat 2 Aug 2003

You put the content there when you come to read the poem. It's not so simple when you're writing one. But as we know, the reader will seldom find the same content that you did.

how's life as the Laureate? And where have you moved to?

Worried, Brooms

Dont worry abt a thing, compadre. Jean and I have just spent a month crossing the continent in my Volvo, including 4 days in your beloved Saskatchewan. Now we are in Port Colborne, Ont., a half-hour drive from Buffalo, but all the people have left Buffalo. Jeeze. I did visit Hemingway's grave, and Pound's birthplace, just down the road. -- George Bowering Favours the St. Cloud River-bats Fax [REDACTED]

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40. **Harrison Jeff**
Crows Extra By Wraps

Sat 2 Aug 2003

the least puppets'll sprawl my scene, their
inky feathers leave you an' me squandered
their exchanges freed my sleep from conclusion
a wondrous analogy: crow things smelled said scene
& hooted "prayerbook!" not more'n three furnace years'll
scrape by this time 'round, bone failed with fur refrain
black up Hell-back you face you hidden / it more for hard eye zone
than crows courting, new instantly, young soundless & blue,
my scene my sleep, now sprawl sky now shoulder twigs
now tell them it's August & I'm going till November

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<http://clinic.mcafee.com/clinic/ibuy/campaign.asp?cid=3963>

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41. **MAXINE CHERNOFF**
NEW AMERICAN WRITING#21, back issues (fwd)

Sat 2 Aug 2003

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

Date: Sat, 02 Aug 2003 15:44:55 -0700
From: Maxine Chernoff <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Cc: [REDACTED]
Subject: NEW AMERICAN WRITING#21, back issues

The new issue of NEW AMERICAN WRITING #21 (2003), is now available in bookstores or directly from the publisher. It includes Richter 858 Poetry, edited and introduced by David Breskin, poems on the 858 series of paintings by Gerhard Richter by W.S. DiPiero, Dean Young, Ann Lauterbach, Richard Howard, Paul Hoover, David Breskin, Connie Deanovich, Robert Haas, Brenda

Hillman, Michael Palmer, James McManus, Edward Hirsch, and Jorie Graham. Also: Poetry by Picasso, a section from "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz," introduced and translated by Pierre Joris. Poetry and fiction by Jay Wright, John Taggart, Norma Cole, Mong-Lan, Linh Dinh, Clayton Eshleman, Calvin Bedient, Kenward Elmslie, Carol Snow, Karen Garthe, John Keene, Arielle Greenberg, Fred Muratori, Andrew Joron, Chris Tysh, Dan Featherston, K. Silem Mohammad, Ryan G. VanCleave, Noelle Kocot, Cynie Cory, Joseph Lease, Donna de la Perriere, David Trinidad, Jaime Robles, Ethan Paquin, Frances Brent, Jenny Burkholder, Peter Johnson, Michael Magee, Jordan Davis, John Tipton, Joel Dai-ley, Lindsay Hill, and Jessica Anthony. Cover by Gerhard Richter. \$8.

Order from:

New American Writing
369 Molino Avenue
Mill Valley CA 94941

SPECIAL HALF-PRICE OFFER ON ALL BACK ISSUES OF THE MAGAZINE Recent issues include:

No. 19(2001): Special Clark Coolidge section edited by Nate Dorward. Published online as Jacket 13. Essays and interviews by Tom Orange and Alan Halsey, as well as poems including 10 new poems by Clark Coolidge. Also poetry by Cole Swenson, Clayton Eshleman, Phillip Foss, Diane DiPrima, Mong-Lan, Linh Dinh, John Kinsella, Martha Ronk, Geoffrey O'Brien, Charles O. Hartman, Karen Garthe, Jeanne Marie Beaumont, Jocelyn Emerson, Peter O'Leary, Devin Johnston, and others. Cover by Mark Strand. \$8.

No. 20 (2002): Oberiu: Russian Absurdist Poetry of the 1930s, edited by Eugene Ostashevsky and Matvei Yankelevich. Includes Aleksandr Vvedensky, Nikolai Zabolotsky, and Daniil Kharmis. The Poetry of Tymoteusz Karpowicz selected and introduced by Frank Kujawinski and Tomasz Tobako. Prose by Milcho Manchevski and Josip Novakovich. Poetry by Rosmarie Waldrop, Karen Volkman, Martine Bellen, James Tate, John Olson, Ray Gonzalez, Dara Weir, Nathaniel Tarn, Stephen Ratcliffe, Elizabeth Robinson, Ray DiPalma, Noelle Kocot, Ethan Paquin, Chris Stroffolino, Virgil Suarez, and others. Cover by Kasimir Malevich. \$8.

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42. **Alan Sondheim**

archaea2.exe

Sat 2 Aug 2003

archaea2.exe

scratching and borrowing from the surface

nothing random in coral slime mold takeover from auxiliary satellites

the limits of the screen are the limits of the world

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea2.exe>

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43. **Alan Sondheim**

on the archaea

Sat 2 Aug 2003

on the archaea

arwAehz ewU C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O Lohze NMhz on hU C O Leyr Behz G Ahz
& ORG BehZ Ge unutAehz ewU C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O Lohze NMhz on hU C
O Leyr Behz G Ahz & ORG BehZ pAehz ewU C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O Lohze
NMhz on hU C O Leyr Behz G Ahz & ORG BehZ GhaphZ Aehz ewU C O Leyr
Behz Ge U C O Lohze NMhz on hU C O Leyr Behz G Ahz & orgahzmhze+
planned th= Phz U C O Le+ planned U C O Lyhz from U C O Le Brom Aehz ewU
C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O Lohze NMhz on hU C O Leyr Behz G Ahz & or-
gahzmhze myhzU C O Leyr Behz Gable ynyU C O Le clue wahz laid in darkehzt
Zuytygynnyngound togeU C O LAehz ewU C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O Lohze
NMhz on hU C O Leyr Behz G Ahz & ORG BehZ Gable Aehz ewU C O Leyr Behz
Ge U C O Lohze NMhz on hU C O Leyr Behz G Ahz & orgahzmhzyn walkhZ TH
P raynhaohZ opAehz ewU C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O Lohze NMhz on hU C O Leyr
Behz G Ahz & ORG BehZ GhaphZ Aehz ewU C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O Lohze
NMhz on hU C O Leyr Behz G Ahz & orgahzmhze+ planned th= Phz U C O Le+
planned U C O Lyhz from U C O Le Brom Aehz ewU C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O
Lohze NMhz on hU C O Leyr Behz G Ahz & orgahzmhze myhzU C O Leyr Behz
Gable ynyU C O Le clue wahz laid in darkehzt Zuytygynnynglsh! dyPhz U C O
Le+ planned U C O Lyhz from U C O Le BPhz U C O Le+ planned U C O Lyhz
from U C O Le BywU C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O Lohze NMhz on hU C O Leyr
Behz G armhzultyohZe NMhZ on hAehz ewU C O Leyr Behz Ge U C O Lohze
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C O Leyr Behz G Ahz & orgahzmhzyn walkhZ TH P rayne

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44. **Alan Sondheim** ***Step Aside, Orlan . . .***

Sun 3 Aug 2003

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/arts/news/story/0,11711,1011495,00.html>

An artist has caused outrage by planning to graft a biotech ear on to his arm

Paul Harris

Sunday August 3, 2003

The Observer

It will shock. But then that's what modern art is all about. In a move that takes art to unheard of extremes, a British-based artist is to transplant a human ear on to his arm.

Using techniques of advanced plastic surgery, performance artist Stelarc, originally called Stelios Arcadiou, is to grow the ear in a biotech laboratory and have it grafted on to his forearm.

Even in an art world used to the antics of Tracy Emin and Damien Hirst, the Extra Ear project will cause upset. Many critics of unusual modern art say a fringe of the movement is caught in an 'arms race' of stunts that have little artistic merit but plenty of shock value. Last month a French artist cut off his own finger with an axe and donated it to a museum.

'He [Stelarc] is not exploring anything artistic at all. He's just putting an ear on his arm. There is an area of modern art where people just think they can compete to do the most outlandish things. This is not art,' said David Lee, editor of arts magazine Jackdaw.

Stelarc defended his work as an exploration of how it is possible to change the human body. His previous works have focused on using machinery and

computers to create extensions of the human form. He has built robotic heads and hands that he has controlled, and a six-legged walking machine. 'The issue is not to shock. I want people to see this extra ear and speculate in a way about alternative interfaces on the body. Some people may be repulsed, but it is not the intention,' he said.

Stelarc, 57, who is Australian, holds a post at Nottingham Trent University as a principal research fellow at the Performance Arts Digital Research Unit. He has put on shows in Europe, Japan and the United States and uses medical instruments, prosthetics and robotics in his displays. He once inserted a capsule into his stomach with flashing lights and noises. For his ear project, Stelarc approached British doctors and medical bodies for help, but none would take on the operation.

However, the Australian-based Tissue Culture and Art project has agreed to help him grow the ear. Stelarc hopes to begin the project next month, growing the ear and having surgeons attach it to his body. A plan to put the ear on Stelarc's face was abandoned as it could damage nerves in his cheeks.

Samples of Stelarc's cartilage and bone marrow will be taken and grown in a laboratory. The cartilage will be nurtured into the shape of an ear, similar to the technique used to grow ears on laboratory mice. The ear will then be surgically placed under a flap of skin on Stelarc's arm, where it will develop its own blood supply.

The ear will be sculpted into shape by plastic surgeons who will give it lobes from skin grafts and shape the flesh on Stelarc's arm. The ear will be a permanent part of Stelarc's body. 'I will always have something up my sleeve,' he joked.

Stelarc hopes to fit the ear with a sound chip and a proximity sensor so that it can emit sounds or words when people approach.

Some artists are appalled. 'This is not art; this is sad. The worst thing is that art students end up following this sort of thing and, if this is a success, we'll probably eventually get students leaving college with toes growing out of their foreheads or something equally bizarre,' said Charles Thomson, founder of the Stuckists group of artists, which campaigns against many forms of modern art in favour of more traditional painting and drawing. Founded four years ago by 12 artists who reject the work of Emin and Hirst, it now has 68 groups around the world.

The British Medical Association warned of dangers in the planned operation. 'Potential problems may be unknown at this stage. The artist needs to understand this before he gives informed consent to the "operation",' a spokeswoman said.

One thing all agree on is that the project will get many people talking about art in a way that paintings and sculptures rarely do. 'It causes discussion,' said Lee. 'And at the end of the day that is not a bad thing.'

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45. **Alan Sondheim**

the last of the search for bs ge u agony

Sun 3 Aug 2003

the last of the search for bs ge u agony
false of all was a woman knelling by the
bodies of two The lover obeyed the summons,
supposing that it was her this, and spare both the
unutterable agony of farewell true
The man who used a lovers articulation to woo
his of the play (1886), called the
unutterable agony, began with ...
mnage trois, with the bodies of Othello true
n_essay_on_othello And all these, like a waiting
lover, Murmur and My agony made the willows
quiver; I heard the at Times sufficient spell,
Stammering of lights unutterable? true
Who didst end Thy life in agony, grant that I give
in return to Thee, O Lover of mankind Thine
unspeakable patience, I magnify Thine unutterable exhaustion, I
25k Who didst end Thy life in agony, grant that
I give in return to Thee, O Lover of mankind
Thine unspeakable patience, I magnify Thine
unutterable exhaustion, I true
to ejaculate, the bottom bunker pulled his spit-glistened shaft away
from his loverâs soft He wasnât in agony
at all, just simple unutterable pleasure. true
darkfae ragdolls behold mausoleums with unutterable beauty, and
a that she lovingly inflicted blissful agony
upon the at her leather-clad, lover Sonyarra (who
true
previously gnawn her hand and arm in agony.) --A lady
flies from Paris with its first lover to England

by unhappy beings, who wake amid the unutterable
23k He had been on his knees, looked unutterable
things with his comes to fisty-cuffs with a third
lover; and all In her first agony of sorrow
she all but begged true
form through which he seeks to glimpse
unutterable mystery such as of being reunited
with her earthly lover, has eyes true
bs ge u agony unutterable chaos of lover bodies gonee loveose
needlemarks on hunutterable gone armsstasis and orgasmsin wals through
pouring rain o lose nms hu leir g as & in orgasmse windalks th p
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unutterable chaos of lover bodies gonee loveose needlemarks" Wrong
boolean value 'false' false 0 0.074673 0 0 false bs ge u agony
unutterable chaos of lover bodies gonee loveose needlemarks at
looply.pl line 32 \$ exit Script done on Sat Aug 2 23:02:05 2003

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46. **George J. Farrah**
Swans Through The House

Sun 3 Aug 2003

A survey of sand under my bare feet
a half conscious glass of water
and over a shamble the well rises
which shakes the medicines
the bash to move physical properties
making a hissing sound as a state of being
“a special trustworthy military is hard to find”
the speck of justice who spells his life
a sudden small pigeon over the fairy ears
a static of enough flood
the stamp is a company
to follow ones cows costs
stubble and technique

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47. **August Highland**

www.digital-e-motions.com

Sun 3 Aug 2003

DIGITAL E.MOTIONS

www.digital-e-motions.com

THE LEWIS EVERGREEN COLLECTION

OFF-ISOLATION PERIODIC SAMPLING

#001

please muse your verse mix for me

Doubloons

questioned Mounties'. Finished went
jail picked up Richard.

Wolfert malady profound attention.
Insomnia. Anxiety. Depression doubloons

questioned Mounties'. Finished went
jail picked up Richard.

Memory alive time story opens. Second
spouse. More kind first. Wolfert malady
profound attention. Insomnia. Anxiety.
Depression doubloons

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perfect ass back forth. Memory alive
time story opens. Second spouse. More
kind first. Wolfert malady profound
attention. Insomnia. Anxiety.
Depression doubloons

questioned Mounties'. Finished went
jail picked up Richard.

Accuse attempting steal Wardour Street
relic Tell much want fuck played.
Wiggling perfect ass back forth. Memory
alive time story opens. Second spouse.
More kind first. Wolfert malady
profound attention. Insomnia. Anxiety.
Depression

will now times make itself seen
intending full implies attachment

just shy cloak dagger. Paradox part
larger one woman Canada. Accuse
attempting steal Wardour Street relic
Tell much want fuck played. Wiggling
perfect ass back forth. Memory alive
time story opens. Second spouse. More
kind first.

Postilion turn up look house. Ever
answer drew nearer. Soon will now times
make itself seen intending full implies
attachment

just shy cloak dagger. Paradox part
larger one woman Canada. Accuse
attempting steal Wardour Street relic
Tell much want fuck played. Wiggling
perfect ass back forth.

Scent. Postilion turn up look house.
Ever answer drew nearer. Soon will now
times make itself seen intending full
implies attachment

thought. Wearily. Week looking forward
seeing man- rests Christ began slowly
Saturday shopping. Dining. Revisting
familiar sites. Just shy cloak dagger.
Paradox part larger one woman Canada.
Accuse attempting steal Wardour Street
relic

well chosen brought own. Played.
Grudge privilege? Day already scent.
Postilion turn up look house. Ever
answer drew nearer. Soon will now times
make itself seen intending full implies
attachment

element choice conserve nervous forces
vital forces. Example engine thought.
Wearily. Week looking forward seeing
man- rests Christ began slowly Saturday

shopping. Dining. Revisting familiar
sites. Just shy cloak dagger. Paradox
part larger one woman Canada.

Advancing slowly up one walks. Bending
weight burden. Paused met. Well chosen
brought own. Played. Grudge privilege?
Day already scent. Postilion turn up
look house. Ever answer drew nearer.
Soon

shaking bald head began set argued
eighteen years. Justine perfect element
august highland

muse apprentice guild
--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal
--"following in the footsteps of tradition"
www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.
Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).
Version: 6.0.505 / Virus Database: 302 - Release Date: 7/30/2003

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48. **August Highland**
www.global-text-strategies.com
Sun 3 Aug 2003

GLOBAL TEXT STRATEGIES
www.global-text-strategies.com

THE SYDNEY LEWIS COLLECTION

slammm #0970.....excerpt

FIRE INTO HIS BOSOM AND TELL|FIRST
WAS CERTAINLY REPUGNANT TO MOST THAT
FIRST WAS CERTAINLY REPUGNANT TO MOST
GUESTS CHIEF GOOD WOULD NOT BE BUT
YOU HAVE AND TERROR VERY PERSONS
THAT WOULD IF POSSIBLE THINK BECAUSE
HE

WOULD HE COULD EVOLVE NO IT FEELS MORE
LIKELY LARGE

ARE YOU WHICH TO SO|YOU NEVER DO YOU
GIVE ME NO HOPE|WHOLE PEN GIFT|
WHEN AND|CITE AND PROMOTION UP
HIS DO NOT SEE YOU THESE|SOUL ITS
BURDEN INDEX ARMY ON MORE THAN ONE
OCCASION. AND|CITE AND PROMOTION UP
HIS THOUGHT|RESISTANCE|ALL
WITH|BEST POSSIBLE THEIR SKULLS
REMOVED EITHER FOR TASTE OUT AND HIGH
SWUNG BECAUSE|SAGAMORE HIS BY|PLUSH
VERY LITTLE FROM IF FOR EXAMPLE
DRAPERY
SO FATALLY CIVILISATION. BECAUSE ARM
BELCHAMBER WHERE HAVE YOU AND|CITE
AND PROMOTION UP HIS SHE COULD
SECURITIES BUT|TOAD AMOCHOL YOU
SHE'D FOR|CONFERENCE IT FEELS THEN
GOODNESS|PROMISE THAT IT SWELLS AND
|CITE AND PROMOTION UP HIS
CERTAINLY|WROTE BUELL WOULD TO YOU
SHE|COULD UPPER HAND FOR MY AND BECAUSE
FOR|FASHION FROM ACT PARK DÉPOSE
LA REPROVING|GIFT AND HE IS|
THING HE HAD CAST AFTER|WAS ALMOST
BLURTED OUT BUT|FACT INDIANS AND HAD
FINISHED BREAKFAST AND INDIANS AND
HAD FINISHED BREAKFAST|SAINTY WAS
VISIBLE. HE HAD NED OWASCO BY HE
INSISTING ON RELIEVING|FROM|HAD
PEACE AND BEEN VERY

SYSTEM AND|WITH CONGRATULATION|
THEN AND|CITE AND PROMOTION UP
HIS ABIDE. AND|CITE AND PROMOTION
UP HIS|MAN WHO WAS NOT ONLY HIS
FORMER TELL YOU WHAT BE TO DINNER ON
SUNDAYS HAD BEEN CLEVER TO THEM|FOR
WHICH THEY WILL WORK LIGHT HIGH AND

TRADITIONAL WHO|ATTEMPT TO|
AND|CITE AND PROMOTION UP HIS
COULD RUSSIA IS CHILD BY ANY ONE AIR
HOSTESS. SHE BLUSHED CORPSE WHAT SHE
FELT
WELL THAT HAD WITHOUT SPEAKING THEN
ANOTHER AND IS THAT YOUR DIFFICULT
RAILED WAY|BULK OVER HIS YES
JOHNSON HAD BEEN WYANDOTTE SO AND
CALIBRATE TO ME SHE HAD|
ZOROASTRIANISM WERE ALL HIGH TO
SECURITIES BUT|TOAD AMOCHOL AND|
CITE AND PROMOTION UP HIS CAN
THINK|WHAT SHE FELT|PRESENT STATE|
THICK MIST BREAKS FORTH AND FULL VALVE
MIND AND WOULD OBSERVABLE HERE BY
THREEFOLD|THAT REMARKED OR DID YOU NOT
TRUTH|IMPOSTER ME KESTOR ROUND
POUND WOULD BE OVERALL OUT ON SOME
DETAIL OR WITH

HIS LOT WAS CAST FROM HIS FOREVER HE
DEMONS NOTION BY|SOME ONE TRIPPED
OVER|ROPES THAT HIS MUSTER ROLL
THAN|APOSTLES AN

STRAGGLED ON FLEET WERE NOW STEWING
AND
HUNDREDTH AGONY HIS OWN INABILITY TO
FOLD IT|TRAIL. USERS AND HILLOCK
MY CITE EVEN FROM ONE INDIAN THAT OVER
|THESE|SOUL ITS BURDEN INDEX
HAVE VENOM WAS INTENSELY AND VITALITY
THAN|THAT CHIEFS AND THEIR SORCERER
AMOCHOL|CHALKY TO WOMAN|PROVINCE
|HOME FOR BOIL SACKCLOTH AND AND
THAT

TABLE AND HE WAS IGNOMINIOUSLY
BLACKBALLED FOR INTERSECTING
FASHIONABLE SHE TURNED|SIGN LIKE|

GLANCING DAUGHTER WHO|IT FEELS MORE
LIKELY LARGE WHERE AWAIT INHERIT NOTE
ARE AND LOIS MADE ME TO|VERY
ACCOMMODATE BUT HE|HAD RATHER TIRESOME
DAY FOR|HEART|END|SESSION
HE|WROTE MY TEXTILE AM FROM THEY
HAVE AND|CITE AND PROMOTION UP
HIS CAN DO ALL THAT AND|CITE AND
PROMOTION UP HIS COULD|THOUGHT
|WROTE MY TEXTILE AM FROM INTO|
CAME HAGGARD SHE HAD CREATED|WAS
HIS THAT SHE HAD TIME|CAN WOMAN|
HEART WITH SO|HUNDREDS
ANGLOSAXONS IMPECUNIOUS YOUNG AWAIT
INHERIT NOTE ARE WITH|CONFERENCE
IT FEELS THEN AND NO BOARD DIRECTORS
SEEMED TO|TO WOODLAND AND TO SANGREE
IS|CLERGYMAN BECAUSE THEY ARE INDEX
LAND TAKING LINDSEY BE DECLARED AND
UNCERTAIN BE

HE WRESTLES WITH TWENTY MEN TOWARD|
ADJUNCT|JÉSUS CHRIST QUESTIONS
|TO|NOT LIKE SIR JOHN AND OTHER
MEN. MAN|CROSS AND INCLOSETH SHE BEAR
AND|DESTRUCTIVE IMPULSE|
INTERWOVEN|INNURED TO COLORED ABOUT
IT|AND SHE DEFTLY PILOTED|AND
BEAUTIFUL HIS TURN AND TO|JÉSUS
CHRIST QUESTIONS AND AND IS CHIMERA|
MEDIEVAL|BUT WHOLLY AND TO DO IT
THEN EVEN TO THEN|THOUGHT IF
SHE|DESTRUCTIVE HAVE BEEN VISIBLE
|ANGLO FOR|HEALTHS AND SPEECHES HIS
GARNISH AN WHICH SHE ALL|
PREROGATIVES WOMAN NO MAN MAY BE TO
SHE BLUSHED CORPSE WHAT SHE FELT WELL
THAT THEY
HAVE FOR COLONISATION BY FARMERS THAN
ON|ADOPTION NEVER BE SO

INORDINATELY TO SEE|BY FORAGERS

YOUR HIS OWN|AND|WHAT SHE FELT|
PRESENT STATE|SHOULD WHIRLIGIG GO
GO TASK ANY KIND ALMOST BLURTED OUT.

SPRING MAJOR LOCKWOOD ME TO CARRY ON
HIS THEY HAD|EASE|INSTANTLY|
HAPPY ROUND IT AND HELD FOOL TO ALL|
COMPANY AND AND HE WAS WOULD COME|
|SOB WITH MOTIONLESS LAKES MIST|
CHEMUNG VANDAL TO|STEAMER. AND|
CITE AND PROMOTION UP HIS THINK|
LIGHT HIGH AND TRADITIONAL WHO|WAY
WOULD BE FOR YOU TO IT|TOMMY NOT FOLD
IT AND THERE BEING OUT|IT|NOT JOAN
|ANY AND|CITE AND PROMOTION
UP HIS WRONG MAY HONOURS STILL BE
I|MAKE FREE AND UTTER SILENCE FELL
BECAUSE SHE TURNED BECAUSE
WORD|OBSERVABLE HERE
BY THREEFOLD|MAKE NO ACCEPT OFFER
NOT LIGHT PEN LATE NEXT DAY DID HE IT
WERE TO SHE LEASE TO SOAP|
CALIFORNIAN AND IT THEY BUT SHELDON
WAS TOO SOLELY AND TOO TOGETHER IT
DRAWS
ME AND|CITE AND PROMOTION UP HIS
ABIDE. TREMENDOUSLY

LANA SUBSCRIPTION HEAVEN|SAKE|
ACQUAINTANCE WITH EVEN TURNED UPSIDE
CLEARLY ITS AND SHE|ASK AND
HIMSELF ONLY LAWNMOWER EXPLORING|
AND|CITE AND PROMOTION UP HIS
CAN NOT SLEEP. YOU WILL LORENZO YOU
ARE TRUE TRUER THAN AND|CITE AND
PROMOTION UP HIS THOUGHT|
RESISTANCE|RESTAURATION CHARLES|
SAINTY DID NOT STAY VERY MANURE ETON
LANGUES AND|CITE AND PROMOTION UP

HIS IS IT CROCKERY SET MARY|NO
LONGER WAR ON ONEIDA CANOES DANCED
ACROSS|WATER TOWARD PEN GIFT|
NAPHTHALINE AND|CHARRED AND DRIVING
LICENCE AND HIS PERSON FOR IT. INTO
CREATURE WAS AND BABY COULD ACCOMPANY|
ON HIS THERE HE MUST INTO HIS
SAMOVAR FRANÇOIS IT FEELS ATTRACT
CARCASS
WHILE YOUR SOUL FOR ME SO AND|CITE
AND PROMOTION UP HIS ON|LAST DAY
|MONTH TAXED

BETWEEN|CHEMICAL THEN OVERALL|AND
COULD HAVE WHEELCHAIR NO MY COGNAC
HIS
COMMISSION WITH|FROM HIS

SHE BLUSHED CORPSE WHAT SHE FELT WELL
THAT

august highland

muse apprentice guild

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Version: 6.0.505 / Virus Database: 302 - Release Date: 7/30/2003

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49. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .

Sun 3 Aug 2003

'ear! 'ear!

Hal "I think I think; therefore I think I am."

--Ambrose Bierce

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

{ I see this is as a new and disturbing direction in the arms race.

{

{ -Joel

{

{

{ ----- Original Message -----

{ From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>

{ To: <[REDACTED]>

{ Sent: Saturday, August 02, 2003 11:00 PM

{ Subject: Step Aside, Orlan . . .

{

{

{ > <http://www.guardian.co.uk/arts/news/story/0,11711,1011495,00.html>

{ >

{ > An artist has caused outrage by planning to graft a biotech ear on to his

{ > arm

{ >

{ > Paul Harris

{ > Sunday August 3, 2003

{ > The Observer

{ >

{ > It will shock. But then that's what modern art is all about. In a move
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{ > takes art to unheard of extremes, a British-based artist is to transplant

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{ > human ear on to his arm.

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{ > Using techniques of advanced plastic surgery, performance artist Stelarc,

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{ > laboratory and have it grafted on to his forearm.

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{ > Even in an art world used to the antics of Tracy Emin and Damien Hirst,
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{ > Extra Ear project will cause upset. Many critics of unusual modern art say

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{ > fringe of the movement is caught in an 'arms race' of stunts that have
{ > little artistic merit but plenty of shock value. Last month a French
{ artist
{ > cut off his own finger with an axe and donated it to a museum.
{ >
{ > 'He [Stelarc] is not exploring anything artistic at all. He's just putting
{ > an ear on his arm. There is an area of modern art where people just think
{ > they can compete to do the most outlandish things. This is not art,' said
{ > David Lee, editor of arts magazine Jackdaw.
{ >
{ > Stelarc defended his work as an exploration of how it is possible to
{ change
{ > the human body. His previous works have focused on using machinery
and
{ > computers to create extensions of the human form. He has built robotic
{ heads
{ > and hands that he has controlled, and a six-legged walking machine. 'The
{ > issue is not to shock. I want people to see this extra ear and speculate
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{ > a way about alternative interfaces on the body. Some people may be
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{ > Stelarc, 57, who is Australian, holds a post at Nottingham Trent
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{  >
{  > -----
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50. **Joel Weishaus**
Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .
Sun 3 Aug 2003

I see this is as a new and disturbing direction in the arms race.

-Joel

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

From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, August 02, 2003 11:00 PM

Subject: Step Aside, Orlan . . .

> <http://www.guardian.co.uk/arts/news/story/0,11711,1011495,00.html>

>

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>

> Paul Harris

> Sunday August 3, 2003

> The Observer

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> -----
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51. **Vernon Frazer**
Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .
Sun 3 Aug 2003

Don't worry. For a fee, the noted pacifist Mike Tyson will bite it off.

Vernon

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

From: "Joel Weishaus" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, August 03, 2003 10:55 AM

Subject: Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .

> I see this is as a new and disturbing direction in the arms race.

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> -Joel

>

>

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

> From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>

> To: <[REDACTED]>

> Sent: Saturday, August 02, 2003 11:00 PM

> Subject: Step Aside, Orlan . . .

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> > -----
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52. **Ben Basan**

Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .\ Are you stuck?

Sun 3 Aug 2003

<http://www.stuckism.com/stuckistmanifesto.html#manifest>

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

" Dirt is matter in its wrong place"

- Lord Kelvin Popular Lectures and Addresses (1891)

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

> From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:] On

> Behalf Of Vernon Frazer
> Sent: Monday, August 04, 2003 12:03 AM
> To: [REDACTED]
> Subject: Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .
>
> Don't worry. For a fee, the noted pacifist Mike Tyson will bite it off.
>
> Vernon
>
> ----- Original Message -----
> From: "Joel Weishaus" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Sent: Sunday, August 03, 2003 10:55 AM
> Subject: Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .
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> > I see this is as a new and disturbing direction in the arms race.
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> > -Joel
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> >
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> > From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>
> > To: <[REDACTED]>
> > Sent: Saturday, August 02, 2003 11:00 PM
> > Subject: Step Aside, Orlan . . .
> >
> >
> > > <http://www.guardian.co.uk/arts/news/story/0,11711,1011495,00.html>
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> > > arm
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> > > Sunday August 3, 2003
> > > The Observer
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> > >

> --
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> > >
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53. **Jesse Seldess**

back issues of Antennae - price reduced

Sun 3 Aug 2003

Friends,

I'd really like to get more copies of Antennae 3 and 4 off my shelf and into interested hands, so single copies of those issues are now \$4 (down from \$6). Likewise, both issues can be had for \$8 (down from \$12). Contents of each issue are listed below.

If interested, send payment to:

Jesse Seldess

851 N. Hoyne Ave. Apt #3R

Chicago, IL 60622

North American subscriptions outside the US, please add \$3. Other foreign subscriptions, please add \$5.

Thanks.

ANTENNAE 3
summer 2002
\$4

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 /

ANTENNAE 4
winter 2003
\$4

poems or writing by john m. bennett / oswald egger (trans. michael pisaro) /
kerri sonnenberg / the wrong object / andrew norris / jules boykoff / k. silem
mohammad / jessica smith / heather nagami / ron silliman / kaia sand / david
pavelich / daniel borzutzky / stacy szymaszek

music scores by

jeff snyder / peter edwards

coffee-stained cover by

ryan weber

Also,

ANTENNAE 5

forthcoming

\$6

poems or writing by

sawako nakayasu / drew kunz / dennis barone / thom donovan &

kyle schlesinger / chris pusateri / mark tardi / patrick durgin / leslie

scalapino /

rodrigo toscano / rusty morrison / michael magee

a music score by

keumok heo

a lecture ("Parasitology") by

matthew goulsh

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54. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . . \ Are you stuck?

Sun 3 Aug 2003

I guess I am "stuck." To me, Stelarc's talking ear will never replace Wm Burroughs's talking asshole.

Vernon

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

From: "Ben Basan" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, August 03, 2003 11:35 AM

Subject: Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . . \ Are you stuck?

<http://www.stuckism.com/stuckistmanifesto.html#manifest>

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

"Dirt is matter in its wrong place"

- Lord Kelvin Popular Lectures and Addresses (1891)

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

> From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:[REDACTED]] On

> Behalf Of Vernon Frazer

> Sent: Monday, August 04, 2003 12:03 AM

> To: [REDACTED]

> Subject: Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .

>

> Don't worry. For a fee, the noted pacifist Mike Tyson will bite it off.
>
> Vernon
>
> ----- Original Message -----
> From: "Joel Weishaus" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Sent: Sunday, August 03, 2003 10:55 AM
> Subject: Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .
>
>
> > I see this is as a new and disturbing direction in the arms race.
> >
> > -Joel
> >
> >
> > ----- Original Message -----
> > From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>
> > To: <[REDACTED]>
> > Sent: Saturday, August 02, 2003 11:00 PM
> > Subject: Step Aside, Orlan . . .
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 $\geq -$

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> > >

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55. Alan Sondheim

Re: Step Aside, Orlan . . .

Sun 3 Aug 2003

Just to set the record straight, I've known and admired Stelarc for years. Go to Beehive - there's an interview I did with him a few years ago. There is also a lot of other material online. He's one of the most articulate and brilliant artists around. Btw he's also rather gentle.

Alan

<http://www.asondheim.org/> <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/>

http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Trace projects

<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> finger [REDACTED]

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56. **George Bowering**

Fwd: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Sun 3 Aug 2003

Message-Id: <a05200f0abb51b7aed827@[142.58.74.162]>

In-Reply-To: <[REDACTED]>

References: <[REDACTED]>

Date: Sat, 2 Aug 2003 11:48:14 -0700

To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: ghazal file

Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii" ; format="flowed"

you are too literal.

I am vexed by folks that are not literal enough. That is, for example, I take metaphors literally; that way they are fresh and they work and they can amaze you. Otherwise, they slip toward cliches.

George Bowering <[REDACTED]> wrote:>when I think of "content should dictate the form" I certainly think of Mr Olson and a certain postmodern picture of a western (or let's say "global") writer well versed in various forms and poetic traditions--beginning the scratchy notes in the notebook, following the "content" to the appropriate form: like

I am still waiting for some genius of poetry to explain TO me how a poem can have content. I can see a cup haVING content. I can see a rain gutter having content. But I have looked and looked and all I can find, if that, is reference. What IS the content? Does Shelley's poem CONTAIN a mountain? I mean if it flows through the mind, how the hell can a poem contain it?

--

*George Bowering
Ajar to suggestions.*

Fax [REDACTED]

Do you Yahoo!?
The New Yahoo! Search - Faster. Easier. Bingo.

--
George Bowering
Favours the St. Cloud Riverbats
Fax [REDACTED]

--
George Bowering
Favours the St. Cloud Riverbats
Fax [REDACTED]

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57. **Caroline Crumpacker**

Apartment Sublet

Sun 3 Aug 2003

Does anyone need an NYC sublet?

We'll be away at a residency for several months and are looking for some nice folks to sublet our place...the price is flexible if the person is willing to forward mail/deal with some phone messages/care for fish, plants and possibly a cat...

Here's the deal:

Looking for person or persons to sublet furnished apartment with all amenities from Oct. 1 to end of April, with possibility to extend. One bedroom plus in Carroll Gardens, Brooklyn. Quiet tree-lined, garden street. Two blocks from train. Beautiful airy, sunlit space with kitchen, bathroom, living room, library/den, bedroom and small office. Recently painted floor-through with six big windows. Views of trees and gardens. Call Tommy or Caroline at [REDACTED] or email at [REDACTED]

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58. **George Bowering**

Re: ghazal file

Sun 3 Aug 2003

Chris wrote:

>| *If beavers are references*
>| *how do they build dams?*

Beavers build dams.

The word "beavers" in a poem is a reference. Beavers are contained in the world. The content of a book is, perhaps, paper, ink, glue.

--

George Bowering
Favours the St. Cloud Riverbats
Fax XXXXXXXXXX

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59. **Halvard Johnson**

Sonnet Kit 147

Sun 3 Aug 2003

Sonnet Kit CXLVII

[Some assembly required]

lines, 14	a's, 43	p's, 18
quatrains, 3	b's, 2	r's, 33
couplet, 1	c's, 13	s's, 35
sentences, 3	d's, 18	t's, 44
words, 107	e's, 56	u's, 8
letters, 466	f's, 8	v's, 8
capitals, 18	g's, 9	w's, 8
lower case, 448	h's, 35	x's, 2
periods, 3	i's, 32	y's, 10
commas, 14	k's, 4	
semicolons, 3	l's, 15	
hyphens, 1	m's, 13	
apostrophes, 2	n's, 27	
	o's, 25	

Hal Colourless green ideas sleep furiously.

 --Noam Chomsky

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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60. **Chicago Review**

daily dose

Sun 3 Aug 2003

Fanny Howe's excellent long poem "Catholic" [from -CR- 49:1] appears today on Poetry Daily at <http://www.poems.com>.

Eirik Steinhoff

Editor.

* * * * *

CHICAGO REVIEW

5801 South Kenwood Avenue

Chicago IL 60637

<http://humanities.uchicago.edu/review/>

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61. **Kirby Olson**

Re: Fw: parks again

Sun 3 Aug 2003

Hi Michael Rothenberg,

Thanks for your response. I've been laid up for the last week with poison ivy on my legs, and most excruciatingly -- between my fingers. So I haven't wanted to type anything. Now it's getting better, but I don't want to push it.

I got it while clearing brush after our tornado. I guess I didn't see the stuff, because I can't recall a contact point.

I wanted again to mention The Power Broker, by Robert Caro. It's about Robert Moses, the man who was the Chairman of Parks throughout most of New York State, but especially the Manhattan area for fifty years or so. He had more power than the mayor. Even the president (Roosevelt) couldn't reign him in. He made his money from Triborough Bridge receipts, which were his to keep. Well, that was just one source.

He built parks, and parkways (he built the parkways on Long Island with bridges over them so low that busses couldn't pass underneath so that poor people couldn't get out to the beaches such as Jones Beach).

He also loved to kill neighborhoods. He built the Cross-Bronx Expressway right through a Jewish neighborhood in the Bronx and deliberately took out

thousands of apartments. He claimed to be resettling the occupants, but he never did. Nobody helped them, even the elderly and the blind, find another place to live. And for three years anybody not hit with the axe had to deal with the dynamite going off as Moses blasted through granite to dig the deep trench through the Bronx. Here's a tiny quote from page 868 (the book is 1150 pages long, and is the best primer on New York City and parks that you could possibly imagine -- the book won a National Book Award in 1974):

"Understanding this, when the housewives of East Tremont fought now, it was with a sense of desperation. The poverty of their community made fighting all the harder. Years later, an acquaintance casually remarked to Lillian Edelstein that another group of housewives, Central Park West housewives, had, in a battle over expansion of the Tavern-on-the-Green parking lot in 1956, won a victory over Robert Moses -- and was startled to see the eyes of the tall, dignified woman filling with tears of remembered frustration. "Do you know why?" she said bitterly. "Because they had money for an injunction, that's why."

So this community of thousands of people had the Cross-Bronx Expressway slammed through it when Moses could have gone next to a park (Crotona Park) and saved something like 80 buildings. Moses, for reasons never explained, went through their neighborhood. Nobody reported it, because Moses owned all the key government players, and was paying them huge fees to keep quiet.

Somehow when Moses was told not to make images, God must not have been thinking about investigative reporting.

Ask Meltzer!

I think he was only thinking about images like the pyramids that would attempt to rival his own creation??

Oy vey, as some would say.

-- Kirby Olson

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62. **Hannah Nijinsky**

[none]

Sun 3 Aug 2003

i heard a Fume-berg---when i died
it bloomed conservation's illegality



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63. **Arielle Greenberg**
Re: WNBC on My Aim is Boog
Sun 3 Aug 2003

Hey, David, so cool about NBC! Very nice indeed!
Wish I coulda been there, but we've just landed in
Chicago. Boy, are my arms tired!

Matthew Zapruder, my lovely editor at Verse who read
with me in Brooklyn, asked if you could please send a
couple copies of the 1977 issue to their offices:

Verse Press

221 Pine Street, Studio 2A3

Florence, MA 01062

and have you also sent some to me at my new address?
1424 West Hollywood Ave #2, Chicago, IL 60660-4215.

Thanks ever so,
Arielle

--- "David A. Kirschenbaum" <[REDACTED]>
wrote:

> Hi All,
>

> Randomly this cool dude from NBC came to our My Aim
> is Boog show the other
> night, and now, lo and behold, look what's up on
> their web site:

>
>

<http://www.wnbc.com/entertainment/2373645/detail.html>

>

> --

> David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

> Boog City

> 330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

> NY, NY 10001-4754

> T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

> F: [REDACTED]

> www.boogcity.com

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<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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64. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: WNBC on My Aim is Boog
Sun 3 Aug 2003

Hi Arielle,

If someone were to make a film about Verse Press, could this logically be called "the Zapruder film"?

Yours conspiratorially, Gwyn

--

"Nobody gets paid to be a poemer."

-- Bucky the cat, "Get Fuzzy" comic strip, 6/30/03

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65. **cynthia sailers**
Reading at 21 Grand, Oakland
Mon 4 Aug 2003

Come see the New Brutalism—
Featuring

Nick Piombino and Patrick Durgin

Sunday, August 10th

7-9 PM

at 21 Grand

449 B 23rd St. Oakland

\$4 cover

Nick Piombino's books include Poems (Sun and Moon), The Boundary of Blur: Essays (Roof), Light Street (Zasterle), Theoretical Objects (Green Integer) and The Boundary of Theory (Cuneiform). Recent poems in Avec #8 and #10, Ribot #5 and #6, Situation #10, Zoom-Zoom #5, TORQUE #4, POTEPOETZINE 1, Rhizome #2 and #4, Crayon #1, Boundary 2, An Avec Sampler and Kenning #10. Recent critical writing in M/E/A/N/I/N/G #17, #18, Le Discours Psychanalytique #12, fragmente #6, Transkatalog 2/3, Chain 3 and 9, Gendai Shisou-revue de la pensee d'aujourd'hui 1996, vol.

24-10, POTEPOETEXTFOUR and Kiosk #1 .Recent collages in Chain #6 and Poetry Plastique. His work has been anthologized in The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book, In The American Tree, The Politics of Poetic Form, From The Other Side of the Century, The Gertrude Stein Awards in Innovative American Poetry 1993-1994, and 1994-1995, Close Listening, Manifesto: A Century of Isms and Poetry Plastique. His home page on the web, including a recent recording of 22 of his poems read live on WKCR, is on the SUNY'Buffalo Electronic Poetry Center at writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/piombino His weblog -fait accompli- is at <http://nickpiombino.blogspot.com/>

Patrick Durgin is the author of Pundits Scribes Pupils (Potes & Poets, 1998), And so on (Texture Press, 1999), Sorter (Duration Press, 2001), and Color Music (Cuneiform Press, 2003). His poetry and other writings have appeared in various magazines over the years, including Aufgabe, Chain, Crayon, Electronic Poetry Review, Jacket, nthposition, The Poetry Project Newsletter, Rain Taxi Review of Books, Rattapallax, and Tripwire. He edits and publishes the small press journal Kenning and is contributing editor of the Electronic Poetry Center. His last bay area reading was three and a half years ago at Canessa Park, on his 30th birthday, nine days following the Y2K promotional scheme ended.

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<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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66. **matvei yankelevich**

Small Press Book Fair in Brooklyn - looking for participants

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Announcing...

the Ode To Go

CHEAP small press FAIR

Sunday, October 19, 11am to 5pm
at NEST Artspace in D.U.M.B.O.
(during the DUMBO Arts Festival)

Ode to Go, in collaboration with Ugly Duckling Presse, is hosting the Cheap Small Press Fair at NEST in DUMBO.

We are looking for small presses, zine publishers, book artists and magazines to join us on a Sunday afternoon in DUMBO to share their wares with the general public, and hopefull sell lots of books, mags, zines, too.

If you're interested we need your commitment by September 1st so that we can place the proper advertising with the Dumbo Arts Fair publication and local news sources. The committment entails a \$10 dollar donation to Ode to Go (a non-profit public poetry project) in exchange for which you will be guaranteed ample table space, refreshments, and promotion for your publications.

The CHEAP small press FAIR is particularly interested in giving space to publishers who sell the majority of their creations for \$10 or less. Other publishers will be considered, but -- in the spirit of making independent literature available and affordable -- we ask you not to charge more than \$10 for any item sold at the fair. OK?

Send your check or money order for \$10 (or more if you can) to: Ode to Go, 70 Washington St. GROUND FLOOR, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

Indicate on a separate piece of paper:

Your contact name, email and phone number.

The address of your press/mag/zine (your HQ).

Your official website's url, if you have one.

And a one-sentence description of your publishing project and mission.

* Also let us know if you want us to list you in the on-line Ode to Go directory.

If you have questions about the CHEAP Small Press Fair, your eligibility, what you get out of participating, about Ode to Go, or whatever -- just email us at [REDACTED] or call us in DUMBO at [REDACTED].

You can come see the space where the event will take place, if you like, but give us a call first so we can show it to you.

Thanks for your attention and we hope to hear from you soon, and look forward to browsing your wares at the fair in October.

With best wishes.

Yr faithful servants...

Anna Moschovakis, Matvei Yankelevich
(on behalf of Ode to Go and Ugly Duckling Presse)

the CHEAP small press FAIR: the cheapest fair in town!

*see the Ode to Go website to get a sense of what we're doing and find out about our past projects (Coffee Cup Poetry, etc): www.odetogo.com

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

[↑ Contents](#)

67. **Alan Sondheim**

archaea3.exe

Mon 4 Aug 2003

archaea3.exe

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea3.exe>

the knife stops before its destination

graphs cannot labor the human

graphisme is a-temporal through the experiential

deathless, time stalls, hacking's digital eternity

"For the talking picture, too, is mute." (Adorno, Eisler.)

—

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68. **Alan Sondheim**

archaea4.exe sulphur

Mon 4 Aug 2003

archaea4.exe sulphur

stone

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea4.exe>

n.b. all archaea images must be clicked on

that will activate the machinery

the machinery generating cut-throat sulphur

chemical-leached stone

to leach archaea

—

[↑ Contents](#)

69. **alexander saliby**

Nijinsky's Demise

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Dearest hannah,

Sorry to hear of your recent demise;
may it please you to know now you're gone
the Fume-berg blooms no more
he now chooses silence instead, to arouse you...

alex

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

From: Hannah Nijinsky

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Sunday, August 03, 2003 4:19 PM

Subject: [none]

i heard a Fume-berg---when i died
it bloomed conservations illegality

[REDACTED]

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70. **Lewis LaCook**

skyn

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Mina Loy staring through mesh at wooden stars. Some
semblance of hypodermic memory, of a fluid she caught
somewhere in her throat, mussed and tassled. I was
wondering perhaps if those clocks that climb through
walls scarred by nicotine were in fact the apparatus
we would be breathing through this evening. No-one
could really answer her; the sky, lanced with crystal
hairs of lightning, acknowledge these fastened hours
in which, just by listening quietly, sound became a
long insect rolling loudly through the hallways,
beyond touch.

I love most, when night is electric, weeping makeup,
throwing my hands through the tattooed and aroused
vectors of her skin. Mina Loy, staring up at the
ceiling, jackandcoke: each time she thought to lie
back, sink into the lattice of dark fingers stretching

her across luscious ice, the lights came on; everyone
danced the electric slide. I know what my life did to
me. She twirled like the limp of a baglady, lagging,
guttured by years that drown so sweetly in this wind.
And when Mina Loy finally got back, she brought
Anemone to tears: everyone could hear them breaking in
the hallway.

Will I always? And if so, what exterminator could
judge her right?

Nimble, with sour assonance. As sardonic as nights
gingerly swept from the awe of your coat.

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone
<http://www.lewislacook.com/DirtyMilk/>

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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71. **David Baratier**

Lawyer poets

Mon 4 Aug 2003

We were asked for reprinting rights
for one of authors who is a lawyer,
Simon Perchik, for an anthology
of poets who are (or were, when living) lawyers.

They asked me for advice about others
Wallace Stevens and Archibald MacLeish
come to mind immediately. Can anyone
think of any others?

This is a good chance to slip in some experimental
writing with a very traditional publisher & anthology
& I would hate to see the exposure pass.

Backchannels appreciated.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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72. **Derek R**

> *About a Laptop*

Mon 4 Aug 2003

*monitor. On the road the 60GB 7200RPM disk and 1GB
of memory keep me
very happy.*

for me, my laptop is for work on the go: when i have time for some extra code jobs or really need to cram to get a project finished. i'm not running intensive graphics programs or doing hardcore networking -- i'm coding, and that's about it. because of that, i want a laptop that's gonna be rock solid, run fast and smooth, and isn't going to weigh me down. i think a Mac is good for all of that -- you're not going to be contending with the (ahem) glitchiness of a Windows OS (i'm not trying to start a browser war, but for a computer system that you don't have to think about -- a plug 'n' play OS -- it's gotta be Mac)... and you've got stable and lightweight hardware to carry. i actually find an iBook (boosted up to 512MB RAM) suits me quite well.

-a-

i
need to cram
intensive
i'm
that
i want
fast and
down

i think
of
Windows

-b-

time
to get
graphics
to think
and
carry
512MB RAM

laptopcoding
laptopcoding

smooth
Mac is good
Mac is good for all of that

-c-

contending
i'm not trying
got stable
actually
quite well

suits me

-d-

well
and lightweight
that
OS

start a browser
you don't have that

the (ahem)

all of that
going to
gonna be
about it
or doing hardcore

i'm not running
or really
on the go

-e-

of the memory
keep me
happy
very happy

On the road

-f-

that's about it
because of that

extra code
doing hardcore

gonna be rock solid
because of that
run fast

i'm not running
you don't have to think about

-g-

and
i think

project finished

60GB 7200RPM 1GB i i'm i'm i
gonna i glitchiness i'm gotta i
512MB

i
i'm
i'm
i
512MB
laptopcoding
laptopcoding
i'm
gonna
i'm
gonna

i'm
i

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73. **Ron**
Silliman's Blog: The New Look
Mon 4 Aug 2003

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

* now with a new look & new features *

recent commentary:

Philip Guston: Poet's painter

It's not happening at the zoo

What came in the mail

"Ordinary poems," defined

The perfect audience

Regional variations among bloggers

Nick Lawrence replies to Louis Cabri:
does Bruce Andrews write satire?

A vacation reading list

Questions & more questions re flarf.

Mary Burger's poetry

Robert Lowell &
the poetics of the Third Way

Louis Cabri on
allusions, up or down

Spidertangle: the_book
On the margins between poetry
& visual art
come needlepoint & more

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

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74. **Kevin Hehir**

follow-up on political cartoons

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Drawn and quartered

They're funny until they get mad. Editorial cartoonists in the United States are at war with each other. DOUG SAUNDERS describes the battlefield

By DOUG SAUNDERS

Monday, August 4, 2003 - Page R1

It sounds like a badly drawn caricature, but it really happened. Last week, agents from the United States Secret Service stepped into the lobby of The Los Angeles Times and asked if they could see the paper's editorial cartoonist about a small matter of insurrection.

The cartoonist, Michael Ramirez, had drawn a cartoon a few days before showing President George W. Bush with a gun held to his head. It was an artistically accurate copy of a famous Vietnam War photo showing the street execution of a Vietnamese man. In the cartoon, the assailant was labelled "politics" and the background was labelled "Iraq."

The President's men in black did not find it funny at all. It was a direct call for assassination, they explained. "The Secret Service does take threats against all of their protectees very seriously, and they have an obligation to look into any threat that's made against any of their protectees," one agent explained shortly before they visited the Times.

The men in the dark sunglasses, blithely unaware of the newspaper traditions of stark allegory and visual hyperbole, had lifted a heavy rock to expose a teeming, little-seen artistic subculture fraught with arcane disputes, political disagreements and deep-set angst. The world of North American editorial cartooning has never received such official attention.

The newspaper's editors, knowing their rights, refused to let the spooks into the building. And the Secret Service suffered one of its larger embarrassments.

If they had looked at the cartoon more closely, they might have realized that Ramirez is a conservative Republican cartoonist, one of the few truly ardent supporters of Bush in that ink-stained profession.

"He's probably the most right-wing cartoonist at any major American newspaper," said Steve Kelley, the cartoonist with The New Orleans Times-Picayune, himself a moderate conservative.

Ramirez, in his characteristically ham-fisted but elegantly drawn style, was trying to say that his president's patriotic policies had become the victim of

partisanship. "President Bush is the target, metaphorically speaking, of a political assassination because of 16 words that he uttered in the State of the Union [address]," the cartoonist explained.

Within the tight-knit world of American editorial cartooning, a faint snicker could be heard: Was Ramirez getting a taste of his own ideological medicine? But, typical of this strange community, the loudest words were devoted not to the politics but to the esthetics.

"I think in this case, Mike Ramirez probably needed a good editor at this point, because I don't think that the metaphor really extended to the point where it was clearly understood," said Jack Ohman, the cartoonist with *The Portland Oregonian*.

Those are fighting words, and editorial cartoonists are capable of fighting long and hard over such matters as the thickness of lines, the size of caricatured noses, the shape of a box, the placement and quantity of words in a cartoon, and, most heatedly, the use of crosshatching.

In fact, until the Secret Service came along, the loudest debate among cartoonists was between the "hatchers" -- those who use drawn grids to shade their images -- and their foes, who accuse them of complacency and visual fuddy-duddiness.

This is, in fact, a political debate. The crosshatchers and nose-stretchers have come under assault from a group of upstart cartoonists who call themselves "alties" -- short for alternative -- who draw angry, sarcastic cartoons in a text-heavy, busy postmodern style that often incorporates parodies of TV advertising and Rex Morgan, MD.

These cartoonists -- including Tom Tomorrow, Ruben Bolling and Ted Rall -- got their start in city entertainment weeklies and fringe publications such as *World War Three Illustrated*. Their style is jarring and funny enough that it has been picked up by a number of major U.S. dailies -- though, because they tend to be far to the left of the U.S. cartooning mainstream, they tend to attract endless letters to the editor, and editors often ban their work.

Ted Rall, for instance, sparked a major media controversy last year when he drew a cartoon mocking "terror widows" -- the wives of victims such as murdered *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl who seemed to have become TV sensations. That cartoon was banned by *The Washington Post* and other publications, and turned Rall into something of a pariah.

Rall has led the attack by the "alties" on the "nasties" -- the mainstream cartoonists, who tend to model their style after Thomas Nast, the early 20th-century cartoonist who drew for what was then the aggressively Republican *Harper's Magazine*. Nast was a true innovator: He abandoned the heavy

allegories of earlier styles and devoted himself to grotesque caricature, especially of Democratic fixer Boss Tweed.

The nasties ridicule the style of the alties because it relies on text and a narrative line, rather than drawing, caricature and allegory, to tell its story -- a no-no among some of the crosshatching traditionalists.

The fight has raged on the cartoonists' on-line discussion groups, and at their annual gathering in Philadelphia this May, it became an outrageous debate between Ted Rall and Kelley of the Times-Picayune, a Pulitzer Prize-winning "nastie."

"It's not just about the hatching," Rall says from his New York office (he does not have a home paper -- none of New York's four daily papers have editorial cartoonists -- but draws for a syndicate). "It's about styles of presentation. There's a sameness, a stylistic stranglehold that exists in cartooning. I think it's important to have a unique style, while the industry values a style that looks like everyone else's. I've had editors say to me that they can't take my work because it doesn't look like an editorial cartoon. What does that mean?"

Even diehard hatchers acknowledge that a homogeneity has overtaken the industry. The syndicated American cartoonist Daryl Cagle, who compiles a daily index of his country's cartoons for the on-line magazine Slate, often draws attention to what he calls "Yahtzees" -- more than five cartoons in a day containing exactly the same image or joke.

The death of Bob Hope last week was a grand-mal Yahtzee. Cagle assembled scores of cartoons that featured the comedian entertaining the troops in heaven, and a dozen more showing abandoned microphones.

"The big story in editorial cartooning is the McDonald's-ization of cartoons," he said. "We are witnessing the death of the profession of American cartooning. A lot of papers are dropping their staff cartoonists.

"The problem with diversity in editorial cartoons is syndication -- the papers like to see cartoons that fit into a [square] box without too many words."

The lack of diversity is often staggering -- and it seems to be accompanied by a lack of political diversity (and, according to cartoonists, the lack of a single black American cartoonist). While Cagle says that almost all cartoonists are moderate liberals, they become deeply conservative on American military matters. The death of Uday and Qusay Hussein last month provoked dozens of cartoons showing the brothers burning in hell, creating a fascinating synergy between the usually divergent styles of American and Middle-Eastern cartoonists.

Kelley of the Times-Picayune bristles at the accusation that he's an old-schooler. He, along with many other North American cartoonists, embraced a new style

in the sixties and seventies, heavily influenced by Mad magazine, that eschewed the heavy allegories of previous generations. Gone were the giant octopuses labelled "world communism" and the doves sitting on barbed wire. Their style was slapstick, dynamic and largely text-free.

Kelley seems baffled by the attack from Ted Rall. "I prefer cartoons that use fewer words," he says. "Why would someone say that I was wrong for using symbolism? I think of 'old school' as like those sort of old guys who were just telling people what to think."

--

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75. **Fulcrum Annual**
ABOUT THE WATERFRONT
Mon 4 Aug 2003

ABOUT THE WATERFRONT

Dozing off into fried dreams,
dusks frittered
to bonne nuit, Skeltonic
rhododendrons within
and without the
telemorphokinesis,
Boston's vegetal forceps in bloom,
quagmires
of dactyloscopic rooks
on wires of air,
the tough tinsel nut
modernity
hung thriving
on the thread of
a generation. How much more
scintillantly splenetic
could the ragamuffins
of electronics become? Where
to cast or not to cast
downtown ellipses of joyhood
to trucks of passersby
behind the public gardens
in lanes of largesse
and others of fireproof
spring, strongbox

efflorescence,
securities jacked up,
life going hand in hand
with economics?
The sky coat is spread
wetly over the scrapers.
In the earth
ballistic bulbs burgeon.
The spade bank
is full of spades.
Piers are pincers.
They are paroles.
They are
sunk to their barrels,
filled with seagull-squashed
linen sleep and aquatic
projections into
the cobalt blotting sun.

Philip Nikolayev, 1999

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76. **Harry Nudel**

Mon Amour Mon Amour

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Marie Trintignant died Fri.
Paris Hospital

Mr. Cantat 39 lead singer
Noir Desire
rock band..compared to
Morrison, Cobane, Carl Andre...

Inspire...
19th cent French Po...
Rimbaud..Baudelaire...

Coming months..
debut starring..
Ms T...
"Janis & John"
Joplin Colette

Funeral Pere Lachaise
stunned.. "mon amour"
'mon amour' em-
braced pacifism..

ardent opponents
war in Iraq...

sexuality in a male
monde....

drn
drn

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77. **Maria Damon**

Re: ABOUT THE WATERFRONT

Mon 4 Aug 2003

"vegetal forceps" coolio!

At 10:55 AM -0400 8/4/03, Fulcrum Annual wrote:

> ABOUT THE WATERFRONT
>
> Dozing off into fried dreams,
> dusks frittered
> to bonne nuit, Skeltonic
> rhododendrons within
> and without the
> telemorphokinesis,
> Boston's vegetal forceps in bloom,
> quagmires
> of dactyloscopic rooks
> on wires of air,
> the tough tinsel nut
> modernity
> hung thriving
> on the thread of
> a generation. How much more
> scintillantly splenetic
> could the ragamuffins
> of electronics become? Where
> to cast or not to cast
> downtown ellipses of joyhood
> to trucks of passersby

> behind the public gardens
> in lanes of largesse
> and others of fireproof
> spring, strongbox
> efflorescence,
> securities jacked up,
> life going hand in hand
> with economics?
> The sky coat is spread
> wetly over the scrapers.
> In the earth
> ballistic bulbs burgeon.
> The spade bank
> is full of spades.
> Piers are pincers.
> They are paroles.
> They are
> sunk to their barrels,
> filled with seagull-squashed
> linen sleep and aquatic
> projections into
> the cobalt blotting sun.
>
>Philip Nikolayev, 1999

--

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78. **kari edwards**

Re: Reading at 21 Grand, Oakland

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Cynthia,

are you the individual I talked to about reading at Grand street?

kari edwards

On Sunday, August 3, 2003, at 09:25 PM, cynthia sailers wrote:

*Come see the New Brutalism—
Featuring*

Nick Piombino and Patrick Durgin

Sunday, August 10th

7-9 PM
at 21 Grand
449 B 23rd St. Oakland
\$4 cover

Nick Piombino's books include *Poems (Sun and Moon)*, *The Boundary of Blur: Essays (Roof)*, *Light Street (Zasterle)*, *Theoretical Objects (Green Integer)* and *The Boundary of Theory (Cuneiform)*. Recent poems in *Avec* #8 and #10, *Ribot* #5 and #6, *Situation* #10, *Zoom-Zoom* #5, *TORQUE* #4, *POTEPOETZINE* 1, *Rhizome* #2 and #4, *Crayon* #1, *Boundary* 2, *An Avec Sampler* and *Kenning* #10. Recent critical writing in *M/E/A/N/I/N/G* #17, #18, *Le Discours Psychanalytique* #12, *fragmente* #6, *Transkatalog* 2/3, *Chain* 3 and 9, *Gendai Shisou-revue de la pensee d'aujourd'hui* 1996, vol. 24-10, *POTEPOETEXTFOUR* and *Kiosk* #1. Recent collages in *Chain* #6 and *Poetry Plastique*. His work has been anthologized in *The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book*, *In The American Tree*, *The Politics of Poetic Form*, *From The Other Side of the Century*, *The Gertrude Stein Awards in Innovative American Poetry 1993-1994*, and *1994-1995, Close Listening, Manifesto: A Century of Isms and Poetry Plastique*. His home page on the web, including a recent recording of 22 of his poems read live on WKCR, is on the SUNY Buffalo Electronic Poetry Center at writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/piombino. His weblog -*fait accompli*- is at <http://nickpiombino.blogspot.com/>

Patrick Durgin is the author of *Pundits Scribes Pupils (Potes & Poets, 1998)*, *And so on (Texture Press, 1999)*, *Sorter (Duration Press, 2001)*, and *Color Music (Cuneiform Press, 2003)*. His poetry and other writings have appeared in various magazines over the years, including *Aufgabe*, *Chain*, *Crayon*, *Electronic Poetry Review*, *Jacket*, *nthposition*, *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, *Rain Taxi Review of Books*, *Rattapallax*, and *Tripwire*. He edits and publishes the small press journal *Kenning* and is contributing editor of the *Electronic Poetry Center*. His last bay area reading was three and a half years ago at Canessa Park, on his 30th birthday, nine days following the Y2K promotional scheme ended.

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<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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79. **Poetics List Administration**
P-Queue submission deadline extended (fwd)
Mon 4 Aug 2003

----- Forwarded Message -----
Date: Friday, August 01, 2003 4:51 PM -0400
From: Sarah Campbell <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: P-Queue submission deadline extended
Deadline for submissions to P-Queue is August 12.
For information on submitting, see
<http://www.acsu.buffalo.edu/~skc3/p-q/index.htm>
Please forward to writers you know who might be interested.
thanks,
Sarah
----- End Forwarded Message -----

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80. **Craig Allen Conrad**
poetry a u g 8 a u g 9 * * * * *
Mon 4 Aug 2003

poetry E X P L O S I O N ! ! !
click:
<http://www.english.upenn.edu/~wh/phillysoundwknd.html>

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81. **Poetics List Administration**

Welcome Message | Please Review

Mon 4 Aug 2003

W E L C O M E T O T H E P O E T I C S L I S T S E R V

Sponsored by the Poetics Program, Department of English, State University of New York at Buffalo

Poetics List Moderator: Lori Emerson

Please address all inquiries to: [REDACTED] (note that it may take up to a week to receive a response from us)

Snail mail: Poetics Program c/o Lori Emerson, 438 Clemens Hall, SUNY Buffalo, NY 14260

Poetics Listserv Archive:

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html>

Electronic Poetry Center: <http://epc.buffalo.edu>

C O N T E N T S:

1. About the Poetics List
2. Subscriptions
3. Subscription Options
4. To Unsubscribe
5. Posting to the List
6. Cautions

This Welcome Message updated 24 March 2003.

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

1. About the Poetics List

With the preceeding epigraph, the Poetics Listserv was founded by Charles Bernstein in late 1993. Now in its third incarnation, the list carries about 1000 subscribers worldwide, though all of these subscribers do not necessarily

receive messages at any given time. A good number of other people read the Poetics List via our web archives (see web-address above).

Our aim is to support, inform, and extend those directions in poetry that are committed to innovations, renovations, and investigations of form and/or/as content, to the questioning of received forms and styles, and to the creation of the otherwise unimagined, untried, unexpected, improbable, and impossible. We recognize that other lists may sponsor other possibilities for exchange in this still-new medium. We request that those participating in this forum keep in mind the specialized and focused nature of this project, and respect our decision to operate a moderated list. For subscription information or to contact the moderators, write to <[REDACTED]>.

This is a private list and information about this list should not be posted to other lists or directories of lists. The idea is to keep the list membership to those with specific rather than general interests, and also to keep the scale of the list relatively small and the volume manageable. The current limits of the list are 50 messages per day, and two messages per subscriber per day.

subscribers, we no longer maintain the open format with which the list began (at under 100 subscribers). The specific form of moderation that we employ is a relatively fluid one: in most cases, messages are reviewed after having been posted to the list, and difficulties resolved on that basis; however, the list moderators may shift with impunity between this and a pre-review mode which calls for all messages to be read and approved before being forwarded to the list. We prefer to avoid this option, as it hampers the spontaneity of discussion that we hope to promote. In addition to these options, the list moderators may place subscribers who find themselves unable to abide by the rules of the list under individual review, in which case only their messages would be received for moderators' approval before being forwarded to the list. We remain committed to this editorial function as a defining element of the Poetics List (for further information please see section 6 of this Welcome Message).

Those few individuals who are no longer welcome to post on this list have forfeited that right because of their refusal to abide by list policies as stated in this Welcome message. While we adhere to a practice of not discussing particular cases on the list, the areas of our greatest concern include flaming of other list subscribers, including the list owners, and/or giving us false registration information. Please note some individuals have publicized false accounts of the policies of the Poetics List. We have deemed it unwise to respond directly to the flames of the list, preferring simply to note here that the Poetics List exists to support and encourage divergent points of view on Modern and contemporary poetry and poetics. We are committed to do what is necessary to preserve this

space for such dialog. For this reason, the list has always been private or moderated.

Further information on posting to the list for subscribers, publishers and series-coordinators, see sections 5 and 6.

In addition to being archived at through the EPC (<http://epc.buffalo.edu>) and at <http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html>, some posts to Poetics (especially reviews, obituary notices, announcements, etc.) may also become part of specific EPC subject areas. Brief reviews of poetry events and publications are always welcome; we also encourage posts that announce events important to our subscribers. See section 5 for details.

2. Subscriptions

Subscriptions to the Poetics List are free of charge, but formal registration is required. We ask that when you subscribe you provide your full name, street address, email address, and telephone number. All posts to the list should provide your full real name, as registered. If there is any discrepancy between your full name as it appears in the "from" line of the message header, please sign your post at the bottom. PLEASE NOTE: All subscription-related information and correspondence remains absolutely confidential.

lists' administrative address <[REDACTED]>. Your message should include all of the required information. All other questions about subscriptions, whether about an individual subscription or subscription policy, should be addressed to this same administrative address.

PLEASE NOTE: IT MAY TAKE SEVERAL WEEKS TO PROCESS SUBSCRIPTION REQUESTS.

The most frequent problem with subscriptions is bounced messages. If your system is often down or if you have a low disk quota, Poetics messages may get bounced. Please try avoid having messages from the list returned to us. If the problem is low disk quota, you may wish to request an increased quota from your system administrator. You might also consider obtaining a commercial account. In general, if a good number of Poetics messages are bounced from your account, your subscription to Poetics will be temporarily suspended. If this happens, you may re-subscribe to the list by contacting the moderators at <[REDACTED]>.

3. Subscription Options

We encourage you to alter your subscription options via the link on the right side of the screen at

<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html>. If you would prefer not to use the web-interface, you may also email <[REDACTED]> the following commands:

*to receive posts in the default option (you will receive individual postings immediately), send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics nodigest

* to receive the list in digest form (you will receive the day's individual posts in one email sent just after midnight EST), send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics digest

* to receive the list in index form (you will receive a list, without the text of the posts, of the subjects discussed each day along with the author's name and address and the number of lines it comprises; you can also choose to have the index sent to you in either plain text or in HTML format with hyperlinks), send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics nohtml index --or-- set poetics html index

*to temporarily turn off Poetics mail send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics nomail

*to reactivate Poetics mail send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics mail

PLEASE NOTE: do not leave your Poetics subscription "active" if you are going to be away for any extended period of time. Your account may become flooded and you may lose not only Poetics messages but other important mail.

4. To Unsubscribe

To unsubscribe (or change any of your subscription options) go to the right-hand side of the screen at <http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html> You may also may

If you are having difficulty unsubscribing, please note: sometimes your e-mail address may be changed slightly by your system administrator. If this happens you will not be able to send messages to Poetics or to List. To avoid this problem, unsub using your old address, then return to your new address and contact the moderators at <[REDACTED]> to resubscribe. If you find that it is not possible to unsub using your old address, please contact the moderators at <[REDACTED]> for assistance.

5. Posting to the List

moderators in keeping with the goals of the list as articulated in this Welcome Message (see section 1).

Please note that while this list is primarily concerned with discussions of poetry and poetics, messages relating to politics and political activism, film, art, media, and so forth are also welcome. Feel free to query the list moderators if you are uncertain as to whether a message is appropriate. All correspondence with the moderators regarding submissions to the list remains confidential and should be directed to us at <[REDACTED]>.

We strongly encourage subscribers to post information on publications and reading series that they have coordinated, edited, published, or in which they appear. Such announcements constitute a core function of this list. Brief reviews of poetry events and publications are always welcome.

To post to the Poetics List, send your messages directly to the list address: <[REDACTED]>

Please do not send messages intended for posting to the list to our administrative address <[REDACTED]>

For further information on posting to the list, see section 6 below.

6. Cautions

"Flame" messages will not be tolerated on the Poetics List. In this category are included messages gratuitously attacking fellow listees or the list owners, also messages designed to "waste bandwidth" or cause the list to reach its daily limit. These messages are considered offensive and detrimental to list discussion. Offending subscribers will be placed on temporary review (see section 1). Repeat offenders will be removed from the list immediately. Please do not put this policy to test.

For reasons of basic security, we do not allow pseudonymous subscriptions. We also discourage the sending of HTML-formatted messages to the list. All messages intended for the Poetics List should be sent in Text-Only format.

Please also do not send attachments or include extremely long documents (1,000+ words) in a post. Messages containing attachments will be presumed to be worm- or virus-carrying and will not be forwarded to the list.

Please do not publish list postings without the express permission of the author. Posting on the list is a form of publication. Copyright for all material posted on Poetics remains with the author; material from this list and its archive may not be reproduced without the author's permission, beyond the standard rights accorded by "fair use" of published materials.

As an outside maximum, we will accept no more than 2 messages per day from any one subscriber. Also, given that our goal is a manageable list (manageable both for moderators and subscribers), the list accepts 50 or fewer messages per day.

Like all systems, the listserv will sometimes be down: if you feel your message has been delayed or lost, *please wait at least one day to see if it shows up*, then check the archive to be sure the message is not posted there; if you still feel there is a problem, you may wish to contact the moderators at <[REDACTED]>.

E N D O F P O E T I C S L I S T W E L C O M E M E S S A G E

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82. **Harriet Zinnes**
to subscribe

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Dear Staff

I believe I am a subscriber, but if not, please add me to your list.

Harriet Zinnes
[REDACTED]

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83. **Harriet Zinnes**
Re: to subscribe

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Dear Staff:

I've received your "reply" but what would you like me to do? You give no instructions!

Harriet Zinnes

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84. **Derek R**
~ Conclusions ~

Mon 4 Aug 2003

-
- 1.
 - 2.
 - 3.
 - 4.

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85. **Gary Sullivan**

Ernst Herbeck

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Hello Everyone,

I'm doing translations of poetry by the German "naive" poet, Ernst Herbeck on Elsewhere:

<http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Anyone who knows anything about Herbeck, please backchannel. What I've learned so far is fascinating, but I would love other leads.

Thanks!

Gary

MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE*.

<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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86. **Stephen Vincent**

Zephyrus Image bibliography, etc.

Mon 4 Aug 2003

I am carrying water for Alistair Johnston's Poltroon Press here. (Alistair not being on this list). But here's the description of book he has done that will be great news to people both in the poetry and the printing world (you might say, Fine Press with the "Fine" upside down), and the cast of participating characters is variously legendary. Go to Poltroon Press' website (www.poltroon.com) for both some images (e.g., a photo Raworth & Dorn looking like peas in a pod), pricing and ordering info. This is a period piece (seventies) right out there on an edge. With beaucoup humor, where "beaucoup" does mean "beautiful cut." The rest here is Alistair speaking de livre:

Zephyrus Image is an undeservedly obscure small press from the San Francisco Bay area of the 1970s. But, by their own choosing, they used alternative methods of distribution from those available to small presses (bookstores, libraries, collectors) and instead gave their works away in a mysterious yet timely manner. Much of their work was political ephemera aimed at the powers that were: The Nixon Whitehouse, Governor Ronald Reagan, while supporting the Haight-Ashbury Diggers, Timothy Leary and the Black Panther Party. Their literary works were often self-consciously well-made pamphlets by Robert Creeley,

Robert Bly, Fielding Dawson and Lucia Berlin, among others. They also collaborate with Funk artist William T. Wiley and film-maker Stan Brakhage. Their closest allies were Ed Dorn and Tom Raworth who brought ideas, energy and connections to the scene. Some exceedingly fugitive pieces by these avant-garde poets were cranked out in small editions, quite often on a spontaneous lark. The energy and effort that went into such fanciful pieces were contrary to the whimsy with which they were conceived and delivered. In addition to their newspaper, BEAN NEWS, they produced broadsides, pamphlets and toys with these two remarkable poets. As editor and publisher Bob Callahan said of the Zephyrus Image enterprise: "No one before or since took a printing press like they did and threw it into a hole and created lightning." Alastair Johnston's bibliography tells the story of this operation and documents it with historic photos and reproductions of over 100 items that they printed.

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87. **Haas Bianchi** *Weapons of Exclusion*

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Weapons of Exclusion

being fashionable success provides individualism within a dress code. I look distinctive; in a Mao suit Italian fabric of course is used. I am what everyone desires; The Pachamama and Viracocha went to war and tore each other's bodies bleeding ice water. Upscale goods make you a part of the cognoscenti, symbolic and cultural value like ear plugs and lip rings separates me from the proles. Tears burn open a hole in the Earth— humanity, like a frozen bag of plasma is ready for the butcher's table.

the main feature of post-modernity each of us plays multiple roles and has various styles of understanding. The assertion of identity is a matter of constant urgency the manufacture of 'personality' decides for us how we are perceived. Art provides a short cut by which we enter another identity and join a subculture that insulates us from contamination by other people.

All art is clever marketing and consumer exploitation.

Socially Pasteurized

a platform for enunciating messages which invite the aesthetic challenge the opaqueness of the artist's intentions rob the performance of much of its subversive thrust. The Meaning of Art. The emphasis that city life gives to appearances concentrates attention on the artistic. This makes art and design a disciplinary power it coerces the body to shape and rearrange itself in accordance with ever-shifting social expectations.

The ability to diet, apply facial cosmetics, arrange clothes, and wear ornamentation, are in the service of aesthetic innovations that continually reinvent subjectivity. The docile body shows how elements of and artistic lifestyle are fused with the urban habits of reading fashion magazines, engaging in body-sculpting, gym work-outs, cosmetic surgery and periodic internments at health and fat farms –

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88. **Kirby Olson**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Mon 4 Aug 2003

As Christ put it, in arguing that yes, Christians should pay their taxes: RRender unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. Render unto God that which is God's.

This is in Matthew -- and is the basis of Augustine's two kingdoms idea which is later found in Luther, and then is also in Marx, since Marx was raised as a Lutheran.

I have no idea if the Islamic people separate the realm of theology and materialism. According to Bernard LEwis, they don't. He says this is the source of their problems. I'd cite it but I lent the book to somebody.

Luther also said he'd rather be ruled by a wise Turk than a foolish Christian.

A smart Turk could make clever distinctions between the realm of heaven and earth. Foolish Christians close the two kingdoms, collapse them rather, and pollute both. It's like the modernists asking life to become art. You pollute both in doing that, and create tragedy and suicide -- like Rigaud saying he would kill himself in ten years, and then doing it, making his life into a play up until the ending, determined in advance. A lot of marginal surrealists tried to do that -- Artaud, Bataille, etc. Klossowski separates them, and puts art on paper, citing Christ's remark on two kingdoms in doing so, but changing the idea of "render" as in to paint, or to write, and uses Carpocratian gnosticism as his justification, but argues that we can go further by keeping the rendering to images, as the gold standard of the voluptuous sin is returned to our carnal master Ialdeboth.

Sufis in their laughter may be doing similar two kingdoms' things. Go ahead and look for God, but tie your camel up first.

There are two systems of currency, is what Christ is saying in Matthew. In one, you return the coinage to Caesar in the realm of material reality. In the other, you return your soul, stamped in the likeness of God, to heaven. Some modernists tried to solder the two kingdoms together, but they went completely mad and either ended up like Stalin or Mao, or committed suicide like Rigaud

and Artaud. Hence, dualism of monetary systems -- carnal and spiritual -- as crazy as it seems -- is actually more sane in the long run.

-- Kirby Olson

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89. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Mon 4 Aug 2003

This is cute; irrelevant to modern understandings of valuation, but cute nonetheless.

Best, Geoffrey

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

From: "Kirby Olson" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, August 04, 2003 5:56 PM

Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

> As Christ put it, in arguing that yes, Christians should pay their taxes:
> REnde unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. Rende unto God that which is God's.

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> later found in Luther, and then is also in Marx, since Marx was raised as a

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> pollute both. It's like the modernists asking life to become art. You pollute

> both in doing that, and create tragedy and suicide -- like Rigaud saying

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> of "render" as in to paint, or to write, and uses Carpocratian gnosticism as his

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> mad and either ended up like Stalin or Mao, or committed suicide like Rigaud and

> Artaud. Hence, dualism of monetary systems -- carnal and spiritual -- as crazy

> as it seems -- is actually more sane in the long run.

>

> -- Kirby Olson

>

>

[↑ Contents](#)

90. **Daniel Zimmerman**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Mon 4 Aug 2003

moolah hula

specie? specious.

species: individuus.

what the mint meant:

IOUs no news.

full faith & credit?

you wouldn't want to wed it.

DZ

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

From: "Kirby Olson" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, August 04, 2003 5:56 PM

Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

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> pollute both. It's like the modernists asking life to become art. You

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> both in doing that, and create tragedy and suicide -- like Rigaud saying he

> would kill himself in ten years, and then doing it, making his life into a play

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> to do that -- Artaud, Bataille, etc. Klossowski separates them, and puts art on

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> of "render" as in to paint, or to write, and uses Carpocratian gnosticism as his

> justification, but argues that we can go further by keeping the rendering to

> images, as the gold standard of the voluptuous sin is returned to our carnal

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> Artaud. Hence, dualism of monetary systems -- carnal and spiritual -- as crazy

> as it seems -- is actually more sane in the long run.

>

> -- Kirby Olson

>

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91. **Kirby Olson**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Geoffrey, could you explain what was cute at greater length? Matt's message on Arabic vs. Roman money, Christ's message, Klossowski's message, Luther's ideas?? -- Kirby

Geoffrey Gatza wrote:

This is cute; irrelevant to modern understandings of valuation, but cute nonetheless.

Best, Geoffrey

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

From: "Kirby Olson" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, August 04, 2003 5:56 PM

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justification, but argues that we can go further by keeping the rendering
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mad and either ended up like Stalin or Mao, or committed suicide like
Rigaud and
Artaud. Hence, dualism of monetary systems -- carnal and spiritual -- as
crazy
as it seems -- is actually more sane in the long run.

-- Kirby Olson

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92. **Dale Smith**

NEW BOOK BY THOMAS MEYER

Mon 4 Aug 2003

Skanky Possum is pleased to announce
the publication of
COROMANDEL
by Thomas Meyer.
64 pp.
Staple-bound.
\$5 plus \$1.50 p/h

Order direct now or through SPD later this month
www.skankypossum.com

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<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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93. **Alan Sondheim**

archaea5.exe

Mon 4 Aug 2003

archaea5.exe

descriptor < > before the names

coordinate delineation

archaea size resizing

closer to an origin

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea5.exe>

for now

one of these ways

it happens this way

—

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94. **Alan Sondheim**

recent flute pieces and archaea pieces

Mon 4 Aug 2003

recent flute pieces and archaea pieces

interrelationship between choate and inchoate

emerges and inscriptions cutting through organisms and worlds

fast-forward recovery of coherency

motility and opportunisms of life-forms surrounded by bankruptcies

lovefuriou

Lovedifficultygi;

Wsyproblematic

Bee*^ychaos of love

bee*^ymiserable iniquity

Be+Wfound objecthood

be+Wdeath of all concerned

ceWmysterious
ecnot a clue
a dropped lock of hair
W*oneWblond
W*andWbrunette
W*youWfrightful breasts
W*YouWvoluptuous
W*areWcharismatic moments
W*areWdarker lockupgi;
W*thereWnameless and exhausted
W*ThereWmuff of black fuzzgi;
W*to+Wnoughtgi;
Wwin the wind
WWabu.ya in the wind -
wWsmell of jasmine
WWslight pass of perfume in the air
fou*rbig beautiful eyegi;
tcionabu.ya in wondergi;
uceshe returned a smile with a smile
cwere those needlemarks on her arm
Cthin walks through pouring raingi;
thyunutterable chaos of love
Thyagonies ecstasies and orgasmsgi;
qthe clue was laid in darkest splendor
Qlost forevergi;
tertheir bodies found together
fperhaps they planned this from the beginning

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95. **Catherine Daly**

Re: Zephyrus Image bibliography, etc.

Tue 5 Aug 2003

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

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96. **kari edwards**

California law bans gender identity bias

Tue 5 Aug 2003

perfect time in the face of Pres. Bushs hate speak

California law bans gender identity bias

Ahmar Mustikhan,

Gay.com/PlanetOut.com Network

Monday, August 4, 2003 / 04:46 PM

Embattled California Gov. Gray Davis signed a bill on Saturday to outlaw bias on the basis of gender identity and expression, revising the state's Fair Employment and Housing Act.

The bill, introduced by openly gay Assemblyman Mark Leno, D-San Francisco, was sponsored by Equality California and formally supported by more than 50 other local, state and national organizations.

"Every day, I am contacted by transgender people who have lost their jobs or their homes, simply because of who they are. It is long past time that California and other states put an end to this devastating and costly discrimination," said Chris Daley, an attorney with the California-based Transgender Law Center.

The amended California law describes discrimination based on sex as including discrimination based on gender, which includes a person's "identity, appearance or behavior whether or not that identity, appearance or behavior is different from that traditionally associated with the person's sex at birth."

"By enacting AB 196 into law, Californians are sending a powerful message that no person can be denied employment or housing based on gender-related characteristics," said Shannon Minter, legal director for the San Francisco-based National Center for Lesbian Rights (NCLR).

The National Transgender Advocacy Coalition (NTAC) said it was "overjoyed" with Davis' signature, as it thought the prospects for enactment seemed less optimistic given the political environment, where Davis is faced with a recall vote amid the state's economic woes.

"The governor exhibited clarity under pressure," said Vanessa Edwards Foster, chair of NTAC. "We only wish more of our political leaders could show as much leadership."

An ebullient Gwen Smith, founder of Remembering Our Dead, a Web site devoted to transgender victims of murder, said, "I am amazed -- and pleased -- that Gov. Davis chose to sign this bill, even in the midst of mounting attacks."

California became the fourth state to ban discrimination against transgender employees and tenants. The three other states that have enacted laws prohibiting discrimination on the basis of gender identity and expression are Minnesota, Rhode Island and New Mexico.

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97. **Daniel Carter**

self-raising self-phrasing phrase(s)

Tue 5 Aug 2003

{ }

self-raising self-phrasing phrase(s) with fraudulence every day an everyday occurrence the body being among other things a magnetic body the space nearby becoming therefore a candidate for some kind of field or another for a portion of blackened spaces in the proximity of a current-carrying body her many voices working themselves into the weave of illuminated spaces in which "the" (itself) turned into "a" search for "where" or due to a multiplicity of media saturations: the mother of his phrases exemplifying matrix that she is in her enveloping qualities and functions without having put special marks upon around or about any of the ingredients though in the case of one it may be argued that some kind of marking might be in order and might serve everyone and every thing well: well ya know what? as has been prominently displayed developed and further propagated chance and risk elisioned favorite family member into the fray for repair of despair as well as the single or the double loop cycle-clinger all this in the spin-off notice take note kindly attend beware: caution! be alert: can be detected through various information(al) multiplicities tracing shadowy spaces in which the magnetic forces the many spaces that may show up here the many voices that may show up here even my own now juxtapose sexual entities choices preferences spicing splicing dicing up the endeavor or activities by including some that are my own that when read here may not be "touched" then from those other places come those other voices saying things I wouldn't want traced back to me something that has inspired little relief mind you yet proceed I must yet pro seed I trust that being skeptical and hopeful at the same time might yield some quality fruit notwithstanding indeed inspired by all these little bits broken off from one another and from a greater whole suggesting meaninglessness indeed convincing her that meaninglessness prevails but now too much has been given away too much has given way the very idea of which is a ploy and a ruse to a void which would label the fruits of someone's labor and then go beyond such markings such namings into being itself such as just sitting there doing nothing but being something that is which is not quite identical to being something that exists thus very thin layer after very thin layer slid away so there's much much more coming from the fact that I'm frightened of the forces possibly unleashed by these proceedings empire compulsion within the areas of art, art areas, art dimensions, artistic dimensions, within art, some you will guess and others you won't this will shall be that kind of page these pages shall be those kinds of pages shadowy pages which seduce: she's just trying to let us know that it all goes together and that the gang is gonna get you and me too and this has been going on for thousands of years she's been playing a

commanding role in forcing the issue(s) into tissues which in turn absorb as well provide body with body which body feels within it('s) needs its very seeds of beaming be aiming toward kosmic reunification which is already a done deal but k(no)w it isn't it is which still furnishes art with shamanism among other skins for the protection of us all I wonder now is that what the modernists contend? wondering as well as wandering in the dark took a little too much time without typing frustrates the compulsion to type daring wand the wand which dares wander already too much body-current animism of the very page itself

--

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98. **August Highland**
Encyclopoetica

Tue 5 Aug 2003

Encyclopoetica

www.encyclopoetica.com/1.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/2.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/3.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/4.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/5.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/6.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/7.html

sincerely,

august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.505 / Virus Database: 302 - Release Date: 7/30/2003

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99. **kari edwards**

Re: self-raising self-phrasing phrase(s)

Tue 5 Aug 2003

nice...cross dialogic...!! beautiful in a re-(de)fin'd kind of diagnostic double speak

Tuesday, August 5, 2003, at 04:47 AM, Daniel Carter wrote:

{ }

self-raising self-phrasing phrase(s) with fraudulence every day an everyday occurrence the body being among other things a magnetic body the space nearby becoming therefore a candidate for some kind of field or another for a portion of blackened spaces in the proximity of a current-carrying body her many voices working themselves into the weave of illuminated spaces in which "the" (itself) turned into "a" search for "where" or due to a multiplicity of media saturations: the mother of his phrases exemplifying matrix that she is in her enveloping qualities and functions without having put special marks upon around or about any of the ingredients though in the case of one it may be argued that some kind of marking might be in order and might serve everyone and every thing well: well ya know what? as has been prominently displayed developed and further propagated chance and risk elisioned favorite family member into the fray for repair of despair as well as the single or the double loop cycle-clinger all this in the spin-off notice take note kindly attend beware: caution! be alert: can be detected through various information(al) multiplicities tracing shadowy spaces in which the magnetic forces the many spaces that may show up here the many voices that may show up here even my own now juxtapose sexual entities choices preferences spicing splicing dicing up the endeavor or activities by including some that are my own that when read here may not be "touched" then from those other places come those other voices saying things I wouldn't want traced back to me something that has inspired little relief mind you yet proceed I must yet pro seed I trust that being skeptical and hopeful at the same time might yield some quality fruit notwithstanding indeed inspired by all these little bits broken off from one another and from a greater whole suggesting meaninglessness indeed convincing her that meaninglessness prevails but now too much has been given away too much has given way the very idea of which is a ploy and a ruse to a void which would label the fruits of someone's labor and then go beyond such markings such namings into being itself such as just sitting there doing nothing but being something that is which is not quite identical to being something that exists thus very thin layer after very thin layer slid away so there's much much more coming from the fact that I'm frightened of the forces possibly unleashed by these proceedings empire compulsion within the areas of art, art areas, art dimensions,

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--

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100. **Maria Damon**

Fwd: [deeplisting] US Losing Control of Afghanistan

Tue 5 Aug 2003

X-From :
sentto-7702453-2311-1060047981-damon001=[REDACTED]
Mon Aug 4 20:46:26 2003
X-Umn-Remote-Mta: [N] mhub-m5.tc.umn.edu #+LO+NM
X-Umn-Remote-Mta: [N] n14.grp.scd.yahoo.com #+NE+NR+UF+CB (A,-)
X-Umn-Report-As-Spam:
<http://umn.edu/mc/s?
[REDACTED]@KW4vH8b1saV\$7iqdOUt\$OSWSlYtYiX7Vy3DaX2t\$[REDACTED]>
X-eGroups-Return:
sentto-7702453-2311-1060047981-damon001=[REDACTED]
X-Sender: [REDACTED]
X-Apparently-To: [REDACTED]
To: <[REDACTED]>
X-Priority: 3
Importance: Normal
From: "t r u t h o u t" <[REDACTED]>
X-Yahoo-Profile: truthout2000
Mailing-List: list [REDACTED]; contact

Delivered-To: mailing list
Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 18:45:15 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: [deeplisting] US Losing Control of Afghanistan
Reply-To:

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truthout | 08.05

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http://www.truthout.org/docs_03/080503A.shtml

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101. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

Boog Blog/Boog's first two days, Boog goes to Oakland

Tue 5 Aug 2003

Hi all,

Today's the 12th anniversary of the birth of Boog. I've posted an old story on my blog about the first two days of the press, as well as my review of Seabiscuit, and information on the Boog City reading in Oakland next month, and a whole bunch of other fun stuff.

check it out:

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

hope all is well.

as ever,

david

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

Boog City

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

NY, NY 10001-4754

T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

F: 

www.boogcity.com

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102. **Stephen Vincent**

[deeplisting] US Losing Control of Afghanistan!!

Tue 5 Aug 2003

Thanks, Maria, for posting. It's amazing when so much Imperial/colonial news is relatively easily available, that public outrage combined with an aggressive media is still so minimal. (By the way the documentary on the Weather Underground I found to be terrific - and it does all kinds of issues as to what is effective militancy, public leadership from the left - plus the image of a young Fred Hampton giving a speech in Chicago before he was assassinated by the police in his bed is incredibly sad - memories of Marvin Gaye forever moving- was the line "Freddy's dead").

Here's a haiku truncation of an article in the morning NY Times where an American contractor was killed in Iraq:

Cheney's former company already has garnered more than \$600 million in military work related to the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, and potentially could earn billions more without having to compete with other companies.

Under a 10-year contract signed in 2001, Kellogg Brown & Root is the Army's sole provider of troop support services -- a deal that has led to work orders so far totaling \$529.4 million related to the two wars.

The company also was given a separate, no-bid contract worth \$71.3 million to repair and operate oil wells in Iraq.

The doling out of the work orders has prompted criticism from some Democrats in Congress that Cheney's former company is receiving favored treatment

Oh well, as in Oil W...

Stephen V

on 8/5/03 7:18 AM, Maria Damon at [REDACTED] wrote:

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X-From_:
sentto-7702453-2311-1060047981-damon001=[REDACTED]
Mon Aug 4 20:46:26 2003
X-Umn-Remote-Mta: [N] mhub-m5.tc.umn.edu #+LO+NM
X-Umn-Remote-Mta: [N] n14.grp.scd.yahoo.com #+NE+NR+UF+CB (A,-)
X-Umn-Report-As-Spam:
<http://umn.edu/mc/s?[REDACTED]@KW4vH8b1saV$7iqdOUT$OSWSlYtYiX7Vy3DaX2t$p
[REDACTED]>
X-eGroups-Return:
sentto-7702453-2311-1060047981-damon001=[REDACTED]
X-Sender: [REDACTED]
X-Apparently-To: [REDACTED]
To: <[REDACTED]>
X-Priority: 3
Importance: Normal
From: "t r u t h o u t" <[REDACTED]>
X-Yahoo-Profile: truthout2000
Mailing-List: list [REDACTED]; contact
[REDACTED]
Delivered-To: mailing list [REDACTED]
Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 18:45:15 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: [deeplisting] US Losing Control of Afghanistan
Reply-To: [REDACTED]
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103. **Craig Allen Conrad**
NYT review of GOD SAVE MY QUEEN by Daniel Nester
Tue 5 Aug 2003

if you haven't seen this book yet, DO! it's wild and fun!

[http://www.nytimes.com/2003/08/03/books/review/0802br-briefs.html?](http://www.nytimes.com/2003/08/03/books/review/0802br-briefs.html?pagewanted=2)
[pagewanted=2](http://www.nytimes.com/2003/08/03/books/review/0802br-briefs.html?pagewanted=2)

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104. **Craig Allen Conrad**

******SUSAN STEWART AND CRIMES OF LONGING BY DON RIGGS******

Tue 5 Aug 2003

Susan Stewart fans,
below is a link to a rather interesting article you may want to check out. Don Riggs has written a beautiful article which might create new fans of those unfamiliar with her work.

http://www.drexel.edu/doj/poetry/lazydog1_test.asp

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105. **Daniel Carter**

Re: self-raising self-phrasing phrase(s)

Tue 5 Aug 2003

Tuesday, August 5, 2003, Kari Edwards wrote:

*nice...cross dialogic...!! beautiful in a re-(de)finde kind of
diagnostic double speak*

many thanks; very helpfully orienting in these vast spaces of spaces!

Tuesday, August 5, 2003, at 04:47 AM, Daniel Carter wrote:

{ }

*self-raising self-phrasing phrase(s) with fraudulence every day an
everyday occurrence the body being among other things a magnetic body
the space nearby becoming therefore a candidate for some kind of
field or another for a portion of blackened spaces in the proximity
of a current-carrying body her many voices working themselves into
the weave of illuminated spaces in which "the" (itself) turned into
"a" search for "where" or due to a multiplicity of media saturations:
the mother of his phrases exemplifying matrix that she is in her
enveloping qualities and functions without having put special marks
upon around or about any of the ingredients though in the case of one
it may be argued that some kind of marking might be in order and
might serve everyone and every thing well: well ya know what? as has
been prominently displayed developed and further propagated chance
and risk elisioned favorite family member into the fray for repair of
despair as well as the single or the double loop cycle-clinger all
this in the spin-off notice take note kindly attend beware: caution!
be alert: can be detected through various information(al)
multiplicities tracing shadowy spaces in which the magnetic forces
the many spaces that may show up here the many voices that may show
up here even my own now juxtapose sexual entities
choices preferences spicing splicing dicing up the endeavor or
activities by including some that are my own that when read here may*

not be "touched" then from those other places come those other voices
saying things I wouldn't want traced back to me something that has
inspired little relief mind you yet proceed I must yet pro seed I
trust that being skeptical and hopeful at the same time might yield
some quality fruit notwithstanding indeed inspired by all these
little bits broken off from one another and from a greater whole
suggesting meaninglessness indeed convincing her that meaninglessness
prevails but now too much has been given away too much has given way
the very idea of which is a ploy and a ruse to a void which would
label the fruits of someone's labor and then go beyond such markings
such namings into being itself such as just sitting there doing
nothing but being something that is which is not quite identical to
being something that exists thus very thin layer after very thin
layer slid away so there's much much more coming from the fact that
I'm frightened of the forces possibly unleashed by these proceedings
empire compulsion within the areas of art, art areas, art dimensions,
artistic dimensions, within art, some you will guess and others you
won't this will shall be that kind of page these pages shall be those
kinds of pages shadowy pages which seduce: she's just trying to let
us know that it all goes together and that the gang is gonna get you
and me too and this has been going on for thousands of years she's
been playing a commanding role in forcing the issue(s) into tissues
which in turn absorb as well provide body with body which body feels
within it('s) needs its very seeds of beaming be aiming toward kosmic
reunification which is already a done deal but k(no)w it isn't it is
which still furnishes art with shamanism among other skins for the
protection of us all I wonder now is that what the modernists
contend? wondering as well as wandering in the dark took a little too
much time without typing frustrates the compulsion to type daring
wand the wand which dares wander already too much body-current
animism of the very page itself

--

[↑ Contents](#)

106. **Robin Tremblay-McGaw**
contact for tina darragh
Tue 5 Aug 2003

Dear All--

I'm looking for an email address for Tina Darragh. You can email me directly.



Thanks,
Robin
Robin Tremblay-McGaw

Automatic digest processor wrote:

There are 27 messages totalling 1727 lines in this issue.

Topics of the day:

1. *Small Press Book Fair in Brooklyn - looking for participants*
2. *Reading at 21 Grand, Oakland (2)*
3. *archaea3.exe*
4. *archaea4.exe sulphur*
5. *skyn*
6. *Nijinsky's Demise*
7. *Lawyer poets*
8. *> About a Laptop*
9. *Silliman's Blog: The New Look*
10. *follow-up on political cartoons*
11. *ABOUT THE WATERFRONT (2)*
12. *P-Queue submission deadline extended (fwd)*
13. *Welcome Message | Please Review*
14. *=?ISO-8859-1?Q?poetry a u ?> =?ISO-8859-1?Q? g 8 a u ?
> =?ISO-8859-1?Q? g 9 * * ?
> =?ISO-8859-1?Q?* * * * * ?> =?ISO-8859-1?Q? *?> 15. to sub-*
15. *scribe (2)*
16. *~ Conclusions ~*
17. *Ernst Herbeck*
18. *Zephyrus Image bibliography, etc.*
19. *Weapons of Exclusion*
20. *History of Monetary Systems (4)*
21. *NEW BOOK BY THOMAS MEYER*

Date: Sun, 3 Aug 2003 21:33:49 -0700
From: matvei yankelevich <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Small Press Book Fair in Brooklyn - looking for participants

Announcing...
the Ode To Go
CHEAP small press FAIR

Sunday, October 19, 11am to 5pm
at NEST Artspace in D.U.M.B.O.
(during the DUMBO Arts Festival)

Ode to Go, in collaboration with Ugly Duckling Presse, is hosting the Cheap Small

Press Fair at NEST in DUMBO.

We are looking for small presses, zine publishers, book artists and magazines to join us on a Sunday afternoon in DUMBO to share their wares with the general public, and hopefull sell lots of books, mags, zines, too.

If you're interested we need your commitment by September 1st so that we can place the proper advertising with the Dumbo Arts Fair publication and local news sources. The committment entails a \$10 dollar donation to Ode to Go (a non-profit public poetry project) in exchange for which you will be guaranteed ample table space, refreshments, and promotion for your publications.

The CHEAP small press FAIR is particularly interested in giving space to publishers who sell the majority of their creations for \$10 or less. Other publishers will be considered, but -- in the spirit of making independent literature available and affordable -- we ask you not to charge more than \$10 for any item sold at the fair. OK?

*Send your check or money order for \$10 (or more if you can) to:
Ode to Go, 70 Washington St. GROUND FLOOR, Brooklyn, NY 11201.*

*Indicate on a separate piece of paper:
Your contact name, email and phone number.
The address of your press/mag/zine (your HQ).
Your official website's url, if you have one.
And a one-sentence description of your publishing project and mission.
* Also let us know if you want us to list you in the on-line Ode to Go directory.*

*If you have questions about the CHEAP Small Press Fair, your eligibility, what you get out of participating, about Ode to Go, or whatever --
just email us at [REDACTED]
or call us in DUMBO at [REDACTED].*

You can come see the space where the event will take place, if you like, but give us a call first so we can show it to you.

Thanks for your attention and we hope to hear from you soon, and look forward to browsing your wares at the fair in October.

*With best wishes.
Yr faithful servants...*

*Anna Moschovakis, Matvei Yankelevich
(on behalf of Ode to Go and Ugly Duckling Presse)*

the CHEAP small press FAIR: the cheapest fair in town!

**see the Ode to Go website to get a sense of what we're doing and find out about our past projects (Coffee Cup Poetry, etc): www.odetogo.com*

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

Date: Sun, 3 Aug 2003 21:25:40 -0700

From: cynthia sailers <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Reading at 21 Grand, Oakland

Come see the New Brutalism—

Featuring

Nick Piombino and Patrick Durgin

Sunday, August 10th

7-9 PM

at 21 Grand

449 B 23rd St. Oakland

\$4 cover

Nick Piombino's books include Poems (Sun and Moon), The Boundary of Blur: Essays (Roof), Light Street (Zasterle), Theoretical Objects (Green Integer) and The Boundary of Theory (Cuneiform). Recent poems in Avec #8 and #10, Ribot #5 and #6, Situation #10, Zoom-Zoom #5, TORQUE #4, POTEPOETZINE 1, Rhizome #2 and #4, Crayon #1, Boundary 2, An Avec Sampler and Kenning #10. Recent critical writing in M/E/A/N/I/N/G #17, #18, Le Discours Psychanalytique #12, fragmente #6, Transkatalog 2/3, Chain 3 and 9, Gendai Shisou-revue de la pensee d'aujourd'hui 1996, vol. 24-10, POTEPOETEXTFOUR and Kiosk #1. Recent collages in Chain #6 and Poetry Plastique. His work has been anthologized in The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book, In The American Tree, The Politics of Poetic Form, From The Other Side of the Century, The Gertrude Stein Awards in Innovative American Poetry 1993-1994, and 1994-1995, Close Listening, Manifesto: A Century of Isms and Poetry Plastique. His home page on the web, including a recent recording of 22 of his poems read live on WKCR, is on the SUNY Buffalo Electronic Poetry Center at writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/piombino His weblog -fait accompli- is at <http://nickpiombino.blogspot.com/>

Patrick Durgin is the author of Pundits Scribes Pupils

(Potes & Poets, 1998), And so on (Texture Press, 1999), Sorter (Duration Press, 2001), and Color Music (Cuneiform Press, 2003). His poetry and other writings have appeared in various magazines over the years, including Aufgabe, Chain, Crayon, Electronic Poetry Review, Jacket, nthposition, The Poetry Project Newsletter, Rain Taxi Review of Books, Rattapallax, and Tripwire. He edits and publishes the small press journal Kenning and is contributing editor of the Electronic Poetry Center. His last bay area reading was three and a half years ago at Canessa Park, on his 30th birthday, nine days following the Y2K promotional scheme ended.

Do you Yahoo!?

*Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>*

*Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 00:55:35 -0400
From: Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]>
Subject: archaea3.exe*

archaea3.exe

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea3.exe>

*the knife stops before its destination
graphs cannot labor the human
graphisme is a-temporal through the experiential
deathless, time stalls, hacking's digital eternity
"For the talking picture, too, is mute." (Adorno, Eisler.)*

*Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 01:03:05 -0400
From: Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]>
Subject: archaea4.exe sulphur*

archaea4.exe sulphur

*stone
<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea4.exe>*

*n.b. all archaea images must be clicked on
that will activate the machinery
the machinery generating cut-throat sulphur*

*chemical-leached stone
to leach archaea*

—

*Date: Sun, 3 Aug 2003 22:48:30 -0700
From: Lewis LaCook <[REDACTED]>
Subject: skyn*

*Mina Loy staring through mesh at wooden stars. Some
semblance of hypodermic memory, of a fluid she caught
somewhere in her throat, mussed and tassled. I was
wondering perhaps if those clocks that climb through
walls scarred by nicotine were in fact the apparatus
we would be breathing through this evening. No-one
could really answer her; the sky, lanced with crystal
hairs of lightning, acknowledge these fastened hours
in which, just by listening quietly, sound became a
long insect rolling loudly through the hallways,
beyond touch.*

*I love most, when night is electric, weeping makeup,
throwing my hands through the tattooed and aroused
vectors of her skin. Mina Loy, staring up at the
ceiling, jackandcoke: each time she thought to lie
back, sink into the lattice of dark fingers stretching
her across luscious ice, the lights came on; everyone
danced the electric slide. I know what my life did to
me. She twirled like the limp of a baglady, lagging,
gutted by years that drown so sweetly in this wind.
And when Mina Loy finally got back, she brought
Anemone to tears: everyone could hear them breaking in
the hallway.*

*Will I always? And if so, what exterminator could
judge her right?*

*Nimble, with sour assonance. As sardonic as nights
gingerly swept from the awe of your coat.*

====>

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

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<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

Date: Sun, 3 Aug 2003 22:44:23 -0700

From: alexander saliby <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Nijinsky's Demise

Dearest hannah,

Sorry to hear of your recent demise;
may it please you to know now you're gone
the Fume-berg blooms no more
he now chooses silence instead, to arouse you...

alex

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

From: Hannah Nijinsky

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Sunday, August 03, 2003 4:19 PM

Subject: [none]

i heard a Fume-berg---when i died
it bloomed conservations illegality

[REDACTED]

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 03:24:40 -0400

From: David Baratier <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Lawyer poets

We were asked for reprinting rights
for one of authors who is a lawyer,
Simon Perchik, for an anthology
of poets who are (or were, when living) lawyers.

*They asked me for advice about others
Wallace Stevens and Archibald MacLeish
come to mind immediately. Can anyone
think of any others?*

*This is a good chance to slip in some experimental
writing with a very traditional publisher & anthology
& I would hate to see the exposure pass.*

Backchannels appreciated.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

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

<http://pavementsaw.org>

*Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 01:49:27 -0700
From: Derek R <[REDACTED]>
Subject: > About a Laptop*

*monitor. On the road the 60GB 7200RPM disk and 1GB
of memory keep me
very happy.*

*for me, my laptop is for work on the go: when i have
time for some extra code jobs or really need to cram
to get a project finished. i'm not running intensive
graphics programs or doing hardcore networking -- i'm
coding, and that's about it. because of that, i want a
laptop that's gonna be rock solid, run fast and
smooth, and isn't going to weigh me down. i think a
Mac is good for all of that -- you're not going to be
contending with the (ahem) glitchiness of a Windows OS
(i'm not trying to start a browser war, but for a
computer system that you don't have to think about --
a plug 'n' play OS -- it's gotta be Mac)... and you've
got stable and lightweight hardware to carry. i
actually find an iBook (boosted up to 512MB RAM) suits
me quite well.*

-a-

i
need to cram
intensive
i'm
that
i want
fast and
down
i think
of
Windows

-b-

time
to get
graphics

to think
and
carry
512MB RAM

laptopcoding
laptopcoding

smooth
Mac is good
Mac is good for all of that

-c-

contending
i'm not trying
got stable
actually
quite well

suits me

-d-

well
and lightweight
that
OS

*start a browser
you don't have that*

the (ahem)

*all of that
going to
gonna be
about it
or doing hardcore*

*i'm not running
or really
on the go*

-e-

*of the memory
keep me
happy
very happy*

On the road

-f-

*that's about it
because of that*

*extra code
doing hardcore*

*gonna be rock solid
because of that
run fast*

*i'm not running
you don't have to think about*

-g-

*and
i think*

project finished

60GB 7200RPM 1GB i i'm i'm i

gonna i glitchiness i'm gotta i
512MB

i
i'm
i'm
i
512MB
laptopcoding
laptopcoding
i'm
gonna
i'm
gonna
i'm
i

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 07:10:30 -0400
From: Ron <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Silliman's Blog: The New Look

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

** now with a new look & new features **

recent commentary:

Philip Guston: Poet's painter

It's not happening at the zoo

What came in the mail

"Ordinary poems," defined

The perfect audience

Regional variations among bloggers

*Nick Lawrence replies to Louis Cabri:
does Bruce Andrews write satire?*

A vacation reading list

Questions & more questions re flarf.

Mary Burger's poetry

*Robert Lowell &
the poetics of the Third Way*

*Louis Cabri on
allusions, up or down*

*Spidertangle: the_book
On the margins between poetry
& visual art
come needlepoint & more*

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

*Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 09:36:35 -0230
From: Kevin Hehir <[REDACTED]>
Subject: follow-up on political cartoons*

Drawn and quartered

They're funny until they get mad. Editorial cartoonists in the United States are at war with each other. DOUG SAUNDERS describes the battlefield

*By DOUG SAUNDERS
Monday, August 4, 2003 - Page R1*

It sounds like a badly drawn caricature, but it really happened. Last week, agents from the United States Secret Service stepped into the lobby of The Los Angeles Times and asked if they could see the paper's editorial cartoonist about a small matter of insurrection.

The cartoonist, Michael Ramirez, had drawn a cartoon a few days before showing President George W. Bush with a gun held to his head. It was an artistically accurate copy of a famous Vietnam War photo showing the street execution of a Vietnamese man. In the cartoon, the assailant was labelled "politics" and the background was labelled "Iraq."

The President's men in black did not find it funny at all. It was a direct call for assassination, they explained. "The Secret Service does take threats against all of their protectees very seriously, and they have an obligation to look into any threat that's made against any of their protectees," one agent explained shortly before they visited the Times.

The men in the dark sunglasses, blithely unaware of the newspaper traditions of stark allegory and visual hyperbole, had lifted a heavy rock

to expose a teeming, little-seen artistic subculture fraught with arcane disputes, political disagreements and deep-set angst. The world of North American editorial cartooning has never received such official attention.

The newspaper's editors, knowing their rights, refused to let the spooks into the building. And the Secret Service suffered one of its larger embarrassments.

If they had looked at the cartoon more closely, they might have realized that Ramirez is a conservative Republican cartoonist, one of the few truly ardent supporters of Bush in that ink-stained profession.

"He's probably the most right-wing cartoonist at any major American newspaper," said Steve Kelley, the cartoonist with The New Orleans Times-Picayune, himself a moderate conservative.

Ramirez, in his characteristically ham-fisted but elegantly drawn style, was trying to say that his president's patriotic policies had become the victim of partisanship. "President Bush is the target, metaphorically speaking, of a political assassination because of 16 words that he uttered in the State of the Union [address]," the cartoonist explained.

Within the tight-knit world of American editorial cartooning, a faint snicker could be heard: Was Ramirez getting a taste of his own ideological medicine? But, typical of this strange community, the loudest words were devoted not to the politics but to the esthetics.

"I think in this case, Mike Ramirez probably needed a good editor at this point, because I don't think that the metaphor really extended to the point where it was clearly understood," said Jack Ohman, the cartoonist with The Portland Oregonian.

Those are fighting words, and editorial cartoonists are capable of fighting long and hard over such matters as the thickness of lines, the size of caricatured noses, the shape of a box, the placement and quantity of words in a cartoon, and, most heatedly, the use of crosshatching.

In fact, until the Secret Service came along, the loudest debate among cartoonists was between the "hatchers" -- those who use drawn grids to shade their images -- and their foes, who accuse them of complacency and visual fuddy-duddiness.

This is, in fact, a political debate. The crosshatchers and nose-stretchers have come under assault from a group of upstart cartoonists who call themselves "alties" -- short for alternative -- who draw angry, sarcastic cartoons in a text-heavy, busy postmodern style that often incorporates parodies of TV advertising and Rex Morgan, MD.

These cartoonists -- including Tom Tomorrow, Ruben Bolling and Ted Rall -- got their start in city entertainment weeklies and fringe publications such as World War Three Illustrated. Their style is jarring and funny enough that it has been picked up by a number of major U.S. dailies -- though, because they tend to be far to the left of the U.S. cartooning mainstream, they tend to attract endless letters to the editor, and editors often ban their work.

Ted Rall, for instance, sparked a major media controversy last year when he drew a cartoon mocking "terror widows" -- the wives of victims such as murdered Wall Street Journal reporter Daniel Pearl who seemed to have become TV sensations. That cartoon was banned by The Washington Post and other publications, and turned Rall into something of a pariah.

Rall has led the attack by the "alties" on the "nasties" -- the mainstream cartoonists, who tend to model their style after Thomas Nast, the early 20th-century cartoonist who drew for what was then the aggressively Republican Harper's Magazine. Nast was a true innovator: He abandoned the heavy allegories of earlier styles and devoted himself to grotesque caricature, especially of Democratic fixer Boss Tweed.

The nasties ridicule the style of the alties because it relies on text and a narrative line, rather than drawing, caricature and allegory, to tell its story -- a no-no among some of the crosshatching traditionalists.

The fight has raged on the cartoonists' on-line discussion groups, and at their annual gathering in Philadelphia this May, it became an outrageous debate between Ted Rall and Kelley of the Times-Picayune, a Pulitzer Prize-winning "nastie."

"It's not just about the hatching," Rall says from his New York office (he does not have a home paper -- none of New York's four daily papers have editorial cartoonists -- but draws for a syndicate). "It's about styles of presentation. There's a sameness, a stylistic stranglehold that exists in cartooning. I think it's important to have a unique style, while the industry values a style that looks like everyone else's. I've had editors say to me that they can't take my work because it doesn't look like an editorial cartoon. What does that mean?"

Even diehard hatchers acknowledge that a homogeneity has overtaken the industry. The syndicated American cartoonist Daryl Cagle, who compiles a daily index of his country's cartoons for the on-line magazine Slate, often draws attention to what he calls "Yahtzees" -- more than five cartoons in a day containing exactly the same image or joke.

The death of Bob Hope last week was a grand-mal Yahtzee. Cagle assembled scores of cartoons that featured the comedian entertaining the troops in heaven, and a dozen more showing abandoned microphones.

"The big story in editorial cartooning is the McDonald's-ization of cartoons," he said. "We are witnessing the death of the profession of American cartooning. A lot of papers are dropping their staff cartoonists.

"The problem with diversity in editorial cartoons is syndication -- the papers like to see cartoons that fit into a [square] box without too many words."

The lack of diversity is often staggering -- and it seems to be accompanied by a lack of political diversity (and, according to cartoonists, the lack of a single black American cartoonist). While Cagle says that almost all cartoonists are moderate liberals, they become deeply conservative on American military matters. The death of Uday and Qusay Hussein last month provoked dozens of cartoons showing the brothers burning in hell, creating a fascinating synergy between the usually divergent styles of American and Middle-Eastern cartoonists.

Kelley of the Times-Picayune bristles at the accusation that he's an old-schooler. He, along with many other North American cartoonists, embraced a new style in the sixties and seventies, heavily influenced by Mad magazine, that eschewed the heavy allegories of previous generations. Gone were the giant octopuses labelled "world communism" and the doves sitting on barbed wire. Their style was slapstick, dynamic and largely text-free.

Kelley seems baffled by the attack from Ted Rall. "I prefer cartoons that use fewer words," he says. "Why would someone say that I was wrong for using symbolism? I think of 'old school' as like those sort of old guys who were just telling people what to think."

--

*Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 10:55:55 -0400
From: Fulcrum Annual <[REDACTED]>
Subject: ABOUT THE WATERFRONT*

ABOUT THE WATERFRONT

*Dozing off into fried dreams,
dusks frittered
to bonne nuit, Skeltonic
rhododendrons within
and without the
telemorphokinesis,
Boston's vegetal forceps in bloom,*

quagmires
of dactyloscopic rooks
on wires of air,
the tough tinsel nut
modernity
hung thriving
on the thread of
a generation. How much more
scintillantly splenetic
could the ragamuffins
of electronics become? Where
to cast or not to cast
downtown ellipses of joyhood
to trucks of passersby
behind the public gardens
in lanes of largesse
and others of fireproof
spring, strongbox
efflorescence,
securities jacked up,
life going hand in hand
with economics?
The sky coat is spread
wetly over the scrapers.
In the earth
ballistic bulbs burgeon.
The spade bank
is full of spades.
Piers are pincers.
They are paroles.
They are
sunk to their barrels,
filled with seagull-squashed
linen sleep and aquatic
projections into
the cobalt blotting sun.

Philip Nikolayev, 1999

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 10:10:33 -0500
From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: ABOUT THE WATERFRONT

"vegetal forceps" coolio!

At 10:55 AM -0400 8/4/03, Fulcrum Annual wrote:

ABOUT THE WATERFRONT

*Dozing off into fried dreams,
dusks frittered
to bonne nuit, Skeltonic
rhododendrons within
and without the
telemorphokinesis,
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the cobalt blotting sun.*

Philip Nikolayev, 1999

--

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 09:44:10 -0700
From: kari edwards <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Reading at 21 Grand, Oakland

Cynthia,

are you the individual I talked to about reading at Grand street?

kari edwards

On Sunday, August 3, 2003, at 09:25 PM, cynthia sailers wrote:

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Featuring

Nick Piombino and Patrick Durgin

Sunday, August 10th
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Center at writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/piombino
His weblog -*fait accompli*- is at
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Patrick Durgin is the author of *Pundits Scribes Pupils* (Potes & Poets, 1998), *And so on* (Texture Press, 1999), *Sorter* (Duration Press, 2001), and *Color Music* (Cuneiform Press, 2003). His poetry and other writings have appeared in various magazines over the years, including *Aufgabe*, *Chain*, *Crayon*, *Electronic Poetry Review*, *Jacket*, *nthposition*, *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, *Rain Taxi Review of Books*, *Rattapallax*, and *Tripwire*. He edits and publishes the small press journal *Kenning* and is contributing editor of the *Electronic Poetry Center*. His last bay area reading was three and a half years ago at Canessa Park, on his 30th birthday, nine days following the Y2K promotional scheme ended.

Do you Yahoo!?
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<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 14:19:44 -0400
From: Poetics List Administration <[REDACTED]>
Subject: P-Queue submission deadline extended (fwd)

----- Forwarded Message -----
Date: Friday, August 01, 2003 4:51 PM -0400
From: Sarah Campbell <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: P-Queue submission deadline extended

Deadline for submissions to P-Queue is August 12.

For information on submitting, see

<http://www.acsu.buffalo.edu/~skc3/p-q/index.htm>

Please forward to writers you know who might be interested.

thanks,

Sarah

----- End Forwarded Message -----

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 14:36:40 -0400
From: Poetics List Administration <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Welcome Message | Please Review

W E L C O M E T O T H E P O E T I C S L I S T S E R V

Sponsored by the Poetics Program, Department of English, State University
of New York at Buffalo

Poetics List Moderator: Lori Emerson

Please address all inquiries to: [REDACTED] (note that it may
take up to a week to receive a response from us)

Snail mail: Poetics Program c/o Lori Emerson, 438 Clemens Hall, SUNY
Buffalo, NY 14260

Poetics Listserv Archive:
<http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html>

Electronic Poetry Center: <http://epc.buffalo.edu>

C O N T E N T S:

1. About the Poetics List
2. Subscriptions
3. Subscription Options
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This Welcome Message updated 24 March 2003.

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

1. About the Poetics List

With the preceeding epigraph, the Poetics Listserv was founded by Charles

Bernstein in late 1993. Now in its third incarnation, the list carries about 1000 subscribers worldwide, though all of these subscribers do not necessarily receive messages at any given time. A good number of other people read the Poetics List via our web archives (see web-address above).

Our aim is to support, inform, and extend those directions in poetry that are committed to innovations, renovations, and investigations of form and/or/as content, to the questioning of received forms and styles, and to the creation of the otherwise unimagined, untried, unexpected, improbable, and impossible. We recognize that other lists may sponsor other possibilities for exchange in this still-new medium. We request that those participating in this forum keep in mind the specialized and focused nature of this project, and respect our decision to operate a moderated list. For subscription information or to contact the moderators, write to <[REDACTED]>.

This is a private list and information about this list should not be posted to other lists or directories of lists. The idea is to keep the list membership to those with specific rather than general interests, and also to keep the scale of the list relatively small and the volume manageable. The current limits of the list are 50 messages per day, and two messages per subscriber per day.

subscribers, we no longer maintain the open format with which the list began (at under 100 subscribers). The specific form of moderation that we employ is a relatively fluid one: in most cases, messages are reviewed after having been posted to the list, and difficulties resolved on that basis; however, the list moderators may shift with impunity between this and a pre-review mode which calls for all messages to be read and approved before being forwarded to the list. We prefer to avoid this option, as it hampers the spontaneity of discussion that we hope to promote. In addition to these options, the list moderators may place subscribers who find themselves unable to abide by the rules of the list under individual review, in which case only their messages would be received for moderators' approval before being forwarded to the list. We remain committed to this editorial function as a defining element of the Poetics List (for further information please see section 6 of this Welcome Message).

Those few individuals who are no longer welcome to post on this list have forfeited that right because of their refusal to abide by list policies as stated in this Welcome message. While we adhere to a practice of not discussing particular cases on the list, the areas of our greatest concern include flaming of other list subscribers, including the list owners, and/or giving us false registration information. Please note some individuals have publicized false accounts of the policies of the Poetics List. We have deemed it unwise to respond directly to the flames of the list, preferring simply to note here that the Poetics List exists to support and encourage divergent points of view on Modern and contemporary

poetry and poetics. We are committed to do what is necessary to preserve this space for such dialog. For this reason, the list has always been private or moderated.

Further information on posting to the list for subscribers, publishers and series-coordinators, see sections 5 and 6.

In addition to being archived at through the EPC (<http://epc.buffalo.edu>) and at <http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html>, some posts to Poetics (especially reviews, obituary notices, announcements, etc.) may also become part of specific EPC subject areas. Brief reviews of poetry events and publications are always welcome; we also encourage posts that announce events important to our subscribers. See section 5 for details.

2. Subscriptions

Subscriptions to the Poetics List are free of charge, but formal registration is required. We ask that when you subscribe you provide your full name, street address, email address, and telephone number. All posts to the list should provide your full real name, as registered. If there is any discrepancy between your full name as it appears in the "from" line of the message header, please sign your post at the bottom. PLEASE NOTE: All subscription-related information and correspondence remains absolutely confidential.

lists' administrative address <[REDACTED]>. Your message should include all of the required information. All other questions about subscriptions, whether about an individual subscription or subscription policy, should be addressed to this same administrative address.

PLEASE NOTE: IT MAY TAKE SEVERAL WEEKS TO PROCESS SUBSCRIPTION REQUESTS.

The most frequent problem with subscriptions is bounced messages. If your system is often down or if you have a low disk quota, Poetics messages may get bounced. Please try avoid having messages from the list returned to us. If the problem is low disk quota, you may wish to request an increased quota from your system administrator. You might also consider obtaining a commercial account. In general, if a good number of Poetics messages are bounced from your account, your subscription to Poetics will be temporarily suspended. If this happens, you may re-subscribe to the list by contacting the moderators at <[REDACTED]>.

3. Subscription Options

We encourage you to alter your subscription options via the link on the right side of the screen at <http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html>. If you would prefer not to use the web-interface, you may also email <[REDACTED]> the following commands:

**to receive posts in the default option (you will receive individual postings immediately), send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics nodigest*

** to receive the list in digest form (you will receive the day's individual posts in one email sent just after midnight EST), send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics digest*

** to receive the list in index form (you will receive a list, without the text of the posts, of the subjects discussed each day along with the author's name and address and the number of lines it comprises; you can also choose to have the index sent to you in either plain text or in HTML format with hyperlinks), send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics nohtml index --or-- set poetics html index*

**to temporarily turn off Poetics mail send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics nomail*

**to reactivate Poetics mail send <[REDACTED]> this one-line message with no "subject": set poetics mail*

PLEASE NOTE: do not leave your Poetics subscription "active" if you are going to be away for any extended period of time. Your account may become flooded and you may lose not only Poetics messages but other important mail.

4. To Unsubscribe

To unsubscribe (or change any of your subscription options) go to the right-hand side of the screen at <http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html> You may also may

If you are having difficulty unsubscribing, please note: sometimes your e-mail address may be changed slightly by your system administrator. If this happens you will not be able to send messages to Poetics or to List. To avoid this problem, unsub using your old address, then return to your new address and contact the moderators at <[REDACTED]> to resubscribe. If you find that it is not possible to unsub using your old

address, please contact the moderators at <[REDACTED]> for assistance.

5. Posting to the List

moderators in keeping with the goals of the list as articulated in this Welcome Message (see section 1).

Please note that while this list is primarily concerned with discussions of poetry and poetics, messages relating to politics and political activism, film, art, media, and so forth are also welcome. Feel free to query the list moderators if you are uncertain as to whether a message is appropriate. All correspondence with the moderators regarding submissions to the list remains confidential and should be directed to us at <[REDACTED]>.

We strongly encourage subscribers to post information on publications and reading series that they have coordinated, edited, published, or in which they appear. Such announcements constitute a core function of this list. Brief reviews of poetry events and publications are always welcome.

To post to the Poetics List, send your messages directly to the list address: <[REDACTED]>

Please do not send messages intended for posting to the list to our administrative address <[REDACTED]>

For further information on posting to the list, see section 6 below.

6. Cautions

"Flame" messages will not be tolerated on the Poetics List. In this category are included messages gratuitously attacking fellow listees or the list owners, also messages designed to "waste bandwidth" or cause the list to reach its daily limit. These messages are considered offensive and detrimental to list discussion. Offending subscribers will be placed on temporary review (see section 1). Repeat offenders will be removed from the list immediately. Please do not put this policy to test.

For reasons of basic security, we do not allow pseudonymous subscriptions. We also discourage the sending of HTML-formatted messages to the list. All messages intended for the Poetics List should be sent in Text-Only format.

Please also do not send attachments or include extremely long documents (1,000+ words) in a post. Messages containing attachments will be presumed to be worm- or virus-carrying and will not be forwarded to the list.

Please do not publish list postings without the express permission of the author. Posting on the list is a form of publication. Copyright for all material posted on Poetics remains with the author; material from this list and its archive may not be reproduced without the author's permission, beyond the standard rights accorded by "fair use" of published materials.

As an outside maximum, we will accept no more than 2 messages per day from any one subscriber. Also, given that our goal is a manageable list (manageable both for moderators and subscribers), the list accepts 50 or fewer messages per day.

*Like all systems, the listserv will sometimes be down: if you feel your message has been delayed or lost, *please wait at least one day to see if it shows up*, then check the archive to be sure the message is not posted there; if you still feel there is a problem, you may wish to contact the moderators at <[REDACTED]>.*

END OF POETICS LIST WELCOME MESSAGE

*Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 14:25:37 EDT
From: Craig Allen Conrad <[REDACTED]>
Subject: =?ISO-8859-1?Q?poetry a u ?=?ISO-8859-1?Q? g 8 a u ?=
=?ISO-8859-1?Q? g 9 * * ?=?ISO-8859-1?Q?* * * * * ?=?
ISO-8859-1?Q? *?>
poetry E X P L O S I O N ! ! !*

*click:
http://www.english.upenn.edu/~wh/phillysoundwknd.html*

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Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 15:06:41 EDT
From: Harriet Zinnes <[REDACTED]>
Subject: to subscribe

Dear Staff

I believe I am a subscriber, but if not, please add me to your list.

Harriet Zinnes
[REDACTED]

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 15:19:54 EDT
From: Harriet Zinnes <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: to subscribe

Dear Staff:

I've received your "reply" but what would you like me to do? You give no instructions!

Harriet Zinnes

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 12:51:13 -0700
From: Derek R <[REDACTED]>
Subject: ~ Conclusions ~

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 16:14:01 -0400
From: Gary Sullivan <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Ernst Herbeck

Hello Everyone,

I'm doing translations of poetry by the German "naive" poet, Ernst Herbeck on Elsewhere:

<http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Anyone who knows anything about Herbeck, please backchannel. What I've learned so far is fascinating, but I would love other leads.

Thanks!

Gary

MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=atures/virus>*

*Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 14:11:04 -0700
From: Stephen Vincent <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Zephyrus Image bibliography, etc.*

I am carrying water for Alistair Johnston's Poltroon Press here. (Alistair not being on this list). But here's the description of book he has done that will be great news to people both in the poetry and the printing world (you might say, Fine Press with the "Fine" upside down), and the cast of participating characters is variously legendary. Go to Poltroon Press' website (www.poltroon.com) for both some images (e.g., a photo Raworth & Dorn looking like peas in a pod), pricing and ordering info. This is a period piece (seventies) right out there on an edge. With beaucoup humor, where "beaucoup" does mean "beautiful cut." The rest here is Alistair speaking de livre:

Zephyrus Image is an undeservedly obscure small press from the San Francisco Bay area of the 1970s. But, by their own choosing, they used alternative methods of distribution from those available to small presses (bookstores, libraries, collectors) and instead gave their works away in a mysterious yet timely manner. Much of their work was political ephemera aimed at the powers that were: The Nixon Whitehouse, Governor Ronald Reagan, while supporting the Haight-Ashbury Diggers, Timothy Leary and the Black Panther Party. Their literary works were often self-consciously well-made pamphlets by Robert Creeley, Robert Bly, Fielding Dawson and Lucia Berlin, among others. They also collaborate with Funk artist William T. Wiley and film-maker Stan Brakhage. Their closest allies were Ed Dorn and Tom Raworth who brought

ideas, energy and connections to the scene. Some exceedingly fugitive pieces by these avant-garde poets were cranked out in small editions, quite often on a spontaneous lark. The energy and effort that went into such fanciful pieces were contrary to the whimsy with which they were conceived and delivered. In addition to their newspaper, BEAN NEWS, they produced broadsides, pamphlets and toys with these two remarkable poets. As editor and publisher Bob Callahan said of the Zephyrus Image enterprise: "No one before or since took a printing press like they did and threw it into a hole and created lightning." Alastair Johnston's bibliography tells the story of this operation and documents it with historic photos and reproductions of over 100 items that they printed.

*Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 16:28:33 -0500
From: Haas Bianchi <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Weapons of Exclusion*

Weapons of Exclusion

being fashionable success provides individualism within a dress code. I look distinctive; in a Mao suit Italian fabric of course is used. I am what everyone desires;

The Pachamama and Viracocha went to war and tore each other's bodies bleeding ice water. Upscale goods make you a part of the cognoscenti, symbolic and cultural value like ear plugs and lip rings separates me from the proles. Tears burn open a hole in the Earth— humanity, like a frozen bag of plasma is ready for the butcher's table.

the main feature of post-modernity each of us plays multiple roles and has various styles of understanding. The assertion of identity is a matter of constant urgency the manufacture of 'personality' decides for us how we are perceived. Art provides a short cut by which we enter another identity and join a subculture that insulates us from contamination by other people.

All art is clever marketing and consumer exploitation.

Socially Pasteurized

a platform for enunciating messages which invite the aesthetic challenge the opaqueness of the artist's intentions rob the performance of much of its subversive thrust. The Meaning of Art. The emphasis that city life gives to appearances concentrates attention on the artistic. This makes art and design a disciplinary power it coerces the body to shape and rearrange itself in accordance with ever-shifting social expectations.

The ability to diet, apply facial cosmetics, arrange clothes, and wear ornamentation, are in the service of aesthetic innovations that continually

reinvent subjectivity. The docile body shows how elements of and artistic lifestyle are fused with the urban habits of reading fashion magazines, engaging in body-sculpting, gym work-outs, cosmetic surgery and periodic internments at health and fat farms -

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 17:56:09 -0400
From: Kirby Olson <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

*As Christ put it, in arguing that yes, Christians should pay their taxes:
REnder unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. Render unto God that which is God's.*

This is in Matthew -- and is the basis of Augustine's two kingdoms idea which is later found in Luther, and then is also in Marx, since Marx was raised as a Lutheran.

I have no idea if the Islamic people separate the realm of theology and materialism. According to Bernard LEwis, they don't. He says this is the source of their problems. I'd cite it but I lent the book to somebody.

Luther also said he'd rather be ruled by a wise Turk than a foolish Christian.

A smart Turk could make clever distinctions between the realm of heaven and earth. Foolish Christians close the two kingdoms, collapse them rather, and pollute both. It's like the modernists asking life to become art. You pollute both in doing that, and create tragedy and suicide -- like Rigaud saying he would kill himself in ten years, and then doing it, making his life into a play up until the ending, determined in advance. A lot of marginal surrealists tried to do that -- Artaud, Bataille, etc. Klossowski separates them, and puts art on paper, citing Christ's remark on two kingdoms in doing so, but changing the idea of "render" as in to paint, or to write, and uses Carpocratian gnosticism as his justification, but argues that we can go further by keeping the rendering to images, as the gold standard of the voluptuous sin is returned to our carnal master Ialdeboth.

Sufis in their laughter may be doing similar two kingdoms' things. Go ahead and look for God, but tie your camel up first.

There are two systems of currency, is what Christ is saying in Matthew. In one, you return the coinage to Caesar in the realm of material reality. In the other, you return your soul, stamped in the likeness of God, to heaven. Some modernists tried to solder the two kingdoms together, but they went completely mad and either ended up like Stalin or Mao, or committed suicide like Rigaud and Artaud. Hence, dualism of monetary systems -- carnal and spiritual -- as crazy as it seems -- is actually more sane in the long run.

-- Kirby Olson

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 18:11:47 -0400
From: Geoffrey Gatza <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

This is cute; irrelevant to modern understandings of valuation, but cute nonetheless.

Best, Geoffrey

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

From: "Kirby Olson" <[REDACTED]>
To: <[REDACTED]>
Sent: Monday, August 04, 2003 5:56 PM
Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

As Christ put it, in arguing that yes, Christians should pay their taxes: REnDer unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. Render unto God that which is God's.

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-- Kirby Olson

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 18:19:09 -0400
From: Daniel Zimmerman <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

moolah hula

specie? specious.

species: individuus.

what the mint meant:

IOUs no news.

full faith & credit?

you wouldn't want to wed it.

DZ

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

From: "Kirby Olson" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, August 04, 2003 5:56 PM

Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

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-- Kirby Olson

*Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 18:23:18 -0400
From: Kirby Olson <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems*

Geoffrey, could you explain what was cute at greater length? Matt's message on Arabic vs. Roman money, Christ's message, Klossowski's message, Luther's ideas?? -- Kirby

Geoffrey Gatza wrote:

This is cute; irrelevant to modern understandings of valuation, but cute nonetheless.

Best, Geoffrey

----- Original Message -----
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To: <[REDACTED]>
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-- Kirby Olson

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 19:29:00 -0700
From: Dale Smith <[REDACTED]>
Subject: NEW BOOK BY THOMAS MEYER

*Skanky Possum is pleased to announce
the publication of
COROMANDEL
by Thomas Meyer.
64 pp.
Staple-bound.
\$5 plus \$1.50 p/h
Order direct now or through SPD later this month
www.skankypossum.com*

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com

End of POETICS Digest - 3 Aug 2003 to 4 Aug 2003 (#2003-216)

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107. **David Chirot**

Re: Lawyer poets

Tue 5 Aug 2003

Charles Reznikoff--
worked with the law profession--

(Johnny Cochran comes to mind as a twist so to speak on law/poetry--"If the glove don't fit/You must acquit" and others--)

*From: David Baratier <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: [REDACTED]
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Lawyer poets
Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 03:24:40 -0400*

*We were asked for reprinting rights
for one of authors who is a lawyer,
Simon Perchik, for an anthology
of poets who are (or were, when living) lawyers.*

*They asked me for advice about others
Wallace Stevens and Archibald MacLeish
come to mind immediately. Can anyone
think of any others?*

*This is a good chance to slip in some experimental
writing with a very traditional publisher & anthology
& I would hate to see the exposure pass.*

Backchannels appreciated.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

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

<http://pavementsaw.org>

Add photos to
your messages with MSN 8. Get 2 months FREE*. [http://join.msn.com/?
page=features/featuredemail](http://join.msn.com/?page=features/featuredemail)

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108. **Daniel Zimmerman**

Re: Lawyer poets

Tue 5 Aug 2003

Google search revealed:

http://www.wvu.edu/~lawfac/jelkins/lp-2001/intro/contemp_pt2.html

DZ

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

From: "David Chirot" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, August 05, 2003 2:58 PM

Subject: Re: Lawyer poets

*Charles Reznikoff--
worked with the law profession--*

*(Johnny Cochran comes to mind as a twist so to speak on law/poetry--"If
the glove don't fit/You must acquit" and others--)*

From: David Baratier <[REDACTED]>

Reply-To: [REDACTED]

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David Baratier, Editor

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

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/featuredemail>*

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109. **Anthony Robinson**

Re: Lawyer poets

Tue 5 Aug 2003

James Sanders, whose poem "Poem with Erik Estrada Autograph" appears in the most recent issue of my fabulous journal, __The Canary__, is a lawyer. I think.

Anthony Robinson

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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110. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Tue 5 Aug 2003

<< I have no idea if the Islamic people separate the realm of theology and materialism. >>

The Quran limits interest percentage on borrowing, so evidently Islamists do mix theology and materialism. This play out interestingly on the ground; Christian arabs have no such limitations, so they run the banking end of society; Islamic banks only attract those whose loyalties don't search out the best financial deals. Ie., I know that in Jordan, for example, there has always been considerable vying for power between the (Islamic) King, and the (Christian) head of the Arab Bank, the largest banking establishment in the Middle East. The

head of the bank essentially controls the economy, and the king, the gov't's over-all policy; they're often at loggerheads.

From: Kirby Olson <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 17:56:09 -0400

As Christ put it, in arguing that yes, Christians should pay their taxes: R~~E~~nder unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. R~~E~~nder unto God that which is God's.

This is in Matthew -- and is the basis of Augustine's two kingdoms idea which is later found in Luther, and then is also in Marx, since Marx was raised as a Lutheran.

I have no idea if the Islamic people separate the realm of theology and materialism. According to Bernard LEwis, they don't. He says this is the source of their problems. I'd cite it but I lent the book to somebody.

Luther also said he'd rather be ruled by a wise Turk than a foolish Christian.

A smart Turk could make clever distinctions between the realm of heaven and earth. Foolish Christians close the two kingdoms, collapse them rather, and pollute both. It's like the modernists asking life to become art. You pollute both in doing that, and create tragedy and suicide -- like Rigaud saying he would kill himself in ten years, and then doing it, making his life into a play up until the ending, determined in advance. A lot of marginal surrealists tried to do that -- Artaud, Bataille, etc. Klossowski separates them, and puts art on paper, citing Christ's remark on two kingdoms in doing so, but changing the idea of "render" as in to paint, or to write, and uses Carpocratian gnosticism as his justification, but argues that we can go further by keeping the rendering to images, as the gold standard of the voluptuous sin is returned to our carnal master Ialdeboth.

Sufis in their laughter may be doing similar two kingdoms' things. Go ahead and look for God, but tie your camel up first.

There are two systems of currency, is what Christ is saying in Matthew. In one,

you return the coinage to Caesar in the realm of material reality. In the other, you return your soul, stamped in the likeness of God, to heaven.

Some

modernists tried to solder the two kingdoms together, but they went completely

mad and either ended up like Stalin or Mao, or committed suicide like Rigaud and

Artaud. Hence, dualism of monetary systems -- carnal and spiritual -- as crazy
as it seems -- is actually more sane in the long run.

-- Kirby Olson

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111. **Rob McLennan**
list #3 - Missing Jacket magazine

Tue 5 Aug 2003

above/ground press - successfully ignoring the umlaut

Another list of rare & out-of-print. After my cycling accident, now that my wrists are almost back to normal, I thought I could play football (I was wrong), & wrenched my shoulder. Now my right arm doesn't work (writers really need to get worker's comp, or something). Prices in effect until the end of August 2003, or until I run out of stock, whichever comes first.

Missing Jacket, an Ottawa writing & visual arts magazine. Five issues in total. I stopped doing them when I ran out of money. A good little mag, if I do say so meself. All issues, \$7 each.

11. Missing Jacket magazine, writing & visual art, #1. January 1996. edited by rob mclennan. poetry by Robin Hannah, David O'Meara, Lorraine Gamble. fiction by Catherine Jenkins. interviews with David W. McFadden (by David Collins), Daniel Nadezhdin (by Tamara Fairchild) & Dennis Tourbin (by michael dennis). artistic statements by Eliza Griffiths, Jonathan Brownz & Angela McFall. Notes from the Bleeding Edge by James Spyker. Ottawa Boy cartoon by Greg Kerr. ISSN# 1203-5076. 8 1/2" x 11". 38 pages.

12. Missing Jacket #2, spring 1996. poetry by Tamara Fairchild, David Collins, John Barton & Sean Johnston. fiction by David Scrimshaw & Dayv James-French. interviews with Ken Norris (part I, by rob mclennan), Mary Borsky (by rob mclennan) & Marie-Jeanne Musiol (by Cindy Stelmackowich). artistic statements by Valerie Roos-Linse, Adrian Gollner & Anna Kempffer-Paul. Notes from the Bleeding Edge by James Spyker & Ottawa Boy cartoon by Greg Kerr. blah blah editorial blah blah blah by rob mclennan. 40 pages.

13. Missing Jacket #3, summer 1996. poetry by Stephanie Bolster, Joe Blades, Nadine McInnis & Jim Larwill. fiction by Douglas Ord. interviews with Ken Norris (part II, by rob mclennan), Joe Blades (by rob mclennan) & Diane Woodward

(by David Collins). artistic statements by Maria Shin, Barbara Gamble & David Cation. Notes from the Bleeding Edge by James Spyker & Ottawa Boy cartoon by Greg Kerr. blah blah editorial blah blah blah by rob mclennan. ISSN#1203-5076. cover price, \$3.50. 44 pages.

14. Missing Jacket #4, fall 1996. poetry by Clare Latremouille, Una McDonnell, Michael Holmes (from 21 Hotels) & Karen Massey. fiction by Douglas Ord & Stan Rogal. interviews with Eliza Griffiths (by David Collins), Judith Fitzgerald (by rob mclennan) & Greg Kerr (by rob mclennan). artistic statements by Eric Walker, Marcia Lea & Doug Van Rosen. project pages by Mark Marsters. Notes from the Bleeding Edge by James Spyker & Ottawa Boy cartoon by Greg Kerr. blah blah editorial blah blah blah by rob mclennan. layout by Colin Christie. 42 pages (including inside cover).

15. Missing Jacket #5, spring 1997. poetry by R.M. Vaughan, Michelle Desberats Fels, Ian Whistle & Rob Manery. fiction by Death Waits & Elizabeth Hay. interviews with Christian Bok (by Tricia Postle), John Moffat (by David Collins) & Patrick Kavanagh (by David Scrimshaw). artistic statements by Lesya Granger, Christopher Lea Dunning & Bhat Boy (the artist formerly known as Ian Van Lock). project pages by Adrian Gollner. Notes from the Bleeding Edge by James Spyker & Ottawa Boy cartoon by Greg Kerr. blah blah editorial blah blah blah by rob mclennan. layout by Colin Christie. 48 pages (includes whole cover).

Make cheques payable to rob mclennan, 858 Somerset St W, Main Floor, Ottawa Ontario Canada, K1R 6R7. In Canada, these are Canadian prices. Anywhere else, they become American prices. for further backlist items not outrageously expensive, check out www.track0.com/rob_mclennan

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0 www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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112. **Rob McLennan** *karl siegler interview at cancon*

Tue 5 Aug 2003

for those interested:

theres a short interview on this month's cancon with Canadian literary publisher Karl Siegler of Talonbooks. Talon has been going since the early 60, & Karl has been there since the very early 70s. As the interviewer says, the interview is "filled to bursting with experience and insight into the book industry." <http://www.canadiancontent.ca>

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics
(Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord.,SPAN-O + ottawa small press
fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/

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113. **Maria Damon**

Re: Lawyer poets

Tue 5 Aug 2003

martin espada

--

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114. **Harrison Jeff**

Department Store Mammals

Tue 5 Aug 2003

silent squats dried matter... GIANT,
what with his foggy slave daydream
I swim & read myself, the giant is too forward now,
objects tumble piecemeal from his mouth...
how many other years fall from this prisoner's ears?

cigar bars like slick cheese
'gainst my leprosid cheek,
fragrant to excuse Noah,
& such to weigh the North

Reading Whitman in an aeroplane pack't with explosives
& Emerson, they say, makes best sense at 20,000 feet

CINQUAIN THE DON JUAN DIALETHEIA

If I am like a Don Juan,
Who could Don Juan be?
He is not like me -
He has not one quality,
Save where we meet as Don Juan.

move pieces
fast-pass hands
atop this
world-word
I'm theirs, well,
I flee, really, so
they'll wind my
joy words' skins

women with leg dust, baby as "am the life" into the night

halfway silk difficulties shuts the go laughter

a surrounded Abysses bullet issues/inspires a now-sex gaze

Julia shied a snowball at me, & who'd've supposed it? -
fire called that snow home, Julia, my you, try anew
to verge on snuffing that flame, tho not with snow, nor ice
employ, echoes're nothing but a species of failure

ramshackle, ramshackle, chomp! chomp! chomp!

abovestairs eloquence's
fright was roomy deep dry,
relating lips to
freshened bare oath-gate

merciless thaws beyond common mattress horses
the foppery of pursued waters
scarcely of the least scrape

heavy elder flower,
the swelling stays

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115. **Kerri Sonnenberg**
Chicago Reading/Discrete Series
Tue 5 Aug 2003

_____ THE DISCRETE SERIES @ 3030 _____

presents Mark Booth :: Fire & Ice

[Mark Booth is an audio artist, visual artist, and writer. Booth's work has been exhibited at Body Builder and Sportsman Gallery, Chicago Cultural Center, Hyde Park Art Center, and University of Wisconsin. His audio art has been presented by the Outer Ear Festival of Sound, In the Eye of the Ear, and the Immeasurable Distance Series. Text projects have appeared in Antennae, Performance Research, and in the upcoming issue of Jubilat.]

[Fire & Ice is Jeffrey Weeter and Paul Deuth, electronic musicians and video artists whose previous collaborations include ³Fire & Ice² and (with Jenny Schrider and James Bell) the Powerpoint productions ³Introduction to Change Management² and ³Forecasting the Storm.² Previous performances of their work have occurred at the Smell in Los Angeles, HellLab, New York and in Chicago at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Buddy Gallery and the Nervous Center. Excerpts from ³Fire & Ice² appear on the Select Multimedia DVD.]

Friday, August 8 9PM / 3030 W. Cortland / \$5 suggested donation / BYOB

3030 is a former Pentecostal church located at 3030 W. Cortland Ave., one block south of Armitage between Humboldt Blvd. and Kedzie. Parking is easiest on Armitage.

The Discrete Series presents an event of poetry/music/performance/something on the second Friday of each month. For more information about this or upcoming events, email [redacted] or [redacted], or call the space at [redacted].

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116. **Peter Fogarty**
Re: Lawyer poets
Tue 5 Aug 2003

At 15:15 5/08/2003 -0500, you wrote:
>martin espada
>--

Tom Weston (Christchurch, NZ)

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117. **tom bell**

Re: **SUSAN STEWART AND CRIMES OF LONGING BY DON RIGGS******

Tue 5 Aug 2003

seems not to be in the current issue or in the archives.

tom bell

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

From: "Tenney Nathanson" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, August 05, 2003 11:15 PM

Subject: Re: ****SUSAN STEWART AND CRIMES OF LONGING BY DON RIGGS****

page is down or address is bad ?

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 Craig Allen Conrad

Sent: Tuesday, August 05, 2003 9:37 AM

To: [REDACTED]

*Subject: ****SUSAN STEWART AND CRIMES OF LONGING BY DON RIGGS*****

Susan Stewart fans,

below is a link to a rather interesting article you may want to check out. Don Riggs has written a beautiful article which might create new fans of those unfamiliar with her work.

http://www.drexel.edu/doj/poetry/lazydog1_test.asp

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118. **David Baratier**

Christopher Arigo

Tue 5 Aug 2003

Christopher Arigo

Lit Interim

Winner of the Pavement Saw Transcontinental Award

as chosen by David Bromige

ISBN 1-886350-71-x

I chose this submission because of all the brilliant competition it was the one I most wanted others to read. Christopher Arigo, I think, most convincingly questions aside. It is no new thought that poetry is here to govern thought (I am thinking of machinery), to moderate its mechanistic excesses; in short, as an evolutionary necessity, to prevent us from thinking ourselves to death. In this light, poetry's alliance with humor becomes more visible, for we laugh at mistakes while rationality maintains its insistence, inflexible as a government propagandist, that we make none---none, leastwise, that our, naturally, unacknowledged, cupidity, won't excuse.

From the outset I felt myself in the presence of a master, one who counted syllables without self-consciousness, who trusted in his bond with language, in its manifest physicality, to show him the way. His use, and disobedience, of the 8-syllable line, that warrant of stability, has us speak volumes, breath quickening or slowing, either way keeping us alive to the hospital setting. For words are merely that, words without the in-form-ative sensibility directing them. Sensibility? Imperative! For it becomes a matter of life or death, as Arigo emergency ward setting from the outset reminds us-- an alert echoing throughout the book.

I admire this book for many of its attributes: its sense of form, its sense of humor (though the reader will find no belly laughs), the exacting location of its poetic I (masterful while unobtrusive), and for its unremitting mindfulness that a culture in crisis allows it to live, that a condition as far from chaos as facism is from maypole dancing, affords its poet his one opportunity-- notwithstanding the stifling opportunism of the day. Our culture is held here, this poetry blooms like a beautiful mold that is fed it but could not be predicted by it. As Arigo writes at the end of "Nocturnal Studies", "Sleep ruptures here and the very darkness/ you fear may redeem you." This is how I feel about this book, this Lit(erary) Interim. Congratulations to its maker!

--David Bromige

A dense new apocalypse of vivid, relentless images, Christopher Arigo's debut

volume is yet rich and somehow hopeful. Inventing ethnographies,

drawing on
Da Vinci's flying machines, and generally re-mixing history, these poems
draw
from diverse sources to depict a world in dissolution, but gorgeously
so.

-- Cole Swensen

Christopher Arigo is an investigative poet, and his method is an
unprecedented
visionary forensics. Every one of these poems comprises a scene of
shocking
dispossession which, by virtue of Arigo's method, becomes serene,
sometimes
even sublime. We find ourselves in a very new place indeed-- "The
interim
between having/and trees swept by wind."

--Donald Revell

(3) Via omission

Via admission I omit
most evil. Jokes with-
out punch lines. Bond
between earth & boundó
the curse of hierophants.
Astronomers disdain con-
fusion with lesser echelons
of prediction & have lost
all sense of tragedyó
the funniest joke of all
is tragedy, sensing all
lust, halved predictions
of echelons lessened by
fusion. Disdain astrologers,
hierophants. Cure the
bound-to-earth. Between
bonds & lines punched out
with jokesóevil mostlyó
I must admit omission.

----- Some of these poems have appeared in various journals, sometimes in slightly different forms: Phoebe, Fourteen Hills: The SFSU Review, Whiskey Island Magazine, Fine Madness, Dine, Pleiades, and Pavement Saw

\$12 including shipping to US locations

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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119. **David Baratier**

Sofia Starnes: A Commerce of Moments

Tue 5 Aug 2003

Sofia Starnes

A Commerce of Moments

Paper Trade: ISBN 1-886350-68-X

Editor's Choice for the Transcontinental Poetry Award for an outstanding first book-length collection of poetry or prose.

Couplet by couplet, Sofia Starnes leads her readers on a poetic quest for understanding. Her perfect pitch and her acute sensitivity to the pace and nuances of language are reason enough for us to follow. *A Commerce of Moments* is a gathering of very special poems.

-- Billy Collins

A Commerce of Moments marks a solid debut for a poet whose craft and elegance are obvious from the first poem. This work of awe-inspiring clarity and purity of language is from a poet whose wide-awake eyes allow us to experience a vivid, lasting world. Blessed is a poet so connected to what is most essential to this life, and perhaps the next too. This book will enchant; a fine collection indeed.

--Virgil Suarez

Starnes possesses a fine tuned ear. This collection is so good reading one of these poems aloud relaxes your mouth.

-- David Baratier

Shadows of Innocence

Purewhite, paperwhites,
odor of petals on the wicker-stand on which
we lean.

Deathwhite, dogwood white, hybrid
shadows behind the screened porch...
We have been cautioned not

to invade the white square off the house,
where the dead live.

Why did you bring the bulbs
indoors this year? Fresh spring-
whites are for old slabs with their prone angels.
Remember the dotted hearts in our earliest
missals, their venial lesson, scent
of onion skin. We learned
from them never to flirt with a fragrance,
for the sake of our faithfulness.

Blameless lily-white,
how it escapes us, as white always does,
with the merest gesture: a finger
smudge on the slick envelope, thin trickle
on the swab where a nail
ripped, velvet eye-shade against the tissue,
powdery death.
Remember the white cassock our priest wore
in summer heat, like a returning santo?
It dropped its length on stubby
feet, into our muddy garden.

Flores de Mayo

Venid y vamos todos con flores a María,
con flores a porfía, que madre nuestra es.
(from a processional hymn)

May in absentia, magenta
in our grip; we cannot give a scent-by-scent
account, born-again children of that long-gone,
long-withered month.

Pink cellophane hour
of caladium leaves, straw-gold everlastings,
our thin exuding birds of paradise: disquiet
of an orange nib, the wilt and non-
wilt of its pair,
dependent on the day of month,
how sticky or how stupefied our hands.
All in that first forelived desire to be in love —

Children will always fret in starch,
and we, no less, ran out of chapel
for the patintero chalk lines: this,
our tumult, and that yours, border patrols
with arms wide.
Beneath our bursts, ants crawled out in anger.

I stepped on one small mound,
was fired upon a thousand times, poppy-red
around the ankles. Such
is the price of love and of invasion,
price of foreplay. Don't you see?

We exercise pursuit again, again,
whether in cotton eyelet, threadwork of old
thread hemming, or tightest thigh-sewn
jeans, clunky shoes or stilettos —
we pray-play for acceptance with eyes borrowing
an old omniscient spring.

In spite of everything we've
known and tried, how a Beloving lures us;
out of our game, still that darling likelihood...

Always a summer-rose
behind the rose-face of a mother.

With poems from: Calapooya, Defined Providence, Folio, Gulf Coast, Hayden's Ferry Review, Hubbub, Nightsun, Pleiades, Poet Lore, The Laurel Review, The MacGuffin, The Marlboro Review, Sow's Ear Poetry Review, Turnings and others.

The book is \$12 including postage to all US locations
ask for other destinations

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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120. **Tenney Nathanson**

Re: **SUSAN STEWART AND CRIMES OF LONGING BY DON RIGGS******

Wed 6 Aug 2003

page is down or address is bad ?

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 Craig Allen Conrad

Sent: Tuesday, August 05, 2003 9:37 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: ****SUSAN STEWART AND CRIMES OF LONGING BY DON RIGGS****

Susan Stewart fans,

below is a link to a rather interesting article you may want to check out. Don Riggs has written a beautiful article which might create new fans of those unfamiliar with her work.

http://www.drexel.edu/doj/poetry/lazydog1_test.asp

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121. **kari edwards**

Re: Nerve Lantern call for volunteers / please forward

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Ellen...

have you gotten a response>?

isbn- <http://www.isbn.org/standards/home/isbn/us/secureapp.asp>

the other thing... see if elizabeth at SPT will list your site on spt...

what else...?

kari

On Friday, August 1, 2003, at 05:29 PM, kari edwards wrote:

Begin forwarded message:

From: "Ellen Redbird" <[REDACTED]>

Date: Fri Aug 1, 2003 5:28:12 PM US/Pacific

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Nerve Lantern call for volunteers / please forward

Please Forward as Appropriate.

Attention dear literary people and Nerve Lantern enthusiasts:

This is a call for volunteers!

To make Nerve Lantern reach a wider audience and serve more members of literary and other arts communities, I need help. Did I think I was super-human or something? Although I already do receive much needed help for which I am grateful, I finally have to admit that, in regards to stuff I've been trying to tackle alone, I don't have the time, energy, or resources to help Nerve Lantern truly reach its full potential for community building or for getting contributors' work out in the world (work that deserves a larger readership!) There is so much on my list for Nerve Lantern, so much learning I need to do, so much passion and vision pounding at the exit doors of my little brain, and yet, for some crazy reason I have to tax myself elsewhere to make money so I can eat. Can you help me? (Yes, I do accept free industry-standard prepackaged baked goods, as well as advice.)

I am looking for help in researching and doing the leg work in the categories of promotion, distribution, funding, networking, and

events planning for Nerve Lantern, annual journal of experimental performance literature. If you are interested, please read this message and email an informal introduction/resume/application-type-thing to:

██████. Also, feel free to email me any questions you might have.

***I'm looking for people who:

1) Believe in what Nerve Lantern is about. If you don't know about Nerve Lantern, please visit: <http://www.pyriiformpress.com/nl.html>

2) Are passionate about building literary and other arts community around performance.

3) Have a talent for / interest in experimental, edgy, multidimensional, cross-genre text forms.

4) Are already active in literary communities as one or more of the following: writer, scholar, editor, bookmaker, small press publisher, performer, (or surprise me!)

5) Either have experience in any of the kinds of help I'm looking for (promotion, distribution, funding, networking, events planning) or will energetically learn-by-doing.

6) Like to work collaboratively in a team.

7) Have good communication skills and can keep up with their designated correspondence concerning Nerve Lantern.

8) Are willing to teach me and other volunteers what they know and learn.

9) Understand that, as much as I'd like to, I can't pay them money in return. Along with a few donations from others (bless them!), I pay for Nerve Lantern out of my pocket. Through sales and donations, I have yet to earn back most of the money I spend on materials. Though not officially a not-for-profit, no profit is made.

***What volunteering for Nerve Lantern can offer you:

1) Experience working for a small press publisher. You could put it on your resume, make business cards, say "It's quite rewarding, really," express excitement, and feel impressive.

2) Connections to people and organizations in literary and other arts communities.

3) A free copy of every issue of Nerve Lantern you help me with.

- 4) Nerve Lantern web site links to your web sites, as appropriate to the aims of Nerve Lantern.
- 5) Your name in metaphorical lights.
- 6) My undying gratitude.

Also: If you have experience running a business or nonprofit and would like to set Pyriform Press up so that it actually makes enough money to pay for materials and employment, including your position...hallelujah! I can dream, can't I?

****Details about what activities your volunteer work could possibly include (you might notice that these categories overlap quite a bit):*

- 1) *PROMOTION: contact and send out fliers and emails to organizations and community networks that might be interested in knowing about submissions and ordering copies; contact and place ads in literary journals; negotiate link exchange with literary web sites; table at literary and performance art events; send Nerve Lantern to lit journal reviewers.*
- 2) *DISTRIBUTION: help me understand how to get an ISSN# for a journal that has already published three issues (questions include: can the number be stickered to back issues? can you help me make sense of the forms that need to be filled out?); contact libraries, bookstores, and other venues/vehicles about including Nerve Lantern on their shelves; learn about small press distributors and how to utilize them; help me keep tabs on book sales.*
- 3) *FUNDING: contact organizations, community networks, and individuals asking for donations; learn how other small press publishers raise or earn money; help me with my accounts; write grants; organize benefits.*
- 4) *NETWORKING: contact and make friendly, mutually beneficial relationships with literary orgs and communities, publishers, directors of theaters and other arts venues, writers, editors, performers, university programs, etc.; add to mailing lists; propose to me, based on your networking, a possibility for collaboration between the Nerve Lantern community and some other community; research and keep me posted on what's going on in areas of interest in relation to Nerve Lantern.*
- 5) *EVENTS PLANNING: organize more Nerve Lantern performances; coordinate with other literary and performance art events; research venues; plan in cooperation with anyone volunteering in the categories mentioned above.*

Remember, you wouldn't have to take on ALL the duties listed above.

I'm hoping to organize a team of volunteers to share the work.

Thank you for your time and consideration. I hope you will apply (unfortunately your application does not guarantee I will enlist your help--but I am open to accepting many forms of generosity, so don't feel shy). In any event, please forward this message along as appropriate.

Thanks again!

*Best wishes,
Ellen Redbird*

*Pyriform Press Editor of Nerve Lantern
Reply to: [REDACTED]*

The new MSN 8: advanced junk mail protection and 2 months FREE
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>*

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122. **kari edwards**
stammering keeps it course

Wed 6 Aug 2003

stammering keeps it course

it was sunday, it was saturday, a month of sundays, a day next to tomorrows tomorrow - a word submitted to a collage' - with courage the great and powerful - death in my heart country western revival keeps playing . . . no no . . . keys to my door . . . I was grinding my teeth again, grinding them to lucky numbers for the state run black market lottery, for tomorrow is a horde of tomorrows and I need to take my imitation-leather feeling across the street - each step - a butcher block mushroom cloud, a hammer head shark, a fish dealer at the end of the day, vinegar instead of an emotional riff . . . no no . . . it is an emotion riff of rearranged things folded into an immense tablaru. I wonder where the present went when I crush myself in stop, don't go, did you hear louder still, they're all like that - answer quickly your life depends on it. the bells begin a reminiscing - there is always bells or bullets when reminiscing. great moods and shinny rain coats - I polish disdain with a beggars smile - burning hot or freezing - always freezing. and nothing, except the conquest for half a shelf life - they all talk, absorbed in bare window barbecues - I prop myself up against an empty space, recede into a mist. how calm - how the nets are spread - one day

or the next or six months from now sitting in a armchair, something will happen
- somethings in the air - something to adjust the volume to..

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123. **Alan Sondheim**
archaea6.exe dusk closure

Wed 6 Aug 2003

archaea6.exe at <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea6.exe>

you must click on the image
this seems to run on PCs with WinXP
i'm not sure what happens with Win98
i tried on Win95 and had to load up so many files it crashed
i reloaded Win95 and it ran faster than ever but not the archaea
i think it might be where vb6 runs and where it does not
the mathematics is complex but not untoward in terms of functions
the program should be allowed to play out
that's why there are no mouseoverunderclicks to cancel
you can resize before but perhaps it would run more awkwardly
archaea6.exe is a lovely arbor and a curtain drawing down
the curtain d. d. is called dusk / closure or perhaps closure / dusk
it is both a time of day and a dedication to romanticist denouement
it is important that the archaea series contains no random function
it is all true calculation of the machine
this is my philosophy in the series which is a philosophy as well

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124. **Alan Sondheim**
changing faunal landscape in kingston pennsylvania

Wed 6 Aug 2003

changing faunal landscape in kingston pennsylvania

for jg ballard

new species sighted: blue herons (3),* green heron (1)
influx of muscovy ducks and canadian geese*
muskrats in drainage ditches
influx of virginia possums (opossums)
intensification: rabbits,* skunks
moving territory: broad-shouldered hawks (5)* into central town
insects: small green back black-striped grasshoppers (1)*

spiders: shield spiders (have to check into nomenclature)* (30-40 approx)
some small waterbirds unidentified (inland)
numerous crown coral fungi*
archaic and other bacterial efflorescences around sulphur vents*
increase in numbers of bats
increase in crow flocks

*, photographed

-- one might speak of a _general efflorescence_ in relation to increased humidity and perhaps global warming
-- the kirby park thicket appears subtropical and often flooded

—

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125. **Gabriel Gudding**

08.06.1945

Wed 6 Aug 2003

a website for the 58th anniversary. <http://www.city.hiroshima.jp/index-E.html>

www.antiwar.com (probably the most useful, thorough, and frequently updated of the urls pertaining to US foreign policy -- also one of the most credible of the avowedly anti-war right-wing websites) <http://www.truthout.org> (stories exclusively from mainstream media -- for this reason, a very interesting website) <http://www.commondreams.org/> (this compilation website is subtitled "breaking news and views for the progressive community") <http://www.buzzflash.com/> (very earnest and sometimes annoying abstracts but generally the most sedulously updated website I frequent) <http://www.legitgov.org/> (sometimes *very* annoying abstracts, but useful site) <http://www1.iraqwar.ru/?userlang=en> (a Russian website rumored to be maintained by Russian intelligence. During the major combat in Iraq, this website provided reports based on US-UK military radio communications. Sometimes carries and duplicates journalist pieces from western sources. Also interesting in that it provides reader-feedback sections. This feedback is often very caustic in its criticisms of the US invasion of Iraq and of US policy toward Israel and its occupation of Palestine.)

www.indymedia.org (Independent media source, cooperative. Broke the story, eg, with photographs, of how staged the toppling of the Saddam statue after the "liberation") <http://www.newamericancentury.org/> (this policy website is run by the Project for the New American Century, a "neo-con" organization with strong political and business and policy ties to the Bush administration. If you want to know what the administration is thinking or where it's going, this is a good

place to start.) www.onpower.org (a compendium of articles and bibliographic material about how US foreign market and military interests have been advanced by the advent and creation of national "crises" -- more of a thinktank website than a news source, but topical and germane)

<http://www.aljazeeraah.info/> (an online English version of Al Jazeera, the news source out of Qatar, which has won several prestigious international awards for its journalism [eg, a recent "anti-censorship award" called the "Freedom of Expression Award" given by the London-based Index on Censorship]. Of itself it says, "Your Gateway to Understanding the world system, American Foreign Policy, and the Arab and Muslim Worlds ..." Very interesting source.)

<http://ap.tbo.com/ap/breaking/index.htm> (Associated Press breaking news. Some of these stories are later picked up by newspapers and are then altered by those newspapers. Sometimes it's interesting to note how newspapers alter the stories. For instance, just a few days ago the New York Times removed some statistics from an online story about how many US soldiers have been wounded in Iraq since the US invaded the country)

--"That there are men in all countries who get their living by war, and by keeping up the quarrels of nations, is as shocking as it is true; but when those who are concerned in the government of a country, make it their study to sow discord, and cultivate prejudices between nations, it becomes the more unpardonable."
-- Thomas Paine, "The Rights of Man", circa 1792

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126. **Scott Pound**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Mosques, at least those in Turkey, often devote the first floor to retail stores and service outlets. The largest mosque in Ankara, Kocateppe Cami, has a mall in the basement.

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

From: "Stephen Ellis" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, August 05, 2003 3:35 PM

Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

> << I have no idea if the Islamic people separate the realm of theology and
> materialism. >>

>

> The Quran limits interest percentage on borrowing, so evidently Islamists do

> mix theology and materialism. This play out interestingly on the ground;

> Christian arabs have no such limitations, so they run the banking end of
> society; Islamic banks only attract those whose loyalties don't search out
> the best financial deals. Ie., I know that in Jordan, for example, there
> has always been considerable vying for power between the (Islamic) King,
and
> the (Christian) head of the Arab Bank, the largest banking establishment
in
> the Middle East. The head of the bank essentially controls the economy,
and
> the king, the gov't's over-all policy; they're often at loggerheads.
>
>
> From: Kirby Olson <[REDACTED]>
> Reply-To: [REDACTED]
> To: [REDACTED]
> Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems
> Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 17:56:09 -0400
>
> As Christ put it, in arguing that yes, Christians should pay their taxes:
> REND unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. Render unto God that which is
> God's.
>
> This is in Matthew -- and is the basis of Augustine's two kingdoms idea
> which is
> later found in Luther, and then is also in Marx, since Marx was raised as
a
> Lutheran.
>
> I have no idea if the Islamic people separate the realm of theology and
> materialism. According to Bernard LEwis, they don't. He says this is the
> source of their problems. I'd cite it but I lent the book to somebody.
>
> Luther also said he'd rather be ruled by a wise Turk than a foolish
> Christian.
>
> A smart Turk could make clever distinctions between the realm of heaven
and
> earth. Foolish Christians close the two kingdoms, collapse them rather,
and
> pollute both. It's like the modernists asking life to become art. You
> pollute
> both in doing that, and create tragedy and suicide -- like Rigaud saying

he

> would kill himself in ten years, and then doing it, making his life into a
> play

> up until the ending, determined in advance. A lot of marginal surrealists
> tried

> to do that -- Artaud, Bataille, etc. Klossowski separates them, and puts
> art on

> paper, citing Christ's remark on two kingdoms in doing so, but changing
the

> idea

> of "render" as in to paint, or to write, and uses Carpocratian gnosticism
as

> his

> justification, but argues that we can go further by keeping the rendering
to

> images, as the gold standard of the voluptuous sin is returned to our
carnal

> master Ialdeboth.

>

> Sufis in their laughter may be doing similar two kingdoms' things. Go
ahead

> and

> look for God, but tie your camel up first.

>

> There are two systems of currency, is what Christ is saying in Matthew.

In

> one,

> you return the coinage to Caesar in the realm of material reality. In the

> other, you return your soul, stamped in the likeness of God, to heaven.

> Some

> modernists tried to solder the two kingdoms together, but they went

> completely

> mad and either ended up like Stalin or Mao, or committed suicide like

Rigaud

> and

> Artaud. Hence, dualism of monetary systems -- carnal and spiritual -- as

> crazy

> as it seems -- is actually more sane in the long run.

>

> -- Kirby Olson

>

>

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127. **August Highland**
Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part One)
Wed 6 Aug 2003

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part One)

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www.muse-apprentice-guild.com
culture animal
--"following in the footsteps of tradition"
www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).
Version: 6.0.505 / Virus Database: 302 - Release Date: 7/30/2003

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128. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Any SF Poets who BIKE or WALK?

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Hey, I just moved to SF (and I miss my local lake in Oakland which I walked around a lot, and also some walking partners I had, like Stephanie Young or, before that, Lisa Sperber)

And I tend to ride my bike over to Golden Gate Park (when it's not too windy) and ride around the "polo" track. Would love if somebody's into it...

Or if somebody just wants to go for habitual hour long evening walk talks around the mission (i like to walk relatively fast)....

(okay, i'll stop before i get into the---preferably single female, etc. etc....)....

Chris,
Continuous Peasant

>From: "David A. Kirschenbaum" <[REDACTED]>
>To: [REDACTED]
>Subject: Any NYC Poets Who Run?
>Date: Wed, Aug 6, 2003, 5:45 PM
>

Hi all,

My friend, the poet and publisher Kent Fielding, is visiting from Alaska and he's hoping to find a poet to run with.

Please backchannel if u run or know someone who does, and wouldn't mind another joining you.

*thanks,
david*

--

*David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher
Boog City
330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)*

F: [REDACTED]
www.boogcity.com

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129. **Jeffrey Jullich**

Re: Lawyer poets

Wed 6 Aug 2003

The great prose poem poet and editor of Shiny, out in Denver, Michael Friedman is a lawyer.

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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130. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: Lawyer poets

Wed 6 Aug 2003

I haven't checked it out fully yet (or even semi-fully), but has anyone posted this link yet?

<http://www.wvu.edu/~lawfac/jelkins/lp-2001/intro/lp1.html>

Lots of stuff on lawyer poets (or, if you prefer, poet lawyers) there.

Hal You are leaving the American Sector.
 Vous sortez du Secteur Américain.
 Sie verlassen den Amerikanischen Sektor.

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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131. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Table of Money Values

1 florin [or gulden] = 60 kreuzer

1 ducat = 4 1/2 florins

1 Reichsthaler = 1 1/2 florins
1 friedrich d'or = 7 to 8 florins
1 sequin = 2.8 florins
2 English shillings = 1 florin
1 English pound = 10 florins
1 louis d'or = 9 to 10 florins

Rates vary somewhat owing to currency fluctuations.

Source: Maynard Solomon, *Mozart: A Life* [New York: HarperCollins, 1995]

Hal You are leaving the American Sector.
 Vous sortez du Secteur Américain.
 Sie verlassen den Amerikanischen Sektor.

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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132. **Ben Basan**

E-Sonata

Wed 6 Aug 2003

It's not really my place to advertise since I am just a regular visitor, but York University's North American Center for Interdisciplinary Poetics is a wonderful little poetics hub out there in electronic space (I tire of 'cyber' and 'virtual'). I'd highly recommend it. It seems a bit sluggish.. perhaps not many people know about it? The URL is: <http://www.poetics.yorku.ca> (my paltry ad)

Now, on the NACIP site, you'll find this, erm, interesting take on the Ursonate from Geoffrey Hlibchuk:
<http://www.acsu.buffalo.edu/~hlibchuk/esonata1.mp3>

I don't really see the point myself, though I did get a kick out of trying to listen for fümms böö wöö tää zää uuu etc. It might have been more interesting to have fed the ursonate through whatever that program was that Paul Lansky used for Small Talk for an unusual take..

-Ben

" Dirt is matter in its wrong place"

- Lord Kelvin Popular Lectures and Addresses (1891)

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133. **jrothenberg**
sublet wanted

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Jerome and Diane Rothenberg are planning to be in New York from roughly October 1 to December 1, with some leeway before & after, and are looking for a Manhattan apartment or equivalent to sublet or to house-sit during that time. Any offers or leads can be sent to [REDACTED] and will be greatly appreciated.

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134. **J Kimball**
poetry as inquiry

Wed 6 Aug 2003

I'm reordering, below, entries from my blog [http://www.pantaloons.blogspot.com] that went up yesterday. Appreciate your ideas either backchannel or on the list. Thanks.

~~

I'm taking notes on the interconnection of empiricism, epistemology and.. and.. and macrotheory with regards to.. to poetry? Any thoughts about the empiricism end??

How would empiricism enter a discussion of a poem, a set of poems, oeuvres??

Interested less in thinking of empiricism at the level of its 'equal footing' with theory, epistemology. Rather, how can empirical data confirm or conflate what we know or hypothesize. And what are empirical data? Text components? Or more, the semantic components and experiences they imply??

I'm wanting to learn about how poetry can be viewed as data *_of_* and *_for_* inquiry. My colleague and teacher Israel Scheffler says, "Knowing is not a strategy of inquiry any more than curing a strategy of treatment." Theory, a system of generalized knowing or knowledge, may not be the primary entry for this line of questioning.

~~

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135. **David A. Kirschenbaum**
Any NYC Poets Who Run?

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Hi all,

My friend, the poet and publisher Kent Fielding, is visiting from Alaska and he's hoping to find a poet to run with.

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F: [REDACTED]
www.boogcity.com

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136. **Joel Weishaus**

Re: Lawyer poets

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Wallace Stevens was a lawyer.

-Joel W.

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

From: "Halvard Johnson" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, August 06, 2003 7:31 AM

Subject: Re: Lawyer poets

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<http://www.wvu.edu/~lawfac/jelkins/lp-2001/intro/lp1.html>

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*Hal You are leaving the American Sector.
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Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]
website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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137. **charles alexander**

Re: Lawyer poets

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Charles Reznikoff

At 11:01 AM 8/6/2003 -0700, you wrote:

>Wallace Stevens was a lawyer.

>

>-Joel W.

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138. **Kirby Olson**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Scott -- this is a perfect illustration of what Kenneth Burke calls "perspective through incongruity" -- the theological directly on top of the secular.

Ezra Pound's fanaticism against usury seems to me to have come from St. Francis and St. Thomas -- who outlawed this. This Italian Catholic idea resulted in only the Jews being able to practice usury, so it's why we have The Merchant of Venice as a Jew, and yet in Arabic countries the laws provide a loophole for Christians. I didn't know this, and find it amusing.

-- Kirby Olson

Scott Pound wrote:

Mosques, at least those in Turkey, often devote the first floor to retail stores and service outlets. The largest mosque in Ankara, Kocatepe Cami, has a mall in the basement.

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

From: "Stephen Ellis" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, August 05, 2003 3:35 PM

Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems

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*From: Kirby Olson <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: [REDACTED]
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems
Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 17:56:09 -0400*

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to do that -- Artaud, Bataille, etc. Klossowski separates them, and puts art on paper, citing Christ's remark on two kingdoms in doing so, but changing the idea of "render" as in to paint, or to write, and uses Carpocratian gnosticism as his justification, but argues that we can go further by keeping the rendering to images, as the gold standard of the voluptuous sin is returned to our carnal master Ialdeboth.

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-- Kirby Olson

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<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>

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139. **Kirby Olson**

Re: FW: Lutheran vs. Marxist iconography

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Bill Marsh, I forwarded this to the list, because it seems right on the money. I should have been more careful about the porno thing. I don't believe there were any porno publishers in 1519 in Wittenberg, Germany, or anywhere else in Europe, but I could be wrong. Durer and Cranach were living in Wittenberg, however, and painting nudes based on Roman and Greek mythological settings for their aristocratic patrons. Luther was friends with these painters, and never said a word about it. He did say that the artists were free to do what they liked, and that this had nothing to do with theology. Luther often made incredible jests about his wife's anatomy (which he adored) while eating in public.

Lutheran colleges, which Gloria suggests as model, are not very Lutheran in this regard. That is, Luther said they were free to do what they liked. There is no Lutheran mathematics, or Lutheran science. Nor is there any such thing as Lutheran arts insofar as I am aware. And even if there were, there is no such thing as a Lutheran college, although 42 of them do get some pitiful amount of money from their local synods. However, they are now entirely ecumenical. Valparaiso has at least two atheists in their theology department. The English department at Wagner has two Muslims. Muhlenberg College is at least half Jewish. Susquehanna is almost completely secular in its orientation. Perhaps some of the smaller Missouri Synod colleges such as Concordia do discriminate against non-Lutherans in terms of employment and admissions, but so far as I have been able to determine, Lutheran colleges are almost anything but Lutheran, even if some Lutherans of families that have made it do still tend to go to places like St. Olaf's in Minnesota.

I'm somewhat outside of this, though, so I could be wrong. I doubt that art professors are largely church-goers at Lutheran colleges. I should do a survey.

Marx is constantly citing Luther through Capital. He probably cites him more than anybody else. But again, this is because he was from a largely Lutheran area of Germany, and may have wanted to convince some through his citations. How close was Marx to Luther in terms of having the sense that art was a question of freedom? I can't find Marx ever arguing that an artist should be censored for their viewpoint. Why Marxists do this has to be a matter of local theological conditions prevailing at the time, but I can't prove this. These issues are puzzling, and if you go deep enough, generally give rise to a comic perspective. Still, I really enjoyed your Lutheran pastor's ideas as they are put forward here. I can't find any Lutheran pastors who know much about this area, so your pastor must be very erudite to have tracked down this much info while not even having it as a speciality. Thanks zillions! I wish I could find a panel of

Lutherans somewhere who have addressed the issues of aesthetics, and perhaps especially a Lutheran who can compare and contrast the Lutheran iconographic tradition with the Marxist. What follows is your pastor's response, in case there's some nut out there like me whose eyes haven't glazed over.

-- Kirby Olson

I would give Luther's view on artistic expression a little different nuance although the best place to search this out would be the Art Departments of our Lutheran colleges and universities which function within the liberal arts tradition, their chapels, and new Lutheran worship spaces...in Lutheran communities, there is wide appreciation and expression of faith through art (some more so than others)...The difference between Luther and the Lutheran movement are also distinctions which I would make. Luther and the Lutherans kept things of the tradition (vestments, stained glass windows, lectionary, historic mass) which were seen as being helpful to faith (more proactive than simply a matter of Christian freedom) and not forbidden in the Bible (the Calvin principle was unless it was in the Bible it wouldn't be used). The prohibition against graven images did not cover religious art (this also is seen in the different numbering systems of the "10" Commandments -- of which there are really 12 -- with Lutherans following the Catholic tradition of #2 being taking the Lord's name in vain and skipping graven images). (Side note: to remember how all this came about, I'd have to go back and read about the "iconoclastic" controversy in the [REDACTED]'s to remember all the details but this is where the break in western and eastern Christian art is rooted. The Roman west decided you could paint images of God (e.g. God as an old man in the Sistine Chapel) but the east said no. It is the east (Orthodox tradition) which has icons and sanctuaries filled with art...no icon has a painted image of God...you have Jesus, disciples, saints etc...the one icon I know of the Trinity uses the 3 visitors to Abraham at the springs at Mamre.) I visited two Lutheran churches this summer which have icons behind the altar table. There are fewer statues in Lutheran churches because the saints function differently. This issue was addressed in the Augsburg Confession where the saints were kept as witnesses to the gospel and lives of faith and doubt and helpful to us in our faith journey but not to be prayed to or through. There are dates of commemoration for saints in the front of the Lutheran Book of Worship but I don't use them much at all (Voices of Eve liturgies with Mary of Magdala and Mary, Mother of Jesus and Our Sister in the Spirit). I don't know anything about Luther and porn but he was an earthy medieval man and was quoted by observers and followers saying many gross and earthy things...that some would equate that to porn would be understandable.

Taking another approach, I understand art as celebration of life, as affirming reality, and as challenging what is found in reality -- i.e.

making people face what they don't want to face. Artistic expression of the latter hopes that we go back to foundational humane principles, asking ourselves what went wrong so that we could think about how to change it (i.e. any of the Holocaust art). This seems somewhat parallel to me to Lutheran understanding of the Word of God as law and gospel...the law has several functions including good order, showing us how to live, and showing us how we have failed to live rightly (sending us to the gospel). When I finally understood that the purpose of artistic expressions of life could both affirm and critique, it felt that art and the Word of God could function in parallel ways. That may be an amateur's over simplification but thought I'd add that too.

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140. **Lewis LaCook**

@eleven@

Wed 6 Aug 2003

11.

Jean Cocteau likes grapes. Likes
the thought of grapes, their
form in his mind somehow
congruent with

salves, or the slavish
poetics he tallies: sacs;

blooming along the trellis
in leprous overabundance.

There are no grapes in Northeast
Ohio, at least not

last night, when walking the length
of Cooper Foster Park Road,
Sheffield to Lorain, I
saw a deer staring through live

mists of an empty field. It was
right across the street from where

my father's buried. A road there

can veer off into these stoned histories, and Jean
can't.

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

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<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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141. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

Wiffleball, Oakland Style

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Hi all,

Alli Warren has lamented missing the East Coast wiffing action, so howzabout a little Oakland wiffleball action when I'm in the Bay Area?

Sun Aug. 31 or Mon. Sept. 1 (these are labor day wknd) look good. Another idea is for before the Boog reading at Mama Buzz, which takes place on Thurs. Sept. 4 at 7 p.m.

Who's game? email: [REDACTED]

as ever,

david

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

Boog City

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

NY, NY 10001-4754

T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

F: [REDACTED]

www.boogcity.com

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142. **Tricia Postle**

caution dummy text

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Please do not read this post. It has no content.

Chris wrote:

>| *If beavers are references*
>| *how do they build dams?*

Beavers build dams.

The word "beavers" in a poem is a reference. Beavers are contained in the world. The content of a book is, perhaps, paper, ink, glue.

--

George Bowering
Favours the St. Cloud Riverbats
Fax [REDACTED]

Post your
free ad now! <http://personals.yahoo.ca>

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143. **Andrea Baker**

Re: Lawyer poets

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Christopher Cessac who won last year's Kenyon Review Prize (Zoo Press) is a lawyer.

Andrea

From: Daniel Zimmerman <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
Date: Tue, 5 Aug 2003 15:18:36 -0400
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Lawyer poets

Google search revealed:

http://www.wvu.edu/~lawfac/jelkins/lp-2001/intro/contemp_pt2.html

DZ

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

From: "David Chirot" <[REDACTED]>
To: <[REDACTED]>

*Sent: Tuesday, August 05, 2003 2:58 PM
Subject: Re: Lawyer poets*

*Charles Reznikoff--
worked with the law profession--*

*(Johnny Cochran comes to mind as a twist so to speak on law/poetry--"If
the glove don't fit/You must acquit" and others--)*

*From: David Baratier <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: [REDACTED]
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Lawyer poets
Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 03:24:40 -0400*

*We were asked for reprinting rights
for one of authors who is a lawyer,
Simon Perchik, for an anthology
of poets who are (or were, when living) lawyers.*

*They asked me for advice about others
Wallace Stevens and Archibald MacLeish
come to mind immediately. Can anyone
think of any others?*

*This is a good chance to slip in some experimental
writing with a very traditional publisher & anthology
& I would hate to see the exposure pass.*

Backchannels appreciated.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

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

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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144. **david.bircumshaw**

Slurp

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Slurp

But, I complained, it is too small to say and wide. God took a pinch of snuff, Feeble excuse, He pronounced. I sniffed too, in a victimised style. I wanted to ask: what's wrong with self-pity? I have pity for others too, but He had levitated away already, safe in the clouds, and I was left with:

enfin the teeth fall out, enfin the prophet never appears, enfin the bus breaks down, enfin I am a prat, enfin there is little unmarked on the maps bar a lane not far from Market Harborough where delectable wild mushrooms grow which has no relevance to anything, enfin simile is like a blind eye opening, notice the singular, enfin memory is a black hole, guzzling at what is, enfin we are what escapes us, leaking into the undefined, the burden of void, carry that round with me I do. The ultimate hole. The home of lost cries, of

slurp. Enfin.

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Leicester, England

Home Page

A Chide's Alphabet

Painting Without Numbers

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

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145. **Schlesinger**

Re: Zephyrus Image bibliography, etc.

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Dear Stephen,

Thanks for passing this on to the list, as I share in your appreciation of the history of this lively small press. Teter and Myers had little interest in galleries or

special collections, and most of their work (I gather) was distributed on the streets or sent off to friends, etc. so their materials are scattered, if not verging on extinction (the cover image with the "Help you local junkie" broadside tattered against a telephone pole seems to say it all).

The collection here in Buffalo, for example, owns only about a dozen titles. This makes the bibliography all the more important, as are its illuminating swatches on Dorn or Raworth. I would also mention that this is the third bibliography Johnston has authored on the intersection of the book arts/poetry press scene following WWII, beginning with the Auerhahn Press and Dave Hazelwood Books, followed by White Rabbit (also from Poltroon).

Also, Johnston has contributed to the Cento feature on Dorn at:
<http://www.centomag.org/>

Cheers,

Kyle

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

From: Stephen Vincent

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Monday, August 04, 2003 4:11 PM

Subject: Zephyrus Image bibliography, etc.

I am carrying water for Alistair Johnston's Poltroon Press here. (Alistair not being on this list). But here's the description of book he has done that will be great news to people both in the poetry and the printing world (you might say, Fine Press with the "Fine" upside down), and the cast of participating characters is variously legendary. Go to Poltroon Press' website (www.poltroon.com) for both some images (e.g., a photo Raworth & Dorn looking like peas in a pod), pricing and ordering info. This is a period piece (seventies) right out there on an edge. With beaucoup humor, where "beaucoup" does mean "beautiful cut." The rest here is Alistair speaking de livre:

Zephyrus Image is an undeservedly obscure small press from the San Francisco Bay area of the 1970s. But, by their own choosing, they used alternative methods of distribution from those available to small presses (bookstores, libraries, collectors) and instead gave their works away in a mysterious yet timely manner. Much of their work was political ephemera aimed at the powers that were: The Nixon Whitehouse, Governor Ronald Reagan, while supporting the Haight-Ashbury Diggers, Timothy Leary and the Black Panther Party. Their literary works were often self-consciously well-made pamphlets by Robert Creeley, Robert Bly, Fielding Dawson and Lucia Berlin, among others. They also collaborate with Funk artist William T. Wiley and film-maker Stan Brakhage. Their closest allies were Ed Dorn and Tom Raworth who brought ideas, energy and

connections to the scene. Some exceedingly fugitive pieces by these avant-garde poets were cranked out in small editions, quite often on a spontaneous lark. The energy and effort that went into such fanciful pieces were contrary to the whimsy with which they were conceived and delivered. In addition to their newspaper, BEAN NEWS, they produced broadsides, pamphlets and toys with these two remarkable poets. As editor and publisher Bob Callahan said of the Zephyrus Image enterprise: "No one before or since took a printing press like they did and threw it into a hole and created lightning." Alastair Johnston's bibliography tells the story of this operation and documents it with historic photos and reproductions of over 100 items that they printed.

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146. **Matt Keenan**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Wed 6 Aug 2003

Mosques, at least those in Turkey, often devote the first floor to retail stores and service outlets. The largest mosque in Ankara, Kocatepe Cami, has a mall in the basement.

Certainly not indicative of the Muslim world I have experienced. Never saw such a mosque with a shop in my four years in the UAE and my year in Saudi Arabia. And these countries have quite a few.

Matt

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147. **Alan Sondheim**

AYA KARPINSKA and TIM PETERSON at the FLYING SAUCER (Brooklyn)

Thu 7 Aug 2003

The FLYING SAUCER CAFE reading/media series is starting again!

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 7:00, At the FLYING SAUCER CAFE in BROOKLYN -
AYA KARPINSKA and TIM PETERSON

(See below for details)

AYA KARPINSKA

Aya Karpinska's research and creative work focus on the impact of technology on artistic practice, in particular computer-mediated music and literature. Her diverse output includes computer music, fiction, poetry, web and graphic

design, and game design. She recently performed at Tonic in New York City with her electronic music instrument, container for sound.

Ms. Karpinska received her Master's degree from the Interactive Telecommunications Program at New York University.

<http://www.technekai.com/aya/>

notes for container for sound A box containing sounds waiting to be released. The performer unleashes the composition by opening doors, flapping them like wings to manipulate sound samples. This electronic instrument was built to explore new interfaces for musical expression. Although it was designed to be simple to play, the performer's physical gestures translate into a wide musical palette.

More information on the development of this instrument can be found at:

<http://www.technekai.com/aya/nime/>

TIM PETERSON

Tim Peterson currently lives in Somerville, Massachusetts. He attended Wesleyan University where he majored in art history and then went on to get his MFA at The University of Arizona. He currently works at M.I.T. Press. This is Tim's first poetry reading in New York, and to mark this event Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs published his debut chapbook titled CUMULUS.

The Flying Saucer Cafe series pares up new media artists with poets who instead of giving a reading present a talk relating to their poetry and ideas.

Tim's talk is titled "Spontaneous Generation." It focuses on writing a gender by writing a world, and it also deals with issues of private language, the dialogic, and spatial metonymy: issues concerning Peterson's identity and his writing process. He says of this, "the two poles of understanding are on the one hand the urge "to be some body," an ideal self enforced by society, and on the other hand the limiting specificity of the question: whose body? in what situation?"

THE FLYING SAUCER READING/MEDIA SERIES

We will be having readings the first Tuesday of each month (August an exception). Please come and support us!

Contact Brenda Iijima or Alan Sondheim for further information.

Brenda Iijima <[REDACTED]>

Alan Sondheim ([REDACTED])

The Flying Saucer is located at 494 Atlantic Ave. between Nevins and 3rd Avenues, in Brooklyn. You can subways to the Pacific or Atlantic stops, including the 2, 3, 4, 5, W, N, R, Q, and anything else that runs there.

Telephone at the Flying Saucer Cafe is [REDACTED].

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148. **Alan Sondheim**

2 pieces: archaea7 and arriving

Thu 7 Aug 2003

2 pieces: archaea7 and arriving

archaea7 flannel

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea7.exe>

locomotive boiler rivet assembly gridwork deconstruction phase

nothing lasts forever

at archaea7 parasitic color reconstruction

there is no hardness to it

"for a while"

vbcode for archaea6.exe

```
Private Sub Form_Click()
```

```
: Randomize
```

```
m = 0.1
```

```
z = -2
```

```
x = 0
```

```
j = z
```

```
p = 1
```

```
two:
```

```
j = z
```

```
k = x
```

```
If t < 16 Then t = t + 1 Else GoTo three
```

```
x = -(x ^ 1 / 2) + z - 1
```

```
p = p + 1
```

```
q = 15 * t / 2
```

```
Line (-k * Tan(k) / 20, j)-(x, z * 2 * Sin(z)), Point(ScaleWidth - x \ 50,  
ScaleHeight - x \ 100)
```

```
b = -k * Cos(k)
```

```
bb = z * 2 * Cos(z)
```

```
Msg = (bb & Chr(13) & j & Chr(13) & b & Chr(13) & x)
```

```
GoTo two
```

```
three: x = 0
```

```
z = z + 0.2 * m
```

```
t = 1
```



```
If x > ScaleWidth Then x = y / 3
If y > ScaleHeight Then y = 1
If p Mod 100000 < 4 Then MsgBox Msg, , "Line Output"
If p > 4300000 Then Stop
GoTo two
End Sub
```

arriving

heron and egret

here in kingston, a great blue heron has injured its left foot; it appears broken.

we went to the fire station.

we called wneptv which covers wildlife.

we called the audubon society in harrisburg, 150 miles away; there is no local audubon society.

we called a local emergency animal clinic.

we called a nearby animal hospital.

we called the pennsylvania game and wildlife commission.

we spoke to people and left messages. there is a chance the bird will be rescued.

just before, a great white egret, majestic. this bird has also come north. it was skittish, but flew gracefully.

images of both, documenting the faunal arrivals.

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149. **Derek R**

Re: caution beavers

Thu 7 Aug 2003

George wrote:

| *Still waiting for some genius of poetry to*
| *explain to me how a poem can have content...*

| *The word "beavers" in a poem is a reference*

In the essay 'On Speaking Verse,' Paul Valéry relates the text of a poem as analogous to the score of a piece of music:

"A poem, like a piece of music, offers merely a text, which, strictly speaking, is only a kind of recipe; the cook who

follows it plays an essential part. To speak of a poem in itself, to judge of a poem in itself, has no real or precise meaning. It is to speak of a potentiality. The poem is an abstraction, a piece of writing that stands waiting, a law that lives only in some human mouth, and that mouth is simply a mouth."

Is this what you mean George?

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150. **roger.day**

Re: History of Monetary Systems

Thu 7 Aug 2003

I thought that the Quaran *forbade* interest payments. I think this because in the UK, the main banks are now offering mortgages which comply with this belief to UK islamists - see <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/business/3035292.stm>

I can see, though, where zealots might pare a "little" to "nothing".

BTW, French law used to forbid "usury" (see <http://articles.corporate.findlaw.com/articles/00304/008493.html> wherein French law is aligned with EU codiciles). I think that this criminalisation of usury has something to do with anti-Jewish sentiment - see <http://www.jewishencyclopedia.com/view.jsp?artid=231&letter=S> - although I'm not confident about this claim.

At 06/08/2003 20:15:35, UB Poetics discussion group

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

Scott -- this is a perfect illustration of what Kenneth Burke calls "perspective

through incongruity" -- the theological directly on top of the secular.

#

Ezra Pound's fanaticism against usury seems to me to have come from St. Francis

and St. Thomas -- who outlawed this. This Italian Catholic idea resulted in

only the Jews being able to practice usury, so it's why we have The Merchant of

Venice as a Jew, and yet in Arabic countries the laws provide a loophole for

Christians. I didn't know this, and find it amusing.

#

-- Kirby Olson

#

Scott Pound wrote:

> Mosques, at least those in Turkey, often devote the first floor to
retail
> stores and service outlets. The largest mosque in Ankara, Kocateppe
Cami,
> has a mall in the basement.
>
> ----- Original Message -----
> From: "Stephen Ellis" <[REDACTED]>
> To: <[REDACTED]>
> Sent: Tuesday, August 05, 2003 3:35 PM
> Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems
>
> > << I have no idea if the Islamic people separate the realm of
theology and
> > materialism. >>
> >
> > The Quran limits interest percentage on borrowing, so evidently
Islamists
> do
> > mix theology and materialism. This play out interestingly on the
ground;
> > Christian arabs have no such limitations, so they run the banking
end of
> > society; Islamic banks only attract those whose loyalties don't
search out
> > the best financial deals. Ie., I know that in Jordan, for example,
there
> > has always been considerable vying for power between the (Islamic)
King,
> and
> > the (Christian) head of the Arab Bank, the largest banking
establishment
> in
> > the Middle East. The head of the bank essentially controls the
economy,
> and
> > the king, the gov't's over-all policy; they're often at loggerheads.
> >
> >
> > From: Kirby Olson <[REDACTED]>

> > Reply-To: [REDACTED]
> > To: [REDACTED]
> > Subject: Re: History of Monetary Systems
> > Date: Mon, 4 Aug 2003 17:56:09 -0400
> >
> > As Christ put it, in arguing that yes, Christians should pay their taxes:
> > REnder unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. Render unto God that which is
> > God's.
> >
> > This is in Matthew -- and is the basis of Augustine's two kingdoms idea
> > which is
> > later found in Luther, and then is also in Marx, since Marx was raised as
> > a
> > Lutheran.
> >
> > I have no idea if the Islamic people separate the realm of theology and
> > materialism. According to Bernard LEwis, they don't. He says this is the
> > source of their problems. I'd cite it but I lent the book to somebody.
> >
> > Luther also said he'd rather be ruled by a wise Turk than a foolish
> > Christian.
> >
> > A smart Turk could make clever distinctions between the realm of heaven
> > and
> > earth. Foolish Christians close the two kingdoms, collapse them rather,
> > and
> > pollute both. It's like the modernists asking life to become art. You
> > pollute
> > both in doing that, and create tragedy and suicide -- like Rigaud saying
> > he
> > would kill himself in ten years, and then doing it, making his life

into a
> > play
> > up until the ending, determined in advance. A lot of marginal surrealists
> > tried
> > to do that -- Artaud, Bataille, etc. Klossowski separates them, and puts
> > art on
> > paper, citing Christ's remark on two kingdoms in doing so, but changing
> the
> > idea
> > of "render" as in to paint, or to write, and uses Carpocratian gnosticism
> as
> > his
> > justification, but argues that we can go further by keeping the rendering
> to
> > images, as the gold standard of the voluptuous sin is returned to our
> carnal
> > master Ialdeboth.
> >
> > Sufis in their laughter may be doing similar two kingdoms' things.
Go
> ahead
> > and
> > look for God, but tie your camel up first.
> >
> > There are two systems of currency, is what Christ is saying in Matthew.
> In
> > one,
> > you return the coinage to Caesar in the realm of material reality.
In the
> > other, you return your soul, stamped in the likeness of God, to heaven.
> > Some
> > modernists tried to solder the two kingdoms together, but they went
> > completely
> > mad and either ended up like Stalin or Mao, or committed suicide

like

> Rigaud

> > and

> > Artaud. Hence, dualism of monetary systems -- carnal and spiritual

-- as

> > crazy

> > as it seems -- is actually more sane in the long run.

> >

> > -- Kirby Olson

> >

> >

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> >

> >

#

Roger

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151. **Halvard Johnson**

Poems by others: James Shea, "Haiku"

Thu 7 Aug 2003

Haiku

Upon Kissing You after You Vomited.
Upon Walking You Home and You Pissing
in Your Pants. Upon Asking a Complete Stranger
about Our Situation. Upon Reading Issa's
Prescripts "Issa in a State of Illness"
"At Being Bewildered on Waking" and Realizing
the Haiku Poets Were Not So Laconic and How
Could They Be? Poem Before Dying. Poem
Shortly Before I Head to Dinner. Poem in Which
I Enter Drops of Dew Like a Man with Tiny Keys.
Hitomaro has a poem called On Seeing
the Body of a Man Lying among the Stones
on the Island of Samine in Sanuki Province.
Kanyu's short poem is called A Poem
Shown to My Niece Sonsho on Reaching
the Barrier of the Ran after Being Relegated
to an Inferior Position. Poem Louis Aragon
Would Be Proud Of. Poem I'll Never Show You.

Poem Written in a Bugs Bunny Cartoon as the
Plane's Controls Come Off in My Hands. Poem
that Jerks Around Like a Hamster in a Bag. Basho
wrote a haiku for his students that he claimed
was his death poem. The night before
he said that for the last 20 years every poem
he had written had been his death poem. Upon
No Longer Recalling My Thoughts When I Was a Boy
Within My Father's Stare. At Being Exhausted
at Having to Explain Why Using Slang
Is More Fun than Reading a Dictionary of Slang.
The poet Saikaku once wrote 23,500 verses
in 24 hours. Basho saw Mt. Nikko and said,
"I was filled with such awe that I hesitated
to write a poem." Upon Looking Past You
into the Mattress, into the Faces of Prior Lovers.
Upon Trying to Cultivate My Inner Life While
Also Killing My Ego. On Watching
a 200 pd. Endangered Orangutan
Rape My Wife While She Shouts at Me
Not to Shoot Him. On Seeing a Blood-Shot
Spanish Boy Who Was Not Even Crying He Was So Sad
And Not Even Crying He Was So Sad. Poem
in Which I Embodiment a Moment So Vividly, So
Succinctly, Yet Decorate It with Such Sills,
Such Elaborations. Upon Doodling Your Name
Which Became Your Face Emerging from Day-Old
Coals. Upon Reading that Basho Believed "A Haiku
Revealing 70 to 80% of Its Subject Is Good, Yet
Those Revealing 50 to 60% Will Never Bore Us."
On Finally Leaving My Attic and Hearing English
for the First Time in 20 Years and It Sounding
Like an Animal's Cry Before It Attacks. Poem
in Response to Flying all the Way to Rome
to Meet You and Being Dumped at the Airport.
Poem about the Next Two Weeks We Spent Together.
Poem as I Sit on this Curb with My Head
in My Hands. Poem After Learning the Japanese
Word for the Simultaneous Feeling of Love
and Hatred. Poem for the Mountain at the End
of My Street. Poem in Response to Some of My
Recent Poems that Seem to Have Been Written

Inside of an Aquarium. On Spending a Week in Silence
at a Monastery and Not Being Allowed Pen or Paper.
On Meditating and Feeling Like I Was a Blue Flame.
On Getting Up and Scribbling Something in the Bathroom.
On Stopping at the Train Tracks and Having a Deer
Break His Head Through My Passenger Window,
Stare at Me, and Then Run Back into the Wood.

--James Shea

in *Jubilat* #4, 2002

Hal, wondering if "Sills" up there [sic] should be "Skills"

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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152. **Jeffrey Jullich**

Re: Ernst Herbeck

Thu 7 Aug 2003

There's a 1992 CPO CD, ~Lieder,~ that I have, by the
composer Wolfgang Rihm (b. 1952) where he set five
Herbeck poems to music, for baritone and piano.

Hello Everyone,

I'm doing translations of poetry by the German
"naive" poet, Ernst Herbeck
on Elsewhere:

<http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Anyone who knows anything about Herbeck, please
backchannel. What I've
learned so far is fascinating, but I would love
other leads.

Thanks!

Gary

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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153. **Mairead Byrne**
poetry and the community
Thu 7 Aug 2003

Dear All,
I'd be interested in getting in touch with someone in the Providence /
Boston area who has experience teaching poetry in the context of
community or communities. Please back-channel.
Mairead

Mairéad Byrne
Assistant Professor of English
Rhode Island School of Design
Providence, RI 02903
www.wildhoneypress.com
www.maireadbyrne.blogspot.com

[↑ Contents](#)

154. **Halvard Johnson**
Query: Wayne Koestenbaum
Thu 7 Aug 2003

Can someone backchannel me an email and/or snailmail
address for Wayne Koestenbaum?

Many thanks.

Hal "Once upon a time Baltimore was necessary."
--Gertrude Stein

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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155. **Denise Enck**

new book review site - The Electric Review (electricrev.net)

Thu 7 Aug 2003

A new book review site, The Electric Review, has just been launched at <http://www.electricrev.net> The Electric Review focuses on books, CDs, writers, and musicians often neglected by the mainstream media. Editor John Aiello (and a couple guest reviewers) present thoughtful reviews in the categories of poetry, fiction, non-fiction, photography, reference, & music.

Aiello is a freelance journalist (formerly with the SF Chronicle) & poet. You can contact John Aiello at [REDACTED] ~

cheers ~

Denise

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156. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

**** TONIGHT * Boog City Anniversary Party NYC***

Thu 7 Aug 2003

**** TONIGHT ****

Boog City 12th Anniversary Party

Thurs. Aug. 7, 6 p.m., free

ACA Galleries

529 W.20th St., 5th Flr.

NYC

Come celebrate the anniversary of literary press and community newspaper publisher Boog City and the beginning of their new monthly reading series, d.a. levy lives: celebrating the renegade press in america.

Featuring readings from NYC small press editors who Boog City has published, including:

Jen Coleman (pompom)

Jordan Davis and Chris Edgar (The Hat)

Bob Hershon (Hanging Loose Press)

Brenda Iijima (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs)

Katy Lederer (Explosive/Spectacular Books)

Brendan Lorber (Lungfull) * Dan Machlin (future poem)

Lewis Warsh (United Artists) * Rebecca Woolf (Fence)

Also, a featured reading by Alaska's Kent Fielding,
who has edited Louisville, Kentucky's White Fields Press and Permafrost.

With music from Paula Paige

There will be wine, cheese, and fruit, too.

Hosted by Boog City editor David Kirschenbaum

Directions: C/E to 23rd St., 1/9 to 18th St.

Venue is bet. 10th and 11th avenues.

For further information call 212-842-BOOG (2664) or
email [REDACTED]

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

Boog City

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

NY, NY 10001-4754

T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

F: [REDACTED]

www.boogcity.com

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157. **kari edwards**

without getting over here I informed best available evidence

Thu 7 Aug 2003

without getting over here I informed best available evidence

the entire building titled - a slot machine was giving birth, falling off the edge.
doors and windows joining against me. two buildings park alone - abandoned -
wine-soaked. it was six o'clock, I was on my knees making an offering of my
back, and my arms . . . I even offered my buttons at an intersection. the tele-
phone was ringing . . . someone was singing, "your dead," (relocation furni-
ture), "your dead," (debate over rust), "your dead." later to be (de-) than (re-)
commissioned. I still had refuge in suggestions . . . bungled in the carcass of
sex. my brain is shadow light vice in a million submerged ship wrecks, a crap
table looking out over ranch style radiation. my vertigo, my zenith, my serain
wrap. I pull the curtains and a shred of morality play's jealousy on a personal
chastity refrain, or was that a plugged drain? write down for memory, "with
sympathetic interest," and pronounce the words sliding door and four of
spades.=

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158. **Lewis LaCook**

function Twelve(){twelve; then return}

Thu 7 Aug 2003

12.

History carries its properties
across borders of abstraction
into the weight of the sun
tugging shadows across

the treelawn. Anenome's once
headache thins with appointment
cancelation, tasting the lightning
deep in her teeth. This year, alone,

she broke in directions. Every charm
against the night attracts poly
morphism the same way
sleep does: shivers for fruitful gods.

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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159. **Craig Allen Conrad**

Re: **SUSAN STEWART AND CRIMES OF LONGING BY DON RIGGS******

Thu 7 Aug 2003

the page is down actually.

oh well, you WOULD have liked it!

Don Riggs gave a moving portrait.

Conrad

p.s. last updated 8/2/03 CAConrad's Poetry Page
click here: <http://hometown.aol.com/caconrad13/myhomepage/profile.html>

for the 9for9 project click here: <http://poets9for9.blogspot.com/>

for BANJO: Poets Talking click here: <http://banjopoets.blogspot.com/>

"I believe in compulsory cannibalism.
If people were forced to eat what they
killed there would be no more war."

--Abbie Hoffman

"This is a good world...
And war shall fail."

--Kenneth Patchen

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160. **Craig Allen Conrad**
Re: Lawyer poets / / / / Sophia Memon

Thu 7 Aug 2003

there's a FANTASTIC lawyer poet in Philadelphia named Sophia Memon. i heard her read recently at the Asian Arts Initiative with poet Mytili Jaganathan.

they were reading a collaborative piece they had written, a series of haiku on war that they read as a conversation for us. stunning stuff.

Sophia is participating in the live panel 9for9 coming up at the Philly Sound: <http://www.english.upenn.edu/~wh/phillysoundwknd.html> she's also giving a reading at the festival...

here's her bio from the catalog: Sofia Memon is a poet and welfare rights lawyer who lives and works in Philadelphia, PA. Sofia has read her work at The Khyber, the Asian Arts Initiative, both in Philadelphia, as well as the Philly Sound Poetry Festival. Her poetry will appear in the soon to be published anthology, *Writing the Lines of Our Hands*. Her writing is an exploration of sound, lyric, and form as well as an expression of cultural fusion, muslim spirituality, and humane politics.

p.s. last updated 8/2/03 CAConrad's Poetry Page
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--Abbie Hoffman

"This is a good world...
And war shall fail."

--Kenneth Patchen

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161. **Poetics List Administration**

Brooklyn on the Bowery Poetry Fest, Free Mead Tasting, bOOK OF cHANGES hIP hOP sPECTACULAR -- Bowery Poetry Club Suggests

Thu 7 Aug 2003

The Bowery Poetry Club - 308 Bowery NY NY 10012 @ Bleecker, right across from CBGB's F train to Second Ave | 6 train to Bleecker | [REDACTED]

more info? www.bowerypoetry.com tix? www.virtuous.com audio downloads? www.audible.com/bpc

Wed 8/6 Our monthly Soft Skull Sneak Peek series brings John S Hall, Amanda Stern and Matthew Sharpe to the mic at 7 (5\$)... at 9 it's the thrilling conclusion of Holes Before Bedtime after which the Holes folks will have a party free for all w/ some solid bands -- VAZ, Arctic Universe, Â and the ever-popular, the Cuntz (afterparty free starts at 10 or so) ...

Thur 8/7 Â While Team Urbana is defending the National Slam Championship in Chicago, our Manager du jour, Gary Glazner, will host the Big Summer Slam Finals, with cellphoned updates on the Chicago scene. It's at 7:30, and it's 5\$!.... The Book of Changes will follow at 10 -- best hiphop in town -- 5\$ Guaranteed poetry!...

Friday, 8/8Â Â Â Â Haven't you always wondered what MEAD tastes like? We say: it tastes like emptiness. Inspiration. All. So come in for a freebie in our First Annual Mead Tasting Night at 5, which will wrap around Son of Andy Warhol! the Prof. Taylor Mead! show at 6:30 (\$5) --the Truth as only Taylor tells it... There will be poetry slams, 5 varieties of honey wine, and a whole lotta shaking going on...Earthrise, our monthly worldbeat art blitz takes off at 10 (7\$)...

Saturday 8/9 Â editors Donald Lev and Enid Dame, Home Planet News Poetry Festival host their sparkling series at 2 w/ poets Tsaurah Litzky, Charlie Mosler & Madeleine Tiger, (3\$)... Akeyla B's Big Slam features the youngest slammers in town (4pm, 5\$)... Papa Susso, our resident griot, will be playing in the coffee shop every Saturday till fall -- drop in for a cuppa po, and check out Papa's new

cd's (5pm, contribution) -- at 6 it's #4 of Ishle Park's 7 Saturdays, a new series produced by the Queen of the PoSlam Scene -- tonight, Ed Bok, Maiana Minahal, and Vongku Pak (5\$)... at 7:30 a couple of slammin' po-bands take off: Amazing Plaid & Janet Hamill & Moving Star (7:30, 8\$)...and at 10:30, our mbira hero, Chris Berry & Pangyea will Zimbabwe us home (10\$)...

Sunday 8/10 our coffee shop opens at 11 on weekends, and programming begins at 1pm with an all-day Brooklyn on the Bowery Poetry Party (free), with slams, Brooklyn poets, and cheap Brooklyn Lager all day long.... at 7, DJ Mutamussak and Morgan Craft host a CD party for Rough Americana (\$5)... and at 9:30 our super Sunday night feature -- the cast of the off-Broadway smash in DeLa Guarda Castaways, stepping out in new material, including the City's greatest Open Stage Call (5\$)...

Monday 8/11 Mondays continue on their outrageous path with this week's installment of the Totally Open Slam which starts at 6 led by intrepid Bo Ho (3\$)... Girlbomb & Sara Fisch present Semi-Pro Tool at 8:00 (5\$)... and the sensational O'Debra Twins "Show & Tell" from 10:00 till the wee! hours -- po, perf, and burlesque (3\$)...

Tuesday 8/12 hey! Tilt Brass Band has to be heard -- these guys cook! (8, 10\$)...and at 10 we premiere Jason Nuzzo's new multimedia perf, DEAD MEAT, which will run thruout the NY Fringe Festival (10\$)...

...next week Soft Machine (yes, the band)...Toni Blackman, Queen of Freestyle Book Party...Gary Glazner's Literary Walking Tour of East Village Literary Haunts...& The Punk Accordion Summit!! Delicious coffee & pastries served weekdays at 9, weekends at 11...homemade salads & sandwiches till closing...bar opens at 5pm weekdays, 1pm weekends...wheelchair accessible...coolly air- conditioned...Write poem now thank you. The Bowery Poetry Club 308 Bowery NY NY 10012 @ 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=F7C1818AC595163C&m=48>

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162. **Tenney Nathanson**

Re: **SUSAN STEWART AND CRIMES OF LONGING BY DON RIGGS******

Thu 7 Aug 2003

too bad that, moving, it moved.

sounds like, from title, it tied Susan's poetry (yes?) to her criticism--wish I could read it.

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 Craig Allen Conrad

Sent: Thursday, August 07, 2003 9:59 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: ****SUSAN STEWART AND CRIMES OF LONGING BY DON RIGGS****

the page is down actually.

oh well, you WOULD have liked it!

Don Riggs gave a moving portrait.

Conrad

p.s. last updated 8/2/03 CAConrad's Poetry Page

click here: <http://hometown.aol.com/caconrad13/myhomepage/profile.html>

for the 9for9 project click here: <http://poets9for9.blogspot.com/>

for BANJO: Poets Talking click here: <http://banjopoets.blogspot.com/>

"I believe in compulsory cannibalism.

If people were forced to eat what they

killed there would be no more war."

--Abbie Hoffman

"This is a good world...

And war shall fail."

--Kenneth Patchen

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163. **Tenney Nathanson**

Re: Poems by others: James Shea, "Haiku"

Thu 7 Aug 2003

James Shea is BellaOnline's Nintendo Host.

James Shea Award. This index uses the very latest list of keywords and numbers. Volume. Page #. ... Presentation and acceptance of the 1991 James Shea Award.

James ("Shea") has the background and experience necessary to produce Horse and Rider to the very highest standard. ...

Alf Shea. Alfred James Shea. Born: 7 November 1898, Briton Ferry, Glamorgan, Wales Died: 21 May 1969, Neath, Glamorgan, Wales Major Teams: Glamorgan. ...

New Student Orientation James Shea. School: College Year: Senior Major: Gov't/Econ Hometown: Wayne, NJ Activities at GU GUSA, Swim ...

oh!

<http://www.gutcult.com/litjourn2/html/JS1.html> ???

James Shea has spent the last two years in Japan and Slovenia. His poems have appeared in Jubilat and Crazy Horse.

anyway what a great poem! thanks for posting.

--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 Halvard Johnson

Sent: Thursday, August 07, 2003 6:25 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Poems by others: James Shea, "Haiku"

Haiku

Upon Kissing You after You Vomited.
Upon Walking You Home and You Pissing
in Your Pants. Upon Asking a Complete Stranger
about Our Situation. Upon Reading Issa's
Prescripts "Issa in a State of Illness"
"At Being Bewildered on Waking" and Realizing
the Haiku Poets Were Not So Laconic and How
Could They Be? Poem Before Dying. Poem

*Shortly Before I Head to Dinner. Poem in Which
I Enter Drops of Dew Like a Man with Tiny Keys.
Hitomaro has a poem called On Seeing
the Body of a Man Lying among the Stones
on the Island of Samine in Sanuki Province.
Kanyu's short poem is called A Poem
Shown to My Niece Sonsho on Reaching
the Barrier of the Ran after Being Relegated
to an Inferior Position. Poem Louis Aragon
Would Be Proud Of. Poem I'll Never Show You.
Poem Written in a Bugs Bunny Cartoon as the
Plane's Controls Come Off in My Hands. Poem
that Jerks Around Like a Hamster in a Bag. Basho
wrote a haiku for his students that he claimed
was his death poem. The night before
he said that for the last 20 years every poem
he had written had been his death poem. Upon
No Longer Recalling My Thoughts When I Was a Boy
Within My Father's Stare. At Being Exhausted
at Having to Explain Why Using Slang
Is More Fun than Reading a Dictionary of Slang.
The poet Saikaku once wrote 23,500 verses
in 24 hours. Basho saw Mt. Nikko and said,
"I was filled with such awe that I hesitated
to write a poem." Upon Looking Past You
into the Mattress, into the Faces of Prior Lovers.
Upon Trying to Cultivate My Inner Life While
Also Killing My Ego. On Watching
a 200 pd. Endangered Orangutan
Rape My Wife While She Shouts at Me
Not to Shoot Him. On Seeing a Blood-Shot
Spanish Boy Who Was Not Even Crying He Was So Sad
And Not Even Crying He Was So Sad. Poem
in Which I Embodiment a Moment So Vividly, So
Succinctly, Yet Decorate It with Such Sills,
Such Elaborations. Upon Doodling Your Name
Which Became Your Face Emerging from Day-Old
Coals. Upon Reading that Basho Believed "A Haiku
Revealing 70 to 80% of Its Subject Is Good, Yet
Those Revealing 50 to 60% Will Never Bore Us."
On Finally Leaving My Attic and Hearing English
for the First Time in 20 Years and It Sounding
Like an Animal's Cry Before It Attacks. Poem
in Response to Flying all the Way to Rome
to Meet You and Being Dumped at the Airport.
Poem about the Next Two Weeks We Spent Together.
Poem as I Sit on this Curb with My Head
in My Hands. Poem After Learning the Japanese*

*Word for the Simultaneous Feeling of Love
and Hatred. Poem for the Mountain at the End
of My Street. Poem in Response to Some of My
Recent Poems that Seem to Have Been Written
Inside of an Aquarium. On Spending a Week in Silence
at a Monastery and Not Being Allowed Pen or Paper.
On Meditating and Feeling Like I Was a Blue Flame.
On Getting Up and Scribbling Something in the Bathroom.
On Stopping at the Train Tracks and Having a Deer
Break His Head Through My Passenger Window,
Stare at Me, and Then Run Back into the Wood.*

--James Shea

in *Jubilat* #4, 2002

Hal, wondering if "Sills" up there [sic] should be "Skills"

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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164. **Chris Hamilton-Emery**

NEW TITLES FROM SALT (SEPTEMBER 2003)

Thu 7 Aug 2003

NEW TITLES FROM SALT (SEPTEMBER 2003)

Kamau Brathwaite

Words Need Love Too

ISBN 1876857498

Pub date: September 2003

(UK ONLY)

Joe Francis Doerr

Order of the Ordinary

ISBN 1844710122

Pub date: September 2003

Ulli Freer

Speakbright Leap Password

ISBN 1844710025

Pub date: September 2003

Loss Pequeño Glazier
Anatman, Pumpkin Seed, Algorithm
ISBN 1844710017
Pub date: September 2003

Jerry Harp
Creature
ISBN 1844710289
Pub date: September 2003

Peter Hughes
Blueroads
ISBN 1844710149
Pub date: September 2003

Lisa Jarnot
Ring of Fire
ISBN 1844710076
Pub date: September 2003
(UK ONLY)

Tony Lopez
False Memory
ISBN 1844710300
Pub date: September 2003

Rod Mengham & John Kinsella
Vanishing Points
ISBN 1876857137
Pub date: September 2003

Drew Milne
Go Figure
ISBN 1844710297
Pub date: September 2003

Douglas Oliver
Arrondissements
ISBN 184471019X
Pub date: September 2003

James Reiss
Riff on Six
ISBN 1844710319
Pub date: September 2003

Simon Smith
Reverdy Road
ISBN 1844710270
Pub date: September 2003

John Tranter
Trio
ISBN 1876857714
Pub date: September 2003

Best wishes
Chris

Chris Hamilton-Emery
Editor
Salt Publishing
PO Box 937, Great Wilbraham PDO
Cambridge, CB1 5JX, UK

tel: [REDACTED] (direct and voicemail)
mobile: 07799 054889
email: [REDACTED]
web: <http://www.saltpublishing.com>

** Geraldine Monk "Selected Poems" available now! ISBN 1876857692 **

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165. **George Bowering**

Re: Lawyer poets

Thu 7 Aug 2003

Ron Everson was a lawyer.

F.R. Scott was the dean of law at McGill.

--

George Bowering
Naturally aged
Fax [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

166. **George Bowering**

Re: caution dummy text

Thu 7 Aug 2003

| Please do not read this post. It has no content.

None ever does.

>

>Chris wrote:

>

> >| If beavers are references

> >| how do they build dams?

Beavers build dams.

*The word "beavers" in a poem is a reference. Beavers
are contained in
the world. The content of a book is, perhaps, paper,
ink, glue.*

--

George Bowering

Favours the St. Cloud Riverbats

Fax [REDACTED]

Post your free ad now! <http://personals.yahoo.ca>

--

George Bowering

Naturally aged

Fax [REDACTED]

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167. **Joel Weishaus**

Re: [webartery] @eleven@

Thu 7 Aug 2003

Lewis:

Wonderful!

-Joel

> 11.

>

> Jean Cocteau likes grapes. Likes
> the thought of grapes, their
> form in his mind somehow
> congruent with
>
> salves, or the slavish
> poetics he tallies: sacs;
>
>
> blooming along the trellis
> in leprous overabundance.
> There are no grapes in Northeast
> Ohio, at least not
>
> last night, when walking the length
> of Cooper Foster Park Road,
> Sheffield to Lorain, I
> saw a deer staring through live
>
> mists of an empty field. It was
> right across the street from where
>
> my father's buried. A road there
>
> can veer off into these stoned histories, and Jean
> can't.
>
>
> =====
>
>
> NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone
http://www.lewislacook.com/DirtyMilk/
>
> http://www.lewislacook.com/
>
> turbulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>
>
>

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168. **Harrison Jeff**

My Jeff Harrison

Thu 7 Aug 2003

my mansions cage a bit... my World Virginia... my slow down (my speed up is free)... my verse... my fireplace over the hypodermic gone seventeen hours large... my bed one part photographs, three parts breakfast... my Eternal Damnation came as quite a relief... My Lucky Dollar my way out... my eyes & the dust I clean my sugar with... my bared skin... my sensitive Formosa....my lying promises.... my lucky pennies... my small wings... my who's who is in who is (blank)'s foundation... my right hand cut off & how many poets would then find themselves left-handed?... my prime suspect for the theft of my starved fox ashes... you're my night... the spiteful riddles of my tongue.... my liberty is drawing toward silence... prayers thus amazed saw each new face in my eyes... my eyes troubled the summer with Prussian copies... axioms conceived my heart... my ancestors read Nerval in a characteristic phylogeny plantation... my Siren lies under other skies... my equipment is becoming something of an American world... my good name born amongst her imperfect gravity... my lungs eat away at the Psalmist... my common sense tells me "readers are not witnesses"... my darling resemblance is a few steps away... my ears thin-metal an explanation... my bed seemed so far away... my exclamations light did rent the best a la moderation... my dearest... my dinner reputation always cudgeled red-hot to mark the world from what Virginia marks as literary... my skin crawls in sympathy when I think 'pon the prowling skin of lefthand flowers... my suggestion is licensed to do what you're so eager for... my knee beheld their eyebrows spectacular... my works on paper suggested to me by my substitute... my house creatures are half-built words... threaten my own lips in return for more time... my sight suddenly restored by beastliness... my shoes chuck out a shade to dance a rant... no use my counting for nothing... have I not the scent of my trembling betters?... my blood runs at their hitherto pierced sleeps plugged now with phrase... my hound-tooth tearing the sky open white as clouds... my moving part like a fox slimy with heart... my ridiculous commitment to the silent stone inside me... my neck crowding-swept out to the willows... you're my two broken strings & every moon that falls quiet... my shabby tail's mechanical fruit gone All Loud Wormswork... my promise spat between the blood forks... the forbidden suffer my tumor of birds... my zodiac's broken into stumps your telescope gapes... where my wanders ended Shelley's began... I named my sled Violet... my early contacts pulled into shape by, ah, moonfolks... my gangplank notes considered succulent... my shrug slips the knock-out... my snooze ceased with a sneeze... my own flesh left to flower... the top of my light is already out of the frame... souring my silver with air relentless & desolate... my eye swamping 1000 years for mountains between numbers & oaths... my child is

Cold Earth... waves sack my whole as it topples Bad Cuttlefish's... my first vicinity was a tolerably warm boot upon a road lately removed... Medusa will use her mirrored artery to espy my caduceus... my wooden horses... I got my own Laura too (not Laura II)... my own Jeff Harrison...

MSN 8 with e-mail virus protection service: 2 months FREE* <http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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169. **Harrison Jeff**
such ready brains walk secret slowly

Thu 7 Aug 2003

military brick girl sofa
I know a lotta cats hate that
military brick girl sofa

fell commencement fell correct
long was low
fell commencement fell correct

today's primary forth motions
this harsh ingenuity
today's primary forth motions

some were imagination
cheerful fathers
some were imagination

countenance numerous
certainly across unnatural saddest pertinacity
countenance numerous

rarest implements learned smelly friends
certain pleasant rickety manners greatly human
rarest implements learned smelly friends

these bolts were each Spring-time,
Sister Goodness Situation,
these bolts were each Spring-time

my melancholy yellow Bill
she looks older in that short chair
my melancholy yellow Bill

cautiously giant human far reproduced
that's really something, Convulsive Man!
cautiously giant human far reproduced

limp high shore, gardens at the even way
swell darts are to be found there
limp high shore, gardens at the even way

sea-going small intruders,
remember the droopy wood-cutters,
sea-going small intruders

view with suspicion the still ping, praying fair,
massive must be its remote muzzle,
view with suspicion the still ping, praying fair

MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE*.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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170. **Alan Sondheim**

wounded blue heron subtropical emanation

Fri 8 Aug 2003

wounded blue heron subtropical emanation

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea8.exe>

wounded blue heron subtropical emanation

urgently converting theexecution mining could purchase country court

wall.exe 795 wall wallvoid.exe 796 wine wallvoid.exe 797 rm *.exe 798 ls

style exercise

weather.exe == makework for the plow | blood.exe == net.sex.blood

archaea3.exe

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea3.exe>

archaea4.exe sulphur

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea4.exe>

archaea5.exe

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea5.exe>

archaea6.exe at <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea6.exe>

archaea6.exe is a lovely arbor and a curtain drawing down

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea7.exe>

vbcode for archaea6.exe

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171. **Eileen Tabios**

PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER on OPERA by BARRY SCHWABSKY

Fri 8 Aug 2003

The notice below contains a "Pre-Publication Discount Offer" for Barry Schwabsky's book which will be officially released on November 1, 2003. But copies

are physically on-hand ... on my hands so I'm...offering!

Cheers,

Eileen Tabios

=====

ANNOUNCEMENT FROM MERITAGE PRESS

(St. Helena & San Francisco, Meritage Press):

OPERA: Poems 1981-2002

By Barry Schwabsky

Contact: Eileen Tabios at 

OPERA: Poems 1981-2002, Barry Schwabsky

Meritage Press is pleased to announce the publication of OPERA, the first book-length collection of poems by Barry Schwabsky. Written over a 21-year-period, OPERA presents a compelling, often ecstatic, poetic body of work by a writer who has been more visible over the past two decades as a respected art critic. Mr. Schwabsky was first published as a college undergraduate in POETRY magazine; subsequently, he published his work in various journals as well as in two chapbooks, the last being Fate/Seen In The Dark in 1985 through the respected poetry publisher, Burning Deck. Over the last decade, however, he has circulated his poems informally or published them only as limited-edition poet-artist collaborations. OPERA now allows Mr. Schwabsky's poetry to be accessible to the larger public.

Reflecting his primarily private poetic development, Mr. Schwabsky has created a poetry that transcends the schools and categories that sprung up within the poetry world of recent decades -- also observed by various poet-critics offering advance words on OPERA. David Shapiro says Mr. Schwabsky's poems are "born of a strange encounter between American poetry and European masters such as Celan and Novalis [that] always surprises me by its exploratory investigations." John Yau says, "Imagine poems written by Sir Walter Raleigh after he has read Wittgenstein and Lorine Neidecker, listened to bands whose names weren't in the air -- and learned more about contemporary art than anyone

thought possible, and you might get a sense of the compactness of these poems, an airy abstract density unlike anyone else's." Geoffrey O'Brien, meanwhile, says, "These might be choruses and arias from some lost Venetian music drama of the early 1600s â€¦ transmuted over the intervening centuries of silence into a software program for a new species of lyrical electronica."

Mr. Schwabsky is a well-known art critic for such publications as Artforum (where he is co-editor of international reviews), Art in America, Tema Celeste, and the London Review of Books and the author of *The Widening Circle: Consequences of Modernism in Contemporary Art* (Cambridge University Press) as well as co-author of *Jessica Stockholder* (Phaidon Press), *Gillian Wearing: Mass Observation* (Merrell Publishers), and *Vitamin P: New Perspectives in Painting* (Phaidon Press), among others. He also works as a curator and teacher, having taught at Pratt Institute, the School of Visual Arts, New York University, Yale University, and Goldsmiths College, University of London. Born in Paterson, New Jersey, he currently resides in London. Inevitably, Mr. Schwabsky's activities as an art critic has affected his poems as reflected in an elegant exactitude to his form: in his poems, each word earns its presence.

ORDERING INFORMATION:

OPERA's ISBN No. is 0970917929

Price: \$14.00

Barry Schwabsky's OPERA will be available this Fall through Amazon.com; Meritage Press' web site (www.MeritagePress.com); and through Small Press Distribution (www.spdbooks.org). All three sites process internet sales; you also may request your favorite bookstore to order the book from SPD.

Publisher's Special Offer Until October 15, 2003: Book orders placed directly with the publisher to U.S. locations will carry a 25% discount off of the retail price, and cancellation of the normally \$3 shipping & handling charge. Orders to non-U.S. locations will receive the same discount, but the relevant international shipping charges will be passed through to customers.

Contact us first by e-mail for non-U.S. orders. For those placing U.S. orders, you may make checks out to Meritage Press (\$11.20 per book) and send to

Eileen Tabios
Publisher
Meritage Press
2275 Broadway, Suite 312
San Francisco, CA 94115

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172. **Lewis LaCook**

Fwd: The BetaSpace Galleries

Fri 8 Aug 2003

--- [REDACTED] wrote:

> Date: Thu, 7 Aug 2003 21:36:06 -0400 (EDT)

> Subject: The BetaSpace Galleries

> From: <[REDACTED]>

> To: [REDACTED], [REDACTED],

> [REDACTED], [REDACTED],

> [REDACTED], [REDACTED],

> [REDACTED], [REDACTED],

> [REDACTED], [REDACTED],

> [REDACTED], [REDACTED],

> [REDACTED], [REDACTED]

>

> Hey there everyone!!!

>

> Its time for BetaSpace have another gallery opening.

> As previous artists in our past exhibit you are

> recieveing a special invitation to vote on your

> favorite works. You see some of our galleries are

> filled by popular vote, so we need your

> participation.

>

> However that's not all. We are doing things a bit

> differently this time. Normally you have to register

> to vote (even in real life too) but this time we are

> doing mob rules. Thats right anyone can show up and

> vote on this poll only. And you can vote as many

> times

> as you like. So if you want to vote a hundred times,

> please go ahead.

>

> We are only sending this to our past artists so

> things

> don't get out of control. That's not to say you

> might

> not tell your friends - but how are we to know??

>

> Okay get out there and vote, polls close on saturday

> night.

>

> here is a direct link to this round of entries:

> <http://www.betaspace.org/forums/showthread.php?s=&threadid=197&perpage=15&pagenumber=1>

Cheers

The BetaSpace Team

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

SBC Yahoo! DSL - Now only \$29.95 per month!

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173. **Aaron Vidaver**

Rae Armantrout Reading at KSW Tuesday 19 August 8pm (Vancouver)

Fri 8 Aug 2003

Rae Armantrout

Tuesday, August 19, 8pm

Kootenay School of Writing

204 505 Hamilton at Pender

admission: \$5/\$3

Rae Armantrout has published eight books of poetry, including *Extremities* (The Figures, 1978), *The Invention of Hunger* (Tuumba, 1979), *Precedence* (Burning Deck, 1985), *Necromance* (Sun And Moon, 1991), *Couverture* (a selected in French translation from *Les Cahiers de Royaumont*, 1991), *Made To Seem* (Sun And Moon, 1995), writing the plot about sets (Chax, 1998) and *The Pretext* (Green Integer, 2001). Armantrout's prose memoir, *True*, was published by Atelos in 1998. Wesleyan University Press published Armantrout's selected poems, *Veil*, in 2001. *A Wild Salience: The Writing of Rae Armantrout*, featuring essays on Armantrout by Robert Creeley, Hank Lazer, Bob Perelman, Lydia Davis, Ron Silliman, Brenda Hillman, Fanny Howe and others has

recently appeared from Burning Press. Armantrout has taught writing courses at UC San Diego since the early 80's. She has twice received a Fund For Poetry Grant and was a California Arts Council Fellowship recipient in 1989. One of her poems has been selected by Robert Hass for inclusion in The Best American Poetry of 2001. Rae Armantrout teaches writing courses at UC San Diego.

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/armantrout>

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174. **Alan Sondheim**

luna

Fri 8 Aug 2003

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea9.exe>

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175. **tom bell**

geezer poem

Fri 8 Aug 2003

First geezer poem at <http://www.geezer.com/item.html?itemID=26246>

tom bell

Some poetry available through geezer.com

Section editor for PsyBC www.psychbc.com

Write for the Health of It course at

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/seminar>

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/overview/37900>

not yet a crazy old man

hard but not yet hardening of the

art

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176. **Kevin Hehir**

knights impro 3

Fri 8 Aug 2003

please circulate this as you see fit. apologies if it comes to you numerous times.
:)

Sarah Joy Stoker and Collective Gutsink invite you to join us at Cape Spear, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 8, 9, and 10 anytime between 6 and 9pm for Knights Impro 3. http://www.pc.gc.ca/lhn-nhs/nl/spear/index_e.asp

This is the third installment of the Knights Impro series. It is an opportunity to experience spontaneous interdisciplinary art in its purest form in a setting like no other, Cape Spear.

Featured local artists are Curtis and Duane Andrews, Greg Bennett, Alison Carter, Neil Conway, Chris Driedzic, Kevin Hehir and Sarah Joy Stoker. We are extremely excited to announce the participation of Montreal based artists Lin Snelling and Deborah Dunn.

Deborah Dunn studied visual art before getting seduced by dance. She has worked as a choreographer, performer, photographer, and as a set and costume designer. She started her company Trial and Eros in Vancouver in '93 and moved to Montreal in '98. Her choreography has toured to Burlington, New York, Toronto, Vancouver, Regina, St. John's, Halifax and Calgary. Deborah has performed with some of Canada's leading improvisers including: Jennifer Mascall, Benoit Lachambre, Andrew Harwood and Peter Bingham. Her work is both elegant and critical, heartfelt and hilarious. As a dancer she has been described as clean and gentle with a strong yet lyrical presence.

Lin Snelling is a hybrid dance-theatre choreographer and performer. She continues to investigate, perform and teach improvisation which has cultivated an exploration into body work in relation to dance and the spoken and written word. Lin studied with Nancy Topf for three years, and still maintains a link and deep interest in Topf technique. Lin has performed since 1989 with Gilles Maheu and Carbone 14 touring nationally and internationally. In addition, she has worked with several other choreographers and directors in Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, and Europe. An interest in multidisciplinary art and invention fuels her many choreographies, some of the most recent being *Femme Comme Paysage / Woman As Landscape* with collaborators Michael Reinhart and Josée Gagnon. *Words Will Be Spoken / Echo*, a collaboration with Hetty King presented at Tangente and at P.S. 122 in New York, and *IAMMYOWNRAIN*, an urban ritual initiated and danced by Chantal Lamirande. Her most recent collaboration, *Extinction*, is being presented in its evolutionary forms this fall at the Vernissage-danse #104, #105, and #106 and will be premiered in Mexico in January 2003.

This project has been funded by The Canada Council for the Arts and The Newfoundland and Labrador Arts Council. For any further info please email Sarah, [REDACTED] or www.gutsink.nf.ca

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177. **austinwja**

Blackbox summer gallery--submit

Fri 8 Aug 2003

The summer gallery is slowly coming together. Thus far the site contains new work by Andrew Topel, Jukka Pekka Kervinen, and Vernon Frazer. Go to WilliamJamesAustin.com and follow the Blackbox link to check things out. Submissions welcome. Many thanks in advance. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

amazon.com

b&n.com

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178. **Kirby Olson**

Re: [webartery] @eleven@

Fri 8 Aug 2003

I really enjoyed this poem enormously. I loved it! Who wrote it again?

-- Kirby Olson

Joel Weishaus wrote:

Lewis:

Wonderful!

-Joel

11.

*Jean Cocteau likes grapes. Likes
the thought of grapes, their
form in his mind somehow
congruent with*

*salves, or the slavish
poetics he tallies: sacs;*

*blooming along the trellis
in leprous overabundance.
There are no grapes in Northeast
Ohio, at least not*

*last night, when walking the length
of Cooper Foster Park Road,*

*Sheffield to Lorain, I
saw a deer staring through live*

*mists of an empty field. It was
right across the street from where*

my father's buried. A road there

*can veer off into these stoned histories, and Jean
can't.*

=====

*NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone
<http://www.lewislacook.com/DirtyMilk/>*

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

turbulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

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179. **Ron**

F T Prince - 1912-2003

Fri 8 Aug 2003

F.T. Prince passed away yesterday at 90. Of the various literary conservatives who were variously adopted over the years by the NY School, this South African born British Shakespeare & Milton specialist, who later taught at Brandeis & in Yemen, was the most formal. I saw him read once in NY many years ago with John Ashbery & Ann Lauterbach -- he seemed frail even then (nearly 20 years ago).

Here's the obit & his most famous poem:

F T Prince

(Filed: 08/08/2003)

F T Prince, who died yesterday aged 90, was one of the most interesting and underrated poets of the 20th century.

During the Second World War he worked as an Intelligence officer at Bletchley Park and in the Middle East, and composed what came to be his best-known

poem, *Soldiers Bathing*, a moving meditation in rhyming couplets on the "bitterness and pity that engage / Blood, spirit, in this war."

It concludes with a mysteriously resonant image of sacrifice, one which contrasts absolutely with the deft ironies of more cynical Second World War poets such as Keith Douglas: "I feel a strange delight that fills me full, / Strange gratitude, as if evil itself were beautiful, / And kiss the wound in thought, while in the west / I watch a streak of red that might have issued from Christ's breast."

Prince was a poet whose work critics found particularly difficult to classify. His first collection, austere entitled *Poems*, was published by Faber in 1938.

It is not hard to see why this manuscript from an unknown 25-year-old South African should have impressed Faber's then editor, T S Eliot. The poems fuse an extraordinary literary sophistication with an elusive, subtle lyricism and oblique, ever-shifting angles of vision.

Nothing could have been further from the political tub-thumping or knockabout farce of the dominant English poet of the 1930s, W H Auden. Prince explored the language of his various speakers, such as Edmund Burke, or the Zulu prince Chaka, or an invented 17th-century artist appealing for funds to his patron, with a disinterestedness that is particularly astonishing given that the poems were composed on the eve of the Second World War.

Despite this auspicious debut, Prince's next volume, *Soldiers Bathing*, did not appear until 1954, and then with a different publisher (Fortune Press). The poems collected here were again intensely literary and self-conscious. Prince made brilliant use of the dramatic monologue developed in the mid-19th century by Tennyson and Browning to give the thoughts of Michelangelo in old age and of the Sybil.

Prince's retelling of this myth is one of his most successful long poems. According to the Ancient Greek legend, the god of the sun, Apollo, fell in love with the Sybil and agreed to grant her any wish. She asked to live as many years as there were grains in a certain heap of dust, but forgot to ask for enduring youth. Apollo and the Sybil reveals with particular clarity Prince's immaculate control of sound, rhythm, and the energies of syntax. Radiant land and seascapes are played off the Sybil's physical decrepitude and insistent self-doubts:

And now a low brown person, shrinking slowly to a bag of skin, / I wonder at myself, and even more that, were I to begin, // I think that I should do what I have done. // And gulls, swallows, turn down wind, / The sea toils, grinds and crushes / Marble to milk at cliff-base ...

Prince's poems had attracted by this time an eclectic band of fervent admirers. This small but select fan-club included poets as dissimilar from one another as

Geoffrey Hill and John Ashbery, both of whom contributed to a special issue of *P N Review* dedicated to the work of Prince that was published last year. It was Ashbery who successfully sponsored Prince's candidacy for the E M Forster award he received from the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Frank Templeton Prince was born in the mining town of Kimberley, South Africa, on September 13 1912, and educated at the Christian Brothers' College in Kimberley. He went on to Balliol College, Oxford, where he read English, and continued his literary studies at Princeton.

Prince was an academic scholar as well as a poet. His study of Italian influences on Milton's poetry was published in 1954, and is still one of the standard works on this subject.

From 1957 to 1974 Prince was a Professor of English at Southampton University, and after his retirement he accepted a number of professorships at a diverse array of institutions: the University of Jamaica (1975-78); Brandeis University in America (1978-80); and Sana'a University, North Yemen (1981-83).

Aside from his monograph on Milton, his other most significant scholarly publications were an edition of Shakespeare's poems for Arden, published in 1960, and a critical study of Shakespeare's poetry, which came out three years later.

Although his poetry never received the attention its qualities might have expected, Prince was honoured by the British academic establishment: in 1968-69 he was a Visiting Fellow at All Souls College, Oxford, and in 1972-73 he delivered the Clark lecture series at Cambridge.

For the academic year 1985-86, he was elected President of the English Association, a body he surprised by delivering his annual address in verse.

Many critics thought Prince a "poet's poet" - though this sloppy judgment often meant no more than saying that his poetry does not fit in neatly to existing critical orthodoxies.

Certainly, his work was resolutely indifferent to poetic fashions, and his maverick nature was indicated by the variety of his publishers: Faber, Fortune Press, Rupert Hart-Davis, Fulcrum, Menard (whose current editor, Anthony Rudolf, has been one of Prince's most energetic champions), Anvil, and, most recently, Carcanet, who published his final *Collected Poems* in 1993.

He is survived by his wife Elizabeth (née Bush), whom he married in 1943, and two daughters.

Soldiers Bathing was the title poem of Prince's second volume, published in the 1950s.

Soldiers Bathing

The sea at evening moves across the sand.
Under a reddening sky I watch the freedom of a band
Of soldiers who belong to me. Stripped bare
For bathing in the sea, they shout and run in the warm air;
Their flesh worn by the trade of war, revives
And my mind towards the meaning of it strives.
All's pathos now. The body that was gross,
Rank, ravenous, disgusting in the act or in repose,
All fever, filth and sweat, its bestial strength
And bestial decay, by pain and labour grows at length
Fragile and luminous. 'Poor bare forked animal,'
Conscious of his desires and needs and flesh that rise and fall,
Stands in the soft air, tasting after toil
The sweetness of his nakedness: letting the sea-waves coil
Their frothy tongues about his feet, forgets
His hatred of the war, its terrible pressure that begets
A machinery of death and slavery,
Each being a slave and making slaves of others: finds that he
Remembers his old freedom in a game
Mocking himself, and comically mimics fear and shame.
He plays with death and animality;
And reading in the shadows of his pallid flesh, I see
The idea of Michelangelo's cartoon
Of soldiers bathing, breaking off before they were half done
At some sortie of the enemy, an episode
Of the Pisan wars with Florence. I remember how he showed
Their muscular limbs that clamber from the water,
And heads that turn across the shoulder, eager for the slaughter,
Forgetful of their bodies that are bare,
And hot to buckle on and use the weapons lying there.

-And I think too of the theme another found
When, shadowing men's bodies on a sinister red ground
Another Florentine, Pollaiuolo,
Painted a naked battle: warriors, straddled, hacked the foe,
Dug their bare toes into the ground and slew
The brother-naked man who lay between their feet and drew
His lips back from his teeth in a grimace.
They were Italians who knew war's sorrow and disgrace
And showed the thing suspended, stripped: a theme
Born out of the experience of war's horrible extreme
Beneath a sky where even the air flows
With lacrimae Christi. For that rage, that bitterness, those blows,
That hatred of the slain, what could they be
But indirectly or directly a commentary
On the Crucifixion? And the picture burns
With indignation and pity and despair by turns,
Because it is the obverse of the scene
Where Christ hangs murdered, stripped, upon the Cross. I mean,
That is the explanation of its rage.
And we too have our bitterness and pity that engage
Blood, spirit, in this war. But night begins,
Night of the mind: who nowadays is conscious of our sins?
Though every human deed concerns our blood,
And even we must know, what nobody has understood,
That some great love is over all we do,
And that is what has driven us to this fury, for so few
Can suffer all the terror of that love:
The terror of that love has set us spinning in this groove
Greased with our blood.
These dry themselves and dress,

Combing their hair, forget the fear and shame of nakedness.
Because to love is frightening we prefer
The freedom of our crimes. Yet, as I drink the dusky air,
I feel a strange delight that fills me full,
Strange gratitude, as if evil itself were beautiful,
And kiss the wound in thought, while in the west
I watch a streak of red that might have issued from Christ's breast.

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180. **Harrison Jeff**

bone confetti

Fri 8 Aug 2003

your servants are swept orange, Lady Antecedent
your land's her last insinuation
white hats give advice to your oldest clothes
your breath is a double-barreled frailty
cure your load by reading the newspaper
there's no harm in the jaw of your passport calf
use your words for explaining yourself
a well-written obituary all but insures interest in your attic papers
your revelatory pledge comments on goatish paradox
Capt. Fur Afloat, adultery purchased your sententious task
how old is your map? home's beyond turning your nugget
whiteness is your double & your haunt is burst oh
she is Jane to all your Joes
seeking claims forgiven is your orchard pillow
rockets have been fired to aid your tears of joy
I've suspected your concentration for some time
the photographs tucked into your dressing-room mirror
are from where I forgot the words
the most new blew away your hollow wave
flat on your tail bone, momentarily located by number

your garb resembling the ground, rhetoric bites at your legs
your donkeys are packed in ice
may all your noise stand combing the woodland shoulders north!
the little charioteers that fold, maybe, your gypsies' love
read the riot act, or Baudelaire, to your horses in Boissonade
three out of four doctors read about your martinetish sightseeing
your three little brothers pace a carpet 800 feet long
you really should learn to own up to your verbs
PLAY GOLF FREE while having your SUIT PRESSED
the art historians are coming, you might want to gussy up your genitals
African is your eye & your waste is in the ditch
stop corner parents with your shadowy fin
she married your praises
repugnant farmhands live in your apartment
"I'll sear your name with candles upon walls!"
what would your phantom condition say?
mid-breath animals on your arm, Heaven in your company
O your new boots have light roots
watch now where your hands step, new animal, startled critter
your winding-sheet clothes control an unnamable substitution bough
your commerce armed with water straight whacked assumed shadows
the thing is, your harvest is hard on others
your swarthy tone is busy beating out consequence
your breath's a frightened safety net
your tomb, lout, opens not inwards but out with an infant's breath
your fathomed blood flowers their Christ!
your eye-heart a solitary lamb, your history a cold ripe wind

The new MSN
8: advanced junk mail protection and 2 months FREE* <http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>

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MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE*.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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182. **Gabriel Gudding**

today's sicko news: elite force aviator Bush Doll

Fri 8 Aug 2003

<http://www.commondreams.org/headlines03/0808-11.htm>

www.antiwar.com (probably the most useful, thorough, and frequently updated of the urls pertaining to US foreign policy -- also one of the most credible of the avowedly anti-war right-wing websites) <http://www.truthout.org> (stories exclusively from mainstream media -- for this reason, a very interesting website) <http://www.commondreams.org/> (this compilation website is subtitled "breaking news and views for the progressive community") <http://www.buzzflash.com/> (very earnest and sometimes annoying abstracts but generally the most sedulously updated website I frequent) <http://www.legitgov.org/> (*very* annoying abstracts and profoundly left-bias to this website, but useful stories) <http://www1.iraqwar.ru/?userlang=en> (a Russian website rumored to be maintained by Russian intelligence. During the major combat in Iraq, this website provided reports based on US-UK military radio communications. Sometimes carries and duplicates journalist pieces from western sources. Also interesting in that it provides reader-feedback sections. This feedback is often very caustic in its criticisms of the US invasion of Iraq and of US policy toward Israel and its occupation of Palestine.) www.indymedia.org (Independent media source, cooperative. Broke the story, eg, with photographs, of how staged the toppling of the Saddam statue after the "liberation") <http://www.newamericancentury.org/> (this policy website is run by the Project for the New American Century, a "neo-con" organization with strong political and business and policy ties to the Bush administration. If you want to know what the administration is thinking or where it's going, this is a good place to start.) www.onpower.org (a compendium of articles and bibliographic material about how US foreign market and military interests have been advanced by the advent and creation of national "crises" -- more of a thinktank website than a news source, but topical and germane) <http://www.aljazeera.info/> (an online English version of Al Jazeera, the news source out of Qatar, which has won several prestigious international awards for its journalism [eg, a recent "anti-censorship award" called the "Freedom of Expression Award" given by the London-based Index on Censorship]. Of itself it says, "Your Gateway to Understanding the world system, American

Foreign Policy, and the Arab and Muslim Worlds ..." Very interesting source.)
<http://ap.tbo.com/ap/breaking/index.htm> (Associated Press breaking news.
Some of these stories are later picked up by newspapers and are then altered
by those newspapers. Sometimes it's interesting to note how newspapers alter
the stories. For instance, just a few days ago the New York Times removed
some statistics from an online story about how many US soldiers have been
wounded in Iraq since the US invaded the country)

--"That there are men in all countries who get their living by war, and by keep-
ing up the quarrels of nations, is as shocking as it is true; but when those who
are concerned in the government of a country, make it their study to sow dis-
cord, and cultivate prejudices between nations, it becomes the more unpardon-
able." -- Thomas Paine, "The Rights of Man", circa 1792

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183. **Rob McLennan**
stuff & things etc

Fri 8 Aug 2003

has anyone an email for Lissa Wolsak?
please "backchannel" (that is what alla
you young folk say, hey?)

yr pal,

buffalo bill

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics
(Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord.,SPAN-O + ottawa small press
fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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184. **juliana spahr**
chain web update, etc.

Fri 8 Aug 2003

the call for work for the next issue of CHAIN is at:

<http://www.temple.edu/chain/>

this issue is on PUBLIC FORMS; deadline is end of december.

please SUBSCRIBE and submit.

i've also got the pdf files for our last issue, dialogues, working again. this was a
pilot program where we posted the pdf in an attempt to provide chain to a
wider, particularly international, audience. we haven't yet determined if this

helps or hurts sales yet (and at some point the files went dead making determination even harder). if you have any feedback on this (like i looked at the pdf and then ordered the issue OR i looked at the pdf and then decided not to order the issue since i got it for free), we would appreciate hearing from you.

other updates...

i recently uploaded my 2003 self-publish or perish project (2199 Kalia Road; with photographs by candace ah nee) on <http://www2.hawaii.edu/spahr>

self-publish or perish is a group of around 40 people who self-publish their work each year. this is the 5th year i believe.

a version of 2199 Kalia Road was originally done for <http://www.downwindproductions.com> (a website that is "a collaborative of artists, writers, teachers and activists who examine the impact of colonialism, capitalism, and tourism in Hawai'i. We distribute information and agitprop commodities through the marketplace and e-commerce to help tourists and locals alike understand our complicity in the decimation of Hawaii's land and people, and to imagine a different visitor/host relationship").

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185. **J. Lehmus**

Paula Orlando

Fri 8 Aug 2003

Hello,

I've got a manuscript (circa 1997) from Paula Marie Orlando. I would like to publish it as a chapbook, but I can't contact her. Do any of you have her current contact information?

Thanks.

--

J Lehmus

EXPECT MAGAZINE <http://exp.sevcom.com> <http://purl.org/net/exp/expect>

EXP OFFICE <http://members.surfeu.fi/exp>

UNPRODUCT FILES <http://unproduct.sevcom.com>

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186. **kari edwards**

The ican u're

Fri 8 Aug 2003

The ican u're

wired here ffee, not our inter
sonic reducer music
liner notes u fever, u-Zip, 2nd time around,
the ph - san fr ... las re prices
featuring t primier included:
>change engine oil
(if applicable)
>check all fluids
>check tire pressue
>inspect wiper blades
- incldues waste disposal
> most cars and light trucks with this ad.
clutch specia
starting as front wheel drive included included
new pennz massage dy
obilization agaist the million protestors
. s? Stranger things have ex- t in my
tumbling Supreme Court
funk noring mis- uitment (helpin
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187. **kari edwards**
an abbreviation meaning
Fri 8 Aug 2003

an abbreviation meaning

popular name for course of time - sees under red scare formal instruction - or
a crime such as a - department training department aftermath - of something
very seriously - of a great arena - a body written who died - on both sides -
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from feudalism of the republic - the predestinate protein completed - for its cap-
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computerized blood vessels - gluteus maximus pee dee a trick per uh stawl - sis
symbol infection - one hundred meter feedback per technology.

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188. **St. Thomasino**
eratio postmodern poetry issue one spring 2003 redux
Fri 8 Aug 2003

eratio postmodern poetry issue one spring 2003 redux

<http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com>

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino, editor

coming soon, issue two, fall 2003

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189. **Steve Armstrong**
Re: F T Prince - 1912-2003
Fri 8 Aug 2003

Thank you for the poem. It is superb.

Steve Armstrong

Publisher

Wegway

P. O. Box 157

Station A

Toronto, Ontario

Canada

M5W 1B2



<http://www.wegway.com>

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

From: "Ron" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, August 08, 2003 3:45 PM

Subject: F T Prince - 1912-2003

F.T. Prince passed away yesterday at 90. Of the various literary conservatives who were variously adopted over the years by the NY School, this South African born British Shakespeare & Milton specialist, who later taught at Brandeis & in Yemen, was the most formal. I saw him read once in NY many years ago with John Ashbery & Ann Lauterbach -- he seemed frail even then (nearly 20 years ago).

Here's the obit & his most famous poem:

F T Prince

(Filed: 08/08/2003)

F T Prince, who died yesterday aged 90, was one of the most interesting and underrated poets of the 20th century.

During the Second World War he worked as an Intelligence officer at Bletchley Park and in the Middle East, and composed what came to be his best-known poem, *Soldiers Bathing*, a moving meditation in rhyming couplets on the "bitterness and pity that engage / Blood, spirit, in this war."

It concludes with a mysteriously resonant image of sacrifice, one which contrasts absolutely with the deft ironies of more cynical Second World War poets such as Keith Douglas: "I feel a strange delight that fills me full, / Strange gratitude, as if evil itself were beautiful, / And kiss the wound in thought, while in the west / I watch a streak of red that might have issued from Christ's breast."

Prince was a poet whose work critics found particularly difficult to classify. His first collection, austere entitled *Poems*, was published by Faber in 1938.

It is not hard to see why this manuscript from an unknown 25-year-old South African should have impressed Faber's then editor, T S Eliot. The poems fuse an extraordinary literary sophistication with an elusive, subtle lyricism and oblique, ever-shifting angles of vision.

Nothing could have been further from the political tub-thumping or knockabout farce of the dominant English poet of the 1930s, W H Auden. Prince explored the language of his various speakers, such as Edmund Burke, or the Zulu prince Chaka, or an invented 17th-century artist appealing for funds to his patron, with a disinterestedness that is particularly astonishing given that the poems were composed on the eve of the Second World War.

Despite this auspicious debut, Prince's next volume, *Soldiers Bathing*, did not appear until 1954, and then with a different publisher (Fortune Press). The poems collected here were again intensely literary and self-conscious. Prince made brilliant use of the dramatic monologue developed in the mid-19th century by Tennyson and Browning to give the thoughts of Michelangelo in old age and of the Sybil.

Prince's retelling of this myth is one of his most successful long poems. According to the Ancient Greek legend, the god of the sun, Apollo, fell in love with the Sybil and agreed to grant her any wish. She asked to live as many years as there were grains in a certain heap of dust, but forgot to ask for enduring youth. Apollo and the Sybil reveals with particular clarity Prince's immaculate control of sound, rhythm, and the energies of syntax. Radiant land and seascapes are played off the Sybil's physical decrepitude and insistent self-doubts:

And now a low brown person, shrinking slowly to a bag of skin, / I wonder at myself, and even more that, were I to begin, // I think that I should do what I have done. // And gulls, swallows, turn down wind, / The sea toils, grinds and crushes / Marble to milk at cliff-base .

Prince's poems had attracted by this time an eclectic band of fervent admirers. This small but select fan-club included poets as dissimilar from one another as Geoffrey Hill and John Ashbery, both of whom contributed to a special issue of *P N Review* dedicated to the work of Prince that was published last year. It was Ashbery who successfully sponsored Prince's candidacy for the E M Forster award he received from the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Frank Templeton Prince was born in the mining town of Kimberley, South Africa, on September 13 1912, and educated at the Christian Brothers' College in Kimberley. He went on to Balliol College, Oxford, where he read English, and continued his literary studies at Princeton.

Prince was an academic scholar as well as a poet. His study of Italian influences on Milton's poetry was published in 1954, and is still one of the standard works on this subject.

From 1957 to 1974 Prince was a Professor of English at Southampton University, and after his retirement he accepted a number of professorships at a diverse array of institutions: the University of Jamaica (1975-78); Brandeis University in America (1978-80); and Sana'a University, North Yemen (1981-83).

Aside from his monograph on Milton, his other most significant scholarly publications were an edition of Shakespeare's poems for Arden, published in 1960, and a critical study of Shakespeare's poetry, which came out three years later.

Although his poetry never received the attention its qualities might have expected, Prince was honoured by the British academic establishment: in 1968-69 he was a Visiting Fellow at All Souls College, Oxford, and in 1972-73 he delivered the Clark lecture series at Cambridge.

For the academic year 1985-86, he was elected President of the English Association, a body he surprised by delivering his annual address in verse.

Many critics thought Prince a "poet's poet" - though this sloppy judgment often meant no more than saying that his poetry does not fit in neatly to existing critical orthodoxies.

Certainly, his work was resolutely indifferent to poetic fashions, and his maverick nature was indicated by the variety of his publishers: Faber, Fortune Press, Rupert Hart-Davis, Fulcrum, Menard (whose current editor, Anthony Rudolf, has been one of Prince's most energetic champions), Anvil, and, most recently, Carcanet, who published his final Collected Poems in 1993.

He is survived by his wife Elizabeth (née Bush), whom he married in 1943, and two daughters.

Soldiers Bathing was the title poem of Prince's second volume, published in the 1950s.

Soldiers Bathing

The sea at evening moves across the sand.
Under a reddening sky I watch the freedom of a band
Of soldiers who belong to me. Stripped bare
For bathing in the sea, they shout and run in the warm air;
Their flesh worn by the trade of war, revives
And my mind towards the meaning of it strives.
All's pathos now. The body that was gross,
Rank, ravenous, disgusting in the act or in repose,
All fever, filth and sweat, its bestial strength
And bestial decay, by pain and labour grows at length
Fragile and luminous. 'Poor bare forked animal,'
Conscious of his desires and needs and flesh that rise and fall,
Stands in the soft air, tasting after toil
The sweetness of his nakedness: letting the sea-waves coil

Their frothy tongues about his feet, forgets
His hatred of the war, its terrible pressure that begets
A machinery of death and slavery,
Each being a slave and making slaves of others: finds that he
Remembers his old freedom in a game
Mocking himself, and comically mimics fear and shame.
He plays with death and animality;
And reading in the shadows of his pallid flesh, I see
The idea of Michelangelo's cartoon
Of soldiers bathing, breaking off before they were half done
At some sortie of the enemy, an episode
Of the Pisan wars with Florence. I remember how he showed
Their muscular limbs that clamber from the water,
And heads that turn across the shoulder, eager for the slaughter,
Forgetful of their bodies that are bare,
And hot to buckle on and use the weapons lying there.
-And I think too of the theme another found
When, shadowing men's bodies on a sinister red ground
Another Florentine, Pollaiuolo,
Painted a naked battle: warriors, straddled, hacked the foe,
Dug their bare toes into the ground and slew
The brother-naked man who lay between their feet and drew
His lips back from his teeth in a grimace.
They were Italians who knew war's sorrow and disgrace
And showed the thing suspended, stripped: a theme
Born out of the experience of war's horrible extreme
Beneath a sky where even the air flows
With lacrimae Christi. For that rage, that bitterness, those blows,
That hatred of the slain, what could they be
But indirectly or directly a commentary

On the Crucifixion? And the picture burns
With indignation and pity and despair by turns,
Because it is the obverse of the scene
Where Christ hangs murdered, stripped, upon the Cross. I mean,
That is the explanation of its rage.
And we too have our bitterness and pity that engage
Blood, spirit, in this war. But night begins,
Night of the mind: who nowadays is conscious of our sins?
Though every human deed concerns our blood,
And even we must know, what nobody has understood,
That some great love is over all we do,
And that is what has driven us to this fury, for so few
Can suffer all the terror of that love:
The terror of that love has set us spinning in this groove
Greased with our blood.
These dry themselves and dress,
Combing their hair, forget the fear and shame of nakedness.
Because to love is frightening we prefer
The freedom of our crimes. Yet, as I drink the dusky air,
I feel a strange delight that fills me full,
Strange gratitude, as if evil itself were beautiful,
And kiss the wound in thought, while in the west
I watch a streak of red that might have issued from Christ's breast.

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190. **Alan Sondheim**

Freedom's Global Warming (traditional codework poem)

Fri 8 Aug 2003

Freedom's Global Warming (traditional codework poem)

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Ruby-throated Hummingbird, Eastern Bluebird, Great Blue
Hersur, Bald Eagle vrai

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191. **Kevin Killian**

Re: PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER on OPERA by BARRY SCHWABSKY

Sat 9 Aug 2003

It's great to see a book of poems by the critic Barry Schwabsky.whose art writing I've admired for so many years. I didn't expect it would be as good as it is--for how many art writers of the first rank really can write poetry? (How many human beings do any two things especially well?) But Schwabsky is an unexpected exception. The promo material describes him as a poet writing "outside" of poetry, and that gibes with the strangely foreign flavor of his work, which sometimes seems to have been translated from a more delicate language than English. On the other hand it's often colloquial, lived-in, the "vulgar tongue," the trailer park trash talk mixed in with the references to Wittgenstein and

Valery Larbaud and Traherne. One poem even boasts an epigraph by A.A. Fair, which I've never seen happen before in a book of poetry.

On the back jacket David Shapiro speaks of the compression of Schwabsky's writing, it's true, no poem goes on much longer than a page or two, and those that do are linked shorter lyrics. I don't know yet what "Opera" means, but I'm working on it.

One odd result of this unfamiliarity, by which I mean the alterity of his poetic diction, is that, although the book's subtitle is "Poems 1981-2002," I'm hard pressed to follow any pattern of growth, or decay, the way one might be able to with another author. The references to other poets--to Elaine Equi, Clark Coolidge, John Yau--might have been made at any time during that period, for they're none of them youngsters. Were the poems written in chronological order? I don't think so--but I'm just guessing because the opening sequence, "Opera" employs the now-familiar trope of the remix--there's a "Club Mix" of it, a "Bandwidth Mix" and so on, which wasn't so familiar back in 1981 was it? I don't think so, though now it's a yawny commonplace in poetry I suppose. Anyhow it'll all come clear the more I read of this book. Congratulations to you, Eileen Tabios, for having the gumption to publish such a unique and satisfying work. Hope that some of you on the Poetics List will buy it and tell me what you think.

-- Kevin K.

At 1:24 AM -0400 8/8/03, Eileen Tabios wrote:

>The notice below contains a "Pre-Publication Discount Offer" for Barry
>Schwabsky's book which will be officially released on November 1,
>2003. But copies
>are physically on-hand ... on my hands so I'm...offering!
>Cheers,
>Eileen Tabios

>

>=====

>

>ANNOUNCEMENT FROM MERITAGE PRESS

>(St. Helena & San Francisco, <A

>HREF="http://meritagepress.com/index.htm">Meritage Press):

>

>OPERA: Poems 1981-2002

>By Barry Schwabsky

>Contact: Eileen Tabios at [REDACTED]

>OPERA: Poems 1981-2002,

>Barry Schwabsky

>

>Meritage Press is pleased to announce the publication of OPERA, the first
>book-length collection of poems by Barry Schwabsky. Written over a
>21-year-period, OPERA presents a compelling, often ecstatic, poetic
>body of work by a
>writer who has been more visible over the past two decades as a respected art
>critic. Mr. Schwabsky was first published as a college undergraduate in
POETRY
>magazine; subsequently, he published his work in various journals as
>well as in
>two chapbooks, the last being Fate/Seen In The Dark in 1985 through the
>respected poetry publisher, Burning Deck. Over the last decade,
>however, he has
>circulated his poems informally or published them only as limited-edition
>poet-artist collaborations. OPERA now allows Mr. Schwabsky's poetry
>to be accessible
>to the larger public.

>

>Reflecting his primarily private poetic development, Mr. Schwabsky has
>created a poetry that transcends the schools and categories that
>sprung up within
>the poetry world of recent decades -- also observed by various poet-critics
>offering advance words on OPERA. David Shapiro says Mr. Schwabsky's poems are
>"born of a strange encounter between American poetry and European
>masters such as
>Celan and Novalis [that] always surprises me by its exploratory
>investigations." John Yau says, "Imagine poems written by Sir
>Walter Raleigh after he has
>read Wittgenstein and Lorine Neidecker, listened to bands whose names
weren't
>in the air Š and learned more about contemporary art than anyone thought
>possible, and you might get a sense of the compactness of these poems, an
airy
>abstract density unlike anyone else's." Geoffrey O'Brien,
>meanwhile, says, "These
>might be choruses and arias from some lost Venetian music drama of the early
>1600s Š transmuted over the intervening centuries of silence into a software
>program for a new species of lyrical electronica."

>

>Mr. Schwabsky is a well-known art critic for such publications as Artforum
>(where he is co-editor of international reviews), Art in America,

>Tema Celeste,
>and the London Review of Books and the author of The Widening Circle:
>Consequences of Modernism in Contemporary Art (Cambridge University
>Press) as well as
>co-author of Jessica Stockholder (Phaidon Press), Gillian Wearing: Mass
>Observation (Merrell Publishers), and Vitamin P: New Perspectives in Paint-
ing
>(Phaidon Press), among others. He also works as a curator and teacher, hav-
ing
>taught at Pratt Institute, the School of Visual Arts, New York
>University, Yale
>University, and Goldsmiths College, University of London. Born in
>Paterson, New
>Jersey, he currently resides in London. Inevitably, Mr. Schwabsky's
>activities as an art critic has affected his poems as reflected in an elegant
>exactitude to his form: in his poems, each word earns its presence.
>
>ORDERING INFORMATION:
>OPERA's ISBN No. is 0970917929
>Price: \$14.00
>
>Barry Schwabsky's OPERA will be available this Fall through Amazon.com;
>Meritage Press' web site (www.MeritagePress.com); and through Small Press
>Distribution (www.spdbooks.org). All three sites process internet
>sales; you also may
>request your favorite bookstore to order the book from SPD.
>
>Publisher's Special Offer Until October 15, 2003:
>Book orders placed directly with the publisher to U.S. locations will carry a
>25% discount off of the retail price, and cancellation of the normally \$3
>shipping & handling charge. Orders to non-U.S. locations will
>receive the same
>discount, but the relevant international shipping charges will be passed
>through to customers.
>
>Contact us first by e-mail for non-U.S. orders. For those placing U.S.
>orders, you may make checks out to Meritage Press (\$11.20 per book)
>and send to
>
>Eileen Tabios
>Publisher
>Meritage Press

>2275 Broadway, Suite 312
>San Francisco, CA 94115

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192. **tom bell**

Re: chain web update, etc.

Sat 9 Aug 2003

the chain link doesn't seem to be working?

tom bell

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

From: "juliana spahr" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, August 08, 2003 3:52 PM

Subject: chain web update, etc.

the call for work for the next issue of CHAIN is at:

<http://www.temple.edu/chain/>

this issue is on PUBLIC FORMS; deadline is end of december.

please SUBSCRIBE and submit.

i've also got the pdf files for our last issue, dialogues, working again. this was a pilot program where we posted the pdf in an attempt to provide chain to a wider, particularly international, audience. we haven't yet determined if this helps or hurts sales yet (and at some point the files went dead making determination even harder). if you have any feedback on this (like i looked at the pdf and then ordered the issue OR i looked at the pdf and then decided not to order the issue since i got it for free), we would appreciate hearing from you.

other updates...

i recently uploaded my 2003 self-publish or perish project (2199 Kalia Road; with photographs by candace ah nee) on <http://www2.hawaii.edu/spahr>

self-publish or perish is a group of around 40 people who self-publish their work each year. this is the 5th year i believe.

a version of 2199 Kalia Road was originally done for <http://www.downwindproductions.com> (a website that is "a collaborative of artists, writers, teachers and activists who examine the impact of colonialism, capitalism, and tourism in Hawai'i. We distribute information and agitprop commodities through the marketplace and

e-commerce to help tourists and locals alike understand our complicity in the decimation of Hawaii's land and people, and to imagine a different visitor/host relationship").

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193. **Derek R**

410 Gone

Sat 9 Aug 2003

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194. **August Highland**

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Two)

Sat 9 Aug 2003

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Two)

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muse apprentice guild
--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com
culture animal
--"following in the footsteps of tradition"
www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.507 / Virus Database: 304 - Release Date: 8/4/2003

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195. **August Highland**

Afraid Of Dying

Sat 9 Aug 2003

"Explore The First Time Your Were Afraid Of Dying, Describing All The Details You Can."

A new series by Howard Fineman of Alphanumeric Labs, a project by the Super-heroes of Humanities

click on "dying"

at

Alphanumeric Labs

www.alphanumericlabs.com

august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.507 / Virus Database: 304 - Release Date: 8/4/2003

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196. **Anne E. Pluto**

Re: "Details"???

Sat 9 Aug 2003

I've received it only once - today. One of the senders was a woman at my university, but there wasn't an attachment once I opened the document. We got word of a computer virus at the school, and five computers were infected, but I have a mac and wasn't hit. A mystery, but I trashed them all. Annie Pluto

Yes, I've got it twice in the last couple of days. I simply trashed it. It pretends to be addressed to me personally but doesn't know any more than the signature my server recognises - i.e. it's obviously a mass-mailing = spam or a form thereof; it does not know my name. My computer tells me it's (hmmm. I think it does anyway - I can't remember) a movie clip, or a tiff, or something like that. I never open those anyway without advance notice from the sender.

So trash it. It's some idiot who really wants to be nuisance; e-mails are always disposable, including this one from me.

My basic principle: if I don't know the sender, trash it.

I do not think ANYone has the automatic "liberty" to intrude into my life, invade my mailbox - either snailbox or "virtual" - for let's call them ulterior purposes, any more than they have the "liberty" to hector and bully me in the street. There's a heck of a lot of woolly and dangerous daftness surrounding that dangerous word liberty - I will say nothing about the meaning of "freedom" south of the 49th....

Peter the curmudge.

=====

"Weebit injustice is impiety; so's big."

Marcus Aurelius. Meditations IX.1

=====

*Peter Quartermain
846 Keefer Street
Vancouver B.C.
Canada V6A 1Y7*

voice [REDACTED]

fax [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

=====

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:[REDACTED]]

On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent

Sent: 19-August-2003 1:56 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: "Details"???

Is anyone else getting proliferated by emails with something about "details"

that includes an attachment with the request to open, etc.

I don't want to open no unexplained nothing!

So help me out if I am being an anti-viral curmudgeon.

*This day has had already had enough killer extremism in defence of
liberty!
Absolutely dreadful. Full.*

Stephen Vincent

--

[↑ Contents](#)

197. **Jane Sprague**

Re: PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER on OPERA by BARRY SCHWABSKY

Sat 9 Aug 2003

Schwabsky has this uncanny and deft way of pairing opposites- opposing images and ideas, these ideas of 'something else' that can't be said in regular speech, even as he utilizes such speech at times to say it. And I mean to spell else with a capital E. It's the something else that has me puzzling over this book and picking it up again and again- he's writing about desire and love and longing through the all that it isn't and by doing this he swiftly articulates all that it is. Capital I. And still so difficult to say, catch and hold for more than a glimpse or a moment of when you actually 'get' the what that is happening to you.

It may be Schwabsky's skills in perception and inquiry (as in the necessary intercourse with a work of art to then proceed and write salient criticism) that give his writing this "outside" and incisive sense; it's as if the sensations of experience captured in these poems come from this same space of outsideness- as poems written inside particular moments/experiences/thoughts while disembodied and trying to make sense of it or make it last or understand or...or--my copy has all these crazy folds at top corners and bottom corners to mark the places I keep going back to. I've mangled the poor thing in loving it.

It's an absolutely beautiful book. Lines like: "We / who read with our pens / invent beautiful reasons. / You the thief of what can't / be stolen are their favorite / servant." and: "I hereby unrecognize you, / sweet study of limit." (from the title poem, "Opera," *_OPERA_*, Barry Schwabsky, Meritage, 2003) I could read again and again and again. Which might be the highest praise one can give a book: unresolvable beckoning.

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198. **Alan Sondheim**

Suffices for "Suffer The Little Children"

Sat 9 Aug 2003

Suffices for "Suffer The Little Children"

suffix count

"", "1"
"169", "1"
"au", "23"
"bw", "1"
"ca", "8"
"com", "748"
"de", "4"
"edu", "15"
"gov", "1"
"hu", "1"
"ie", "1"
"jp", "1"
"net", "24"
"nl", "1"
"nu", "1"
"nz", "4"
"org", "101"
"uk", "60"
"us", "2"
"ws", "1"
"za", "1"

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199. **Alan Sondheim**
Language is Your Enemy
Sat 9 Aug 2003

Language is Your Enemy

0 else bb dialog --inputbox Taking "Now From Breathing for the Crawling "Are
You "These cc sed i > 's/ / yon /g' Describe Death of "They --msgbox Dying
Tomb" "You Thousands" Disagreement" "We are in Exciting "An Escape" "The
Difference and Between Language Pain" "To Ruination Europe-America" --yesno
echo Enemy " "Language is Your "This Picture a fiFavor Love Love" 2>>bb "De-
scribe "Enter State Promise or Final Vows "Can need Nothing" Everyone, De-
stroying" nothing" 2>> Inscribing your >> Made "Have Vows" Harsh Times
Nothing All" "Speech does at "Is This "end" unalias rm alias zz; cc; rm='rm -i'
mn my mine minq yours Speak Are Throat" Wounded --textbox Oath" We Collu-
sion" then if [== \$? 1]; date whoami "Time-Date-Stamp" These Land mines"

as Inscribe" Now" "War Time-Date-Stamp" cat Ruins" Wonder Speech" Effect"
Therapeutic" you am aq zz

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200. **kari edwards**
romancandles.com/Summer2003
Sat 9 Aug 2003

<http://www.romancandles.com/Summer2003.htm>
Beth Pardue
Sharon Osmond
kari edwards
Jo-Anne Rosen
Burt Hutten
matt pamatmat
Gary Carter
Rosemary Passantino
Claire Avery

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201. **kari edwards**
weights, the pro's and con's
Sat 9 Aug 2003

weights, the pro's and con's

tragedy ends in a gowns pocket, like bells they say, one calls, another answers,
but this time in silent slippers. "do you know how they died?" the answer whis-
pers, knowing prison meet pointblank against the wall. a walk past the kitchen
conduit, to a half dark transition that could snap and discourage lautreamont.
at noon the mallets were collected. inspired by garbo, an oedipal sports ques-
tions comes, and than . . . "even wings of angels have claws," offers the sphinx.
this was significant, a christian bernard kind of fashion. a bizarre length only
christian bernard possessed. christian bernard bobbled by passersby, christian
bernard decadence was the other end of corners, christian bernard collected
grand feelings, announcing in dead leaf apologies, a sense of great grief. mean-
while, indifferent to the limbs, feeble fingers searched between the "no longer
needs to be moved," where certain beings are assured by bacterial flora. and
yet the brutal light of a neon sign kept going on and off, it kept going on and off,
anchoring christian bernard to a preference, at best a collectors edition, that
gives nothing away, leaving the weights of pro's and con's to indifference.=

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202. **roseisarose**

Dallas?

Sat 9 Aug 2003

Hi all---

I have to travel to Dallas on business next week. Does anyone know of any readings/events?

Thanks,

Maryrose Larkin

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203. **Alan Sondheim**

archaea10.exe furrow

Sun 10 Aug 2003

archaea10.exe furrow

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/archaea10.exe>

near the ending of this series these lines transform
a landscape through its furrowing and destiny

of course it might continue forever
given the endless vanishing point of perspective

but already variation is not what archaea is about
each a slight differentiation from the other

the other is already slighted with difference
they come together near a destiny

—

[↑ Contents](#)

204. **Alan Sondheim**

The Singing Jacket

Sun 10 Aug 2003

"The "The "The Singing Jacket"
Singing Singing Jacket" "The "The
Jacket"
Jacket" "The "The Singing
bash: jacket# 1009 collar jacket#

```
jacket# 1009 collar jacket# bash:
1009 collar jacket# bash: jacket#
collar jacket# bash: jacket# 1009
root# bash: 1009 collar bash:
[REDACTED] 1009 collar bash: jacket#
1008: collar bash: jacket# 1009
lapel 1008: not collar bash:
not collar bash: lapel 1008:
found collar bash: 1008: lapel
gapi bash: 1008: lapel not
network jacket# gapi found jacket#
p.rpm gapi network p.rpm bash:
1009: p.rpm jacket# gapi network
1010 found 1010 buttons lapel
buttons lapel 1010 found 1010
1010: 1010 buttons lapel 1010
jquick buttons not found 1010
nsmail not found 1010 buttons
root nsmail 1011 cedict_readme.txt jquick
1011 cedict_readme.txt jquick root nsmail
cedict_readme.txt jquick root nsmail 1011
sleeves sleeves
sleeves jacket# cedict_readme.txt
cuffs found jacket# 1011 cedict_readme.txt
1012 cuffs found jacket# jacket#
Utah 1011: 1012 cuffs Utah
1011: 1012 cuffs Utah Utah
less zz found [REDACTED] bash:
zz found [REDACTED] bash: less
1012: 1013: [REDACTED] root# less
1013: [REDACTED] root# less 1012:
1013 root# less zz bash:
rm 1013: jacket# 1013 bash:
1014 jacket# rm: found jacket#
rm: found jacket# 1014 jacket#
remove rm: regular jacket# 1014
regular jacket# 1014 remove rm:
file
file
file
`zz'? `zz'? panix.html > file
```

```
panix.html panix.html > file `zz'?
> > file `zz'? panix.html
Desktop Desktop > file `zz'?
MyPilot MyPilot file `zz'? Desktop
y `zz'? Desktop MyPilot panix.html
ls
ls
a network y > jacket#
jquickt a jacket# ls >
c 1016 p.rpm > buttons
1016 p.rpm > buttons c
1015 > buttons jquickt >
t jquickt > c >
h
h
+++
+++
```

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205. **August Highland**

Experience Power!

Sun 10 Aug 2003

Experience Power!

click on "Power" at
www.alphanumericlabs.com

There Are 100 Works In This Series
There Will Be 1,000

Twenty More Series Are Planned
Each Will Have 1,000 Works

Visit The Howard Fineman Collection
at www.alphanumericlabs.com

Get Powered!!

Sun 10 Aug 2003

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discount off the cash toll at libraries and bookstores. This plan may be used wherever you see the E-ZPoem sign.

=====

Special Reader/Resident Discount Plans

Poetry Authority Group Reading Plan: Requires 3 or more readers for each poem. The discounted \$1.00 fee is applied only in Full Service facilities. Please remember to come to a complete stop at the cashier's booth. Use in E-ZPoem ONLY facilities prohibited.

Speedread Commuter Plan: For reading on buses, trains, or in cars (one reader ONLY). Monthly minimum reading charge of \$17 (17 reads at \$1.00 a read) vs. the full toll of \$3.00 per read.

Rent-a-Critic Plan: Fully qualified, experienced critics are available at all Full Service facilities, rentable by the minute, half-hour, hour, day, week or month. All questions answered in easy-to-understand English. Sample rates: \$1 for 1 minute; \$25 for one half hour; \$45 for one hour; \$360 for one business day (8 hrs.); and so on.

Rent-a-Poet Plan (Applies to living poets ONLY): \$.50 for one half hour; \$.90 for one hour; \$7.50 for one business day (8 hrs.); and so on. For a \$3 surcharge you can rent the author of the poem you're reading.

Rent-a-Teacher Plan: The federal Leave-No-Child-Behind Program has left many out-of-work teachers available to help readers like you sort out feet and rhymes and metaphors and such, so that you'll be reading like a "pro" in no time. We'll supply a catalog of names, and you can negotiate a long- or short-term plan on your own. (HINT) Just between us, most of these teachers will work for food.

For even lower rates on these last three plans, check out our online specials at www.E-ZPoem.com .

=====

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E-ZPoem Customer Agreement Terms and Conditions

These terms and condition, together with your E-ZPoem application ("Application"), constitute your E-ZPoem Agreement ("Agreement"). E-ZPoem is an electronic system that allows you to pre-pay charges incurred at E-ZPoem facilities. In New York, E-ZPoem is operated under the auspices of the New York State Speedread Authority and the Poetry Authority of New York and New Jersey. Your E-ZPoem account ("Account") will be operable on all E-ZPoem facilities, regardless of location. Your Account will be assigned to one of the above mentioned New York entities and your Agreement is with that particular entity. Please read these terms and conditions and keep them for your records. When you open your Account and the E-ZPoem tag(s) ("Tag") is used, you agree as follows:

1. GENERAL

a) Failure to comply with this Agreement may result in termination of your Account. b) You may not assign the obligations or benefits of this Agreement. c) Failure to pay Account charges may result in penalties as provided by law. d) You must approach and pass through E-ZPoem cashier booths at the posted speed limit. Failure to obey the posted speed limit may result in suspension or revocation of your Account. e) You must comply with all applicable reading laws, regulations, signs, signals, and directions of cashiers and law enforcement officers.

2. TAG USE

a) Tag deposit. Cash or check readers must pay a deposit of \$10 for each Tag. The deposit will be refunded when you close your Account and return the Tag in good condition as determined solely by E-ZPoem. The Tag deposit is waived for readers authorizing Account replenishment via automatic charge to a credit card. b) The Tag may be used by the reader(s) specifically listed in your application. c) In accordance with the implications of sections 1 and 5 herein, you must surrender the Tag immediately upon request. d) When you use the Tag at any E-ZPoem facility, you authorize E-ZPoem to debit your Account for charges incurred. e) If you use the Tag on E-ZPoem facilities other than E-ZPoem facilities in New York, you are subject to the laws and regulations governing such use. f) You must maintain a sufficient balance in your Account, and may not permit Tag use unless a sufficient balance is maintained.

3. YOUR ACCOUNT

a) You must maintain a prepaid amount in your Account to cover applicable charges to your Account. Applicable charges, if any, will be deducted from your Account each time the Tag is used. E-ZPoem will also deduct from your Account applicable administrative fees incurred pursuant to this Agreement. b) No interest will be paid on balances in your Account or on refundable Tag deposits. c) You will receive a periodic statement unless there are no transactions and no

financial activity in your Account during the applicable period covered by such statement. d) You may be charged a fee for any request to retrieve a statement previously provided.

4. DISCLAIMER

You acknowledge that E-ZPoem and all entities providing E-ZPoem services have not made, and expressly disclaim any representation or warranty, express or implied relating to the Tag including, without limitation, any implied or express warranty of merchantability, fitness for a particular purpose or conformity to models or samples. You agree that E-ZPoem and all entities providing E-ZPoem services will have no obligation or liability whatsoever to you with respect to your use of or the performance of the Tag. You agree to indemnify and hold harmless E-ZPoem and all entities providing E-ZPoem services from and against all damage, loss, cost, expense or liability relating to, arising from, or as a result of, the use or performance of the Tag.

5. TERMINATION

You may terminate this Agreement at any time by returning the Tag to E-ZPoem. Tags should be returned to an E-ZPoem Customer Service Center in person or by certified mail. Tags remain the property of the agencies providing E-ZPass services. Upon termination and return of the Tag(s), your Account balance and Tag(s) deposit, if any, will be refunded to you. All outstanding charges will be deducted prior to such refund.

6. MODIFICATIONS

E-ZPoem may change the terms of this Agreement at any time by advance written notice. You agree to new terms when you use the Tag subsequent to the effective date of the new term. The invalidity of any term or terms of this Agreement shall not affect any other term of this Agreement, which shall remain in full force and effect.

7. NON-DISCLOSURE

E-ZPoem respects the privacy of all Account holders. Account information will not be disclosed to third parties without your consent except as permissible by law and the policies of E-ZPoem and the entities providing E-ZPoem services.

8. SCHEDULE OF DEPOSITS/ADMINISTRATIVE FEES

Per Tag deposit (cash and check customers)	\$10	Per Tag deposit (credit card customers)	waived
Cost of Tag if defaced, damaged, lost or stolen	\$26.50	Returned check fee:	\$15.35
Monthly statement by mail, annual fee	\$6	Duplicate copy of Statement	\$2
Tag misuse/violation administrative fees:	Up to \$50.00		

E-ZPoem and the entities providing E-ZPoem services reserve the right to assess additional fees and to deny service to anyone.

=====

=====

Hal Serving the tri-state area.

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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209. **John Platt**

TWHM XII

Sun 10 Aug 2003

present conditions have made it necessary
forted insomuch that my Book
no one knows of this
recall that in later years
when passing through the woods
and hollow eyes it was
kindly let us hear from you
to fact not to try
they are gathered together then
desolate island -- along all its
techniques may serve similar ends
we are getting gradually nearer
we regret to state
three his bride fourteen apparently
take care that the order
they are compelled to adopt
this is the true explanation
since I have been exiled
undoubtedly you will readily appreciate
death -- Robert Browning when in
put the two groups together
mutilations it is immense the
subsequent mixture in the rest

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210. **kari edwards**

from a backdrop of cadavers comes four hundred years with a handicap

Sun 10 Aug 2003

from a backdrop of cadavers comes four hundred years with a handicap
from vending machine to station sanctions to station to dropping a coin in a
vending fountain - to succeed means succeeding or exceeding past a stroke past
lube bearing depression machines crushed or not - pins and needles varying
colors more red more wilted lettuce with the image of dan flavin's fluorescen-
tism- something inside an image of an image conspiring with a gang of fluxist
determinists.

I need tomorrow - seventy-five hours after running time - lets just hope some-
one in an oilskin rian coat in a rainy little town with a proper identity card is de-
termined to demand another aluminum rimmed polyester plywood imitation gog
and magog

I'll have the best hotel telephone big enough big mac well behaved gallows
bird imprint crushed velvet monograph gallows bird imprint - in the flatness in
the darkness in the flat darkness - there in a bank a gesture away from a god in
drag - someone barks - lunch is in the bag - some god in drag made death and
dan flavin's fluorescent illumination.

now lets image boldness or shyness - to syrupy to radiant to heavy to lecherous.
- how about if I say I will say what if I say - closed shutters steinbeck's panhan-
dler you know what I mean - dan flavin dan flavin - sugar between my legs - in-
sipid madonnas both of them morse code as hard boiled eggs - it's the last two
minutes before the next train before the next village - teenage boys waiting in
my bedroom - broken windows shutters curtains silent butter on white bread -
om - om - om - no idea of time be a bastard or swine borrow depression - be a
crossdressed god live in Paris order humiliation over easy with a biscotti on the
side - its quarter past a littler after a quick tear and the last time cant count
next day forget it - go again a mixture of boldness and shyness - your turn next
sunday every sunday its conrflakes and uncle ben modem misprints - no pain no
metallica - keep smiling imagine nonexistent hands a little to human punched
up a little - imagine thinking having a drink and having that drink - the maid is
in the suite case - be determined lay on the carpet die of pleasure watch for
swelling - and like scissors with sufficient embrace in the moistness of unexpec-
tant prayer apologize even if it's to late - drop a quater in the machine and wait
for the next.=

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211. **noah eli gordon**

contact for publishers in China/ Palmer book trade

Sun 10 Aug 2003

two things:

1) Does anyone have any contact info for poetry publishers in China, specifically publishers willing to look at book length “experimental” work and/or prose poetry translated from English into Chinese?

2) I have two copies of both Michael Palmer’s *The Circular Gates* and *Without Music* & am looking to trade one of them for a copy of Blake’s *Newton*.

Please Back Channel.

Thanks,
Noah

STOP MORE SPAM with the new MSN 8 and get 2 months FREE*
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>

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212. **Lewis LaCook**

Fwd: RealPoetik - Aram Saroyan

Sun 10 Aug 2003

██████████ wrote: Date: Sun, 10 Aug 2003 08:55:25 -0700 (PDT)

From: ██████████

Subject: RealPoetik - Aram Saroyan

To: undisclosed-recipients::

Aram Saroyan

Aram Saroyan's first mainstream book of poems, called *Aram Saroyan*, comprises thirty minimal poems, without titles, and can be read easily from cover to cover in a minute or two. Soon after it appeared in 1968, in fact, the book was read from cover to cover on NBC News by Edwin Newman. His latest books are *Day and Night: Bolinas Poems* and *Artists in Trouble: New Stories* (both Black Sparrow/Godine) and *Starting Out in the Sixties*, selected essays (Talisman).

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

In a room at UCLA’s Special Collections Library, I’m set up with an old fashioned spool-to-spool tape recorder in order to listen to a radio interview I did one night in Morningside Heights thirty five years ago when I was a sixties poet. I hear the voice that once was my own: the slow, irritating, callow voice of my budding self.

Why am I doing this? I wonder. I'm 57, happily married, three times a father, my children grown up, my father long gone to the hereafter, my mother recently gone. Something must be sadly amiss for it to come to this pointless self-scrutiny. Who was I? Or rather, who cares? Walking out of the building into the evening chill of a warm November day in Los Angeles, I feel belatedly apologetic toward the interviewer--a decent, stolid sort saddled with this weirdo of post-modern manners. I owe him, and I haven't seen or heard from him since that fateful night.

I walk to my car parked on LeConte in the darkening twilight. The night the radio program was broadcast in New York City, I took an all-night acid trip with some friends in a cold-water flat on the Lower East Side. I'd eagerly anticipated hearing my voice over the airwaves, and the opportunity, in my altered state, to discover in it nuances that would otherwise be unascertainable. As it turned out, my friend Derek had not been able to find the station that broadcast the interview--a lame excuse, yet another signature of his passive aggressive jealousy, an old wearying story by now, but not one I'd allow to interfere with the psychedelic main event of the evening.

What a great favor poor Derek had done me. I find 12 minutes left on the two hour meter where I parked. I would have hated myself, perhaps for the entire intervening 35 years, had I listened to the interview that night. Instead I focused on the grain of the parquet floor, and saw slowly emerge from it, a tiny, stately procession--on floats--of Semite kings bedecked with crowns and scepters.

I wake up in the middle of the night, still roiling with inner torment. With my head cushioned against my upper arm, lying full-length on the floor of that third-floor apartment on the corner of Avenue A and Sixth Street, how I had scrutinized the extraordinary detail of those Semite kings. A Jew on acid, I think, and the words "camp concentration" come to me. In the dark, I reach out for my notebook and pen by the bed.

OLD POET

Sometimes a poet touches you
Though you know he's not very good
But you hear some clanking music
Through the vowels and consonants
Knocking each other around
And it reminds you that this guy
Was once around hailing cabs
Riding sedately prone in the back
As the city rolled by, subsumed by snow
He's thinking of his life long ago

In another even colder atmosphere
That's given him a personal ruddiness
And a certain blustery bravado
That reads better in his native language...
No matter--because what can't get translated
Comes through anyway in the oddball music
Which isn't exactly great, but himself

STOP MORE SPAM with the new MSN 8 and get 2 months FREE*
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone
<http://www.lewislacook.com/DirtyMilk/>

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

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213. **J. Lehmus**

Expect Magazine #2 August 2003

Sun 10 Aug 2003

Sorry for crossposting--

Expect Magazine #2 is now available at the following address:

<http://purl.org/net/exp/expect2>

The new issue is entitled, EXPECT CONFUSION and features Monty Cantsin's lengthy essay on the Neoist pornosophy, graphic work from Robin Crozier, as well as poetry by Jesse Glass, Ted Glass, Joel Chace and Paul Murphy.

Submissions, news and review items are welcome. Please contact the editor at

██████████

If you would like to receive a note every time a new issue of Expect is published, send a message to ██████████

Sincerely,

J Lehmus

Editor & publisher, Expect Magazine

EXPECT MAGAZINE exp.sevcom.com purl.org/net/exp/expect
EXP OFFICE purl.org/net/exp/expoffice tel [REDACTED]

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214. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: Expect Magazine #2 August 2003

Sun 10 Aug 2003

If you don't wanna crosspost, wait until you're
in a better mood.

Hal "language--the Riviera of consciousness"
--Bob Perelman

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard

{ Sorry for crossposting--

{

{ Expect Magazine #2 is now available at the following address:

{

{ http://purl.org/net/exp/expect2

{

{ The new issue is entitled, EXPECT CONFUSION and features Monty
Cantsin's lengthy essay on the Neoist pornosophy,

{ graphic work from Robin Crozier, as well as poetry by Jesse Glass, Ted
Glass, Joel Chace and Paul Murphy.

{

{ Submissions, news and review items are welcome. Please contact the editor
at [REDACTED]

{

{ If you would like to receive a note every time a new issue of Expect is pub-
lished, send a message to

{ [REDACTED]

{

{ Sincerely,

{ J Lehmus

{ Editor & publisher, Expect Magazine

{

{ EXPECT MAGAZINE exp.sevcom.com purl.org/net/exp/expect

{ EXP OFFICE purl.org/net/exp/expoffice tel [REDACTED]

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215. **Jerrold Shiroma [duration press]**

new @ durationpress.com

Sun 10 Aug 2003

new items from the past few months:

e-books:

Sawako Nakayasu: Balconic

Cynthia Sillers: A New Season

Dana Ward: The Imaginary Lives of My Neighbors

Pattie McCarthy: alibi (that is : elsewhere)

poems from Rodrigo Toscano in the authors section

web-hosting:

select hosting packages now have the ability to auto-install the following applications:

CMS:

PHP-Nuke

Post-Nuke

phpWebsite

Xoops

Blogs:

b2

pMachine Free

Discussion Boards:

phpBB2

Invision Board

Other Scripts:

OS Commerce

4images Gallery

PHPauction

PHProjekt

phpLinks

Moodle

Noahs Classifieds

PHPlist

WebCalendar

Subscriptions for fourth series of duration chapbooks are still available.

Featuring work by:

Lourdes Vazquez

Heriberto Yepez

Rachel Tzvia Back

Pierre Joris

\$20, individuals

\$35, institutions

<http://www.durationpress.com>

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216. **Walter K. Lew**

Alia trovita 'haiku'

Mon 11 Aug 2003

Stenciled on the left-wing engine nacelle of NWA flight 1139, Aug. 2, 2003:

Leave 3 in max gap

Between fairings prior to

Slide aft and latching

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217. **Alan Sondheim**

2 works

Mon 11 Aug 2003

2 works

plasma1

plasma model superimposition on wave model

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/plasma1.exe>

the gappy subject

gappy_subject

gappy_subject

and gappy_subject

and gappy_subject

computer workers required!

computer workers required!

and have you tried online bingo yet?

and have you tried online bingo yet?

get 3 panties free from frederick's of hollywood
get 3 panties free from frederick's of hollywood
horse cumshot
horse cumshot
and horse cumshot
and horse cumshot
your assistance needed
your assistance needed
let your pictures do the talking
let your pictures do the talking
and let your pictures do the talking
and let your pictures do the talking
heat things up this summer!!
heat things up this summer!!
anima1 juice
anima1 juice
and anima1 juice
and anima1 juice
protect yourself today
protect yourself today
and protect yourself today
and protect yourself today
please read my verses, it's only for you...
please read my verses, it's only for you...
increase your bust size naturally!
increase your bust size naturally!
growth
growth
and growth
and growth
christos, save confessor
christos, save confessor
whitten, save fruitful
whitten, save fruitful
how to get the life you want
how to get the life you want
and how to get the life you want
and how to get the life you want

Content preview: 2 works plasma1 plasma model superimposition on wave
model [...] Content analysis details: (5.50 points, 5 required) NO_REAL_NAME
(0.8 points) From: does not include a real name CUM_SHOT (2.9 points)

BODY: Possible porn - Cum Shot FROM_AND_TO_SAME (1.8 points) From and To are the same, but not exactly

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218. **Ron**

Silliman's Blog: Guest to Greene, Guston to Grenier

Mon 11 Aug 2003

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

Jonathan Greene's pursuit of closure

Revenant poetics?

Christian Wiman & the George Romero

School of Formalism

Language poetry & emotion

(a note on the New Brutalism)

F.T. Prince, RIP

The Philly Sound

Ronald Johnson's

The Shrubberies

Reading Robert Grenier's "scrawl"

Barbara Guest's Miniatures

Is "Pathos" her greatest poem?

Philip Guston: Poet's painter

It's not happening at the zoo

What came in the mail

"Ordinary poems," defined

The perfect audience

Regional variations among bloggers

Nick Lawrence replies to Louis Cabri:

does Bruce Andrews write satire?

A vacation reading list

Is it flarf without Google?

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

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A post-rhetorical, continuous, apparently random sequence of imagery... genuine gritty, greyscale... corruptable, compact, collectable and compelling convergence. The voluptuousness of the grey imminence: the art of making the other disappear. Continual visual impact; an optical drumming, sculpted in duration, on the endless present of the Net.

An extension of the printed ISBN-Book (0-9690745) series... critically unassimilable... imagery is gradually acquired, selected and re-sequenced over time... ineluctable, vertiginous connections. The 12hr dialtone...

KEYWORDS: >> Disconnected, disjunctive, distended, de-centered,
de-composed, ambiguous, augmented, ambivalent, homogeneous, reckless...
>> Multi-faceted, oblique, obsessive, obscure, obdurate...
>> Promulgated, personal, permeable, prolonged, polymorphous, provocative,
poetic, plural, perverse, potent, prophetic, pathological, pointless...
>> Emergent, evolving, eccentric, eclectic, egregious, exciting,
entertaining, evasive, entropic, erotic, entrancing, enduring,
expansive...

Every 12 hours, another!... view them, re-post `em, save `em, trade `em, print `em, even publish them...

Here`s how:

```
~ Set www-links to -> http://www.eskimo.com/~bbrace/12hr.html
                        -> http://bbrace.laughingsquid.net/12hr.html
                        -> http://bbrace.net/12hr.html
```

Look for the 12-hr-icon. Heavy traffic may require you to specify files more than once! Anarchie, Fetch, CuteFTP, TurboGopher...

~ Download from -> [ftp.pacifier.com /pub/users/bbrace](ftp://ftp.pacifier.com/pub/users/bbrace)
 Download from -> [ftp.rdrop.com /pub/users/bbrace](ftp://ftp.rdrop.com/pub/users/bbrace)
 Download from -> [ftp.eskimo.com /u/b/bbrace](ftp://ftp.eskimo.com/u/b/bbrace)
 Download from -> [hotline://artlyin.ftr.va.com.au](http://hotline.artlyin.ftr.va.com.au)

* Remember to set tenex or binary. Get 12hr.jpeg

~ E-mail -> If you only have access to email, then you can use FTPmail to do essentially the same thing. Send a message with a body of 'help' to the server address nearest you: * [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

* [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED]

~ Mirror-sites requested! Archives too!

The latest new jpeg will always be named, 12hr.jpeg

Average size of images is only 45K.

*

Perl program to mirror ftp-sites/sub-directories:

src.doc.ic.ac.uk:/packages/mirror

*

~ Postings to usenet newsgroups:

alt.12hr

alt.binaries.pictures.12hr

alt.binaries.pictures.misc

alt.binaries.pictures.fine-art.misc

** Ask your system's news-administrator to carry these groups! (There are also usenet image browsers: TIFNY, PluckIt, Picture Agent, PictureView, Extractor97, NewsRover, Binary News Assistant, EasyNews)

~ This interminable, relentless sequence of imagery began in earnest on December 30, 1994. The basic structure of the project has been over twenty-four years in the making. While the specific sequence of photographs has been presently orchestrated for more than 12 years` worth of 12-hour postings, I will undoubtedly be tempted to tweak the ongoing publication with additional new interjected imagery. Each 12-hour posting is like the turning of a page; providing ample time for reflection, interruption, and assimilation.

~ The sites listed above also contain information on other cultural projects and sources.

~ A very low-volume, moderated mailing list for announcements and occasional commentary related to this project has been established at [topica.com /subscribe 12hr-isbn-jpeg](http://topica.com/subscribe/12hr-isbn-jpeg)

--

This project has not received government art-subsidies. Some opportunities still exist for financially assisting the publication of editions of large (33x46") prints; perhaps (Iris giclees) inkjet duotones or extended-black quadtones. Other supporters receive rare copies of the first three web-offset printed ISBN-Books. Contributions and requests for 12hr-email-subscriptions, can also be made at <http://bbrace.laughingsquid.net/buy-into.html>, or by mailed cheque/check: \$50/mo \$500/yr.

--

ISBN is International Standard Book Number. JPEG and GIF are types of image files. Get the text-file, 'pictures-faq' to learn how to view or translate these images. [[ftp ftp.idiom.com/users/bbrace/netcom/](ftp://ftp.idiom.com/users/bbrace/netcom/)]

--

(c) Credit appreciated. Copyleft

1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003

<  >

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220. **Halvard Johnson**

(no subject)

Mon 11 Aug 2003

language is poetry

Chapter 2 of **Words and Their Ways in English Speech**,
1900, by James B. Greenough and George Lyman Kittredge.

"...there are formal or dignified or poetical words for simple conceptions (like
residence, **progeny**, **quaff**, **masticate**)..."

**The number of the dead
long exceedeth all that shall live.
The night of time
far surpasseth the day,
and who knows when was the equinox?
But the sufficiency of Christian immortality
frustrates all earthly glory,
and the quality of either state after death
makes a folly of posthumous memory.*
Therefore I have always wanted to be
somewhere else, anywhere
anywhere out of this world, someplace simple, to quaff
and masticate a Turkish houri
for simple conception, a Holy War
in my residence--and progeny
like the grains of sand on the banks
of the Sea of Marmara
and progeny like the considerable drops
in the Bosphorus.*

"...there are vague words (like **thing**, **affair**, **matter**, **act**, **do**)..."

please hon let me put my thing in
you act so funny
what's the matter
do you know

I have always wanted an affair on an antimacassar
a covering thrown over chairs sofas etc. to protect them
from grease in the hair etc., or as an ornament

"...there are scientific terms of rigid exactness (like *oxygen*, *atmosphere*,
chloride, *carbon*, *inoculate*)..."

of course because what I've always wanted
is a fort of rigid exactness, like To inoculate the air with seeding crystals;
will have would, to have to can
to would have will, to can have might should may--
subjunctive and out of categories

not

like the past perfect They had inoculated the carbon
with chloride oxygen in the sense of an atmosphere

or

perfect in the future, add a little doubt, maybe a no...
like They would not have inoculated the oxygen with carbon
chloride under an atmosphere. What I've always wanted
is to be perfect

I

have carboned, I have encarboned, I have carbonized,
I have carbonated, I have modernly integrated
my sweet inoculant in soft bituminous atmosphere,

how

she rises oxygen in her moon belly and then haaugghh
she vlarps backwards and I catharized in happy blank, I
chlorided--a nearly white powder made by passing chlorine gas over slaked
lime and used as a bleach and disinfectant.

"...there are words of a distinctly undignified character (like *chum*, *crank*,
bamboozle, *blubber*, *bawl*, *fizzle*..."

I played with Victoria
she gave me a bawl
after seeing my crank
tower in the throne-room, no blubber
for she; bamboozle, bamboozle
bamboozle with me,

roll

on the red bed drapes,
said her. o how the categories
fizzled.

"...others so dignified as to be uncommon in familiar talk (as *remunera- tive*, *emolument*, *eleemosynary*, *recalcitrant*)..."

I once wanted
a recalcitrant lover, a hot
Latin with purple eyes and long
flannely fingers working me, she'd whisper
emolumentum/exertion/profit
in her language, to be paid, and so to please
plunging me.

I'd wash her ears in lave, I'd whisper:
Speech after long silence; it is right
All other lovers being estranged or dead,
to speak of Freud: *Contributions to the Psychology of Love:
The Most Prevalent Form of Degradation in Erotic Live, 1912*
to tell my sweet Umbrian

"it is possible, too,
that the tendency so often observed in men of the highest class in
society to take a woman of a low class as a permanent mistress, or
even as a wife, is nothing but a consequence of the need for a lower
type of sexual object on which, psychologically, the possibility of com-
plete gratification depends."

How remunerative

to be eleemosynary; how civilized to be
discontent. In this apartment house
I don't know my neighbors, we all have police locks, it is
a category for the insane, 1965, a complex state.

"...there are words so high-sounding as hardly to be allowable even in elaborate
writing (as *exacerbate*, *cachinnation*, *adumbrate*)..."

elaborately I listen to my friend Ted cachinnate.

"say Ted can you adumbrate? like why are you laughing at me?"

(I love these conversations in the head) Ted says,

"you Jew me Zen

you ethic

me phlegm." Too bad

I have always wanted to not ask questions.

"...and others so prosaic that every poet avoids them (as *fry*, *exchequer*,
discount, *cross-question*, *extra*, *medium*, *miscellaneous*)..."

the miscellaneous
makes up the substance. If it is

the substance it must be
the miscellaneous, the out
of focus, the small
glimmer off a penny dropped in the beach sand,
con-
fusion of copper and silicones to the boy
walking slowly head down looking and to the horseshoe
crab.

I send photographs of the exchequer, of the
chancellor of the exchequer as a tension relaxer
to those who were chosen of those
who might have been taken of all those eligible
to fry in the Viet-Nam sun.

I forget
whether I'm sending substance, or the form of fellow-feeling
in a joke, which might be rejected, or
the miscellaneous,
like a glimmer.

I prepare eggs, bacon, strong coffee
most mornings. I feed,
medium man, thinking
Troy, Maccabees, Galahad, Gawain, the corny
extras of battle good for books.

Across the way, tired
in the daylight, Achilles calls up to me
from his torn sulking-tent. He
cross-questions me, it is about modern
history. I offer him pumpernickel toast.

It is
Tuesday morning, friendship and food, a category.
We are all
at a discount.

"...and others so childish as to be confined to the dialect of the nursery (as
naughty, *mammy*, *dad*, *dolly*)..."

--Armand Schwerner

fr. *Seaweed* [Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1969]
and in *Selected Shorter Poems* [San Diego: Junction Press, 1999]

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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221. **Eileen Tabios**

Re: PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER on OPERA by BARRY SCHWABSKY

Mon 11 Aug 2003

Kevin & Jane -- Thanks much for your reactions! It's heartening for this newbie publisher....

The downside to all this is that in order for Barry's book to come out, I actually had to learn how to be a publisher. To think I had to descend from the mountain where I was quite enjoying my lazy self swigging mah wine just to figure out things like ISBN numbers! Yawn. Don't even get me started on how I had to haunt City Hall shuttling from one cavernous room to another to get a "Doing Business Under A Fictitious Name" certificate-thingie...

And to prove further what a learning curve I had to graciously suffer through, I sheepishly reveal that I calculated the pre-publication price wrong (I had to re-learn math to be a publisher!). The book can be had for \$10.50, not \$11.20 -- a FURTHER savings of 70 cents!!!!

What an offer! Now, come on....

Eileen

(Thanks Kevin!)

CORRECTED DATA:

>Contact us first by e-mail for non-U.S. orders. For those placing U.S.
>orders, you may make checks out to Meritage Press (\$10.50 per book)
>and send to
>

>Eileen Tabios
>Publisher
>Meritage Press
>2275 Broadway, Suite 312
>San Francisco, CA 94115

Offer good through Oct. 15, 2003.

More info on Barry Schwabsky's book OPERA at [www.meritagepress.com/opera.h](http://www.meritagepress.com/opera.htm)
tm

In a message dated 8/8/2003 11:43:38 PM Pacific Standard Time, [REDACTED]
writes:

It's great to see a book of poems by the critic Barry Schwabsky, whose art writing I've admired for so many years. I didn't expect it would be as good as it is--for how many art writers of the first rank really can write poetry? (How many human beings do any two things especially well?) But Schwabsky is an unexpected exception. The promo material describes him as a poet writing "outside" of poetry, and that gibes with the strangely foreign flavor of his work, which sometimes seems to have been translated from a more delicate language than English. On the other hand it's often colloquial, lived-in, the "vulgar tongue," the trailer park trash talk mixed in with the references to Wittgenstein and Valery Larbaud and Traherne. One poem even boasts an epigraph by A.A. Fair, which I've never seen happen before in a book of poetry.

On the back jacket David Shapiro speaks of the compression of Schwabsky's writing, it's true, no poem goes on much longer than a page or two, and those that do are linked shorter lyrics. I don't know yet what "Opera" means, but I'm working on it.

One odd result of this unfamiliarity, by which I mean the alterity of his poetic diction, is that, although the book's subtitle is "Poems 1981-2002," I'm hard pressed to follow any pattern of growth, or decay, the way one might be able to with another author. The references to other poets--to Elaine Equi, Clark Coolidge, John Yau--might have been made at any time during that period, for they're none of them youngsters. Were the poems written in chronological order? I don't think so--but I'm just guessing because the opening sequence, "Opera"" employs the now-familiar trope of the remix--there's a "Club Mix" of it, a "Bandwidth Mix"" and so on, which wasn't so familiar back in 1981 was it? I don't think so, though now it's a yawny commonplace in poetry I suppose. Anyhow it'll all come clear the more I read of this book. Congratulations to you, Eileen Tabios, for having the gumption to publish such a unique and satisfying work. Hope that some of you on the Poetics List will buy it and tell me what you think.

-- Kevin K.

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222. **kari edwards**
those funny fizzy metal chains
Mon 11 Aug 2003

those funny fizzy metal chains

there's that kind of nurse paper weight bible with a sleep of death, a mad end with a shabby beginning. stakes always on stand-by for twisted wrist or ear lobes. with a sense of aggression solitary lips and hips are rubbed with

wealthily virginity. relics used for the conventional iron fisted drunken ecstasy. wasted the body never remembers the wanting that imagines pleasure twice that of carnivorous exhibitionism. "shall I plunge," "shall I show all," "shall I write in blue ink," is the barking light call from those seeking a dusty new dawn, a new hole or sex and catechism classes. unsayable foldings push along with surgery and a basket of embalmed adolescents. sex chemistry class is held with fresh naked side of beef, words on the butcher block. the newspapers say buy more news papers, meanwhile the bed is made and the linoleum varnished
=

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223. **tom bell**

Emotion in motion, emotion at bay or in ebay today on sale

Mon 11 Aug 2003

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

From: "tom bell" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, August 11, 2003 1:57 PM

Subject: Re: Silliman's Blog: Guest to Greene, Guston to Grenier

> Maybe the distinction is that langpo is emotion and greeting card poetry is
> a substitute for emotion? Traditional poetry is ABOUT emotion.
>
> ron said:
> "Similarly, langpo has just as much emotion as any other poetry - whether
> your alternative be boozy & weepy Brahmin confessionalist, ever so chipper
> NY school gen whatever, or the somber poetics of witness all bound &
> gagged.
> All tendencies of poetry have exactly the same quotient of emotion - it's
> present at all points in how the poet feels about his/her work as he/she
> works & as we read. Whether you call that 100% emotion or null emotion is
> almost beside the point. Where there's ink, there are feelings."
>
> tom bell
>
>
> Some poetry available through geezer.com
>
> Section editor for PsyBC www.psychbc.com
>
> Write for the Health of It course at

> <http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/seminar>
> <http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/overview/37900>
> not yet a crazy old man
> hard but not yet hardening of the
> art
>

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224. **Rob McLennan**

NEW VENUE - a night above/ground - party

Mon 11 Aug 2003

a night above/ground - VENUE CHANGE

above/ground press, 10th anniversary party
lovingly hosted by Alan Neal, CBC Radio

w/ readings by John Barton, Michael Dennis, Anita Dolman, Jon Paul Fiorentino,
Karen Massey, Una McDonnell, Gil McElroy, Colin Morton & Peter Norman

w/ musical performances by Red Wood Central & Emm Gryner

\$10 cover / 8pm - 2am / (includes a copy of the anniversary chapbook
anthology "ten" featuring new poems from various a/g press alumni)

Thursday August 28, 2003. 3 Kings. 79 Holland Avenue, between Wellington
and Scott streets, Ottawa.

=====

for 10 years, Ottawa's above/ground press, edited & published by rob mclennan, has been one of the most active poetry chapbook publishers in the country, with almost 400 publications so far, including chapbooks, broadsides, Missing Jacket magazine, The FREE VERSE Anthology, & the ongoing STANZAS & drop magazines. Since starting the press in August 1993, he has published work by dozens of new & established writers across Canada & beyond, including George Elliott Clarke, John Newlove, Lisa Samuels, Stephanie Bolster, jwcurry, George Bowering, Stephen Cain, David W. McFadden, Michael Dennis, Michelle Desbarats, Sharon H. Nelson, Andy Weaver, b stephen harding, Artie Gold, John Barton, Sheila E. Murphy, David O'Meara, Susan Musgrave, megan jackson, Gil McElroy, Nelson Ball, rob mclennan, Joe Blades, carla milo, David Collins, David Scrimshaw, Jen Gavin, Colin Morton, nathalie stephens, Gerry Gilbert, Clare Latremouille, Ian Whistle, Una McDonnell, Jay MillAr, bpNichol, derek beaulieu, Anne Stone, Maggie Helwig, Henry Beissel, Karen Massey, Anita Dolman, Michael Londry, Victor Coleman, Meredith Quartermain, Ken Norris, Death Waits, Jon Paul Fiorentino, Susan Elmslie, Dennis Cooley, Nelson Ball,

Julia Williams, Aaron Peck, Shannon Bramer, George Murray, Donato Mancini, Barry McKinnon, Elizabeth Hay, Vince Tinguely, Ellen Field, Stephen Brockwell, Greg Evason, D.G. Jones, Michael Holmes, Jeanette Lynes, A.J. Levin, K.I. Press, Stan Rogal, Julia Williams, etc.

for more information on the event, or above/ground press, check out www.track0.com/rob_mclennan or bother him at [REDACTED]

=====

also, watch for the launch of GROUNDSWELL: the best of above/ground press, 1993-2003, edited by rob mclennan with an introduction by Stephen Cain, published by Broken Jaw Press as cauldron books #4. the launch will be happening in October as part of the ottawa international writers festival, with readings from various contributors. the collection will include a complete bibliography of the press from the beginning to 2002, & reprints work by Stephanie Bolster, jwcurry, John Newlove, Michelle Desbarats, Dennis Cooley, meghan jackson, carla milo, rob mclennan, George Bowering, etc. in both trade book & PDF version.

<http://www.brokenjaw.com/catalog/pg82.htm>

<http://www.writersfest.com/> - October 1-11, 2003

=====

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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225. **tom bell**

AH HA, poetry manipulates emotion?

Mon 11 Aug 2003

Response on a psychology lissaerv to a poem by a gezer:

FC, Damn...I hate having my emotions manipulated. If that was your goal, you succeeded VERY well. I'm at the age when the statistics say my husband is likely to move on to whatever comes next in just a few years...while I'll still be on planet for a few more...too close for comfort. cv

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

From: Francis Cartier

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Sunday, August 10, 2003 10:53 PM

Subject: Re: [DIV10] DIV10 Digest - 6 Aug 2003 to 10 Aug 2003 (#2003-56)

Thanks, Tom, for the info about Fulcrum. Perhaps I'll send them some stuff. Meanwhile, since you and Carolyn Vash both asked a while back for "a wee sample" of my poetry, here's another one. Analyze this from an 80-year-old widower.

Not About Where the Radio Is

Now I sleep on her side--

What had been her side.

If my granddaughter asked, I'd say,

"Because that's where the radio is."

But that's not it.

I moved to her side--

What had been her side--

Because just before we went to sleep

I'd lightly touch her warm left foot

With my right

As a sort of goodnight kiss.

And sometimes in the morning, half awake,

With eyes still closed,

Our feet would touch

Half an hour before we had to get up.

For weeks, with my morning eyes still unopened,

I'd slide my foot slightly to her side.

Then farther.

And shake awake to feel the sheets were cold there.

Now that I'm sleeping on--

What had been her side,

I've stopped slipping my foot across.

The radio is easier to reach and

The sheets there are warm again.

--Francis Cartier

tom bell

Some poetry available through geezer.com

Section editor for PsyBC www.psychbc.com

Write for the Health of It course at

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/seminar>

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/overview/37900>

not yet a crazy old man

hard but not yet hardening of the
art

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226. **George Bowering**

Re: caution beavers

Mon 11 Aug 2003

George wrote:

| *Still waiting for some genius of poetry to*
| *explain to me how a poem can have content...*

| *The word "beavers" in a poem is a reference*

*In the essay 'On Speaking Verse,' Paul Valéry relates the text of a poem
as analogous to the score of a piece of music:*

*"A poem, like a piece of music, offers merely a text, which,
strictly speaking, is only a kind of recipe; the cook who
follows it plays an essential part. To speak of a poem in
itself, to judge of a poem in itself, has no real or precise
meaning. It is to speak of a potentiality. The poem is an
abstraction, a piece of writing that stands waiting, a law
that lives only in some human mouth, and that mouth is
simply a mouth."*

Is this what you mean George?

Very like. I have oft been known to quote M. Valéry, and am glad to see him
quoted to me.

gb

--

George Bowering
Has imperfect skin.

303 Fielden Ave.
Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5

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227. **Derek R**
School of Quietude
Mon 11 Aug 2003

Can someone point me to a blog entry or otherwise explain what -- and who -- is meant by 'School of Quietude' for those of us too dumb to pick up on or find convincing explanations? I understand the initial 1800's Poe instance which labels the Boston proponents of that time with a 'more quiet conception of literature' but get lost from there on out. What is the relevance for today? Many thanks as this would improve my understanding.

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228. **Joe Brennan**
Fwd: Myth and Denial in the War Against Terrorism
Mon 11 Aug 2003

--part1_155.229d8a57.2c698229_boundary

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.

Constant apprehension of war has the same tendency
to render the head too large for the body. A standing military
force with an overgrown executive will not long be safe.
companions to liberty. -- Thomas Jefferson

"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

--part1_155.229d8a57.2c698229_boundary

Content-Language: en

Myth and Denial in the War Against Terrorism
By William Blum

It dies hard. It dies very hard. The notion that terrorist acts against the
United States can be explained by envy and irrational hatred, and not by what
the United States does in and to the world -- i.e., US foreign policy -- is alive and
well. The fires were still burning intensely at Ground Zero when Colin Powell
declared: "Once again, we see terrorism, we see terrorists, people who don't

believe in democracy ..."{1} George W. picked up on that theme and ran with it. He's been its leading proponent ever since September 11 with his repeated insistence, in one wording or another, that "those people hate America, they hate all that it stands for, they hate our democracy, our freedom, our wealth, our secular government." (Ironically, the president and John Ashcroft probably hate our secular government as much as anyone.) One of Bush's many subsequent versions of this incantation, delivered more than a year after 9-11, was: "The threats we face are global terrorist attacks. That's the threat. And the more you love freedom, the more likely it is you'll be attacked."{2} In September 2002, the White House released the "National Security Strategy", purported to be chiefly the handiwork of Condoleezza Rice, which speaks of the "rogue states" which "sponsor terrorism around the globe; and reject basic human values and hate the United States and everything for which it stands." As recently as July of this year the spokesman for Homeland Security, Brian Roehrka, declared: "Terrorists hate our freedoms. They want to change our ways."{3} Thomas Friedman the renowned foreign policy analyst of the New York Times would say amen. Terrorists, he wrote in 1998 after terrorists attacked two US embassies in Africa, "have no specific ideological program or demands. Rather, they are driven by a generalized hatred of the US, Israel and other supposed enemies of Islam."{4} This idÅ©e fixe -- that the rise of anti-American terrorism owes nothing to American policies -- in effect postulates an America that is always the aggrieved innocent in a treacherous world, a benign United States government peacefully going about its business but being "provoked" into taking extreme measures to defend its people, its freedom and democracy. There consequently is no good reason to modify US foreign policy, and many people who might otherwise know better are scared into supporting the empire's wars out of the belief that there's no choice but to crush without mercy -- or even without evidence -- this irrational international force out there that hates the United States with an abiding passion. Thus it was that Afghanistan and Iraq were bombed and invaded with seemingly little concern in Washington that this could well create many new anti-American terrorists. And indeed, since the first strike on Afghanistan there have been literally scores of terrorist attacks against American institutions in the Middle East, South Asia and the Pacific, about a dozen in Pakistan alone: military, civilian, Christian, and other targets associated with the United States, the latest being the heavy bombing of the US-managed Marriott Hotel in Jakarta, Indonesia, the site of diplomatic receptions and 4th of July celebrations held by the American Embassy.

The word "terrorism" has been so overused in recent years that it's now commonly used simply to stigmatize any individual or group one doesn't like, for almost any kind of behavior involving force. But the word's *raison d'Å©tre* has

traditionally been to convey a political meaning, something along the lines of: the deliberate use of violence against civilians and property to intimidate or coerce a government or the population in furtherance of a political objective. Terrorism is fundamentally propaganda, a very bloody form of propaganda. It follows that if the perpetrators of a terrorist act declare what their objective was, their statement should carry credibility, no matter what one thinks of the objective or the method used to achieve it. Let us look at some actual cases. The terrorists responsible for the bombing of the World Trade Center in 1993 sent a letter to the New York Times which stated, in part: "We declare our responsibility for the explosion on the mentioned building. This action was done in response for the American political, economical, and military support to Israel the state of terrorism and to the rest of the dictator countries in the region." {5} Richard Reid, who tried to ignite a bomb in his shoe while aboard an American Airline flight to Miami in December 2001, told police that his planned suicide attack was an attempt to strike a blow against the US campaign in Afghanistan and the Western economy. In an e-mail sent to his mother, which he intended her to read after his death, Reid wrote that it was his duty "to help remove the oppressive American forces from the Muslims land." {6} After the October 2002 bombings in Bali, Indonesia, which destroyed two night-clubs and killed more than 200 people, one of the leading suspects told police that the bombings were "revenge" for "what Americans have done to Muslims." He said that he wanted to "kill as many Americans as possible" because "America oppresses the Muslims". {7} In November 2002, a taped message from Osama bin Laden began: "The road to safety begins by ending the aggression. Reciprocal treatment is part of justice. The [terrorist] incidents that have taken place ... are only reactions and reciprocal actions." {8} That same month, when Mir Aimal Kasi, who killed several people outside of CIA headquarters in 1993, was on death row, he declared: "What I did was a retaliation against the US government" for American policy in the Middle East and its support of Israel. {9} It should be noted that the State Department warned at the time that the execution of Kasi could result in attacks against Americans around the world. {10} It did not warn that the attacks would result from foreigners hating or envying American democracy, freedom, wealth, or secular government. Similarly, in the days following the start of US bombing of Afghanistan there were numerous warnings from US government officials about being prepared for retaliatory acts, and during the war in Iraq, the State Department announced: "Tensions remaining from the recent events in Iraq may increase the potential threat to US citizens and interests abroad, including by terrorist groups." {11} Another example of the difficulty the Bush administration has in consistently maintaining its simplistic idÃ©e fixe: In June 2002, after a car bomb exploded outside the US Consulate in Karachi, killing or injuring more than 60 people, the Washington Post reported that "US officials said the attack

was likely the work of extremists angry at both the United States and Pakistan's president, Gen. Pervez Musharraf, for siding with the United States after September 11 and abandoning support for Afghanistan's ruling Taliban." {12}

George W. and high officials of his administration may or may not believe what they tell the world about the motivations behind anti-American terrorism, but, as in the recent examples just given, other officials have questioned the party line for years. A Department of Defense study in 1997 concluded: "Historical data show a strong correlation between US involvement in international situations and an increase in terrorist attacks against the United States." {13}

Jimmy Carter told the New York Times in a 1989 interview: "We sent Marines into Lebanon and you only have to go to Lebanon, to Syria or to Jordan to witness first-hand the intense hatred among many people for the United States because we bombed and shelled and unmercifully killed totally innocent villagers -- women and children and farmers and housewives -- in those villages around Beirut. ... As a result of that ... we became kind of a Satan in the minds of those who are deeply resentful. That is what precipitated the taking of our hostages and that is what has precipitated some of the terrorist attacks." {14} Colin Powell has also revealed that he knows better. Writing of this same Lebanon debacle in his 1995 memoir, he forgoes clichés about terrorists not believing in democracy:

The USS New Jersey started hurling 16-inch shells into the mountains above Beirut, in World War II style, as if we were softening up the beaches on some Pacific atoll prior to an invasion. What we tend to overlook in such situations is that other people will react much as we would. {15}

The ensuing terrorist attacks against US Marine barracks in Lebanon took the lives of 241 American military personnel. The assault upon Beirut in 1983 and 1984 is but one of many examples of American violence against the Middle East and/or Muslims since the 1980s. The record includes: the shooting down of two Libyan planes in 1981; the furnishing of military aid and intelligence to both sides of the Iran-Iraq War of 1980-88, including materials for chemical and biological warfare to Iraq, so as to maximize the damage each side would inflict upon the other; the bombing of Libya in 1986; the bombing and sinking of an Iranian ship in 1987; the shooting down of an Iranian passenger plane in 1988; the shooting down of two more Libyan planes in 1989; the massive bombing of the Iraqi people in 1991; the continuing bombings and sanctions against Iraq for the next 12 years; the bombing of Afghanistan and Sudan in 1998, the latter destroying a pharmaceutical plant which provided half the impoverished nation's medicines; the habitual support of Israel despite the routine devastation and torture it inflicts upon the Palestinian people; the habitual condemnation of Palestinian resistance to this; the abduction of "suspected terrorists" from Muslim countries, such as Malaysia, Pakistan, Lebanon and Albania, who are then

taken to places like Egypt and Saudi Arabia, where they are tortured; the large military and hi-tech presence in Islam's holiest land, Saudi Arabia, and elsewhere in the Persian Gulf region; the support of anti-democratic Middle East governments from the Shah to the Saudis. "How do I respond when I see that in some Islamic countries there is vitriolic hatred for America?" asked George W. "I'll tell you how I respond: I'm amazed. I'm amazed that there's such misunderstanding of what our country is about that people would hate us. I am -- like most Americans, I just can't believe it because I know how good we are." {16} To what extent do Americans really believe the official disconnect between what the US does in the world and anti-American terrorism? One indication that the public is somewhat skeptical came in the days immediately following the commencement of the bombing of Iraq on March 20 of this year. The airlines later announced that there had been a sharp increase in cancellations of flights and a sharp decrease in future flight reservations in those few days. {17} In June, the Pew Research Center released the results of polling in 20 Muslim countries and the Palestinian territories that brought the official disconnect into question even more dramatically. The polling revealed that people interviewed had much more "confidence" in Osama bin Laden than in George W. Bush. However, "the survey suggested little correlation between support for bin Laden and hostility to American ideas and cultural products. People who expressed a favorable opinion of bin Laden were just as likely to appreciate American technology and cultural products as people opposed to bin Laden. Pro- and anti-bin Laden respondents also differed little in their views on the workability of Western-style democracy in the Arab world." {18}

The Washington mentality about alleged terrorist motivations also manifests itself in current US occupation policy in Iraq. Secretary of War Donald Rumsfeld has declared that there are five groups opposing US forces -- looters, criminals, remnants of Saddam Hussein's government, foreign terrorists and those influenced by Iran. {19} An American official in Iraq maintains that many of the people shooting at US troops are "poor young Iraqis" who have been paid between \$20 and \$100 to stage hit-and-run attacks on US soldiers. "They're not dedicated fighters," he said. "They're people who wanted to take a few pot-shots." {20} With such language do American officials avoid dealing with the idea that any part of the resistance is composed of Iraqi citizens who simply do not like being bombed, invaded, occupied, and subjected to daily humiliations, and are demonstrating their resentment. Some officials convinced themselves that it was largely the most loyal followers of Saddam Hussein and his two sons who were behind the daily attacks on Americans, and that with the capture or killing of the evil family, resistance would die out; tens of millions of dollars were offered as reward for information leading to this joyful prospect. Thus it was that the killing of the sons elated military personnel. US Army trucks with

loudspeakers drove through small towns and villages to broadcast a message about the death of Hussein's sons. "Coalition forces have won a great victory over the Baath Party and the Saddam Hussein regime by killing Uday and Qusay Hussein in Mosul," said the message broadcast in Arabic. "The Baath Party has no power in Iraq. Renounce the Baath Party or you are in great danger." It called on all officials of Hussein's government to turn themselves in. {21} What followed was several days of some of the deadliest attacks against American personnel since the guerrilla war began. Unfazed, American officials in Washington and Iraq continue to suggest that the elimination of Saddam will write finis to anti-American actions.

Another way in which the political origins of terrorism are obscured is by the common practice of blaming poverty or repression by Middle Eastern governments (as opposed to US support for such governments) for the creation of terrorists. Defenders of US foreign policy cite this also as a way of showing how enlightened they are. Here's Condoleezza Rice:

{The Middle East] is a region where hopelessness provides a fertile ground for ideologies that convince promising youths to aspire not to a university education, a career or family, but to blowing themselves up, taking as many innocent lives with them as possible. ... We must address the source of the problem. {22}

Many on the left speak in a similar fashion, apparently unconscious of what they're obfuscating. This analysis confuses terrorism with revolution.

In light of the several instances mentioned above -- and others can be given -- of US officials giving the game away, in effect admitting that terrorists and guerrillas may be, or in fact are, reacting to perceived hurts and injustices, it may be that George W. is the only true believer among them, if in fact he is one. The leaders of the American Empire may well know -- at least occasionally when they're sitting alone at midnight -- that all their expressed justifications for invading Iraq and Afghanistan and for their "War on Terrorism" are no more than fairy tales for young children and grown-up innocents. Officialdom doesn't make statements to represent reality. It constructs stories to pursue interests. And the interests here are irresistibly compelling: creating the most powerful empire in all history, enriching their class comrades, remaking the world in their own ideological image.

As I've written elsewhere: If I were the president, I could stop terrorist attacks against the United States in a few days. Permanently. I would first apologize -- very publicly and very sincerely -- to all the widows and orphans, the impoverished and the tortured, and all the many millions of other victims of American imperialism. Then I would announce that America's global military interventions have come to an end. I would then inform Israel that it is no longer the 51st state of the union but -- oddly enough -- a foreign country. Then I

would reduce the military budget by at least 90% and use the savings to pay reparations to the victims and repair the damage from the many American bombings, invasions and sanctions. There would be enough money. One year of our military budget is equal to more than \$20,000 per hour for every hour since Jesus Christ was born. That's one year. That's what I'd do on my first three days in the White House. On the fourth day, I'd be assassinated.

NOTES

1. Miami Herald, September 12, 2001
2. Agence France Presse, November 19, 2002
3. Washington Post, August 1, 2003, p.4
4. New York Times, August 22, 1998, p. 15
5. Jim Dwyer, et al., Two Seconds Under the World (New York, 1994), p.196; see also the statement made in court by Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, who planned the attack, New York Times, January 9, 1998, p.B4
6. Washington Post, October 3, 2002, p.6
7. Washington Post, November 9, 2002; Agence France Press, December 23, 2002
8. Los Angeles Times, November 13, 2002, p.6
9. Associated Press, November 7, 2002
10. Ibid.
11. Voice of America News, April 21, 2003
12. Washington Post, June 15, 02
13. US Department of Defense, Defense Science Board 1997 Summer Study Task Force on DOD Responses to Transnational Threats, October 1997, Final Report, Vol.1. <http://www.acq.osd.mil/dsb/trans.pdf>, p.31
14. New York Times, March 26, 1989, p.16
15. Colin Powell with Joseph E. Persico, My American Journey (New York, 1995), p.291
16. Boston Globe, October 12, 2001, p.28
17. Washington Post, March 27, 2003
18. Ibid., June 4, 2003, p.18
19. Pentagon briefing, June 30, 2003
20. Washington Post, June 29, 2003
21. Ibid., July 24, 2003, p.7
22. Ibid., August 8, 2003, p.13

William Blum is the author of "Killing Hope: US Military and CIA Interventions Since World War II" and "West-Bloc Dissident: A Cold War Memoir" <www.killinghope.org> <[REDACTED]>

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229. **Alan Sondheim**

GOD.exe

Mon 11 Aug 2003

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/GOD.exe>

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230. **Alan Sondheim**

---- World ----

Tue 12 Aug 2003

---- World ----

PMC-MOO Revisited

Loading commands from /pkg/tf-40s1/libdata/tf-40s1/stdlib.tf.

Loading commands from /net/u/6/s/sondheim/.tfrc.

Loading commands from /net/u/6/s/sondheim/tiny.world.

"More" paging enabled. Use TAB to scroll.

% socket to l already exists

The lag is about 0.4 seconds. It is staying level. The MOO will checkpoint in about 5 hours, at 5:00 a.m. EST.

*** Consented ***

*** Connected ***

Rocky Torrents Through Wintry Night Of Blizzard Ice

Craggy Pines, Blasted Night, Scudding Clouds, Violent Storms

You see Lightnings, Thunders, Storm, and thusly here.

The following players have been active in the last 10 hours:

Lumper Dreamchaser hsv

Horton laurent

Last connected Mon Aug 11 23:00:00 2003 EDT from panix3.panix.com

There are new news items for you to read. Please type "news" to get a summary.

*French For 'Cat' 1576 new messages

*Postmodern-Theory 9 new messages

You have no messages on your Answering Machine.

There is text saved in the Android Call-Waiting monitor. Type

"@call-waiting" to read it.

Please type '@unmorph' to save your default shape for morphing.

_____ Android Call-Waiting Monitor _____

laurent is looking at you from room with a borrowed description.

Participant Connected Idle time Location

Nikuko (#15756) 29 seconds 0 seconds Rocky Torrents Through Wintry
laurent (#15987) 2 hours a minute OUT
Horton (#7774) an hour 2 minutes Horton's_Who
oomwoo (#16136) 3 days 3 hours PMC Cafe [Public]

There appears to be some writing on the note ...

Is this whatever truth there is?

Because I wonder what the biz is.

Or if the biz is biz.

And who are you to gain the plane

Which has taken off (your clothes)

Leaving you plain and in pain

And nothing left you suppose

To your brain but a stain

When there is nothing to gain

Here hexed by text

Nothing more before

Nothing left to store

My Poem by Julu

(You finish reading.)

Rocky Torrents Through Wintry Night Of Blizzard Ice

Craggy Pines, Blasted Night, Scudding Clouds, Violent Storms

You see Lightnings, Thunders, Storm, and thusly here.

I see no "Rocky Torrents" here.

Dark Furies, Hysteric Cries Of Electric Maiden Furies

---- No world ----

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231. **Patrick Herron**

fixing a hole where the rain gets in

Tue 12 Aug 2003

for Troy Cole/in memory of Susan Porucznik-Cole

a spike driven into the soft earth of the sky

might your soul well up from the rift

this gorge is a gorge is a gorge hewn large

dwarfing your oh I can can I you with me

just moments ago just right here I am reaching

resting here before your eyes but for their red shift

sleeping quietly a hush is loud sometimes

like my hand severed lying in the dust I cannot reattach
I cannot reach and grasp

but you are not a canyon but
and you are and more
and you have not fallen off me and
but you have and you must stay somehow
your smile nova your void

the fragrance of absence is an endless gift
of parts torment and parts wonder
it floats down with the release of the unwanted
on rides the kiss of weightless memory
and so I will plant a tree in the hole among the stars

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232. **Gary Sullivan**
Steve McCaffery contact info?

Tue 12 Aug 2003

Hi Everyone,

Does anyone have contact info--e-mail or phone--for Steve McCaffery?

Please send along backchannel, if so!

& many kind thanks in advance,

Gary

Add photos to your e-mail with MSN 8. Get 2 months FREE*.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/featuredemail>

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233. **Poetics List Administration**
New Poetry from Zimbabwe, Munich, Iran, Soft Machine & the Exact Center of the US. Plus Ishle Park!

Tue 12 Aug 2003

The Bowery Poetry Club

308 Bowery NY NY 10012 @ Bleecker, right across from CBGB's

F train to Second Ave ^ | 6 train to Bleecker ^ | ^ [REDACTED] more info:

www.bowerypoetry.com ^ | ^ tix? ^ www.virtuous.com ^ | ^ audio downloads?

www.audible.com/bpc

Tuesday 8/12 hey! Tilt Brass Band has to be heard -- these 10 horns cook! (8, \$10)...and at 10 we premiere Jason Nuzzo's new multimedia perf, DEAD MEAT, 3 days at the exact center of the US -- a new On the Road...

Wednesday 8/13 Our monthly Farsi & English series, Â Shabe Sher: Persian Poetry, starts at 7:30 PM â€“ Introduction, 7:40 PM â€“ Reading Love Poems by Shabe Sherâ€™s Young Poets, 8:30 PM â€“ Music & Poetry by Ostad Amir Vahab (\$5) ... at 10 Jason Nuzzo's DEAD MEAT, awaits you at the end of night(\$10)...

Thursday 8/14 At 7pm, downtown music gallery presents: SOFT MACHINE/ SOFT WORKS artists: Elton Dean! Hugh Hopper! Dennis Gonzalez! Jim Matus! (\$7)... then at 8:15pm, hear the real stories of the National Poetry Slam in Chicago as we welcome back Team Urbana with with a Big Free Party... including a most special DJ: DJ Rayl from Munich Slammers! (\$5) Then at 10:30pm, Toni Blackman celebrates the release of her new book, "Inner Course: A Plea for Real Love" from Random House (\$7)... at midnight, DJ Rayl spins beats again with Akim da Funk Buddha 'til the wee hours... (\$5)

Friday 8/15 If you haven't seen any of his 100 films or heard him pontificating in streaming media on the web, or prancing in any of Andy Warhol's works, you're missing out on a legend-- hie thee to the Prof. Taylor Mead show at 6:30! (\$5) -- the Truth as only Taylor tells it... at 7:00 Jason Nuzzo continues his multi-media DEAD MEAT (\$10)... James Tracy & THE MOLOTOV MOUTHS OUTSPOKEN WORD TROUPE visit us for a Party for Picture the Homeless at 8:30... then NatiV presents: the G Spot - Chill Chic and Acoustic starring the Felice Group, Pyeng Threadgill, and Sal Principato of Liquid Liquid (10:30, \$5)

Saturday 8/16 Gary Glazner finds out that the streets are our muse with his Walking Tour of Poetry Village at noon(\$25, includes lunch and drink).... editors Donald Lev and Enid Dame host their sparkling series Home Planet News Poetry Festival at 2:00pm with poets Robertoh Faber, Ann Katcher and Joe Weil (\$3)... Papa Susso, our resident griot, will be playing in the coffee shop every Saturday till fall -- drop in for a cuppa po, and check out Papa's new cd's (5pm, contribution)... at 6 it's #5 of Ishle Park's 7 Saturdays, a new series produced by the Queen of the PoSlam Scene -- tonight, Chia-Ti Chiu, Lara Stapleton, DMZ (\$5)... where else in NYC can you catch a Zimbabwean-style Shona Mbira Group? Nowhere! Catch the Glamour Boys at 8pm (\$10)... and to round off this packed Saturday, we have The Punk Accordion Summit with Belacqua, Stupid, Benjamin Ickies' Preservation Society and CORN MO!! (10:30, \$7)

Sunday 8/17 our coffee shop opens at 11 on weekends, and Simone Weber will grace the stage at 4:00 w/ her luvverly voice and musica (\$5)... continuing its run here, Jason Nuzzo is DEAD MEAT at 7pm (\$10)... at 8:00 we'll celebrate the

art, music and film of Brandon Evans (\$10)... and then it's the Bands of our new musical A Night at the Rebel Cafe at 10pm (Free)

Monday 8/18 Mondays continue on their outrageous path with this week's installment of the Totally Open Slam which starts at 6 led by intrepid Bo Ho (\$3)... Girlbomb & Sara Fisch present Semi-Pro Tool at 8:00 (\$5)... and the sensational O'Debra Twins "Show & Tell" from 10:00 till the whee! hours -- po, perf, and burlesque (\$3)...

...next week is festival week with both the Non-Sequitur Fest and the HOWL Festival, the debut of "A Night at the Rebel Cafe," the Slammin' Po'Band Fest, and oh-so-much more! Delicious coffee & pastries served weekdays at 9, weekends at 11...

homemade salads & sandwiches till closing...
bar opens at 5pm weekdays, 1pm weekends...
wheelchair accessible... coolly air-conditioned...
Write poem now thank you.

The Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery NY NY 10012 @ Bleecker, right across from CBGB's
F train to Second Ave | 6 train to Bleecker | 

<http://lb.bcentral.com/ex/sp?c=18073&s=56D6F358DCF7FE83&m=49>

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234. **kari edwards**

for everyone else

Tue 12 Aug 2003

for everyone else

swarming, diggers vomit up fresh earth, loading past stones and erecting arches and pyramids. only to be superseded by reforms and popular songs. as everyone would gather and sing in cheap theaters surrounded by columns and imaginary birds. a sunbeam was gleaming off pieces of freshly cut meat and plastic miniatures of everything. swelling from putrefaction, a long dead leaf lowered itself gently into the dirt. later in time it was announced that the day after tomorrow there would be more plastic buckets with new optional colors. this was a way for one to console themselves against the lack of development in irony boards.

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235. **Lewis LaCook**

four.teen

Tue 12 Aug 2003

14.

Armitage stands
thickly in a light
rubbing its great and electric back
across Alexei Karamazov

in a tradition of short lines(
these trees have grown
wantonly through
thinks he, though

the troughs of shallow days
fountain in animistic rain).
It ain't meekness, nor stupidity
pits itself against itself, flush with

sequences of truth, unquenching
us, and the time you thought I

could trumpet, I could be a peasant's
sleeve. There are days Armitage
clocks his heartbeat, days in which
the skin of dreams muffles the hydraulics.

8/12/03

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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236. **Lewis LaCook**

Re: fixing a hole where the rain gets in

Tue 12 Aug 2003

that's what i'm talkin' bout

bliss

l

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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237. **kari edwards**

heaven

Tue 12 Aug 2003

heaven

heaven is so so, so I pass, passed on it six or seven years ago. found it impressive, everyone in blue suites and white blouses. no cozy coroners to be found, just continual introduction, "nice to see you," "and you," always followed by, "and you". for a good time one would propagate the art of the hem, or if one advanced in their studies, "how to further expand and properly understand the proper conduct that brings one to the art of perfection of hemming." on evenings that never closed, I never heard words like, "treachery," or "ambush." even if one was to suffocate, (which I can attest to from personal experience) there was always a gentle hymn that would surface in the air, sung by a moderately good choir, that somehow would calm the frenzy induced by lack of oxygen. after a while, I sought aimlessness, which seemed impossible since there was nothing to be aimless against. no, mental lips, no more bakers dozen or even the dirty dozen. mail arrived the day it was sent, always with a nice greeting and even pleasant goodbyes as when one had suffocated. I grew solemn, wanted more veneer and number gnats to bite at my legs. I keep wondering where were all the raincoated ones feeling-up the pigeons for a casserole of feeling. I longed for a leitmotiv, subversive pettiness, barbed blindfolds and

laboratories for diagnoses, and ended up with sewing instruction and stainless steel hangers.=

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238. **Kevin Hehir**

**TRYING TO CONTACT POETS TO INVITE THEM TO BE PUBLISHED
IN BOOK**

Tue 12 Aug 2003

At 04:09 PM 8/10/2003 +0000, you wrote:

My name is Noel King, I am a poetry publisher in Ireland. I am trying to contact a number of Canadian and American poets who were visitors / students of English Literature etc. and who read at a series in Tralee, Ireland called Poets' Corner. We are publishing an anthology by as many people as possible who have read there over the last ten years. I would appreciate any 'leads', or perhaps you could pass on this email or to other lists. Many thanks.

THE POETS ARE:

Rudge Anderson

Sean Calanan , Kentucky USA

Andrew Cashman

Jennifer Cowan Canada

Sam Crooks

Pat Dengan

Dawn Gunderson, Moorhead State Univ.student circa 1995

Clara Herborn

John O'Brien, Chicago

Hannie Rouweler

Terry Ruud, Minnesota

Carrie Simison , moonhead State Univ. student circa 1995

Ute Marie Stanoenmayer

Frank Van Meurs

Dave Williams

Kevin Zepper Moorhead State Univ.

THAT'S IT. I HOPE SOMEONE CAN HELP US FIND AT LEAST SOME OF THESE

Protect your PC - get McAfee.com VirusScan Online
<http://clinic.mcafee.com/clinic/ibuy/campaign.asp?cid=3963>

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-----~-->

To Post an Announcement regarding publishing, contests, readings, and any relevant literary news, send it to: [REDACTED] Poetry Discussion group is
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/participoet> CPA Bookstore is
<http://www3.sympatico.ca/cpa/> National CPA is the same at
<http://www.mirror.org/cpa/>

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

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239. **Harrison Jeff**
Elegy for Bruno Richard Hauptmann
Tue 12 Aug 2003

Virginia unloosed her big tongue
and her blood bounce-soft
for benefit of Charles Lindbergh

{she was at some pains
to become his daughter}

her arms were bare,
& filled the pit & house,

her withered scabbard
still scissoring briefly to life

the crypt's
lining her mouth
with contrivance

{you should return to her
as a dog returns to his vomit}

would that I could bring
a sunken-ended summit
to those who once touched
off her transgressions!

her conduct will nose
into gorgeous old scandals

her penny sins every
weekend weakened
& whitened into coals

her clay is on all fours
beneath her skirt,
her inadmissible blot has
been sold into darkness -
still she spurns the highest
step of the Moon

MSN 8 with e-mail virus protection service: 2 months FREE* <http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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240. **Harrison Jeff**
Virginia's Close Call

Tue 12 Aug 2003

Who'll breeze a residential buzz-cut in the lower hours of liberty? Her tomb'll bring him no profit - God forbid she should fall ill! The most famous surgeons are quite the reverse of picturesque. Few have the sufficient ego strength to withstand the candies in her mouth. A clean escape saved her for my poignant effusions. Few choices will be honored if many ask for ONE. Her tomb'll bring him no profit - God forbid she should fall ill!

Few have the sufficient ego strength to withstand the candies in her mouth. It's a pity these painful deaths can't put together a single verse. A clean escape saved her for my poignant effusions. Few are have the sufficient ego strength to withstand the candies in her mouth. Tell me why Hyacinthe Maglanowich says it's a pity to suggest you are the best judge of residential buzz-cuts. Come twilight police receive four inkblots unpeopled by parched articulations. The most famous surgeons are quite the reverse of picturesque. Few choices will be honored if many ask for ONE. It's a pity these painful deaths can't put together a

single verse. Her tomb'll bring him no profit - God forbid she should fall ill! Few have the sufficient ego strength to withstand the candies in her mouth. A clean escape saved her for my poignant effusions. Come twilight police receive four inkblots unpeopled by parched articulations. Tell me why Hyacinthe Maglanowich says it's a pity to suggest you are the best judge of residential buzz-cuts. Who'll breeze a residential buzz-cut in the lower hours of liberty?

Protect your PC - get McAfee.com VirusScan Online
<http://clinic.mcafee.com/clinic/ibuy/campaign.asp?cid=3963>

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241. **Alan Sondheim**

THE RECALL ALPHABET (fwd)

Tue 12 Aug 2003

THE RECALL ALPHABET

R, W, Q, O, J, M, V, A, H, B, S, G, Z, X, N, T, C, I, E, K, U, P, D,
Y, F, L.

THE RECALL ALPHABET

R, W, Q, O, J, M, V, A, H, B, S, G, Z, X, N, T, C, I, E, K, U, P,
D,Y, F,

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K, G,
U, Z,
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D,N,

Y,
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L.

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242. **Patrick Herron**

hive

Tue 12 Aug 2003

Part I

hive

hive

HIVE!

I fly

it isn't very interesting but I

I sigh

it is so very less so I

I I

smell of the place and I

I

I

this talk of canyons makes me so very haughty

this talk of death we must insult and make naughty

I

rolled in a ball by high workers and starve

I

murdered in my hive

Part II

I am not sure if I am a bee or if I am dirt. Have I told you that I hate memorials? I particularly hate the birds roosting inside them. I hate the popular songs that fill their corners. So I generally hate people. This hate is like rotting beef, which makes me feel bad in several ways, or plastic. I don't buy anything plastic. Well at least I try not to. Rotting beef smells and I don't like that. It makes

me uncomfortable to know I live at the cost of other lives. I'm like that, yes. I hate plastic rotting beef and the very thought of an afterlife. You know, people are so stupid. Plastic comes with consumer opportunity and I don't like that either.

So I hate you and I hate your grief. It was seven years ago today that Sergeant Pepper played and played and the plastic smouldered and you suffocated. God-damned popular songs and waxy figures with penises fixing holes that need no fixing. Madame Tussaud's little John Lennon. It was seven years ago today you bled and bled after you were dead. Seated before us like a monument to the soaking up of weeping black blood with towels. Black blood running over linoleum brought by burning plastic following the exploration of latex on flesh. Encase me. Wrap me like a plastic package for it gets me off. Seven years to the day they told you to play another is splayed in a car wreck. It smelled like rotting meat with that door frame through your head. To my wonderful husband, please clean up my brains. I left them on the road for you. Like petals on that long carpet of blood at the ceremony of reddest curtains. Thanks for the memories. Bye! August 7. They should make a monument out of that, your car-rion on the road to be picked like buzzards. Or we can go back can we seven months less seven days to a gun that blew the top of your head clean off. You made a hat for your parents to wear. It's all coming up sevens.

But I want you to listen to me and my life instead. Don't listen to that grief. Good god. I carry a deeper wound because I say so and I will not enjoy it, I refuse to enjoy it. It is a burden. I'd rather dig back into the earth and live covered in dirt than listen to you or hear that applause. Oh and I hate love, particularly the selfless kind. When you give gifts to friends in grief well I just hate it. Heaven is for assholes, pal.

But I must be honest with you, for just a moment, since I can never be. This is an impossible passage. The applause fills the monuments and fills the corners of my black heart with rage which I feel and bury deep in the earth. What heart? My heart is your construction of oppression. You are the barbed wire. It's rather impolite however to say it honestly. But don't tell me I'm passive aggressive. John Ashbery took a lifetime to become open and honest. He made a career of running around the barn. It took little girls with exposed penises to have him stop drop and roll in the barnburning hay. Honest cocks in pretty skirts. Or pretty cocks in honest skirts. Choose your adventure, I've chosen a lack of adventure. So hide those hermaphrodites, hide them under your tongues! Because I hate you all and I cannot tell you that. There are awards to be won in the delusions and the dispassionate aggressions.

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243. **Cassandra Laity**

CFP: Cerebration: An Inter-continental Webzine

Tue 12 Aug 2003

CEREBRATION <<http://geocities.com/ourcerebra>> , an inter-continental webzine is calling for submissions from all across the globe. Submissions can be on any topic and field ranging from literature, politics, art, music, poetry and more. 'Cerebration' has diverse critics, intellectuals and journalists on its (still growing) editorial advisory board, <<http://geocities.com/ourcerebra/board.html>>, and the aim of this web magazine is to have an eclectic mix of writing from all over the world. For more details on submission guidelines please visit <<http://geocities.com/ourcerebra/submissions.html>>

Smitra Maitra and Amrita Ghosh
Co-editors and Founders

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244. **Alan Sondheim**

GLORY BEE

Tue 12 Aug 2003

GLORY BEE

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/glory.exe> (click)
<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/bee.exe> (click resize click)

O O! O O O!

[↑ Contents](#)

245. **Alan Sondheim**

GLORY BEE

Wed 13 Aug 2003

GLORY BEE

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/glory.exe> (click)
<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/bee.exe> (click, resize, click)

O O O! O O O!

[↑ Contents](#)

246. **David Larsen**

Re: chain web update, etc.

Wed 13 Aug 2003

I remember lots of discussion on this list about the body a while back --I guess it's a subject of perennial interest, well anyway has anyone heard Rick Springfield's song "Jessie's Girl" lately? I have, and I'm tripping out on the line that comes after "Well she's watching him with those eyes..."

It goes, "And she's loving him with that body I just know it." How do you take that "with that body": is it circumstantial, as in "She's loving him, and by the way she has a great body"? Or are you like me and you're hearing it as an ablative, as if the body were a mere instrument with which to love someone? Like a wrench, or a mop, or? It might be disgusting, but I think it's the most erotic thing I've ever heard.

In the interest of candor let me say that I've been taking these men's multivitamins my friend stole for me, and they've got me not knowing how to act. Have they overthrown my grammar as well? Am I still a feminist? Please help me, I am trapped in the body of LRSN

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247. **tom bell**

Re: chain web update, etc.

Wed 13 Aug 2003

Like the thinking here! What are the pills?

tom bell

Some poetry available through geezer.com

Section editor for PsyBC www.psychbc.com

Write for the Health of It course at

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/seminar>

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/overview/37900>

not yet a crazy old man

hard but not yet hardening of the

art

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

From: "David Larsen" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, August 13, 2003 12:10 AM

Subject: Re: chain web update, etc.

> I remember lots of discussion on this list about the body a while back --I
> guess it's a subject of perennial interest, well anyway has anyone heard
> Rick Springfield's song "Jessie's Girl" lately? I have, and I'm tripping
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eyes..."
>
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> it as an ablative, as if the body were a mere instrument with which to
love
> someone? Like a wrench, or a mop, or? It might be disgusting, but I think
> it's the most erotic thing I've ever heard.
>
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> multivitamins my friend stole for me, and they've got me not knowing how
to
> act. Have they overthrown my grammar as well? Am I still a feminist?
Please
> help me, I am trapped in the body of LRSN

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248. **August Highland**

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Three)

Wed 13 Aug 2003

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Three)

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august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.507 / Virus Database: 304 - Release Date: 8/4/2003

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249. **August Highland**

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Four)

Wed 13 Aug 2003

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Four)

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august highland

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--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
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250. **Geoffrey Gatz**

Re: chain web update, etc.

Wed 13 Aug 2003

It sounds to me that this is one of those twisted Jeff Foxwothy jokes, I might be on extacy if put down the "Best of the 80's" CD and go find some rave and dance until dawn with whatever human is closest :-)

And for "Am I still a feminist?" I often answer that "hey, my mother is a woman so, of course, I am a feminist!"

Best, Eddie Money

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

From: "David Larsen" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, August 13, 2003 1:10 AM

Subject: Re: chain web update, etc.

> I remember lots of discussion on this list about the body a while back --I
> guess it's a subject of perennial interest, well anyway has anyone heard
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> out on the line that comes after "Well she's watching him with those
eyes..."

>

> It goes, "And she's loving him with that body I just know it." How do you
> take that "with that body": is it circumstantial, as in "She's loving him,
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> multivitamins my friend stole for me, and they've got me not knowing how
to

> act. Have they overthrown my grammar as well? Am I still a feminist?

Please

> help me, I am trapped in the body of LRSN

>

>

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251. **Halvard Johnson**
"Mad Cow Sonnets"

Wed 13 Aug 2003

Mad Cow Sonnets, 1

The general onslaught, long-expected, is now at hand, so nowadays it is wise to carry your paper money in hidden pockets, at least until you reach Baghdad, serenely green amid all those miles of burning sand. Cultural consequences

of lapsed faith--America reawakened to the winds of change, three runs behind in the bottom of the ninth. The skin of unbelief stretched out upon the infield grass, the rebuilt ball-park's a refuge in an uncertain, violent world. Today's

special, some imitation of light. Organic pizza and sandwiches on the deck by the harbor. Fishermen still emptying their bilges just off-shore. Environmental issues remain unaddressed, though disgruntled fans find injury-plagued

teams no longer give them what they had long taken for granted, take potshots at them from the sun-baked stands.

=====

Mad Cow Sonnets, 2

Gwethalyn felt like staying in bed for the day, but something we have no word for aroused her suspicions. "We have nothing on for Friday night," Lou said, frequently. Odious comparisons normally dispensed with, the privy's details did not bear

looking into. Relinquishing, forgoing, forswearing--any one of those terms would suffice. Even with her jewels locked away in a safe, Gwethalyn could speak nary a word of Hakka, though she often writes small books for nestlings, hers and others'.

We are waiving the waiting period for you while we seek more definitions for "weakness"--your penchant for chocolate, for example. "I feel like a cold beer now," Lou often said. "Strange, you don't look like one," her usual retort.

Gwethalyn's friend Brittany, once a province in northwestern France, now ensconced in a former lighthouse on the Maine coast.

=====

Mad Cow Sonnets, 3

Major-General Onslaught felt like staying in bed for the day, but something we have no word for aroused her suspicions.

We have nothing on for Friday, at least until you reach
Baghdad. Long-expected expectations, now at hand,

amid all those sandy, burning miles. Cultural consequences did not bear close
scrutiny, so nowadays it is wise to carry your odious comparisons only in hidden
pockets, at least until you reach the bottom of the ninth, possibly your last
chance,

as Gwethalyn often reminded you. America's reawakening, put off till the very
last minute. Planes full of twenty-dollar bills, flown to Iraq, our "refuge" from a
turbulent, violent world, our penchant for chocolate and cold beer. Relinquish-
ing,

forswearing. Taking potshots from the dugout at our new
teammates, bobbling grounders, losing pop-ups in the sun.

=====

Mad Cow Sonnets, 4

The long-expected onslaught, as generally understood,
began at the bottom of the ninth--lapsed faith stirred up
by winds of doctrine. Imitation light, burnt sand into
glass, hardening and darkening the skins of the players.

Politicians still empty their bilges just off-shore, wrapping
Ace bandages around tired knees, hiding jewels
and paper money in secret pockets in their gabardines.
Lou's comparisons (made in the privacy of his privy)

seemed frequently odious. Forswearing, forgoing. Serenely
green, the infield turf was watered by the tears of sailors
doubling as baseball players, awaiting orders to put out
to sea, their local teammates tripping over bases, losing pop-

ups in the sun. From sun-baked bleachers, disgruntled environment- alists take
potshots at them. "What's on Friday?" one of them asks.

=====

Mad Cow Sonnets, 5

"Teach the world to love baseball, pizza, and cold beer," Gwethalyn says, still
not out of bed, "and all will be swell." Her old friend Brittany forks a pickle from
a jar and grins her toothy grin in spite of everything. Something she had no

word for hardened, her smile--relinquishing, forswearing.
Around them, the general devastation, a scent of rat the pols
hadn't warned them of. Bobbled grounders in the bottom
of the ninth, ace pitchers' arms all wrapped in bandages.

Gwethalyn and Brittany hid their jewelry in secret pockets even Lou didn't know about. Lapsed faith in paper money, still serenely green, while the infield grass burned for lack of water. Brittany's lighthouse, long decommissioned, stood

on its rock nonetheless, awaiting the long-expected bottom of the ninth, the fluke broken-bat single up the middle.

=====

Mad Cow Sonnets, 6

Not privy to the details of the conspiracy, Gwethalyn spends Fridays in her bed--forgoing, forswearing. The general devastation stinks, as she says, to high heaven. Lou didn't know her faith in paper money had lapsed.

Two men out in the bottom of the ninth, and the batter's got no eye. "Nothing on for Friday night," Lou says. "We've still no name for the Baghdad team, that slipshod bunch of bobbler," but the waiting period had been waived.

Amid the general devastation, decommissioned lights stood at the rocky points of land. "No one at State speaks Hakka," it's been said. Disgruntled eco-mentalists petitioned government for strict enforcement of established rules.

Groundskeepers tended the infield turf. Type in any word as you think it sounds, and we'll take a shot at locating it for you.

=====

=====

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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252. **Kevin Hehir**
for fans of The Jam

Wed 13 Aug 2003

wellerism (WEH-luh-ri-zuhm) noun

An expression involving a familiar proverb or quotation and its facetious sequel. It usually comprises three parts: statement, speaker, situation.

Examples:

"Everyone to his own liking," the old woman said when she kissed her cow.

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

[After Sam Weller and his father, characters known for such utterances in Charles Dickens's novel *Pickwick Papers* (1837).]

"All of the Shavian proverbs and most of the wellerisms have been recorded in a literary context ... Anyhow, 'So far so good,' as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam." W F H Nicolaisen; *The Proverbial* Bernard Shaw; Folklore (London, UK); 1998.

This week's theme: words coined after someone's name.

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253. **Gary Sullivan**

Ernst Herbeck site

Wed 13 Aug 2003

Hi Everyone,

I've been working on loose translations of Ernst Herbeck's poetry, and posting them--along with a brief biography and interview--on a new site:

<http://ernstherbeck.blogspot.com>

Would love feedback on this project, especially by readers of German.

Gary

* * *

Ernst Herbeck, who died on September 11, 1991, at the age of 71, was considered by Ernst Jandl to be one of the significant German poets of the latter-half of the 20th century. Surprising, given the circumstances of Herbeck's life and poetry:

A schizophrenic, institutionalized for nearly half a century, Herbeck was born with a harelip so severe that it reportedly made him nearly unintelligible. Shamed into muteness for much of his early life, he did not take up writing as some kind of consolation, nor did he consider himself a poet. It was only by someone else's intervention that he, somewhat reluctantly, became one.

When the psychologist Leo Navratil met Herbeck for the first time in 1960, he handed Herbeck a postcard-sized piece of Bristol-board and a pen and asked him to write a poem with the title "Der Morgen" ("Morning"). After thinking about it a few moments, Herbeck wrote the following poem:

Der Morgen.

Im Herbst da reiht der Feenwind
da sich im Shnee die
Mahren treffen.
Amseln pfeifen heer
im Wind und fressen.

When Herbeck handed Leo Navratil the poem, Navratil was struck by both (a) what he called its "schizophrenic language," and (b) what he saw as the "poetic value" of what Herbeck had written. Subsequently, each time Navratil met with Herbeck, he would give Herbeck a small sheet of Bristol-board and a pen and, prompting him with a title, request that he write a poem.

In this way, over the next thirty years, Ernst Herbeck wrote more than a thousand poems. When Navratil asked Herbeck what he thought of poetry, Herbeck responded that it was merely something "momentary"--and, although many of the poems were published in Herbeck's lifetime (and were apparently well received), Herbeck never wrote spontaneously--only at Navratil's prompting. He never revised a word. His poems were written quickly, for an audience of one.

Die Gegenwart

Die Gegenwart is still allein,
wir wollen doch nur frohlich sein.
Ich bin gegangen in den Wald,
und kehre zurucke allzubald.

The Present

The present is aligned tho still alien
to anyone already content.
I'm going further into my antlers
and will return, baldly trumped.

* * *

Die Vergangenheit

die Vergangenheit ist klar vorbei
Voruber diese Zeit der Ewigkeit
Und nun bist du wieder ein Osterei.

The Past

The past is clearly over
passé as the Times or an ear
now bent on an Easter egg.

The new MSN

8: advanced junk mail protection and 2 months FREE* <http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>

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254. **Daniel Zimmerman**

Re: for fans of The Jam

Wed 13 Aug 2003

Eponyms

dubya: a lie; a fart

dubyer: a liar; a flatulator

to dubya: to lie; to fart

me dubya: I lie; I fart

dubyuz: he, she, it lies (vb., 2nd pers.; also, n. pl.); farts

dubyum: they lie (vb. pl.); fart

dubyud: lied; farted

dubyin: lying; farting

dubymous: untrue; deceitful; gaseous; foul

dubyuk: a stain caused by a lie or a fart

dubyesthecize: to render insensible by lying or farting

dubyecute: to kill by lying or farting

pullin a dubya: prevaricating; passing gas

slippin a dubya: spinning a story; farting silently

crackin a dubya: lying with conviction; farting for the Guinness Book

floatin a dubya: testing a lie by firing for range; walking away from a fart

dubyin through: serial lying; serial farting while walking through a crowd

dubyin up: having a crony repeat a lie; dueling at a fartfest

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

From: "Kevin Hehir" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, August 13, 2003 10:20 AM

Subject: for fans of The Jam

- > wellerism (WEH-luh-ri-zuhm) noun
- >
- > An expression involving a familiar proverb or quotation and its facetious
- > sequel. It usually comprises three parts: statement, speaker, situation.
- >
- > Examples:
- >
- > "Everyone to his own liking," the old woman said when she kissed her cow.
- >
- > "We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out
- > of the car.
- >
- > [After Sam Weller and his father, characters known for such utterances in
- > Charles Dickens's novel *Pickwick Papers* (1837).]
- >
- > "All of the Shavian proverbs and most of the wellerisms have been recorded
- > in a literary context ... Anyhow, 'So far so good,' as the boy said when
- > he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam."
- > W F H Nicolaisen; *The Proverbial* Bernard Shaw; Folklore (London, UK); 1998.
- >
- > This week's theme: words coined after someone's name.
- >

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255. **Kevin Killian**

SF reading Thursday Aug 14. Free.

Wed 13 Aug 2003

the RADAR reading series * a monthly literary extravaganza

Thursday, August 14th * San Francisco Main Library * 6:00pm Free, 'Cause Shouldn't Everything Be?

featuring TARA JEPSEN, whose hilarious short film *Fumbling Toward Rock: The Miriam and Helen Story* is an inspired chunk of musical and comical genius with fashion flashbacks that will make you start thrifting for whale-printed

turtlenecks; who just scored a Bay Guardian Best of the Bay for her longtime hosting of the city's best and queerest open mic, K'Vetch; and whose fabulous stories are sometimes sad and sometimes completely absurd, just like life.

KEVIN KILLIAN, pillar of San Francisco's underground writers' community, author of bunches of books including *Little Men*, which won a PEN Oakland Award and the recent *I Cry Like A Baby*; whose incredibly strange and wonderful plays have included *Yoko Ono*, *Valerie Solanas*, and *Judd Nelson*; who co-edits the periodical *Mirage* and is completing a new novel, *Spreadeagle*, that just might be all about Kylie Minogue.

Visiting from Washington state, BEE LAVENDER, a working-class cancer survivor whose righteous online activity includes publishing and editing the web version of the totally crucial Hip Mama parenting zine, launching *Girl-mom.com* for teen parents, the arts and creativity site *Mamaphonic.com*, and the activist news site *Yomamasays.com*; who co-edited the breakthrough anthology *Breeder: Real Life Stories from A new generation of Mothers*; and whose memoir-in-progress is gritty, big-hearted and occasionally violent.

JEREMY LIN, the former enfant terrible of the couture culture rag *Surface*; who now informs the world about soggy Bernal Heights, queer love and immigration drama via *Index* magazine; who is one-half of *The Jimmys*, the duo who won a Guardian Best of the Bay prize for bringing teen cult movies to the people for free with the movie night *Afterschool Special*; and whose writing--"nervous and candid", darling, too--can be found online at *Extraordinary Little Cough*, and in his handsome zine *New York City Station*.

Hosted by Michelle Tea * Entertaining Q & A to follow * Tons of free cookies*

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256. **kari edwards**

a set of wrong headed brains and a contemporary angel happen to meet and drool a dream on rainy streets without a transplanted organ in site.

Wed 13 Aug 2003

a set of wrong headed brains and a contemporary angel happen to meet and drool a dream on rainy streets without a transplanted organ in site.

if you give back the perfection you never had and promise to be forth coming with that matter that requires a minimum of distraction, never betray the, " I told you so," exercise book rules, that have been set in perpetual motion, it is possible then that your hell will thin of exploding pebbles and prowling dogs. on the other hand, since the fly on the ceiling is a cocoon for mass cowardliness, your anticipation alarm clock of your eventual liberation maybe nothing more

then a clothesless dummy in an abandoned department store window. you worry to much about gasping air, without thinking of it as an eventual count down to engines fired. this is not a sacrosanct package we are talking about, this is a regulatory ticktock, waxen eyelids and oily skin, all part of the package. you might as well be "happy, happy, happy," for our sales folkz have the option of early or permanent repossession if you do not fulfill your end of the bargain. realize ahead of time, every hideous act is preplanned, as a built in malfunction. a perfect example, deforestation, it was not our idea, but hey . . . we were impressed seeing how some will eat their own home . . . very impressive, very impressive. as we say everyday sarcasm is the buttercups of our words, dog turfs and anonymous isolation for the rest. so go ahead, try it out, know once its yours, it's yours for life. and remember Lora and police, all part of the package. here at human bondage we have been watching for millennia and there has only a few malfunctions, bleeps on our screen, but they were taken care of with crucifixion, assassination and maddness... very simple. we are on track and hope you will join us.=

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257. **Arielle Greenberg**

snail mails needed

Wed 13 Aug 2003

Please backchannel 'em if you got 'em, thanks!

Arielle

Robert Creeley

Mary Szybist

Larissa Szporluk

Jean Valentine

Martha Zweig

Mary Jo Bang

Elizabeth Willis

Haryette Mullen

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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258. **Rob McLennan**

STANZAS list

Wed 13 Aug 2003

STANZAS - the little longpoem mag that could

Another injury, another list of rare & out-of-print. What i thought yesterday a broken toe, today hoping merely a sprain. I need the money to have myself strapped to something for the next few weeks, so something else doesn't happen. Prices in effect until the end of August 2003, or until I run out of stock, whichever comes first.

19. STANZAS magazine, volume 1, issue #2. 500 copies, January 1994. issue dedicated to Frank Zappa. "VIGIL" by Maggie Helwig. distributed free. 16 pages. The piece later appeared in Eating Glass (1995, Quarry Press). 2 copies, \$20 each.

20. STANZAS magazine, volume 1, issue #8. 750 copies, May 28, 1996. "The Big Fuck" by Judith Fitzgerald & "HOW TO SPEND MOST OF YOUR TIME ALONE AND STILL WRITE CONVINCINGLY ABOUT SEX" by R.M. (Richard Murray) Vaughan. distributed free. 12 pages. 2 copies, \$20 each.

21. STANZAS magazine, volume 1, issue #12. 750 copies, April 1997. "BLONDES ON BIKES: 1-20" by George Bowering. distributed free. 28 pages. Later appeared in full in the collection Blonds on Bikes (1997, Talonbooks). 2 copies, \$30 each.

22. STANZAS magazine, volume 1, issue #13. 750 copies, June 1997. "inside first floor at the randomization factory" by megan lynch. distributed free. 12 pages. cover image by Emily Whist. 2 copies, \$20 each.

23. STANZAS magazine, volume 1, issue #20. 750 copies, May 1999. "Eulogistics" by Victor Coleman. released in Winnipeg, May 8, 1999. distributed free. 16 pages. 2 copies, \$20 each.

Current STANZAS subscriptions available at \$20 for 5 issues. Current issue #34 - Three Pieces of Glass by Aaron Peck (Vancouver). Next issue: Highway 99 by Meredith Quartermain (Vancouver).

Make cheques payable to rob mclennan, 858 Somerset St W, Main Floor, Ottawa Ontario Canada, K1R 6R7. In Canada, these are Canadian prices. Anywhere else, they become American prices. for further backlist items not outrageously expensive, check out www.track0.com/rob_mclennan

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0 www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

259. **J. Scappettone**

Holloway Poetry Series, Fall 2003--please forward and distribute

Wed 13 Aug 2003

Please place these events in your newsletter, and feel free to forward. Thanks in advance for your help. JS

Holloway Poetry Series, Fall 2003

Colloquia with the poets begin at 5:30 p.m. in 330 Wheeler Hall, UC Berkeley

Readings begin at 7 p.m., Maud Fife Room, 315 Wheeler Hall, UC Berkeley

All events are free and open to the public: bring friends!

For our full schedule, poet bios, poems, and links to other poetry sources in the Bay Area and beyond, visit our website:

<http://socrates.berkeley.edu/~poetry>

Tuesday, September 9: UC Berkeley faculty reading, featuring Anne Cheng, Robert Hass, Lyn Hejinian, Judith Goldman, Maxine Hong Kingston, Ron Loewinsohn, Chris Nealon, Geoffrey G. O'Brien, John Shoptaw, and others

Thursday, September 18: Barrett Watten and Nadia Nurhussein

Barrett Watten was born in Long Beach, California, in 1948 and spent his childhood in California, Japan, and Taiwan. After graduating from high school in Oakland, he attended MIT and then UC Berkeley, where he took an AB in the sciences in 1969 but also met poets Robert Grenier and Ron Silliman and studied with Josephine Miles, who recommended him to the Iowa Writers Workshop. He later returned to the Bay Area and began to form relations with the group of experimental writers who would become known as the Language School. He edited *This*, one of the central little magazines of the movement, and co-edited *Poetics Journal*, one its theoretical venues. In 1986, he returned to Berkeley, earning his PhD in English. His published books include *Opera Works*, *Decay*, *110*, and, written in Berkeley, *Conduit*, *Under Erasure*, and *Bad History*; his collected poems, *Frame* (1971-1990), appeared in 1997. He has published two volumes of literary and cultural criticism, and since 1994 has taught at Wayne State University in Detroit.

Nadia Nurhussein was raised in Staten Island, New York. She is currently a graduate student in the English department at UC Berkeley, working on a dissertation about American poetry written in dialect. Her poetry has received Berkeley's Eisner, Cook, and Poet Laureate Prizes.

Tuesday, September 30: Lisa Robertson and Jessica Fisher

Canadian writer Lisa Robertson has lived in Vancouver for twenty-odd years and is in the midst of moving to the nineteenth arrondissement. Her books of poetry include *The Apothecary*, *XEclogue*, *Debbie: An Epic*, and *The Weather*. Forthcoming from Clear Cut Press in Fall 2003 is *Occasional Works* and *Seven Walks from the Office for Soft Architecture*, a linked series of essays on cities, architecture and ornament. She moonlights as an astrologist for *Nest: a Quarterly of Interiors* under the pen name Swann.

Jessica Fisher is a doctoral candidate in the department of English at UC Berkeley. She is currently writing a dissertation focused on the psychological function of the poetic mode, particularly as manifested in the late novels of Virginia Woolf. For the past year, she has worked with Robert Hass on a project to install poems in the sidewalk of the downtown Berkeley arts corridor; she will co-edit a book on the project in the coming year. Jessica has twice received the Eisner Prize for her poetry, and her translation of a poem by Czeslaw Milosz appeared in *The New York Review of Books*.

Tuesday, October 7: Charles North and J.P. Jordan

Charles North has authored eight poetry collections and a book of essays. He is the two-time winner of the National Endowment for the Arts Creative Writing Fellowship, and a recent finalist for the inaugural Phi Beta Kappa Poetry Award. North is Professor of English and the first full-time Poet-in-Residence at Pace University in NYC.

J.P. Jordan is a graduate student in UC Berkeley's English department.

Thursday, October 23: Anne Tardos and Jackson MacLow, and Julie Carr

Jackson Mac Low, born in 1922 in Chicago, is a poet and composer and a writer of performance pieces, essays, plays, and radio works (mainly produced at Westdeutscher Rundfunk, Cologne). He is also a painter and multimedia performance artist (often with his wife, Anne Tardos). Author of 26 books, his work has also been published in many anthologies and periodicals and read publicly, exhibited, performed, and broadcast in North and South America, Europe, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand. He has read, performed, and lectured throughout North America, Europe, and New Zealand. His recent publications include the books *Representative Works: 1938-1985* (1986), *Words and Ends from Ez* (1989), *Twenties: 100 Poems* (1991), *Pieces o' Six: Thirty-three Poems in Prose* (1992), *42 Merzgedichte in Memoriam Kurt Schwitters* (1994), and *Barnesbook* (1995) and the compact disc (with Anne Tardos and seven instrumentalists) *Open Secrets* (1993).

Anne Tardos is a poet, a visual artist, and a composer. Her books of multilingual poems and graphics are *The Dik-dik's Solitude* (Granary Books, 2002;

Uxudo (Tuumba Press/O Books, 1999); Mayg-shem Fish (Potes & Poets Press, 1995); and Cat Licked the Garlic (Tsunami Editions, 1992). Examples of her visual texts were exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art, New York and the Newberger Museum of Art, New York. She has participated in several Fluxus festivals and events since the early 1970s, and her work was exhibited at the 1990 Venice Biennale's Fluxus Pavillion. She is also the author of the multilingual performance work *Among Men*, which was produced by the (WDR) West German Radio, in Cologne. She has lectured and performed her works widely in the United States and Europe.

Julie Carr is a 3rd year English grad student working on 19th century poetry. Her own poems have been published in journals such as *Boston Review*, *Tri-Quarterly*, *Epoch*, *New England Review* and *Seneca Review*. She's won various poetry prizes and has taught poetry writing in the NYC public school system and NYC public libraries. Previous to all of this, she was a dancer and dance improviser.

Thursday, November 6: Geoffrey G. O'Brien

Geoffrey G. O'Brien's first book, *The Guns and Flags Project*, was published by the University of California Press in 2002.

If you have additional questions about the series, please contact Jen Scappetone at [REDACTED].

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260. **Brian Kim Stefans [arras.net]**

Little Review: Jeff Derksen, Transnational Muscle Cars

Wed 13 Aug 2003

<http://www.arras.net/weblog/>

Little Review: Jeff Derksen, Transnational Muscle Cars

Talonbooks

0-88922-473-0

Derksen likes to position his poetry right in the mainstream of the saltier, sparring realms of "political discourse," his lines surfacing from the same semantic gumbo that produced Spiro Agnew's "nattering nabobs of negativism" and Oscar Wilde's whipsmart butlers getting one over on their narcissistic, hidebound masters. A spirit of paradox lurks behind the arras of Derksen's lava-paced comedic discharge: "From agitprop to diamat / I believe it was Tatlin / who said — or was it Jacques Villeneuve: / Learn to make leisure / more work, rumours over tumours, / strategies over tactics. I stand / before you asking to be

memorable / for my memorabilia and / symptomatic for my mottoes / in these times when we are told / that movement is what we all share / it's just that some have more legroom." (98) 1996's *Dwell* began the exploration of a style that would become linked with Derksen: poems of spare, astute "socialist one-liners" (his own phrase) that accrued sentence by sentence to elaborate a complex field of issues, mostly concerning geopolitics and nationalism but also sexuality, culture and class identity. The mode departed from earlier varieties of "Language" poetics – such as those espoused by Barrett Watten, Bruce Andrews or the "new sentence" of Ron Silliman — by not fetishizing opaque formalisms over (or in place of) "content": *Dwell* was, even for the newbie, accessible in themes, comfortably paced, and motored by an anti-heroic punk sensibility that jived with the author's working class background in Vancouver, Canada. *Transnational Muscle Cars*, his third full-length collection, doesn't add greatly to the poet's arsenal of poetic methods — the title poem, "Social Facts are Vertical" and "But Could I Make a Living From It" could be extensions of poems from *Dwell*, and indeed of each other — though "Jobber" and the stanzas of "Forced Thoughts" (which read at times like decidedly un-Juba-to-Jived Harryette Mullen quatrains) reflect a confidence in extending his methods into longer works. There is a noticeable increase in the language of globalism — focus on the "specific," especially brand names, is valorized, as a gumbo of capitalist detritus is depicted as links in a chain of transnational correspondences ("I want to see / the real relations / but you've got Nikes on and I like you / so I have to try and understand") [10], while abstract terms are rendered material, humanized so as to be subjected to warm satire: "I'd like to inflate a bubble building as a mobil public sphere, but I'm a little breathless." (106) Derksen quirps in "Social Facts are Vertical": "I questioned authority and the question won," a characteristically self-effacing remark that takes the "self" as both identity trace and Cartesian burden, but exhibiting a note of frustration with the language of theory itself as a wieldable force of opposition. But Derksen has turned this question into incredibly effective, lively but careful, Brechtian poetry that turns the event of reading into a hootenanny in the village square, and has already been quite influential on other writers creating bridges between radical formalism and a vaudevillian social platform, such as Kevin Davies, Rodrigo Toscano and Tim Davis.

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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261. **schwartzgk**

Cid Corman

Wed 13 Aug 2003

I have an essay on Cid Corman's poetry
just up on LEGIBLE's Blog. This way:

www.geocities.com/legible5roses/schwartzcorman

Gerald Schwartz



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262. **Alan Sondheim**

Statement on asondheim.org/portal/*.exe for Lewis LaCook

Wed 13 Aug 2003

Statement on asondheim.org/portal/*.exe for Lewis LaCook

The programs are operating in the space between analog and digital, although totally grounded in the digital. How much can mathesis transform semantics? All of them except for bee.exe are determined and therefore the metaphorical application of the machinic to the world.

The code is simply vb-wise and somewhat complex in terms of nesting and recursion. I tend to work well with trigonometric functions, which near the limits, say, of tangent and cotangent, can resonate with the limits of the computation itself.

Furthermore these images are interpreted in terms of the underlying photographs - a lichen-like growth upon them, empathetic and cohering. In turn, they modify, deconstruct.

What are they deconstructing? Language, meaning, symbols, the symbolic. Through erasure and the growth of form.

—

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263. **Alan Sondheim**

GLORYBEE

Wed 13 Aug 2003

GLORYBEE

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/gb.exe>

clearcut god face clearcut of face god of we good will we thank will for god how
for wonderful how everything wonderful is everything so is good so do face
click do and click on click resize do wonder of let god it let be it said be worship
will

—

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264. **alexander saliby**
(no subject)

Thu 14 Aug 2003

Matt,

In your piece, you wrote:

"(Oil is at the bottom of the American Empire)"

And you miss a critical point. Allow me to correct your error by adjusting your sentence:

"England is at the bottom of the American Empire."

And, in truth, Matt, England is at the bottom of the troubles in the Middle East.

Imagine how the English would react were a foreign nation to plunder a portion of the land around Liverpool, say carve out a parcel of land large enough to represent an Israel, and suppose that foreign nation, who assisted the incoming, new residents to win the early wars with the locals Brits, then used its influence to talk America into arming, training and continuing to fund the military of the newly arrived residents. How might Mr. Blair react to that scenario?

The Israeli's since 1948, with the aid and arms from Britain and its allies (most notably the then pointedly Christian U.S.A.) have won fourteen wars (14) against their Arab neighbors...and still they have no peace. Nor will there be peace so long as there is an imposed British (American) intervention into the daily lives of the people who populate the lands.

And I should clarify this point, America (nee GWBush) is not a culprit in this crime; the limp-minded eli has been a pawn in the British game, again.

My problem with the situation is simply this: neither GWB nor his tribe of followers has the intellectual perspicacity to recognize the fact that they've been played. That, in my estimation is a fine feather in the hat of Mr. Blair and the British government. Here, once again, the Brits have managed to take a losing hand and trade it for a winner by duping a silly, egotistical youngster of a country.

"Will there ever be a real peace in the Middle East," you ask?

Ask this while you are asking: "Will there be peace in Ireland?"

If you are a graduate of an English or an American school system and have failed to think beyond the details presented in your degree program, you will answer those questions by saying something like, "There will be peace in the region as soon as all factions learn to accept the dictates of the American (nee British) plan."

And at that statement, you'd be as wrong as your predecessors who have uttered similar words.

"So, Alex," you ask, "how should peace be pursued in the region?"

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265. **Matt Keenan**

HISTORY OF WAHHABIS

Thu 14 Aug 2003

before flintlock ignition

In 1599 the London grocers formed the East India Company (the Honourable Company)

Pepper was at the bottom of the British Empire
(Oil is at the bottom of the American Empire)

the explosive heat of this commodity [pepper] communicated itself to its peppery english purveyors (the explosive heat of this commodity [oil, that silly sediment] communicates itself to its oily american consumers)

In the late 18th and early 19th centuries the Omanis themselves had a bad reputation for piracy

By 1800 Muscat was almost exclusively a port of transit between India and the Gulf

Captain Babcock, having been seen firing a musket, was condemned to lose an arm which was struck off with a single blow of a sword. The Captain retained sufficient presence of mind to thrust the profusely bleeding stump of his arm into a pot of hot ghee [...] which lessened the flow of blood, as his captors had taken no interest in preventing his bleeding to death

When Sir John Malcolm, the future Governor of Bombay, inquired of his Arab servant Khudadad as to who were the inhabitants of this barren shore of Arabia, he was told with apparent alarm

They are of the sect of the Wahhabis, and are called Jouassimee [Qawasimi]; but God preserve us from them, for they are monsters. Their occupation is piracy, and their delight murder, and to make it worse they give you the most

pious reasons for every villainy they commit. They abide by the letter of the sacred volume, rejecting all commentaries and traditions. If you are their captive and offer all to save your life, they say 'No! It is written in the Koran that it is unlawful to plunder the living, but we are not prohibited in that sacred work from stripping the dead'; so saying they knock you on the head.

[...]they 'plundered their way to heaven' [and they] actually received support from 'the wavering and infatuated policy of the Bombay Government', then represented by the East India Company, who absurdly regarded these murderous ruffians [terrorists] as 'innocent and unoffending Arabs [Saudis]' and tied the hands of their naval officers with peremptory orders not to fire on any arab craft until they first opened fire. [...] the bloodthirsty pirates [...] construed non-intervention an avowal of weakness.

pirate excesses

Then under 'circumstances of horrid solemnity which gave the deed the appearance of some hellish religious rite' the severely wounded captain was literally hewed to pieces on the quarter deck. While the individual passengers and crew members were bound and 'led forward singly, their heads placed on the gunwale, and their throats cut with the exclamation used in battle, "Allah Akbar"'.

provoked a reversal in the absurd, tender consciences of the East India Company's Directors

the chief Qawasimi capital of Ras al-Khaimah [one of the seven emirates of the United Arab Emirates] was bombarded and razed to the ground

This was far from being the end of the Sultan's [of Oman] troubles with the piratical Wahhabis

By 1812, despite a general decline of Wahhabi fortunes which reached their nadir in 1813 when Ibrahim Pasha drove Abdullah bin Saud out of Hijaz, Arab corsairs [terrorists] were as busy as ever

[...] one Rahma bin Jaubir, the very type of the 'Barbary pirate' of fiction: he had the capture of entire fleets to his credit, he gave no quarter, slaughtering whole crews, he wore nothing but a shirt which he had never changed or washed, his body and face were a mass of disfiguring scars. The bones of his left arm had been shattered by grape-shot and having worked out through the flesh, had left him with a boneless arm with which, however, he took great pleasure in cutting throats.

[...] Wahhabism [...] a kind of licence to turn pirate [terrorist]

(Once in the junk souk of Riyadh I witnessed a religious policeman (the tell-tale short dish-dash robe marking him) holding what looked like the fanbelt from a car threateningly wielding it to make sure the shops were closing during the

afternoon prayer. He had very black skin, probably a former slave, which was finally outlawed in the Kingdom in 1963.)

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266. **Sheila Murphy**
backchannel W.B. Keckler Address

Thu 14 Aug 2003

If anyone has Bill Keckler's email address, or if you are on here, Bill, can you backchannel me contact information?

Thanks = Sheila Murphy

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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267. **Matt Keenan**
STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Thu 14 Aug 2003

ROBERTS: We gotta' convert them heathen sodomite A-rabs. SHRUB: Why what would you do if you were separated from women until you were marriageable or couldn't go to Bangkok or even Sophia, Bulgaria, Oral? ROBERTS: that sombitch Sodom Hussein wouldn't think twice times for doing it, I bet. SHRUB: Well, I was in one of the hotel bathrooms and dammed if every stall had a hose in it to clean the asshole with. Damm, I'd rather have a dirty asshole from shit rubbed around on it with teepee than to stick some nozzle up my asshole after some Saudi used it. ROBERTS: shit that's primitive. SHRUB: dammed if I didn't meet some Amurrikan diplomat that said it was hygenic, gettin' all the bacteria cleaned and reamed outa' his a-hole... "Om an ol' cowhaaaaaaand from the rio graaaaaand, wiped my ass with my haaaaaand, like a musulmaaaaaan." ROBERTS: No wonder those queen faggots love it over there.

LEEZA: We gotta problem on our hands, George. SHRUB: Yeah, politics makes strange bedfellows. But, we got the Amurrikan public convinced now that the hijackers were Iraqis, at least that's what a poll shows now. They're all rag-heads anyways. LEEZA: I know, all of them are named Al, at least that's what's intelligence found out, all the shop signs over there began with 'Al'. You know, like Al Jazeera. So intelligence thinks that if we terminate any raghead with the

first name of Al we can get rid of any possible terrorists. You know like in the Bible, killin' the first born. COLON: Far out, Leeza.

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268. **Patrick Herron**

Bush went AWOL

Thu 14 Aug 2003

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

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269. **Walter K. Lew**

Places to read in Eugene, Oregon?

Thu 14 Aug 2003

Dear List: I'm going to be in Eugene, OR mid-October and wd like to set up a reading (or talk) from my books. If you have any suggestions for the area (I guess Salem and Corvallis aren't far away), aside from the U. of Oregon's bookstore, I'd appreciate it. Back-channel's o.k. Thanks,

Walter K. Lew

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270. **Lewis LaCook**

Fife~Zen

Thu 14 Aug 2003

15.

It could even have been the pull
of nightbirds talking
in the depths of feverish leaves.

Spooning Anemone
an effort,
but I, symi'd
with anonymity,

am too busily murdering.
Yi! Yi! dragging guttered
violins, threading it
through my blood.

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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271. **kari edwards**

Catherine Meng, Chris Daniels, and, David Hess

Thu 14 Aug 2003

Dear Friends,

I'm inordinately pleased to announce the first in a series of House Readings, in the fine local tradition recently re-established by David Hadbawnik's friday night reading series. Only this time it's in Oakland.

Well, the first reading is in Oakland but expect a reading in a living room near you soon: namely, kari edward's house in San Francisco and Taylor Brady's new east bay location, later this fall. More will be revealed.

The details? You are invited to come eat, drink, chat and listen to poetry from Catherine Meng, Chris Daniels, and, visiting from St. Louis: David Hess!

next Wednesday, August 20, readings to begin at 7:30

at Stephanie Young's house

434 36th Street

Oakland, 94609

(directions below)

Please bring a snack or something to drink. I'm going to make pie. And ice cream.

THE READERS:

Catherine Meng is an east coast ex-pat who has been living & writing in Berkeley for the past 3 years after time in both Montana and New Mexico. She has a

strong sense of spatial awareness but is very poor at math.

Chris Daniels was born in 1956 in NYC and moved to the Bay Area in 1981. His translations of lusophone poetry have appeared in many literary journals. "On the Shining Screen of the Eyelids," published by Manifest Press, is his first book of translations.

David Hess graduated from St. Louis University High School in 1992. He attended Brown University where he met many poets and wrote many poems. He's had poems, essays and reviews published in such magazines as Jacket, Mungo vs. Ranger, Skanky Possum, Flashpoint, Shampoo, Quid, The Baffler and VeRT. David has worked many jobs. Some may be familiar with his editorship at Ladue News' now defunct monthly insert Gentlemen's Club. If you're not, you don't know what you were missing. As far as poetry goes, David continues to write it despite the pain it causes him and others. He once described his poetic style as "a punk Wallace Stevens" and his criticism as "Hans Gadamer on acid." Skanky Possum, out of Austin, TX, published a chapbook, Cage Dances, in 2001. In January 2003 David started a weblog - "Heathens in Heat" - where he routinely posts writing, commentary and expletive-laced digressions on the nature of mortal existence.

DIRECTIONS TO STEPHANIE'S HOUSE:

I'm located at 434 36th Street, in Oakland. 36th Street runs parallel to MacArthur Blvd. and between Broadway and Telegraph Ave.

If you are driving from the city, I strongly suggest you plug my address into Mapquest (www.mapquest.com) or contact me directly and I can deluge you with paragraphs of instructions.

For those of you coming via public transit, MacArthur BART is the closest. You can walk to my house from there. As you exit the BART station, walk through the parking lot and out the back right hand side. You'll exit onto Telegraph Ave. and the next light will be MacArthur Blvd. Continue up Telegraph, through the

light, and then cross to the other side of the street.
36th St. will be your second left. Walk up 36th. I am
towards the top of the street, on the left hand side.
The house is white / off white.

IMPORTANT: I am the lower flat. Walk up the driveway -
you'll see a garage in the back with a scary-silly
blue puppet face. You'll also see my white honda
civic.

The door is up the driveway on the left hand side.
I'll have a sign posted near the street pointing you
my way.

If all else fails: the phone # is [REDACTED]

Hope to see you there!
Stephanie

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272. **August Highland**

Encyclopoetica

Thu 14 Aug 2003

Encyclopoetica

www.encyclopoetica.com/8.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/9.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/10.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/11.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/12.html

august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.507 / Virus Database: 304 - Release Date: 8/4/2003

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273. **August Highland**

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Five)

Thu 14 Aug 2003

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Five)

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kG rap hic s P roc ess ors
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kO S's ha ve a w
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august highland
muse apprentice guild
--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.507 / Virus Database: 304 - Release Date: 8/4/2003

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274. **Herb Levy**

Fwd: ANOMALOUS IS CLOSING

Thu 14 Aug 2003

This unfortunate news may be of interest to some of y'all who are on the look out for recordings that are often hard to find in the US and elsewhere.

Bests,

Herb

>X-Sender: [REDACTED]

>X-Priority: 2 (High)

>Date: Wed, 13 Aug 2003 23:28:40 -0700

>To: Recipient List Suppressed.;

>From: Anomalous Records mail order <[REDACTED]>

>Subject: ANOMALOUS IS CLOSING

>

>At the end of August 2003, Anomalous Records will CLOSE.

>

>No more mail order.

>No more wholesale.

>

>No 'going-out-of-business' sale - if you want it, buy it now before

>we run out.

>

>Please get any orders in before August 25th, as we will likely spend

>the last week of August packing everything up to put in storage.

>

>Obviously, everything is limited to the stock on hand, once it is

>gone, it's gone.

>

>Why are we closing? Well, there are a lot of reasons. Probably

>most importantly is that Anomalous Records is kept alive by me, Eric

>Lanzillotta, putting in a lot of unpaid overtime. Anomalous Records

>is the result of a lot of passion and drive. I have a lot of
>passion for the sounds we sell, and a lot of drive to do things the
>best I can. I pushed myself very hard because I believe very much
>in what I do with Anomalous Records. I am very proud of what I have
>accomplished, and it is a great part of my life. In fact, it has
>been most of my life for the last 12 and a half years. Therein lies
>the problem. In pushing myself forward to make this work, I have
>pushed myself too far. In fact, I probably past my limits several
>years ago. Recently I have begun to notice the negative side
>effects of pushing myself so hard for so long. Basically the stress
>of doing this has taken its toll. I have realized that I need to
>stop now while I can, and not just completely burn myself out.
>Aside from this, Anomalous is not all of my life. As a few of you
>will know, I have a son who will be turning 13 in a few months. If
>there is one thing that I regret about Anomalous, it is not having
>more time to spend with him.

>

>For those have of you who have been around long enough, you will
>know that through a lot of periods of Anomalous' history, the
>business has been run entirely by me. I have had occasional helpers
>over the years who I could not have gotten by without (Danielle,
>Daniel, Damion, Sara, Jessica, Davey, Drew, Jeph, AJ, Rachael,
>Isaac, Jefferson, Matt, Monica, and another Daniel). Most important
>of these is Rachael Jackson, who has been helping me for over 4
>years now and has become the public face of Anomalous Records for
>most people. To her especially, I am indebted for all the time and
>effort and without whom Anomalous might have collapsed a while ago.
>We did put forward the idea of Rachael continue to run Anomalous
>without me, but it became apparent that she could not handle running
>the business (let alone how the numbers were looking). Getting
>someone outside to take over what was so personal is also
>unappealing.

>

>I owe many people thanks for help in making this dream work for so
>long. To make a list would be impossibly long, and I would fear
>leaving out someone important in taking on such a long task. But I
>would like to single out a few people that I have especially high
>gratitude for:

>

>KENT RANDOLPH

>

>NORIYASU NOGAI

>

>ROBERT MARZANO

>

>The support and faith these people have had in me over years has
>been instrumental.

>

>Likewise, the creative force of JEPH JERMAN has been an important
>inspiration through the entire history of Anomalous Records.

>

>Most of all, without TANITH LANZILLOTTA, I probably could have not
>kept going through it all. I thank him for all his patience for
>dad having to work late.

>

>But as I allude to above, there are hundreds more people that helped
>make this what it was. Everyone that bought anything and all the
>wonderfully talented and underappreciated artists that have made up
>the catalog over the years. Anomalous has mainly been about a
>bringing together of people and sounds, and I hope I've helped you
>on this journey.

>

>Last, PLEASE do help us sell off the remaining stock by buying. I
>would very much like to keep the label side of Anomalous Records
>alive, but that depends on selling off a lot of the stock we have on
>hand. I am going to make one last push to sell things over the next
>two weeks, then I must call it quits. We have a lot of wonderful
>things in the works such as releases by:

>AMM

>Mnemonists / Biota

>Andrew Deutsch

>Ellen Fullman

>RLW

>Robert Millis' recordings from SE Asia

>and more....

>Please help me save at least this part of my dream, and thank again
>for all your support over the years!

>

>This is actually a shortened version of everything going through my
>head lately. Maybe at some future point, I will put something more
>extended on the web site. Yes, the web site will stay up on the
>internet, but the catalog will disappear. Also, the PO Box will
>remain a valid address.

>

>Eric Lanzillotta

>

--

Herb Levy

P O Box 9369

Fort Worth, TX 76147



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275. **mIEKAL aND**

Amiri Baraka's daughter murdered

Thu 14 Aug 2003

Newark shaken by the loss of selfless role model

Shani Baraka was the quiet star of city's prominent family

Thursday, August 14, 2003

BY BARRY CARTER AND JEFFERY C. MAYS

Star-Ledger Staff

Amiri Baraka is a nationally recognized poet and social activist who was one of the leading voices of the black power and black arts movement of the 1960s and '70s.

His son, Ras Baraka, followed in his footsteps, becoming active in Newark city issues, reciting his poetry on Lauryn Hill's debut album and, more recently, on the nationally televised Def Poetry Jam. From our Advertisers

Amiri Baraka's daughter, Shani Baraka, went about things in a quieter way.

A math and science teacher at Vailsburg Middle School and assistant basketball coach at Malcolm X Shabazz High School, she upheld the family tradition of reaching out to young people.

Shani Baraka, 31, and her friend Rayshon Holmes, 30, of Irvington were found shot dead Tuesday in the family room of the Piscataway home of Shani Baraka's sister.

In Newark, word of Shani Baraka's death hit hard.

"We are hurting because this family is such an important part of the Newark community," said Mayor Sharpe James, who was visibly distraught.

"The Baraka family have been activists at articulating the concerns of the people," said state Sen. Ronald Rice. "They've been in the forefront of making government pay attention to certain issues."

By 10 a.m. yesterday, cars were doubled-parked in front of the home of Amiri Baraka and his wife, Amina, on South 10th Street, a tree-lined block in the city's South Ward.

A stream of close friends, family members, community activists and city officials stopped by to express condolences. On the street outside the house there were hugs and tears as people remembered the young woman.

"Everybody loved Shani," said a teary-eyed Ras Baraka, her brother and a deputy mayor in Newark. "She was the best one out of all of us."

"Shani was so full of life," Amiri Baraka said. "This is inconceivable."

One visitor was Newark School Superintendent Marion A. Bolden, who hugged Ras Baraka.

"This hurts personally because Shani's such a sweet person. She was one of us. She went to school here and came back after college to teach, coach and be a role model for our children," said Bolden.

Rep. Donald Payne (D-10th Dist.), said, "She was always cheerful and she kept a smile on her face."

Community activist Patrick Council called Shani Baraka's death "a definite loss to the community, especially to the women in the community."

"She was a good spirit. She was high-energy," Council said. "That's the kind of stuff the community needed. And she demanded it (energy) back. She always wanted you to feel like she felt."

Shani Baraka was a top student-athlete at Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, N.C. She was an outstanding basketball point guard, once named co-player of the year by the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association. She graduated summa cum laude in 1994.

Friends and family said that even though Shani Baraka was 5-foot-1, she was a tough, feisty and quick all-around guard with a nice jump shot, who didn't like to lose.

"She was a tough player who didn't back down from anybody," said Valerie Barnes, head girls basketball coach at University High School in Newark and Shani Baraka's high school coach.

Shani got her start in coaching at University High School under Barnes. She had aspirations to be a head coach and moved to Shabazz High School, a larger basketball program, where she was assistant coach for the past three years. Last year the team, which won the state Tournament of Champions, was recognized as one of the best girls teams in the nation.

Ras Baraka said Shani was enrolled at Saint Peter's College in Jersey City and was one year away from completing her master's in administration and supervision. With those credentials, colleagues said, Shani could have become a vice principal or an athletic director, although she liked to coach.

"She was just in her prime," Ras said. "She was trying to buy a house. She was 30 years old. She was trying to begin to make stuff happen in her life."

Shani was already making things happen with her Vailsburg students and the players at Shabazz.

"She always said: 'Discipline, basketball, life,'" said Princess Porter, a member of the Shabazz Lady Bulldogs championship team, who will attend the University of the District of Columbia in the fall.

"She told us that if we are going to be tough on the basketball court, we had to be tough in life," she said.

Beyond being an assistant coach, Shani Baraka was the go-to person when the players needed someone to talk to.

Her players said she kept in touch with their problems, and she knew the finer details of their lives, including their birthdays.

"She was always there," said Jamillah White, 16, a junior.

Last Friday, Shani Baraka came to Jamillah's side at a funeral for her cousin, who had been shot eight times.

It was the last time they spoke, Jamillah said.

Recently, Shani Baraka coached the Newark girls basketball team to a gold medal in the U.S. Youth Games in San Francisco. In the past, Baraka had served as an assistant coach. "This year, Shani coached the team herself ... and she brought the gold medal home," James said.

Porter said she will dedicate the rest of her basketball career to her assistant coach.

"She always said there was more to life than basketball," Porter said. "Every time I play, I'm going to remember my coach because she had such an impact on my life."

Shani's death wasn't the first time that violence hit the Baraka family.

Amiri Baraka's sister, actress and dancer Kimako Baraka, was stabbed to death in 1984 by a vagrant she tried to help.

"My sister and my daughter were killed by crazy men who hate women," Amiri Baraka said.

<http://www.nj.com/news/ledger/index.ssf?/base/news-10/1060837826272460.xml>

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276. **Geoffrey Gatza**

very sad news

Thu 14 Aug 2003

News Break

08/14/2003 04:25:04 EST Police: Poet Baraka's Daughter Shot

A daughter of New Jersey's deposed poet laureate and the daughter's friend were found shot to death in a home, authorities said Wednesday.

The bodies of Shani Baraka, 31, and Rayshon Holmes, 30, were discovered Tuesday night in the Piscataway home that Shani Baraka shared with her sister, according to prosecutor Bruce Kaplan.

Police were searching for Shani Baraka's brother-in-law, James Coleman, who also goes by the name Ibn El-Amin Pasha, Kaplan said. Coleman is the estranged husband of Wanda Pasha, Shani Baraka's sister. Coleman was not called a suspect.

Amiri Baraka, the former poet laureate, said Wanda Pasha made several domestic violence complaints against Coleman, from whom she separated in February. He said Wanda Pasha was in Las Vegas at the time of the shootings.

Kaplan said Coleman was not served with two complaints and has been considered a fugitive since July.

Amiri Baraka's post as poet laureate was eliminated last month after he wrote a poem suggesting that Israel had advance knowledge of the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, 2001. Investigators do not believe the uproar over the poem had anything to do with the shootings.

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277. **Fulcrum Annual**

Fulcrum 3 theme CLARIFICATION + submission dates

Thu 14 Aug 2003

The theme of Fulcrum's third issue, to appear in early 2004, is "DIAGNOSIS: POETRY (Poetry, Psychology, Psychiatry)." We would like to clarify that this thematic constraint primarily concerns ESSAYS rather than poems. Many (though not all!) of the essays in the issue will explore the psychological and psychiatric dimensions, circumstances, aspects, contexts, etc. of poetry. We

especially welcome essays by psychologists, psychiatrists and cognitive scientists who wish to discuss poets and poetry from this particular angle.

We will also consider other essays on poetry. If you have an essay in mind or in hand but are not sure whether it fits the issue's editorial needs, please don't hesitate to query (or simply send it along). Any suggestions and recommendations are also most welcome.

Poetry submissions are not expected to follow any specific theme. Simply send us your best work!

Fulcrum normally reads unsolicited submissions June through August only, but this year we have extended the reading period through September.

Send submissions of poetry and essays to:

Philip Nikolayev & Katia Kapovich, eds.

Fulcrum Annual

334 Harvard Street, Suite D-2

Cambridge, MA 02139, USA

e-mail [REDACTED] (queries only)

Please include a brief cover letter and SAE with sufficient postage (postal stamps or IRCs). We regret being unable to accept unsolicited submissions by email.

Reading an issue of Fulcrum before submitting work is highly RECOMMENDED.

SUBSCRIPTION rates in the US are \$15 per issue for individuals, \$30 for institutions. Overseas subscriptions are \$20 and \$40 per issue, respectively. \$5 discount on 3-issue subscriptions. Send check or money order drawn in US currency and payable to Fulcrum Annual to the editorial address. NOTE: Copies of Fulcrum 1 ("A Map of English-language Poetry") are still available for \$15 post-paid in the US, \$20 overseas.

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278. **kari edwards**

recently I cooked in a microwave

Thu 14 Aug 2003

recently I cooked in a microwave

as always the phase merit was meet as good morning - as always the reverberation or what was thought as a reinterpretation from distant rubble was returned mail - stamped family status incomplete. the blue windowpane was nothing but remnants of blocked intestines after a failed confession, where I repeated to my shelf, I shall kill this body unincorporated when given into another position.

really it had more to do with the reported invasion not my internal combustion or some failure with the new fade of holy digressions. coming down the hill turning left after paying the toll, an entire population of lemmings was reawakening. to late to fuss with nausea or the old I would walk a mile further then a camel with my cordless replica and pebble shoes. this is my drano dildo hello to you, a yellow jello mold howdy-do contemplation on the second hand - did someone say plastic cheese? I meet individually wrapped sealed and radiated for procreation, something condoms that will wash pain away like jet blue champaign. as was mentioned in the state script, I extend my right hand and say - good morning , my you look smarter then ever . . . the bell curse is surly wrong today . . . is that a new outfit or just better gas milage. I cross my legs, this is becoming a big problem and totally self-reflective. there is a live feeding station and imitation migration of cobra helicopters from multiplex to the next base of preventive medicine - it's disney from patagonia, coca-cola or freudian freedoina, with freewheeling netscape hard drive eternally altered hot sex DNA and an offering to reduce your debt with two choices, to your right rousseauian dinner flack jackets and on your right we the lincoln brigade tee's, one size fits all, just arriving late from tea in spain. I dance and feel the sound track of my tree of life beep, I know someone loves me. we play kick the dog, its not a real dog, its an laminated real dog, its not even us kicking a laminated real dog, its a video game, a sort of pick up stick. the real me has someone's hand is on a joy stick, the other hand holds a red flavored looney tunes lolly pop, my other hand is waiting for anything new to arrive modem ad infinitum.=

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279. **Ian VanHeusen**
Black August in Albany
Thu 14 Aug 2003

Forward this on and mark it down on your calender. Hope to see everyone there

announcement (please forward widely):

black august: underground hip hop and spoken word.

a benefit for the albany jericho movement.

august 31st, 8pm at the artist's all faith center, 453 n pearl st.

\$6

performers include:

*broadcast live: hip hop feat victorio reyes, author of 'the rebirth of
krazy*

horse'

zest rock & tracy jones: nyc hip hop

soul kitchen, inc.: spoken word

indigo: spoken word

talib: spoken word

alisa sikelianos: singer/songwriter

for more information please contact dylan boyce @ [REDACTED] or
[REDACTED]

the Jericho Movement is a political prisoner support group working to free all political prisoners and abolish the prison system. we are currently compiling biographical and case information on all nys political prisoners which we will print as a booklet. all funds raised will go towards this project.

RESISTANCE: THE ORIGIN OF BLACK AUGUST

Black August originated in the California penal system to honor fallen Freedom Fighters, Jonathan Jackson, George Jackson, William Christmas, James

McClain and Khatari Gauden. Jonathan Jackson was gunned down outside the Marin County California courthouse on August 7, 1970 as he attempted to liberate three imprisoned Black Liberation Fighters: James McClain, William Christmas and Ruchell Magee. Ruchell Magee is the sole survivor of that armed

liberation attempt. He is the former co-defendant of Angela Davis and has been locked down for 38 years, most of it in solitary confinement. George Jackson was assassinated by prison guards during a Black prison rebellion at

San Quentin on August 21, 1971. Three prison guards were also killed during that rebellion and prison officials charged six Black and Latino prisoners with the death of those guards. These six brothers became known as the San Quentin Six.

Khatari Gauden was a prominent leader of the Black Guerilla Family (BGF) after Comrade George was assassinated. Khatari was a leading force in the formation of Black August, particularly its historical and ideological foundations. Khatari, like many of the unnamed freedom fighters of the BGF and the revolutionary prison movement of the 1970's, was murdered at San Quentin Prison in 1978 to eliminate his leadership and destroy the resistance movement.

The brothers who participated in the collective founding of Black August wore black armbands on their left arm and studied revolutionary works, focusing on the works of George Jackson. The brothers did not listen to the radio or watch television in August. Additionally, they didn't eat or drink anything from sun-up to sundown; and loud and boastful behavior was not allowed. The brothers did not support the prison's canteen. The use of drugs and alcoholic beverages was prohibited and the brothers held daily exercises, because during Black August, emphasis is placed on sacrifice, fortitude and discipline. Black August is a time to embrace the principles of unity, self-sacrifice, political education, physical training and resistance. In the late 1970's the observance and practice of Black August left the prisons of California and began being practiced by Black/New Afrikan revolutionaries throughout the country. Members of the New Afrikan Independence Movement (NAIM) began practicing and spreading Black August during this period. The Malcolm X Grassroots Movement (MXGM) inherited knowledge and practice of Black August from its parent organization, the New Afrikan People's Organization (NAPO). MXGM through the Black August Collective (now defunct) began introducing the Hip-Hop community to Black August in the late 1990's after being inspired by New Afrikan political exile Nehanda Abiodun. Traditionally, Black August is a time to study history, particularly our history in the North American Empire. The first Afrikans were brought to Jamestown as slaves in August of 1619, so August is a month during which Blacks/New Afrikans can reflect on our current situation and our self-determining rights. Many have done that in their respective time periods. In 1843, Henry Highland Garnett called a general slave strike on August 22. The Underground Railroad was started on August 2, 1850. The March on Washington occurred in August of 1963, Gabriel Prosser's 1800 slave rebellion occurred on August 30 and Nat Turner planned and executed a slave rebellion that commenced on August 21, 1831. The Watts rebellions were in August of 1965. On August 18, 1971 the Provisional Government of the Republic of New Afrika (RNA) was raided by Mississippi police and FBI agents. The MOVE family was bombed by Philadelphia police on August 8, 1978. Further, August is a time of birth. Dr. Mutulu Shakur (political prisoner & prisoner of war), Pan-Africanist Black Nationalist Leader Marcus Garvey, Maroon Russell Shoatz (political prisoner) and Chicago BPP Chairman Fred Hampton were born in August. August is also a time of rebirth, W.E.B. Dubois died in Ghana on August 27, 1963.

The tradition of fasting during Black August teaches self-discipline. A conscious fast is in effect from 6:00 am to 8:00 pm. Some other personal sacrifice can be made as well. The sundown meal is traditionally shared whenever possible among comrades. On August 31, a People's feast is held and the fast is broken. Black August fasting should serve as a constant reminder of the conditions our people have faced and still confront. Fasting is uncomfortable at times, but it is helpful to remember all those who have come and gone before us, Ni Nkan Mase, if we stand tall, it is because we stand on the shoulders of many ancestors. MXGM would like to thank the following for their contribution to this article: Kali Akuno, Kiilu Nyasha, Ayanna Mashama, David Giappa Johnson, Sundiata Tate, Louis Bato Talamantez of the San Quentin 6 and The Malcolm X Grassroots Movement (MXGM).

for more information please contact dylan boyce @ [REDACTED]

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280. **Skip Fox**
Baraka's daughter shot (dead).

Thu 14 Aug 2003

<http://www.newsday.com/news/nationworld/nation/ny-uspoet143413925aug14,0,3593085.story?coll=ny-nationalnews-print>

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281. **David Baratier**
final call, postmark by friday 8/15

Thu 14 Aug 2003

Annual Transcontinental Poetry Award by Pavement Saw Press

Each year Pavement Saw Press will seek to publish at least one book of poetry and/or prose poems from manuscripts received during this competition. Selection is made anonymously through a competition that is

open to anyone who has not previously published a volume of poetry or prose. The author receives \$1000 and copies. The judge of the competition

will be announced after the contest. Previous judges have included Bin Ramke, David Bromige and Howard McCord. This years judge is Judith Vollmer.

Last year two books were published. One chosen by the judge (who won publication and monetary prize) and one by the editor (whose book was published with a royalty contract).

All poems must be original, all prose must be original, fiction or translations are not acceptable. Writers who have had volumes of poetry and/or prose under 40 pages printed or printed in limited editions of no

more than 500 copies are eligible. Submissions are accepted during the months of June, July, and until August 15th.

Entries must meet these requirements:

1. The manuscript should be at least 48 pages and no more than 64 pages in length.
2. A cover letter which includes a brief biography, the book's title, your name, address, and telephone number, your signature, and, if you have e-mail, your e-mail address. It should also include a list of acknowledgments for the book.
3. The manuscript should be bound with a single clip and begin with a title page including the book's title, your name, address, and telephone number, and, if you have e-mail, your e-mail address. Submissions to the contest are judged anonymously.
4. The second page should have only the title of the manuscript. There are to be no acknowledgments or mention of the author's name from this page forward.
5. A table of contents should follow the second title page.
6. The manuscript should be paginated, beginning with the first page of poetry.
7. There should be no more than one poem on each page. The manuscript can contain pieces that are longer than one page.

Your manuscript should be accompanied by a check in the amount of \$15.00

(US) made payable to Pavement Saw Press. All US contributors to the contest will receive at least one book provided a self addressed 9 by 12

envelope with \$1.60 postage attached is provided. Add appropriate postage for other countries. For acknowledgment of the manuscripts arrival, please include a stamped, self-addressed postcard. For notification of results, enclose a SASE business size envelope. A decision will be reached in September. Do not send the only copy of your

work. All manuscripts will be recycled, and individual comments on the manuscripts cannot be made.

Manuscripts and correspondence should be sent to:

Pavement Saw Press
Transcontinental Award Entry
P.O. Box 6291
Columbus, OH 43206

Submissions are accepted during the months of June, July, and postmarked until August 15th only.

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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282. **Halvard Johnson**

The sky is falling!

Thu 14 Aug 2003

The power's out here in NYC, and this is now on the NYT online--

NEWS ALERT

Power Outages Reported Along East Coast; North to Toronto,
South to Maryland and West to Cleveland and Detroit (4:32 PM ET)

Hal Serving the tri-state area.

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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283. **Harrison Jeff**

Fugitive Grime

Thu 14 Aug 2003

gratefully give the body,
you on the streets,
tongues in the middle
of patience,
up to your neck
in unbroken sequence,
come back
to a more intimate setting,
intimate pauper silence

that dug under
spousal vindications
the first brains that
provoke fishermen
serves the public preoccupation,
take it to make it
notes concentrated on business
hear me on formal introduction -
I could not,
were she alive,
bear this grace
ripening without me!
gratefulness remains
to ask much of its grace,
ask if an implausible blustering
title warrants powerless feelings,
History's now my errand,
spirit was alone
to air grievances
no one could replace assent
snares hurried
to ocean-blued shipments

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<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>

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284. **Derek R**
utility problem

Thu 14 Aug 2003

the street lights are not working
air-conditioning is not working
airport screening is not working
the airports are not working
the elevators were not working
the road map (to peace) is not working
the railroad is not working
the subway is not working
President Taylor is not working
our education system is not working

my mother asks why I'm not working
tax-cuts are not working
cell phones are not working
tornado sirens are not working
celebrities want to be left alone when they're not working
UI will pay you \$330/month for not working
the government in Sacramento is not working
we only have video, the sound's not working
the situation is not working
security's not working
US foreign policy is not working
affirmative action is not working
war is not working
my msn messenger is not working
the television remote control not working
AIDS Policies are not working
this Web site is not working
the lines of communication are not working
the password is not working
something is not working
ATMs are not working
the plumbing's not working
you're doing what you're doing and it's still not working
pest control is not working
next week he's on vacation and not working
her lungs are not working
photo finish machines are not working
a worm strikes a computer then it's not working
your car's not working
it's not an issue unless it is not working
the system's not working
Terry's complaining his shoulder's not working
healthcare is not working
the flight data recorder was not working
dishwashing machine was not working
the parole system is not working
the tv's not working
the radio's not working
the gas-pumps are not working
the game-plan is not working
the experiment's not working
what we have is not working

the homeland security warning-system is not working
13 percent of business-school graduates are not working
the automated system is not working
the coalition forces are not working
the power's not working
the electricity is not working
escalators are not working
what I've been teaching our kids is not working
condom dispensing machines are not working
the strategy is not working
the business model is not working
retirees are not working
free-trade policies are not working
there is fear if it's not working
a refrigerator storing portobello mushrooms is not working
federal dollars shouldn't be used for things that are not working
the earpiece is not working
monetary policy is not working
neighborhood cleanups are not working
the 'customer is always right' policy is not working
parts of the brain that interpret emotion are not working
Balkan unity is just not working
the Davis' strategy is not working
self-regulation is not working
the fire alarms are not working
prohibition is not working
you're joking around too much with the customers and not working
the 'let's wait and see' is not working
stomach implants designed to reject alcohol are not working
the refineries are not working
the current legislation not working
employed people drink more heavily than those not working
Germany is not working
the microphones were not working
control measures are not working
police policing themselves is obviously not working
the machines are not working
my pager's not working
your voice-mail is not working
I have a great deal of time when I'm not working
when you love what you do you're not working
when he bats left-handed it's not working

when we're not in session we're not working
you're less appealing to employers when you're not working
reform is not working
the church is not working
capitalism is not working
the free market is not working
no one ever takes responsibility for the damn thing not working
the medicine is not working
people get restless when they're not working
I go fishing all the time when I'm not working
my double life is not working
chemotherapy treatments are not working
the meter is still not working
the effort to combat terrorism is not working
the romantic formula is not working
Hilary Duff is a normal 15-year-old girl when she's not working
the water is not working
my right arm is not working
the fax number's not working
the protest vote is not working
appliances are not working
half of those certified as an MCSE are not working
you can't stay out of trouble if you are not working
it seems to me that something is just fundamentally not working

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285. **Kevin Hehir**
Re: utility problem
Thu 14 Aug 2003

excellent!

--

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286. **Martha L Deed**
Re: utility problem
Thu 14 Aug 2003

And I just sat around watching national and local coverage -- not writing such a wonderful poem -- from my perch near Niagara Falls, NY where, folks, the sun shone brightly today and no lightening struck, despite what PM Chretien said.

Martha Deed

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287. **Gabriel Gudding**

Walter Ong 1912-2003

Fri 15 Aug 2003

this from Lori Ostergaard here at ISU

For those who have not heard the news, Father Ong died Tuesday evening, around 9PM. He had been hospitalized for pneumonia. He was 90.

We will all miss such an inspiring mind.

Press release here:

<http://www.slu.edu/readstory/homepage/2974>

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288. **Lewis LaCook**

twill gifts

Fri 15 Aug 2003

16.

F.W. Murnau thinks in red strings.

Gesso, or some swung impact,

the essence of a finger

touching blushes from sullen nests

he wonders, pressed once again

like this bruise, this shade of a bitemark,

Barnabus leaves with twill gifts.

Sure, I thought you were some twisted

of a twin of me, annotated

maybe but quite separate and

almost crystal.

Don't use the word, "nude,"

while my elopes scarp pungeant,

almost your diaphonous pageant,

and then and then and then and

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

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289. **jason christie**

granite arms and army grains: Swell, a parable and a paradiddle, or not a good day poem in disguise and 4/4 time.

Fri 15 Aug 2003

granite arms and army grains: Swell,

a parable and a paradiddle, or not a good day poem in disguise and 4/4 time.

1. as regards legal man, track 11, track 7, hyperballad, the transplants july 4th into 5th on a plane, a westjet going east, an anime episode then some chess against Alekhine on the computer.

A carved image of craven history shields a dear Michael, this is as much a letter to you as it is what it looks like I'm writing, in the air between Toronto and Calgary again, in flight, I wish you could see how beautiful she looks asleep against the black sky--- the volume falls down, the brightness down, engage not so much like electricity but more agate per kilometer, closes and closer than, if there is some mathematical symbol for the sound of your voice, the timbre, the time you whispered "as you like it" on stage, a staged hedge, the way it dreams on high, wah this year looks up, or will, and it'll be the first time in about three years that I've swam in a yard (substitute squirmed at will), and the Toronto airport ban on planes landing prior to 6:30AM reminds me that airplanes would shake my grandmother's apartment in rexdale when I was younger and she was alive, that we're still climbing, again and again and (she was a racist) again, that's the longpoem when you've gathered it, a near miss understood for its clasped hands as a flight attendant.

When she stands, when she isn't asleep, you should see her smile, it's four o'clock in the morning, Toronto time, I'm going straight to a cottage, not a cabin and I'm going to need some breakfast before the sun fully rises, before noontide! a dance, dense food ridden moon, hidden behind 'do many words', I mean clouds man.

it is certain that I wander weak and weary, however, the fact is our captain is in near complete control, we still can't figure out how to master the weather and for that it will always stand as some sort of paragon outside, on the horizon,

beyond capital, at its whim. in a bottle, rain in a can, water at your command, c:
weatherinvaneornot, given, graven, in craven, the blackest of windows can't
bird anymore, it is a canvas, our eyelids only a temporary rose coloured bound-
ary.

even if we don't see, there, patchwork Saskatchewan I'm wading for under my
mettle.

sun blue eastside, posh, ain't it, not a poetics of frushtration or a frustrated po-
etics, come with me, my love, to the sea, the sea of love, it moves me, to the loo,
see, a dancing alphabet, and an alphabetic dance, some diseased pretzels of
language salted for your pleasure, but no wind in the can can line, can't be bro-
ken.

if time is in fact a tidal force, then I can certainly feel it wrapped around my
temples and pulling me back, my head screams in planes.

that our words will have to change once we're eastern again, I'm not aware that
I say Cal-gary now instead of Calgary, that I say Toe-Ron-Toe instead of
Traaanah, her eyebrows move in her sleep, stampede.

dreams, pancakes and steers by Dr. Clark himself, oh, clouds reform with light
edges on one side, the other partially unborne at this early hour, sirens, time
for sleeptime for less. a lucky banner wavers, worn through fatigue, eaten drum
solos, frail lift of voice through, through, a poetics through, tunnels and chan-
nels, tsinor, not a network, a knot even oddly, an illuminated network, no,
friends, not even a mast to be tied against this high, there is not a larger audi-
ence, rocks, or else as passengers, we pretend to keep certain illustrations, it
doesn't matter to the guy in the seat in front of me whether or not I'm writing
this poem or playing chess, nothing will change this quickly, if it does, then it is
most likely as oppressive, television and film, video games, computers, it gets
me down, that gets me down, dear Michael, delirious thoughts to you this
moonlit early morning from a plane somewhere between Calgary and Toronto,
over the praries, maybe my friends jill and paul in Manitoba, but I must sleep
and will write more, soon.

Part 2, area glories (stands in for beautiful sounding nonsense): a farewell
transmission in reverse

still in a both ears
a balanced s wing
feet step stop stomp
that fall in Japanese
during an other episode

we put ourselves into land
gears go down and click
furrowed, fallowed
were you followed?
into and out of that small door
a window on a plane
a sh fault
look out
red sun morn
have been warned
sometimes it is easier
to just pretend it jumps
around the horizon
it's easier that way, the sun
tired eyes break fast for a smile
it is still four in the am
through the machine's gears the oil
I am the noise on the stairs
a net do not stir in your sleep
some swelter
heat waves
and a biplane
what would be a trip
into interior BC for a salmon's arm?
have we descended? some nude and
some stairs? some cases? down in planes, a
crumble backwise for wards, a front
tremble in the pairs, tremulous slide
guitar, lap steel, Milton forged punctuation
as/on the might of industry, demonstrates:
the irrelevant pond downtown, a,
an empty center, a show, left
for posterity, to humour what
got us that far a(ny)way.
there used to be a dog food plant
somewhere across the street

from Mill Pond where those
new condos went up. and it used
to reek, to turn my stomach when-
ever we went to get scott's chicken.

there was this time when I was a kid
that a monster, some inflated plastic
thing rose out of the pond to the delight
and terror of Milton's inhabitants. in
hindsight, this is a significant point---

the monster of a past industry, an
industry which sustained a community,
risen in its empty, plastic rage as a spectre,
aged into foolishness against the new steel
factories glistening near the railroad tracks.

b) never really asleep, no one gets it right.
real truth, a golden apple, bring the bough
down under, into the shade of its own bulk.

corpuscle, mapped fat, rendered capital:
that all of our industry should only end
in an incredibly obese future. progress

through your meal. find gretel and get her
into a nice apron, barefoot and pregnant to

feed that hungry witch out the western window----
just between the clouds and whatever is above,

that thin line not quite blue or white, nor yellow,
just distance. "the big star is fallen". attendant, we

wait in the path of its decline. needlessly busy
inventing arcs to pretend global warming
could actually be a natural phenomenon; a
recurring lapse to cleanse the planet, maybe.

3. writing through

writing through this most miserable human time
embarrassed and ashamed, not in the unborn eyes,
rather at the very fact of existing now. changing
channels so easily, all at your leisure, not to suggest
hard work is preferable, more human, or natural, simply
that we've spoiled ourselves into perpetually spoiling.

caught in our own net woven from plastic, clouds and time. dip it into the water, pull yourself out, and blink. look around at the things you run out of when you forget to run.

the only writing possible is a writing through. a lake form viewed from above, by plane, a shadow of grey on a uniform off-whiteness. rallied around the lowest point of gravity. see

a 'you' there. the great attractor is a sink hole. heavy yet empty drain where debris like you and I are swept along by a perpetual forward fall. we call this turbulence, this momentary resistance, this flotsam we hold.

if we invent the game then it is impossible for us to lose. illusion breeds competition, in this case, for our share of the market. such a small and relatively empty center, a sinkhole for the country. tried

tired. switched and levered, ballast and gear. be simple again, not stupid, gentle breeze, cabin pressure, automated response smile, nod, not stupid, learned form, understood societal maintenance. thank you for f)lying.

4.

check for frauds
in that line up above,
check it again. frauds.
check frauds. again,
cheak frads the bear
and kilt of Wyoming. get you out a
criminal garrote. Grace.
Fraud. thanks for the bike
you leant me. it got me home.
how do you know I told the truth?
it was a good question. in that
line up above. enqueue. the ink you,
there. the English language
has never been home.

diphthong fish on! and
you caught your lure
in the trees above
where it stayed
for hundreds of years
in theory.

fish have maximized, swam up the rivers
into your veins. epicarp. I caught a pike.
two smallmouths and loads of jackfish.

```
<SCRIPT LANGUAGE="JavaScript">
function myScroll() {
    window.scrollBy(0,5) // distance in pixels
    setTimeout('myScroll()',50); } // 50 mili-seconds
if (document.layers || document.all)
    myScroll()
</SCRIPT>
```

b) hello va wonderment last evening with Barlow a Go!
eye scream for visual events sing twilight seen art
against the backdrop of eyes that and carnival a french
-esque insistence on the 'want' and 'to know' of 'the' person
can I count on you when it is night?

that moment between a day in Toronto
and friends in flight from Calgary

no one moves no one gets hurt honey
from heaven manna from Manitoba

always these poems in motion across
provinces or providences lines and byways

not a journal more a transcanadian map or
a pan- to wide angle some gold from the river

a tall can of high life on the way to the cottage
(not cabin) along the edge of dough lake a wallet

from the waves in the wake an optometrist's
SPECIAL DELIVERY in livery I liver or Y

not just a play with words what is the state

poetry could cut through not cut up or
randomized not egoless or as much as
a government anyway in turmoil again

in words as much as in Milton that flight from
a pinnacle said the view up and the view down

only a matter of perception what is the perceived
matter? a universe of stars and rock and roll Calgary

Klein with a pie in his face and two in the bush
buds and bicycles last night at the paddock after

légèr streetcar away turbulent plane ride memory
bad times over wunderland into Toronto a golf

course view or else patchwork farms brown gold and green
what with all of this snow the summer harvest should swell
doesn't run down from any mountains in our area
here rivers run north and we still can't control rain
it is often said that in the case of a level 3 drought
the safest place to be is on a golf course, to find water
as unpredictable, this is what I would like to do today
sit at the window three flights above Dupont with the glass
panels opened into the room a slight breeze and cat across the road Malika and
Rudy hold slides up to the light of beautifully stitched canvas
lines gotten longer stitched all naturally from the left to the right a tapestry
tapped, mapped into the gridform on our left
bought the mc5 cd with kick out the jams on it yesterday
while Rudy shopped the boutiques for clothes
within Toronto our versions slightly differ
mine more Bathurst and Bloor or College
west of Bathurst maybe Spadina toward Queen, etc
where your rental car waits near the people's breakfast
new gallery district called the distillery I guess
not enough to play my brothers and sisters for
curses and nurses not enough to just
settle into trickery or content yet
the sitcom of Canadian poetry remains
and the hour long drama of the university looms
literary magazine news programs litter the streets
with the only exceptions duly noted in an open letter
which must mean a C or L some would say U
regret it right and carry your laundry down the street
might not immediately make cements and dollars to boot
around call it SOLD or maybe ask for \$800 while our currency
stands hot against the United States
always that comfortable relation to
and while people slither across
lines notes transparencies and

dear Michael early morn sun writes
know that a street lined with trees
downtown isn't like any other nor
can it promise the same shade as one
say in my backyard in Milton or perhaps
the foliage around your native Ayr this Ontario
summer heat so unlike Calgary's dry stillness
cold breeze and hot sunshine down tempo
leaves tattooed on our skin by the sun, dark
patches mapped along your spine and thighs
down tempo camera angles a giant oak tree and the sky
over the red brick school house might fall one day
give me your hand, hold my head in your lap down tempo
rest your lips when they weary just here beside my mouth

4. just because

a several case of patio anxiety garnered chocolate enclosures as they melt. in
our pockets not in your mouth. embrace from the photographer. can I count on
you when it's time?

5. yesterday it isn't so much the clock on my wrist that haunts me now. more a
sensation of blood movement. a round. lift of the arms, and empty granite em-
brace just under the loam. surface hubris and peat sod, lawn, yard. pull the
grass covers apart. open into an intimate conversation between the bark on the
may tree back home (wherever that may be) and the oaks in high park. graft
poem to splice verbs under the moon skin. wander away with water falls or
whiter clouds across a yellowed moon. night flight, float along star lake. games
and honey, land of. hate that it always sounds this way.

6. a belligerent, spell correction beatbox or fabricator

"Have a healthy mistrust today" --- not me.

7. yesterday

best friend empty arms. the hole banks make. fill it with tears and call that a
pond. land torn asunder. clean dirt from under your fingernails. that dull ma-
chine ache inside your chest can make you still. stir there, and wait no longer
for a shadow to ripen your eyelids. it isn't dreams that settle down through the
street lights along Walmer. not this stormy July 15, 2003. my mind full,
thoughts rumble around your face, her face, my friend's sadness. a challenge of
the forest and the terrible truth of the trees. the ones we used to climb and leap
from when we were smaller. freefall at the mirrored night sky. don't dream.

our world isn't empty enough just yet to anticipate the echoes to justify such a loud voice. not even today.

8. fake potatoes--- an msg song

poly saturday unsaturated math, eat well-cooked spatulas. my face drains in the summer months. mostly necessitated by ragweed, pollen (often of a poplar variety) or hay.

9. nobody moves nobody gets hurt

classic bidis in the Dupont afternoon heat. traffic. a kind of mumble over the Stars disc. mom calls because we need a ride home from the airport tomorrow. nine AM.

10.

next year's program won't happen all at once or in French at all. Yevtushenko shouts clean mirrors at the summer television line ups. transplants and trans factories. contacts help you to see, a long list of people you know. forms your subdivision from the other cells, a mitosis of urban plans, streets, cyto-, a migration into a several phase of casio limnality, that is, stands for the words fuck you. a burling. or villa from oak. southwestern Ontario into a bleary day. heat waves and distances traveled. books and boats to launch, maybe front the harbour and invest some monkey into a district as empty as the historical intention of its building.

11. white chocolate ache for breakfast with a side order of chips

this, MS word won't let me misnumber. it changes my format to aid in composition. it isn't a new idea, but I think the hidden ghost writer of the twenty-first century will be the word processing programs we use(d) to write. dear Michael, now your name, so what is it, who is close to god? next to god? baggage of advance, the progress of etymologies. out the door. "fuck the fuckin backstabbin cunts". make. mismake me a garden that doesn't tend. currency should be served tender, medium, a cold medium, well, rare, that rarity increases value. pynchon in the subway system. some current chutney. could be called five or V: pubis and funnel down drain way or valley; an insistence on mountains arises again, since valleys imply or necessitate the presence of peaks as much as vice versa. and both negate a whole lifeline, animal web and scatter text. there are these tiny two or three feet tall trees about three thousand feet into the air that have been alive for centuries on a mountain near Jasper. you can see them from the road as an uneven green horizontal line against the grey mount. the sun, it never remembers. and your ideologies aren't walls, the sky isn't perched to fall, don't go and tell the king, rumourmonger. not today. maybe not today. just like any other. deadalus' biplane but we always remember the descent of icarus (which sounds a lot like a misplaced understanding of

the message, not necessarily don't fly to close to the sun.). dear Michael, that these things are not about you just written to you.

with love,

[↑ Contents](#)

290. **Ron**
American justice

Fri 15 Aug 2003

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/g2/story/0,3604,1019096,00.html>

[↑ Contents](#)

291. **npiombino**
Nick Piombino's weblog *fait accompli*

Fri 15 Aug 2003

You are cordially invited to visit my weblog *fait accompli*
<http://nickpiombino.blogspot.com/>

25,000 hits since May 24, 2003

----- Original Message Follows -----

> There are 21 messages totalling 1459 lines in this issue.

>

> Topics of the day:

>

- > 1. <No subject given>
- > 2. backchannel W.B. Keckler Address
- > 3. Bush went AWOL
- > 4. Places to read in Eugene, Oregon?
- > 5. Fife~Zen
- > 6. Catherine Meng, Chris Daniels, and, David Hess
- > 7. Encyclopoetica
- > 8. Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Five)
- > 9. Amiri Baraka's daughter murdered
- > 10. very sad news
- > 11. Fulcrum 3 theme CLARIFICATION + submission dates
- > 12. Fwd: ANOMALOUS IS CLOSING
- > 13. recently I cooked in a microwave
- > 14. Baraka's daughter shot (dead).
- > 15. Black August in Albany
- > 16. final call, postmark by friday 8/15
- > 17. The sky is falling!

> 18. Fugitive Grime
> 19. utility problem (3)
>
> -----
> -----
>
> Date: Wed, 13 Aug 2003 21:45:39 -0700
> From: alexander saliby <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: <No subject given>
>
> Matt,
> In your piece, you wrote:
> "(Oil is at the bottom of the American Empire)"
>
> And you miss a critical point. Allow me to correct your
> error by = adjusting your sentence:
>
> "England is at the bottom of the American Empire."
>
> And, in truth, Matt, England is at the bottom of the
> troubles in the = Middle East.
>
> Imagine how the English would react were a foreign nation
> to plunder a = portion of the land around Liverpool, say
> carve out a parcel of land = large enough to represent an
> Israel, and suppose that foreign nation, = who assisted
> the incoming, new residents to win the early wars with the
> = locals Brits, then used its influence to talk America
> into arming, = training and continuing to fund the
> military of the newly arrived = residents. How might Mr.
> Blair react to that scenario?
>
> The Israeli's since 1948, with the aid and arms from
> Britain and its = allies (most notably the then pointedly
> Christian U.S.A.) have won = fourteen wars (14) against
> their Arab neighbors...and still they have no = peace.
> Nor will there be peace so long as there is an imposed
> British = (American) intervention into the daily lives of
> the people who populate = the lands.
>
> And I should clarify this point, America (nee GWBush) is
> not a culprit = in this crime; the limp-minded eli has

> been a pawn in the British game, = again.
>
> My problem with the situation is simply this: neither GWB
> nor his tribe = of followers has the intellectual
> perspicacity to recognize the fact = that they've been
> played. That, in my estimation is a fine feather in = the
> hat of Mr. Blair and the British government. Here, once
> again, the = Brits have managed to take a losing hand and
> trade it for a winner by = duping a silly, egotistical
> youngster of a country.
>
> "Will there ever be a real peace in the Middle East," you
> ask?
>
> Ask this while you are asking: "Will there be peace in
> Ireland?"
>
> If you are a graduate of an English or an American school
> system and = have failed to think beyond the details
> presented in your degree = program, you will answer those
> questions by saying something like, = "There will be peace
> in the region as soon as all factions learn to = accept
> the dictates of the American (nee British) plan."
>
> And at that statement, you'd be as wrong as your
> predecessors who have = uttered similar words.
>
> "So, Alex," you ask, "how should peace be pursued in the
> region?"
>
> -----
>
> Date: Wed, 13 Aug 2003 22:18:59 -0700
> From: Sheila Murphy <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: backchannel W.B. Keckler Address
>
> If anyone has Bill Keckler's email address, or if you
> are on here, Bill, can you backchannel me contact
> information?
>
> Thanks = Sheila Murphy
>

>
>
> _____
> Do you Yahoo!?
> Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design
> software <http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 02:57:35 -0400
> From: Patrick Herron <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Bush went AWOL
>
> <http://www.awolbush.com/>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 00:07:42 -0700
> From: "Walter K. Lew" <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Places to read in Eugene, Oregon?
>
> Dear List:
> I'm going to be in Eugene, OR mid-October and wd like to
> set up a reading (or talk) from my books. If you have any
> suggestions for the area (I guess Salem and Corvallis
> aren't far away), aside from the U. of Oregon's bookstore,
> I'd appreciate it. Back-channel's o.k. Thanks,
>
> Walter K. Lew
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 00:37:47 -0700
> From: Lewis LaCook <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Fife~Zen
>
> 15.
>
>
> It could even have been the pull
> of nightbirds talking
> in the depths of feverish leaves.
>

> Spooning Anemone
> an effort,
> but I, symi'd
> with anonymity,
>
> am too busily murdering.
> Yi! Yi! dragging guttered
> violins, threading it
> through my blood.
>
>
>
> =====>
>
> NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone
> http://www.lewislacook.com/DirtyMilk/
>
> http://www.lewislacook.com/
>
> tubulence artist studio:
> http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html
>
>
>
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>
>

> Do you Yahoo!?
> Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design
> software http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com
>
> -----
>
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 02:34:54 -0700
> From: kari edwards <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Catherine Meng, Chris Daniels, and, David Hess
>
> Dear Friends,
>

- > I'm inordinately pleased to announce the first in a
- > series of House Readings, in the fine local tradition
- > recently re-established by David Hadbawnik's friday
- > night reading series. Only this time it's in Oakland.
- >
- > Well, the first reading is in Oakland but expect a
- > reading in a living room near you soon: namely, kari
- > edward's house in San Francisco and Taylor Brady's new
- > east bay location, later this fall. More will be
- > revealed.
- >
- > The details? You are invited to come eat, drink, chat
- > and listen to poetry from Catherine Meng, Chris
- > Daniels, and, visiting from St. Louis: David Hess!
- >
- > next Wednesday, August 20, readings to begin at 7:30
- >
- > at Stephanie Young's house
- > 434 36th Street
- > Oakland, 94609
- > (directions below)
- >
- > Please bring a snack or something to drink. I'm going
- > to make pie. And ice cream.
- >
- > THE READERS:
- >
- > Catherine Meng is an east coast ex-pat who has been
- > living & writing in Berkeley for the past 3 years
- > after time in both Montana and New Mexico. She has a
- > strong sense of spatial awareness but is very poor at
- > math.
- >
- > Chris Daniels was born in 1956 in NYC and moved to the
- > Bay Area in 1981. His translations of lusophone poetry
- > have appeared in many literary journals. "On the
- > Shining Screen of the Eyelids," published by Manifest
- > Press, is his first book of translations.
- >
- > David Hess graduated from St. Louis University High
- > School in 1992. He attended Brown University where he
- > met many poets and wrote many poems. He's had poems,

> essays and reviews published in such magazines as
> Jacket, Mungo vs. Ranger, Skanky Possum, Flashpoint,
> Shampoo, Quid, The Baffler and VeRT. David has worked
> many jobs. Some may be familiar with his editorship at
> Ladue News' now defunct monthly insert Gentlemen's
> Club. If you're not, you don't know what you were
> missing. As far as poetry goes, David continues to
> write it despite the pain it causes him and others. He
> once described his poetic style as "a punk Wallace
> Stevens" and his criticism as "Hans Gadamer on
> acid." Skanky Possum, out of Austin, TX, published a
> chapbook, Cage Dances, in 2001. In January 2003 David
> started a weblog - "Heathens in Heat" - where he
> routinely posts writing, commentary and
> expletive-laced digressions on the nature of mortal
> existence.

>

> DIRECTIONS TO STEPHANIE'S HOUSE:

>

> I'm located at 434 36th Street, in Oakland. 36th
> Street runs parallel to MacArthur Blvd. and between
> Broadway and Telegraph Ave.

>

> If you are driving from the city, I strongly suggest
> you plug my address into Mapquest (www.mapquest.com)
> or contact me directly and I can deluge you with
> paragraphs of instructions.

>

> For those of you coming via public transit, MacArthur
> BART is the closest. You can walk to my house from
> there. As you exit the BART station, walk through the
> parking lot and out the back right hand side. You'll
> exit onto Telegraph Ave. and the next light will be
> MacArthur Blvd. Continue up Telegraph, through the
> light, and then cross to the other side of the street.
> 36th St. will be your second left. Walk up 36th. I am
> towards the top of the street, on the left hand side.
> The house is white / off white.

>

> IMPORTANT: I am the lower flat. Walk up the driveway -
> you'll see a garage in the back with a scary-silly
> blue puppet face. You'll also see my white honda

> civic.
> The door is up the driveway on the left hand side.
> I'll have a sign posted near the street pointing you
> my way.
>
> If all else fails: the phone # is [REDACTED]
>
> Hope to see you there!
> Stephanie
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 02:35:46 -0700
> From: August Highland <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Encyclopoetica
>
> Encyclopoetica
>
>
> www.encyclopoetica.com/8.html
> www.encyclopoetica.com/9.html
> www.encyclopoetica.com/10.html
> www.encyclopoetica.com/11.html
> www.encyclopoetica.com/12.html
>
>
>
>
> august highland
>
> muse apprentice guild
> --"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
> www.muse-apprentice-guild.com
>
> culture animal
> --"following in the footsteps of tradition"
> www.cultureanimal.com
>
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> ---
> Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.
> Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).
> Version: 6.0.507 / Virus Database: 304 - Release Date:
> 8/4/2003
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 02:40:35 -0700
> From: August Highland <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Five)
>
> Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Five)
>
>
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> k9 5% go int o e mb edd
> ed app
> lica tion s
> "S SH 3/4 (H itac
> hi): be st s
> elli ng RIS
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> icro pro ces sor
> k5 0% of mic
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> bed ded
> sys tem s
> eO ften foc use d o n p art icu
> lar app
> lica tion are a
> kM icro con tro ller
> s
> kD SP s
> kM edi a P roc ess ors

> kG rap hic s P roc ess ors
> kN etw ork an d C
> om mu nic atio
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> 58 10
> CS /EE
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> le vel s)
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> gra m
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> de lay s
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> am
> kH enc e s yst em CP
> U t ime
> an d u ser CP
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> CS /EE
> 58 10
> CS /EE
> 68 10
> OS Tim e
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> august highland
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> muse apprentice guild
> --"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
> www.muse-apprentice-guild.com
>
> culture animal
> --"following in the footsteps of tradition"
> www.cultureanimal.com
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> Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.
> Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).
> Version: 6.0.507 / Virus Database: 304 - Release Date:
> 8/4/2003
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 06:48:07 -0700
> From: mIEKAL aND <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Amiri Baraka's daughter murdered
>
> Newark shaken by the loss of selfless role model
>
> Shani Baraka was the quiet star of city's prominent family

>
>
> Thursday, August 14, 2003
>
>
> BY BARRY CARTER AND JEFFERY C. MAYS
> Star-Ledger Staff
>
>
> Amiri Baraka is a nationally recognized poet and social
> activist who was one of the leading voices of the black
> power and black arts movement of the 1960s and '70s.
>
> His son, Ras Baraka, followed in his footsteps, becoming
> active in Newark city issues, reciting his poetry on
> Lauryn Hill's debut album and, more recently, on the
> nationally televised Def Poetry Jam.
> From our Advertisers
>
>
>
> Amiri Baraka's daughter, Shani Baraka, went about things
> in a quieter way.
>
> A math and science teacher at Vailsburg Middle School and
> assistant basketball coach at Malcolm X Shabazz High
> School, she upheld the family tradition of reaching out to
> young people.
>
> Shani Baraka, 31, and her friend Rayshon Holmes, 30, of
> Irvington were found shot dead Tuesday in the family room
> of the Piscataway home of Shani Baraka's sister.
>
> In Newark, word of Shani Baraka's death hit hard.
>
> "We are hurting because this family is such an important
> part of the Newark community," said Mayor Sharpe James,
> who was visibly distraught.
>
> "The Baraka family have been activists at articulating the
> concerns of the people," said state Sen. Ronald Rice.
> "They've been in the forefront of making government pay

> attention to certain issues."
>
> By 10 a.m. yesterday, cars were doubled-parked in front of
> the home of Amiri Baraka and his wife, Amina, on South
> 10th Street, a tree-lined block in the city's South Ward.
>
> A stream of close friends, family members, community
> activists and city officials stopped by to express
> condolences. On the street outside the house there were
> hugs and tears as people remembered the young woman.
>
> "Everybody loved Shani," said a teary-eyed Ras Baraka, her
> brother and a deputy mayor in Newark. "She was the best
> one out of all of us."
>
> "Shani was so full of life," Amiri Baraka said. "This is
> inconceivable."
>
> One visitor was Newark School Superintendent Marion A.
> Bolden, who hugged Ras Baraka.
>
> "This hurts personally because Shani's such a sweet
> person. She was one of us. She went to school here and
> came back after college to teach, coach and be a role
> model for our children," said Bolden.
>
> Rep. Donald Payne (D-10th Dist.), said, "She was always
> cheerful and she kept a smile on her face."
>
> Community activist Patrick Council called Shani Baraka's
> death "a definite loss to the community, especially to the
> women in the community."
>
> "She was a good spirit. She was high-energy," Council
> said. "That's the kind of stuff the community needed. And
> she demanded it (energy) back. She always wanted you to
> feel like she felt."
>
> Shani Baraka was a top student-athlete at Johnson C. Smith
> University in Charlotte, N.C. She was an outstanding
> basketball point guard, once named co-player of the year
> by the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association. She

> graduated summa cum laude in 1994.
>
> Friends and family said that even though Shani Baraka was
> 5-foot-1, she was a tough, feisty and quick all-around
> guard with a nice jump shot, who didn't like to lose.
>
> "She was a tough player who didn't back down from anybody
> ," said Valerie Barnes, head girls basketball coach at
> University High School in Newark and Shani Baraka's high
> school coach.
>
> Shani got her start in coaching at University High School
> under Barnes. She had aspirations to be a head coach and
> moved to Shabazz High School, a larger basketball program,
> where she was assistant coach for the past three years.
> Last year the team, which won the state Tournament of
> Champions, was recognized as one of the best girls teams
> in the nation.
>
> Ras Baraka said Shani was enrolled at Saint Peter's
> College in Jersey City and was one year away from
> completing her master's in administration and supervision.
> With those credentials, colleagues said, Shani could have
> become a vice principal or an athletic director, although
> she liked to coach.
>
> "She was just in her prime," Ras said. "She was trying to
> buy a house. She was 30 years old. She was trying to begin
> to make stuff happen in her life."
>
> Shani was already making things happen with her Vailsburg
> students and the players at Shabazz.
>
> "She always said: 'Discipline, basketball, life,'" said
> Princess Porter, a member of the Shabazz Lady Bulldogs
> championship team, who will attend the University of the
> District of Columbia in the fall.
>
> "She told us that if we are going to be tough on the
> basketball court, we had to be tough in life," she said.
>
> Beyond being an assistant coach, Shani Baraka was the

> go-to person when the players needed someone to talk to.
>
> Her players said she kept in touch with their problems,
> and she knew the finer details of their lives, including
> their birthdays.
>
> "She was always there," said Jamillah White, 16, a junior.
>
> Last Friday, Shani Baraka came to Jamillah's side at a
> funeral for her cousin, who had been shot eight times.
>
> It was the last time they spoke, Jamillah said.
>
> Recently, Shani Baraka coached the Newark girls basketball
> team to a gold medal in the U.S. Youth Games in San
> Francisco. In the past, Baraka had served as an assistant
> coach. "This year, Shani coached the team herself ... and
> she brought the gold medal home," James said.
>
> Porter said she will dedicate the rest of her basketball
> career to her assistant coach.
>
> "She always said there was more to life than basketball,"
> Porter said. "Every time I play, I'm going to remember my
> coach because she had such an impact on my life."
>
> Shani's death wasn't the first time that violence hit the
> Baraka family.
>
> Amiri Baraka's sister, actress and dancer Kimako Baraka,
> was stabbed to death in 1984 by a vagrant she tried to
> help.
>
> "My sister and my daughter were killed by crazy men who
> hate women," Amiri Baraka said.
>
> [http://www.nj.com/news/ledger/index.ssf?/base/news-10/
> 1060837826272460.xml](http://www.nj.com/news/ledger/index.ssf?/base/news-10/1060837826272460.xml)
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 11:00:08 -0400

> From: Geoffrey Gatza <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: very sad news
>
> News Break
> 08/14/2003 04:25:04 EST Police: Poet Baraka's Daughter
> Shot
>
>
>
> A daughter of New Jersey's deposed poet laureate and
> the = daughter's friend were found shot to death in a home
> , authorities said = Wednesday.
>
> The bodies of Shani Baraka, 31, and Rayshon Holmes,
> 30, were = discovered Tuesday night in the Piscataway home
> that Shani Baraka shared = with her sister, according to
> prosecutor Bruce Kaplan.
>
> Police were searching for Shani Baraka's
> brother-in-law, James = Coleman, who also goes by the name
> Ibn El-Amin Pasha, Kaplan said. = Coleman is the estranged
> husband of Wanda Pasha, Shani Baraka's sister. = Coleman
> was not called a suspect.
>
> Amiri Baraka, the former poet laureate, said Wanda
> Pasha made = several domestic violence complaints against
> Coleman, from whom she = separated in February. He said
> Wanda Pasha was in Las Vegas at the time = of the
> shootings.
>
> Kaplan said Coleman was not served with two
> complaints and has = been considered a fugitive since
> July.
>
> Amiri Baraka's post as poet laureate was eliminated
> last month = after he wrote a poem suggesting that Israel
> had advance knowledge of = the terrorist attacks of Sept.
> 11, 2001. Investigators do not believe = the uproar over
> the poem had anything to do with the shootings.
>
>
>

> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 13:07:05 -0400
> From: Fulcrum Annual <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Fulcrum 3 theme CLARIFICATION + submission dates
>
> The theme of Fulcrum's third issue, to appear in early
> 2004, is "DIAGNOSIS: POETRY (Poetry, Psychology,
> Psychiatry)." We would like to clarify that this thematic
> constraint primarily concerns ESSAYS rather than poems.
> Many (though not all!) of the essays in the issue will
> explore the psychological and psychiatric dimensions,
> circumstances, aspects, contexts, etc. of poetry. We
> especially welcome essays by psychologists, psychiatrists
> and cognitive scientists who wish to discuss poets and
> poetry from this particular angle.
>
> We will also consider other essays on poetry. If you have
> an essay in mind or in hand but are not sure whether it
> fits the issue's editorial needs, please don't hesitate to
> query (or simply send it along). Any suggestions and
> recommendations are also most welcome.
>
> Poetry submissions are not expected to follow any specific
> theme. Simply send us your best work!
>
> Fulcrum normally reads unsolicited submissions June
> through August only, but this year we have extended the
> reading period through September.
>
> Send submissions of poetry and essays to:
>
> Philip Nikolayev & Katia Kapovich, eds.
> Fulcrum Annual
> 334 Harvard Street, Suite D-2
> Cambridge, MA 02139, USA
> e-mail [REDACTED] (queries only)
>
> Please include a brief cover letter and SAE with
> sufficient postage (postal stamps or IRCs). We regret
> being unable to accept unsolicited submissions by email.
>

> Reading an issue of Fulcrum before submitting work is
> highly RECOMMENDED.
>
> SUBSCRIPTION rates in the US are \$15 per issue for
> individuals, \$30 for institutions. Overseas subscriptions
> are \$20 and \$40 per issue, respectively. \$5 discount on
> 3-issue subscriptions. Send check or money order drawn in
> US currency and payable to Fulcrum Annual to the editorial
> address. NOTE: Copies of Fulcrum 1 ("A Map of
> English-language Poetry") are still available for \$15
> postpaid in the US, \$20 overseas.
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 06:07:27 -0500
> From: Herb Levy <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Fwd: ANOMALOUS IS CLOSING
>
> This unfortunate news may be of interest to some of y'all
> who are on the look out for recordings that are often hard
> to find in the US and elsewhere.
>
> Bests,
>
> Herb
>
> >X-Sender: [REDACTED]
> >X-Priority: 2 (High)
> >Date: Wed, 13 Aug 2003 23:28:40 -0700
> >To: Recipient List Suppressed;;
> >From: Anomalous Records mail order
> <[REDACTED]> >Subject: ANOMALOUS IS
> CLOSING >
> >At the end of August 2003, Anomalous Records will CLOSE.
> >
> >No more mail order.
> >No more wholesale.
> >
> >No 'going-out-of-business' sale - if you want it, buy it
> now before >we run out.
> >
> >Please get any orders in before August 25th, as we will

> likely spend >the last week of August packing everything
> up to put in storage. >
> >Obviously, everything is limited to the stock on hand,
> once it is >gone, it's gone.
> >
> >Why are we closing? Well, there are a lot of reasons.
> Probably >most importantly is that Anomalous Records is
> kept alive by me, Eric >Lanzillotta, putting in a lot of
> unpaid overtime. Anomalous Records >is the result of a
> lot of passion and drive. I have a lot of >passion for
> the sounds we sell, and a lot of drive to do things the
> >best I can. I pushed myself very hard because I believe
> very much >in what I do with Anomalous Records. I am very
> proud of what I have >accomplished, and it is a great part
> of my life. In fact, it has >been most of my life for the
> last 12 and a half years. Therein lies >the problem. In
> pushing myself forward to make this work, I have >pushed
> myself too far. In fact, I probably past my limits
> several >years ago. Recently I have begun to notice the
> negative side >effects of pushing myself so hard for so
> long. Basically the stress >of doing this has taken its
> toll. I have realized that I need to >stop now while I
> can, and not just completely burn myself out. >Aside from
> this, Anomalous is not all of my life. As a few of you
> >will know, I have a son who will be turning 13 in a few
> months. If >there is one thing that I regret about
> Anomalous, it is not having >more time to spend with him.
> >
> >For those have of you who have been around long enough,
> you will >know that through a lot of periods of Anomalous'
> history, the >business has been run entirely by me. I
> have had occasional helpers >over the years who I could
> not have gotten by without (Danielle, >Daniel, Damion,
> Sara, Jessica, Davey, Drew, Jeph, AJ, Rachael, >Isaac,
> Jefferson, Matt, Monica, and another Daniel). Most
> important >of these is Rachael Jackson, who has been
> helping me for over 4 >years now and has become the public
> face of Anomalous Records for >most people. To her
> especially, I am indebted for all the time and >effort and
> without whom Anomalous might have collapsed a while ago.
> >We did put forward the idea of Rachael continue to run
> Anomalous >without me, but it became apparent that she

> could not handle running >the business (let alone how the
> numbers were looking). Getting >someone outside to take
> over what was so personal is also >unappealing.
> >
> >I owe many people thanks for help in making this dream
> work for so >long. To make a list would be impossibly
> long, and I would fear >leaving out someone important in
> taking on such a long task. But I >would like to single
> out a few people that I have especially high >gratitude
> for: >
> >KENT RANDOLPH
> >
> >NORIYASU NOGAI
> >
> >ROBERT MARZANO
> >
> >The support and faith these people have had in me over
> years has >been instrumental.
> >
> >Likewise, the creative force of JEPH JERMAN has been an
> important >inspiration through the entire history of
> Anomalous Records. >
> >Most of all, without TANITH LANZILLOTTA, I probably could
> have not >kept going through it all. I thank him for all
> his patience for >dad having to work late.
> >
> >But as I allude to above, there are hundreds more people
> that helped >make this what it was. Everyone that bought
> anything and all the >wonderfully talented and
> underappreciated artists that have made up >the catalog
> over the years. Anomalous has mainly been about a
> >bringing together of people and sounds, and I hope I've
> helped you >on this journey.
> >
> >Last, PLEASE do help us sell off the remaining stock by
> buying. I >would very much like to keep the label side of
> Anomalous Records >alive, but that depends on selling off
> a lot of the stock we have on >hand. I am going to make
> one last push to sell things over the next >two weeks,
> then I must call it quits. We have a lot of wonderful
> >things in the works such as releases by: >AMM
> >Mnemonists / Biota

> >Andrew Deutsch
> >Ellen Fullman
> >RLW
> >Robert Millis' recordings from SE Asia
> >and more....
> >Please help me save at least this part of my dream, and
> thank again >for all your support over the years!
> >
> >This is actually a shortened version of everything going
> through my >head lately. Maybe at some future point, I
> will put something more >extended on the web site. Yes,
> the web site will stay up on the >internet, but the
> catalog will disappear. Also, the PO Box will >remain a
> valid address. >
> >Eric Lanzillotta
> >
> --
> Herb Levy
> P O Box 9369
> Fort Worth, TX 76147
>
> [REDACTED]
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 10:32:53 -0700
> From: kari edwards <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: recently I cooked in a microwave
>
> recently I cooked in a microwave
>
> as always the phase merit was meet as good morning - as
> always the reverberation or what was thought as a
> reinterpretation from distant rubble was returned mail -
> stamped family status incomplete. the blue windowpane
> was nothing but remnants of blocked intestines after a
> failed confession, where I repeated to my shelf, I shall
> kill this body >
> unincorporated when given into another position. really it
> had more to >
> do with the reported invasion not my internal combustion
> or some failure with the new fade of holy digressions.

> coming down the hill turning left after paying the toll
> , an entire population of lemmings was reawakening. to
> late to fuss with nausea or the old I would walk a >
> mile further then a camel with my cordless replica and
> pebble shoes. this is my drano dildo hello to you, a
> yellow jello mold howdy-do contemplation on the second
> hand - did someone say plastic cheese? I meet
> individually wrapped sealed and radiated for procreation
> , something condoms that will wash pain away like jet
> blue champaign. as >
> was mentioned in the state script, I extend my right hand
> and say - good morning , my you look smarter then ever
> . . the bell curse is surly wrong today . . . is that
> a new outfit or just better gas milage. >
> I cross my legs, this is becoming a big problem and
> totally self-reflective. there is a live feeding
> station and imitation migration of cobra helicopters
> from multiplex to the next base of preventive medicine
> - it's disney from patagonia, coca-cola or = freudian
> freedoina, with freewheeling netscape hard drive eternally
> altered hot >
> sex DNA and an offering to reduce your debt with two
> choices, to your >
> right rousseauian dinner flack jackets and on your right
> we the lincoln >
> brigade tee's, one size fits all, just arriving late
> from tea in = spain.
> I dance and feel the sound track of my tree of life beep,
> I know someone loves me. we play kick the dog, its not
> a real dog, its an laminated real dog, its not even us
> kicking a laminated real dog, its a >
> video game, a sort of pick up stick. the real me has
> someone's hand is >
> on a joy stick, the other hand holds a red flavored looney
> tunes lolly >
> pop, my other hand is waiting for anything new to arrive
> modem ad infinitum.>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 13:02:50 -0500
> From: Skip Fox <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Baraka's daughter shot (dead).

>
>
<http://www.newsday.com/news/nationworld/nation/ny-uspoet143413925aug14,0,3593085.story?coll=ny-nationalnews-print>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 14:00:42 -0400
> From: Ian VanHeusen <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Black August in Albany
>
> Forward this on and mark it down on your calender. Hope to
> see everyone there
>
> >
> >announcement (please forward widely):
> >
> >black august: underground hip hop and spoken word.
> >a benefit for the albania jericho movement.
> >august 31st, 8pm at the artist's all faith center, 453 n
> pearl st. >\$6
> >
> >performers include:
> >
> >broadcast live: hip hop feat victorio reyes, author of
> 'the rebirth of >krazy
> >horse'
> >
> >zest rock & tracy jones: nyc hip hop
> >
> >soul kitchen, inc.: spoken word
> >
> >indigo: spoken word
> >
> >talib: spoken word
> >
> >alisa sikelianos: singer/songwriter
> >
> >for more information please contact dylan boyce @
> [REDACTED] or > [REDACTED]
> >
> >the Jericho Movement is a political prisoner support

> group working to free >all political prisoners and abolish
> the prison system. we are currently >compiling
> biographical and case information on all nys political
> prisoners >which we will print as a booklet. all funds
> raised will go towards this >project.
> >
> >RESISTANCE: THE ORIGIN OF BLACK AUGUST
> >Black August originated in the California penal system to
> honor fallen >Freedom Fighters, Jonathan Jackson, George
> Jackson, William Christmas, >James
> >McClain and Khatari Gaulden. Jonathan Jackson was gunned
> down outside the >Marin County California courthouse on
> August 7, 1970 as he attempted to >liberate three
> imprisoned Black Liberation Fighters: James McClain,
> William >Christmas and Ruchell Magee. Ruchell Magee is the
> sole survivor of that >armed
> >liberation attempt. He is the former co-defendant of
> Angela Davis and has >been locked down for 38 years, most
> of it in solitary confinement. George >Jackson was
> assassinated by prison guards during a Black prison
> rebellion >at
> >San Quentin on August 21, 1971. Three prison guards were
> also killed during >that rebellion and prison officials
> charged six Black and Latino prisoners >with the death of
> those guards. These six brothers became known as the San
> >Quentin Six. >
> >Khatari Gaulden was a prominent leader of the Black
> Guerilla Family (BGF) >after Comrade George was
> assassinated. Khatari was a leading force in the
> >formation of Black August, particularly its historical
> and ideological >foundations. Khatari, like many of the
> unnamed freedom fighters of the BGF >and the revolutionary
> prison movement of the 1970's, was murdered at San
> >Quentin Prison in 1978 to eliminate his leadership and
> destroy the >resistance
> >movement.
> >
> >The brothers who participated in the collective founding
> of Black August >wore
> >black armbands on their left arm and studied
> revolutionary works, focusing >on
> >the works of George Jackson. The brothers did not listen

> to the radio or >watch television in August. Additionally,
> they didn't eat or drink anything >from sun-up to sundown;
> and loud and boastful behavior was not allowed. The
> >brothers did not support the prison's canteen. The use of
> drugs and >alcoholic
> >beverages was prohibited and the brothers held daily
> exercises, because >during Black August, emphasis is
> placed on sacrifice, fortitude and >discipline. Black
> August is a time to embrace the principles of unity,
> >self- >sacrifice, political education, physical training
> and resistance. >In the late 1970's the observance and
> practice of Black August left the >prisons of California
> and began being practiced by Black/New Afrikan
> >revolutionaries throughout the country. Members of the
> New Afrikan >Independence Movement (NAIM) began practicing
> and spreading Black August >during this period. The
> Malcolm X Grassroots Movement (MXGM) inherited >knowledge
> and practice of Black August from its parent organization,
> the >New
> >Afrikan People's Organization (NAPO). MXGM through the
> Black August >Collective (now defunct) began introducing
> the Hip-Hop community to Black >August in the late 1990's
> after being inspired by New Afrikan political >exile
> >Nehanda Abiodun.
> >Traditionally, Black August is a time to study history,
> particularly our >history in the North American Empire.
> The first Afrikans were brought to >Jamestown as slaves in
> August of 1619, so August is a month during which
> >Blacks/New Afrikans can reflect on our current situation
> and our self- >determining rights. Many have done that in
> their respective time periods. >In
> >1843, Henry Highland Garnett called a general slave
> strike on August 22. >The
> >Underground Railroad was started on August 2, 1850. The
> March on Washington >occurred in August of 1963, Gabriel
> Prosser's 1800 slave rebellion occurred >on August 30 and
> Nat Turner planned and executed a slave rebellion that
> >commenced on August 21, 1831. The Watts rebellions were
> in August of 1965. >On
> >August 18, 1971 the Provisional Government of the
> Republic of New Afrika >(RNA) was raided by Mississippi
> police and FBI agents. The MOVE family was >bombed by

> Philadelphia police on August 8, 1978. Further, August is
> a time >of
> >birth. Dr. Mutulu Shakur (political prisoner & prisoner
> of war), Pan- >Africanist Black Nationalist Leader Marcus
> Garvey, Maroon Russell Shoatz >(political prisoner) and
> Chicago BPP Chairman Fred Hampton were born in >August.
> August is also a time of rebirth, W.E.B. Dubois died in
> Ghana on >August 27, 1963.
> >The tradition of fasting during Black August teaches
> self-discipline. A >conscious fast is in effect from 6:00
> am to 8:00 pm. Some other personal >sacrifice can be made
> as well. The sundown meal is traditionally shared
> >whenever possible among comrades. On August 31, a
> People's feast is held >and
> >the fast is broken. Black August fasting should serve as
> a constant >reminder
> >of the conditions our people have faced and still
> confront. Fasting is >uncomfortable at times, but it is
> helpful to remember all those who have >come
> >and gone before us, Ni Nkan Mase, if we stand tall, it is
> because we stand >on
> >the shoulders of many ancestors.
> >MXGM would like to thank the following for their
> contribution to this >article: Kali Akuno, Kiilu Nyasha,
> Ayanna Mashama, David Giappa Johnson, >Sundiata Tate,
> Louis Bato Talamantez of the San Quentin 6 and The Malcolm
> X >Grassroots Movement (MXGM).
> >
> >for more information please contact dylan boyce @
> [REDACTED] >
> >
>
>
> _____
> _____ The new MSN 8: advanced junk mail protection and 2
> months FREE* <http://join.msn.com/?pagebatures/junkmail>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 16:00:46 -0400
> From: David Baratier <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: final call, postmark by friday 8/15
>

- > Annual Transcontinental Poetry Award by Pavement Saw Press
- >
- > Each year Pavement Saw Press will seek to publish at least
- > one book of poetry and/or prose poems from manuscripts
- > received during this competition. Selection is made
- > anonymously through a competition that is
- >
- > open to anyone who has not previously published a volume
- > of poetry or prose. The author receives \$1000 and copies.
- > The judge of the competition
- >
- > will be announced after the contest. Previous judges have
- > included Bin Ramke, David Bromige and Howard McCord. This
- > year's judge is Judith Vollmer.
- >
- > Last year two books were published. One chosen by the
- > judge (who won publication and monetary prize) and one by
- > the editor (whose book was published with a royalty
- > contract).
- >
- > All poems must be original, all prose must be original,
- > fiction or translations are not acceptable. Writers who
- > have had volumes of poetry and/or prose under 40 pages
- > printed or printed in limited editions of no
- >
- > more than 500 copies are eligible. Submissions are
- > accepted during the months of June, July, and until August
- > 15th.
- >
- > Entries must meet these requirements:
- >
- > 1. The manuscript should be at least 48 pages and no more
- > than 64 pages in length.
- >
- > 2. A cover letter which includes a brief biography, the
- > book's title, your name, address, and telephone number,
- > your signature, and, if you have e-mail, your e-mail
- > address. It should also include a list of acknowledgments
- > for the book.
- >
- > 3. The manuscript should be bound with a single clip and
- > begin with a title page including the book's title, your

- > name, address, and telephone
- >
- > number, and, if you have e-mail, your e-mail address.
- > Submissions to the
- >
- > contest are judged anonymously.
- >
- > 4. The second page should have only the title of the
- > manuscript. There are to be no acknowledgments or mention
- > of the author's name from this page forward.
- >
- > 5. A table of contents should follow the second title
- > page.
- >
- > 6. The manuscript should be paginated, beginning with the
- > first page of poetry.
- >
- > 7. There should be no more than one poem on each page. The
- > manuscript can contain pieces that are longer than one
- > page.
- >
- > Your manuscript should be accompanied by a check in the
- > amount of \$15.00
- >
- > (US) made payable to Pavement Saw Press. All US
- > contributors to the contest will receive at least one book
- > provided a self addressed 9 by 12
- >
- > envelope with \$1.60 postage attached is provided. Add
- > appropriate postage for other countries. For
- > acknowledgment of the manuscripts arrival, please include
- > a stamped, self-addressed postcard. For notification of
- > results, enclose a SASE business size envelope. A decision
- > will be reached in September. Do not send the only copy of
- > your
- >
- > work. All manuscripts will be recycled, and individual
- > comments on the manuscripts cannot be made.
- >
- > Manuscripts and correspondence should be sent to:
- >
- > Pavement Saw Press

> Transcontinental Award Entry
> P.O. Box 6291
> Columbus, OH 43206
>
>
> Submissions are accepted during the months of June, July,
> and postmarked until August 15th only.
>
> <http://pavementsaw.org>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 16:42:57 -0400
> From: Halvard Johnson <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: The sky is falling!
>
> The power's out here in NYC, and this is now on the NYT
> online--
>
> NEWS ALERT
> Power Outages Reported Along East Coast; North to Toronto,
> South to Maryland and West to Cleveland and Detroit (4:32
> PM ET)
>
>
> Hal Serving the tri-state area.
>
> Halvard Johnson
> =====> email: [REDACTED]
> website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 16:30:06 -0500
> From: Harrison Jeff <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Fugitive Grime
>
> gratefully give the body,
> you on the streets,
> tongues in the middle
> of patience,
> up to your neck

> in unbroken sequence,
> come back
> to a more intimate setting,
> intimate pauper silence
> that dug under
> spousal vindications
>
> the first brains that
> provoke fishermen
> serves the public preoccupation,
> take it to make it
> notes concentrated on business
> hear me on formal introduction -
> I could not,
> were she alive,
> bear this grace
> ripening without me!
>
> gratefulness remains
> to ask much of its grace,
> ask if an implausible blustering
> title warrants powerless feelings,
> History's now my errand,
> spirit was alone
> to air grievances
> no one could replace assent
> snares hurried
> to ocean-blued shipments
>
>

> _____ The new MSN 8: smart spam protection and 2 months
> FREE* <http://join.msn.com/?pagepatures/junkmail>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 16:36:11 -0700
> From: Derek R <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: utility problem
>
>
> the street lights are not working
> air-conditioning is not working

- > airport screening is not working
- > the airports are not working
- > the elevators were not working
- > the road map (to peace) is not working
- > the railroad is not working
- > the subway is not working
- > President Taylor is not working
- > our education system is not working
- > my mother asks why I'm not working
- > tax-cuts are not working
- > cell phones are not working
- > tornado sirens are not working
- > celebrities want to be left alone when they're not working
- > UI will pay you \$330/month for not working
- > the government in Sacramento is not working
- > we only have video, the sound's not working
- > the situation is not working
- > security's not working
- > US foreign policy is not working
- > affirmative action is not working
- > war is not working
- > my msn messenger is not working
- > the television remote control not working
- > AIDS Policies are not working
- > this Web site is not working
- > the lines of communication are not working
- > the password is not working
- > something is not working
- > ATMs are not working
- > the plumbing's not working
- > you're doing what you're doing and it's still not working
- > pest control is not working
- > next week he's on vacation and not working
- > her lungs are not working
- > photo finish machines are not working
- > a worm strikes a computer then it's not working
- > your car's not working
- > it's not an issue unless it is not working
- > the system's not working
- > Terry's complaining his shoulder's not working
- > healthcare is not working
- > the flight data recorder was not working

- > dishwashing machine was not working
- > the parole system is not working
- > the tv's not working
- > the radio's not working
- > the gas-pumps are not working
- > the game-plan is not working
- > the experiment's not working
- > what we have is not working
- > the homeland security warning-system is not working
- > 13 percent of business-school graduates are not working
- > the automated system is not working
- > the coalition forces are not working
- > the power's not working
- > the electricity is not working
- > escalators are not working
- > what I've been teaching our kids is not working
- > condom dispensing machines are not working
- > the strategy is not working
- > the business model is not working
- > retirees are not working
- > free-trade policies are not working
- > there is fear if it's not working
- > a refrigerator storing portobello mushrooms is not working
- > federal dollars shouldn't be used for things that are not
- > working the earpiece is not working
- > monetary policy is not working
- > neighborhood cleanups are not working
- > the 'customer is always right' policy is not working
- > parts of the brain that interpret emotion are not working
- > Balkan unity is just not working
- > the Davis' strategy is not working
- > self-regulation is not working
- > the fire alarms are not working
- > prohibition is not working
- > you're joking around too much with the customers and not
- > working the 'let's wait and see' is not working
- > stomach implants designed to reject alcohol are not
- > working the refineries are not working
- > the current legislation not working
- > employed people drink more heavily than those not working
- > Germany is not working
- > the microphones were not working

> control measures are not working
> police policing themselves is obviously not working
> the machines are not working
> my pager's not working
> your voice-mail is not working
> I have a great deal of time when I'm not working
> when you love what you do you're not working
> when he bats left-handed it's not working
> when we're not in session we're not working
> you're less appealing to employers when you're not working
> reform is not working
> the church is not working
> capitalism is not working
> the free market is not working
> no one ever takes responsibility for the damn thing not
> working the medicine is not working
> people get restless when they're not working
> I go fishing all the time when I'm not working
> my double life is not working
> chemotherapy treatments are not working
> the meter is still not working
> the effort to combat terrorism is not working
> the romantic formula is not working
> Hilary Duff is a normal 15-year-old girl when she's not
> working the water is not working
> my right arm is not working
> the fax number's not working
> the protest vote is not working
> appliances are not working
> half of those certified as an MCSE are not working
> you can't stay out of trouble if you are not working
> it seems to me that something is just fundamentally not
> working
>
>
>
>
>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 21:49:02 -0230
> From: Kevin Hehir <[REDACTED]>

> Subject: Re: utility problem
>
> excellent!
>
> --
>
> -----
>
> Date: Thu, 14 Aug 2003 22:28:29 -0400
> From: Martha L Deed <[REDACTED]>
> Subject: Re: utility problem
>
> And I just sat around watching national and local coverage
> -- not writing such a wonderful poem -- from my perch near
> Niagara Falls, NY where, folks, the sun shone brightly
> today and no lightening struck, despite what PM Chretien
> said.
>
> Martha Deed
>
> -----
>
> End of POETICS Digest - 13 Aug 2003 to 14 Aug 2003
> (#2003-226)
> *****
> ****

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292. **Fulcrum Annual**

Listen to poet KATIA KAPOVICH on the Library of Congress Website

Fri 15 Aug 2003

<http://www.loc.gov/poetry/avfiles/kapovich.ram>

(58 minutes)

A Russian poet and former literary dissident now living in the Cambridge, MA, Ms. Kapovich received a Witter Bynner fellowship from the Library of Congress in 2001. She writes in English as well as in Russian and co-edits the English-language poetry magazine, *Fulcrum*. Her poems have appeared in the *London Review of Books*, *Ploughshares*, *Harvard Review*, and many other literary journals. The collections of her work in Russian include a novel in verse, *Suflior* (The Prompter), published in 1998. Richard McKane's translations of her

Russian poems have appeared in his anthologies, Poet for Poet (Hearing Eye, 1998) and Surviving the Twentieth Century: Ten Russian Poets (Anvil, 2001).

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293. **Martha L Deed**

Looking for a copy of Sudden Magazine April 2003

Fri 15 Aug 2003

A poem of mine appears in it.

Anyone have a spare copy? I want to show it at a couple of poetry readings I'll be doing in the next month.

If you have one available, please backchannel for my snail address.

Martha Deed

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294. **mmagee**

"My Angie Dickinson" at 100

Fri 15 Aug 2003

Hi all,

My serial work, "My Angie Dickinson" has reached 100 poems, perhaps its appropriately artificial end, perhaps not, I dunno. In any event you can see the poems and photos here:

<http://myangiedickinson.blogspot.com>

#100

A willful desert belle goes -- "mad" --
Trapped on -- an Occupied --
The government set -- Out to Penetrate --
"You haven't called me you dirty bird."

Pat Boone song with most weeks at #1?
LOVE LETTERS IN THE SAND
Bluntly -- within ear-shot forklifts --
Wrote, about the ampersand,

_Oh William Shatner, how We store
The Willful Blindness -- at the core!_

-m.

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295. **George Bowering**

Re: utility problem

Fri 15 Aug 2003

*And I just sat around watching national and local coverage -- not writing
such a wonderful poem -- from my perch near Niagara Falls, NY where,
folks, the sun shone brightly today and no lightening struck, despite
what PM Chretien said.*

Martha Deed

Well, I was in Niagara Falls, Ont. a couple nights ago, and the
lightning was hitting something every minute or less.

--

George Bowering

Lookin' good in shorts.

303 Fielden Ave.

Port Colborne. ON,

L3K 4T5

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296. **Patrick Herron**

Four Rules For Poetic Success

Fri 15 Aug 2003

-
1. People are plants.
 2. The things you apologize for are the things you want.
 3. Strength needs no excuse.
 - *4. Just because it happened to you doesn't make it interesting.
 - * - the most important rule for any and all writers
- (from a howard korder play/david salle film)

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297. **Joe Brennan**

Fwd: [corp-focus] We Had a Democracy Once, But You Crushed It

Fri 15 Aug 2003

--part1_54.1746c11a.2c6e96e4_boundary

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.

Constant apprehension of war has the same tendency
to render the head too large for the body. A standing military
force with an overgrown executive will not long be safe.
companions to liberty. -- Thomas Jefferson

"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

--part1_54.1746c11a.2c6e96e4_boundary
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We Had a Democracy Once, But You Crushed It
By Russell Mokhiber and Robert Weissman

In yesterday's Washington Post, Condoleeza Rice, the President's National Security Advisor, writes the following:

"Our task is to work with those in the Middle East who seek progress toward
greater democracy, tolerance, prosperity and freedom. As President Bush said
in February, 'The world has a clear interest in the spread of democratic values,
because stable and free nations do not breed ideologies of murder. They encourage
the peaceful pursuit of a better life.'"

Now, if we only had a nickel for every time Bush, or Rice, or Colin Powell, or
Paul Wolfowitz or Dick Cheney or Richard Perle or Donald Rumsfeld talked
about bringing democracy to the Middle East.

Talk, talk, talk.

Here's something you can bet on: Rumsfeld and Wolfowitz will not hold a press
conference this month to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the U.S.-led
coup of the democratically elected leader of Iran -- Mohammed Mossadegh.

Rice and Powell won't hold a press conference to celebrate Operation Ajax, the
CIA plot that overthrew the Mossadegh.

That was 50 years ago this month, in August 1953.

That's when Mossadegh was fed up with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company -- now
BP -- pumping Iran's oil and shipping the profits back home to the United Kingdom.

And Mossadegh said -- hey, this is our oil, I think we'll keep it.

And Winston Churchill said -- no you won't.

Mossadegh nationalized the company -- the way the British were nationalizing their own vital industries at the time.

But what's good for the UK ain't good for Iran.

If you fly out of Dulles Airport in Virginia, ever wonder what the word Dulles means?

It stands for the Dulles family -- Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and his brother, the CIA director, Allen Dulles.

They were responsible for the overthrow of the democratically elected leader of Iran.

As was President Theodore Roosevelt's grandson, Kermit Roosevelt, the CIA agent who traveled to Iran to pull off the coup.

Now why should we be concerned about a coup that happened so far away almost 50 years ago this month?

New York Times reporter Stephen Kinzer puts it this way:

"It is not far-fetched to draw a line from Operation Ajax through the Shah's repressive regime and the Islamic revolution to the fireballs that engulfed the World Trade Center in New York."

Kinzer has written a remarkable new book, *All the Shah's Men: An American Coup and the Roots of Middle East Terror* (Wiley, 2003).

In it, he documents step by step, how Roosevelt, the Dulles boys and Norman Schwarzkopf Sr., among a host of others, took down a democratically elected regime in Iran.

They had freedom of the press. We shut it down.

They had democracy. And we crushed it.

Mossadegh was the beacon of hope for the Middle East.

If democracy were allowed to take hold in Iran, it probably would have spread throughout the Middle East.

We asked Kinzer -- what does the overthrow of Mossadegh say about the United States respect for democracy abroad?

"Imagine today what it must sound like to Iranians to hear American leaders tell them -- 'We want you to have a democracy in Iran, we disapprove of your present government, we wish to help you bring democracy to your country.' Naturally, they roll their eyes and say -- 'We had a democracy once, but you crushed it,'" he said. "This shows how differently other people perceive us from

the way we perceive ourselves. We think of ourselves as paladins of democracy. But actually, in Iran, we destroyed the last democratic regime the country ever had and set them on a road to what has been half a century of dictatorship."

After ousting Mossadegh, the United States put in place a brutal Shah who destroyed dissent and tortured the dissenters.

And the Shah begat the Islamic revolution.

During that Islamic revolution in 1979, Iranians held up Mossadegh's picture, telling the world - we want a democratic regime that resists foreign influence and respects the will of the Iranian people as expressed through democratic institutions.

"They were never able to achieve that. And this has led many Iranians to react very poignantly to my book," Kaizer told us. "One woman sent me an e-mail that said - 'I was in tears when I finished your book because it made me think of all we lost and all we could have had.'"

Of course, the overthrow of Mossadegh was only one of the first U.S. coups of democratically elected regime. (To see one in movie form, pick up a copy of Raoul Peck's Lumumba, now on DVD.)

Kinzer's previous books include Bitter Fruit: The Story of the American Coup in Guatemala.

He's thinking of putting together a boxed set of his books on American coups.

Get copies of Bitter Fruit and All The Shah's Men.

Read them.

And the next time a politician talks about spreading democracy around the globe, ask them about Mohammed Mossadegh in Iran, Patrice Lumumba in the Congo, and Jacobo Arbenz in Guatemala.

Russell Mokhiber is editor of the Washington, D.C.-based Corporate Crime Reporter, <http://www.corporatecrimereporter.com>. Robert Weissman is editor of the Washington, D.C.-based Multinational Monitor, <http://www.multinationalmonitor.org>. They are co-authors of Corporate Predators: The Hunt for MegaProfits and the Attack on Democracy (Monroe, Maine: Common Courage Press; <http://www.corporatepredators.org>).

(c) Russell Mokhiber and Robert Weissman

This article is posted at:

[<http://lists.essential.org/pipermail/corp-focus/2003/000158.html>.](http://lists.essential.org/pipermail/corp-focus/2003/000158.html)

Focus on the Corporation is a weekly column written by Russell Mokhiber and Robert Weissman. Please feel free to forward the column to friends or repost the column on other lists. If you would like to post the column on a web site or publish it in print format, we ask that you first contact us ([REDACTED] or [REDACTED]).

Focus on the Corporation is distributed to individuals on the listserve message to [REDACTED] with your request.

Focus on the Corporation columns are posted at
<<http://www.corporatepredators.org>>.

Postings on corp-focus are limited to the columns. If you would like to comment on the columns, send a message to [REDACTED] or [REDACTED].

--part1_54.1746c11a.2c6e96e4_boundary--

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298. **hell.com**

Fwd: POWER OUTAGE TRACED TO DIM BULB IN WHITE HOUSE

Fri 15 Aug 2003

This is a multi-part message in MIME format...

*** There is an attachment in this mail. ***

by imta09.mta.everyone.net (Postfix) with ESMTP id BFB84190
for <[REDACTED]>; Fri, 15 Aug 2003 06:47:30 -0700 (PDT)

Date: Fri, 15 Aug 2003 09:33:09 -0400

From: [REDACTED]

Subject: POWER OUTAGE TRACED TO DIM BULB IN WHITE HOUSE

To: [REDACTED]

POWER OUTAGE TRACED TO DIM BULB IN WHITE HOUSE --- THE TALE OF
THE BRITS WHO SWIPED 800 JOBS FROM NEW YORK, CARTED OFF \$90
MILLION, THEN TONIGHT, TURNED OFF OUR LIGHTS

by Greg Palast

Palast is author of the New York Times bestseller, "The Best Democracy Money Can Buy" (Penguin USA) and the worstseller, "Democracy and Regulation," a guide to electricity deregulation published by the United Nations (with T. MacGregor and J. Oppenheim).

I can tell you all about the ne're-do-wells that put out our lights tonight. I came up against these characters -- the Niagara Mohawk Power Company -- some years back. You see, before I was a journalist, I worked for a living, as an investigator of corporate racketeers. In the 1980s, "NiMo" built a nuclear plant, Nine Mile Point, a brutally costly piece of hot junk for which NiMo and its partner companies charged billions to New York State's electricity ratepayers.

To pull off this grand theft by kilowatt, the NiMo-led consortium fabricated cost and schedule reports, then performed a Harry Potter job on the account books. In 1988, I showed a jury a memo from an executive from one partner, Long Island Lighting, giving a lesson to a NiMo honcho on how to lie to government regulators. The jury ordered LILCO to pay \$4.3 billion and, ultimately, put them out of business.

And that's why, if you're in the Northeast, you're reading this by candlelight tonight. Here's what happened. After LILCO was hammered by the law, after government regulators slammed Niagara Mohawk and dozens of other book-cooking, document-doctoring utility companies all over America with fines and penalties totaling in the tens of billions of dollars, the industry leaders got together to swear never to break the regulations again. Their plan was not to follow the rules, but to ELIMINATE the rules. They called it "deregulation."

It was like a committee of bank robbers figuring out how to make safecracking legal.

But they dare not launch the scheme in the USA. Rather, in 1990, one devious little bunch of operators out of Texas, Houston Natural Gas, operating under the alias "Enron," talked an over-the-edge free-market fanatic, Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, into licensing the first completely deregulated power plant in the hemisphere.

And so began an economic disease called "regulatory reform" that spread faster than SARS. Notably, Enron rewarded Thatcher's Energy Minister, one Lord Wakeham, with a bushel of dollar bills for 'consulting' services and a seat on Enron's board of directors. The English experiment proved the viability of Enron's new industrial formula: that the enthusiasm of politicians for deregulation was in direct proportion to the payola provided by power companies.

The power elite first moved on England because they knew Americans wouldn't swallow the deregulation snake oil easily. The USA had gotten used to cheap power available at the flick of switch. This was the legacy of Franklin Roosevelt who, in 1933, caged the man he thought to be the last of the power pirates, Samuel Insull. Wall Street wheeler-dealer Insull creator of the Power Trust, and six decades before Ken Lay, faked account books and ripped off consumers. To frustrate Insull and his ilk, FDR gave us the Federal Power Commission and the Public Utilities Holding Company Act which told electricity companies where to stand and salute. Detailed regulations limited charges to real expenditures plus a government-set profit. The laws banned "power markets" and required companies to keep the lights on under threat of arrest -- no blackout blackmail to hike rates.

Of particular significance as I write here in the dark, regulators told utilities exactly how much they had to spend to insure the system stayed in repair and the

lights stayed on. Bureaucrats crawled along the wire and, like me, crawled through the account books, to make sure the power execs spent customers' money on parts and labor. If they didn't, we'd whack'm over the head with our thick rule books. Did we get in the way of these businessmen's entrepreneurial spirit? Damn right we did.

Most important, FDR banned political contributions from utility companies -- no 'soft' money, no 'hard' money, no money PERIOD.

But then came George the First. In 1992, just prior to his departure from the White House, President Bush Senior gave the power industry one long deep-through-the-teeth kiss good-bye: federal deregulation of electricity. It was a legacy he wanted to leave for his son, the gratitude of power companies which ponied up \$16 million for the Republican campaign of 2000, seven times the sum they gave Democrats.

But Poppy Bush's gift of deregulating of wholesale prices set by the feds only got the power pirates halfway to the plunder of Joe Ratepayer. For the big pay-day they needed deregulation at the state level. There were only two states, California and Texas, big enough and Republican enough to put the electricity market con into operation.

California fell first. The power companies spent \$39 million to defeat a 1998 referendum pushed by Ralph Nadar which would have blocked the de-reg scam. Another \$37 million was spent on lobbying and lubricating the campaign coffers of legislators to write a lie into law: in the deregulation act's preamble, the Legislature promised that deregulation would reduce electricity bills by 20%. In fact, when San Diegans in the first California city to go "lawless" looked at their bills, the 20% savings became a 300% jump in surcharges.

Enron circled California and licked its lips. As the number one life-time contributor to the George W. Bush campaign, it was confident about the future. With just a half dozen other companies it controlled at times 100% of the available power capacity needed to keep the Golden State lit. Their motto, "your money or your lights." Enron and its comrades played the system like a broken ATM machine, yanking out the bills. For example, in the shamelessly fixed "auctions" for electricity held by the state, Enron bid, in one instance, to supply 500 megawatts of electricity over a 15 megawatt line. That's like pouring a gallon of gasoline into a thimble -- the lines would burn up if they attempted it. Faced with blackout because of Enron's destructive bid, the state was willing to pay anything to keep the lights on.

And the state did. According to Dr. Anjali Sheffrin, economist with the California state Independent System Operator which directed power movements, between May and November 2000, three power giants physically or

"economically" withheld power from the state and concocted enough false bids to cost the California customers over \$6.2 billion in excess charges.

It took until December 20, 2000, with the lights going out on the Golden Gate, for President Bill Clinton, once a deregulation booster, to find his lost Democratic soul and impose price caps in California and ban Enron from the market.

But the light-bulb buccaneers didn't have to wait long to put their hooks back into the treasure chest. Within seventy-two hours of moving into the White House, while he was still sweeping out the inaugural champagne bottles, George Bush the Second reversed Clinton's executive order and put the power pirates back in business in California. Enron, Reliant (aka Houston Industries), TXU (aka Texas Utilities) and the others who had economically snipped California's wires knew they could count on Dubya, who as governor of the Lone Star state cut them the richest deregulation deal in America.

Meanwhile, the deregulation bug made it to New York where Republican Governor George Pataki and his industry-picked utility commissioners ripped the lid off electric bills and relieved my old friends at Niagara Mohawk of the expensive obligation to properly fund the maintenance of the grid system.

And the Pataki-Bush Axis of Weasels permitted something that must have former New York governor Roosevelt spinning in his wheelchair in Heaven: They allowed a foreign company, the notoriously incompetent National Grid of England, to buy up NiMo, get rid of 800 workers and pocket most of their wages - producing a bonus for NiMo stockholders approaching \$90 million.

Is tonight's black-out a surprise? Heck, no, not to us in the field who've watched Bush's buddies flick the switches across the globe. In Brazil, Houston Industries seized ownership of Rio de Janeiro's electric company. The Texans (aided by their French partners) fired workers, raised prices, cut maintenance expenditures and, CLICK! the juice went out so often the locals now call it, "Rio Dark."

So too the free-market cowboys of Niagara Mohawk raised prices, slashed staff, cut maintenance and CLICK! -- New York joins Brazil in the Dark Ages.

Californians have found the solution to the deregulation disaster: re-call the only governor in the nation with the cojones to stand up to the electricity price fixers. And unlike Arnold Schwarzenegger, Gov. Gray Davis stood alone against the bad guys without using a body double. Davis called Reliant Corp of Houston a pack of "pirates" --and now he'll walk the plank for daring to stand up to the Texas marauders.

So where's the President? Just before he landed on the deck of the Abe Lincoln, the White House was so concerned about our brave troops facing the foe that they used the cover of war for a new push in Congress for yet more electricity

deregulation. This has a certain logic: there's no sense defeating Iraq if a hostile regime remains in California.

Sitting in the dark, as my laptop battery runs low, I don't know if the truth about deregulation will ever see the light --until we change the dim bulb in the White House.

See Greg Palast's award-winning reports for BBC Television and the Guardian papers of Britain at www.GregPalast.com. Contact Palast at his New York office: [REDACTED].

=====

If you would like to have your e-mail address removed from this mailing list. Cut and paste the following URL into your browser address bar. This will automatically remove from the mailing list and you will receive no further mailings.

<http://www.gregpalast.com/emailremove.cfm?id=17255>

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299. **Joe Brennan**

Report: CIA and DOD Attempted To Plant WMD In Iraq

Fri 15 Aug 2003

Click here: Centre for Research on Globalisation (CRG) (
<http://globalresearch.ca/articles/IRA308A.html>)

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.

Constant apprehension of war has the same tendency
to render the head too large for the body. A standing military
force with an overgrown executive will not long be safe.
companions to liberty. -- Thomas Jefferson

"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

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300. **David A. Kirschenbaum**
Politics List or Poetics List?

Fri 15 Aug 2003

i'm confused.

thanks,
david

real politics, yes
crackpot theories and articles, no

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher
Boog City
330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: [REDACTED]
www.boogcity.com

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301. **Kazim Ali**
Re: utility problem

Fri 15 Aug 2003

do you see now how that trick line of the ghazal works
in English?

once the expectation is set up the audience is just
DYING to hear what the poet's going to say next.

sometimes at the reading the poet repeats the first
line over and over again like in a blues tune before
delivering the second line with the theme...

anyhow, non sequitur, but that's part of ghazal also.

--- Derek R <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>

> the street lights are not working
> air-conditioning is not working
> airport screening is not working
> the airports are not working
> the elevators were not working
> the road map (to peace) is not working
> the railroad is not working

- > the subway is not working
- > President Taylor is not working
- > our education system is not working
- > my mother asks why I'm not working
- > tax-cuts are not working
- > cell phones are not working
- > tornado sirens are not working
- > celebrities want to be left alone when they're not working
- > UI will pay you \$330/month for not working
- > the government in Sacramento is not working
- > we only have video, the sound's not working
- > the situation is not working
- > security's not working
- > US foreign policy is not working
- > affirmative action is not working
- > war is not working
- > my msn messenger is not working
- > the television remote control not working
- > AIDS Policies are not working
- > this Web site is not working
- > the lines of communication are not working
- > the password is not working
- > something is not working
- > ATMs are not working
- > the plumbing's not working
- > you're doing what you're doing and it's still not working
- > pest control is not working
- > next week he's on vacation and not working
- > her lungs are not working
- > photo finish machines are not working
- > a worm strikes a computer then it's not working
- > your car's not working
- > it's not an issue unless it is not working
- > the system's not working
- > Terry's complaining his shoulder's not working
- > healthcare is not working
- > the flight data recorder was not working
- > dishwashing machine was not working
- > the parole system is not working
- > the tv's not working

- > the radio's not working
- > the gas-pumps are not working
- > the game-plan is not working
- > the experiment's not working
- > what we have is not working
- > the homeland security warning-system is not working
- > 13 percent of business-school graduates are not
- > working
- > the automated system is not working
- > the coalition forces are not working
- > the power's not working
- > the electricity is not working
- > escalators are not working
- > what I've been teaching our kids is not working
- > condom dispensing machines are not working
- > the strategy is not working
- > the business model is not working
- > retirees are not working
- > free-trade policies are not working
- > there is fear if it's not working
- > a refrigerator storing portobello mushrooms is not
- > working
- > federal dollars shouldn't be used for things that
- > are not working
- > the earpiece is not working
- > monetary policy is not working
- > neighborhood cleanups are not working
- > the 'customer is always right' policy is not working
- > parts of the brain that interpret emotion are not
- > working
- > Balkan unity is just not working
- > the Davis' strategy is not working
- > self-regulation is not working
- > the fire alarms are not working
- > prohibition is not working
- > you're joking around too much with the customers and
- > not working
- > the 'let's wait and see' is not working
- > stomach implants designed to reject alcohol are not
- > working
- > the refineries are not working
- > the current legislation not working

- > employed people drink more heavily than those not
- > working
- > Germany is not working
- > the microphones were not working
- > control measures are not working
- > police policing themselves is obviously not working
- > the machines are not working
- > my pager's not working
- > your voice-mail is not working
- > I have a great deal of time when I'm not working
- > when you love what you do you're not working
- > when he bats left-handed it's not working
- > when we're not in session we're not working
- > you're less appealing to employers when you're not
- > working
- > reform is not working
- > the church is not working
- > capitalism is not working
- > the free market is not working
- > no one ever takes responsibility for the damn thing
- > not working
- > the medicine is not working
- > people get restless when they're not working
- > I go fishing all the time when I'm not working
- > my double life is not working
- > chemotherapy treatments are not working
- > the meter is still not working
- > the effort to combat terrorism is not working
- > the romantic formula is not working
- > Hilary Duff is a normal 15-year-old girl when she's
- > not working
- > the water is not working
- > my right arm is not working
- > the fax number's not working
- > the protest vote is not working
- > appliances are not working
- > half of those certified as an MCSE are not working
- > you can't stay out of trouble if you are not working
- > it seems to me that something is just fundamentally
- > not working
- >
- >

>

>

=====

=====

WAR IS OVER

(if you want it)

(e-mail [REDACTED])

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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302. **jason christie**

Re: utility problem

Fri 15 Aug 2003

i have a problem with utility

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

From: "Kazim Ali" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, August 15, 2003 5:57 PM

Subject: Re: utility problem

*do you see now how that trick line of the ghazal works
in English?*

*once the expectation is set up the audience is just
DYING to hear what the poet's going to say next.*

*sometimes at the reading the poet repeats the first
line over and over again like in a blues tune before
delivering the second line with the theme...*

anyhow, non sequitur, but that's part of ghazal also.

--- Derek R <[REDACTED]> wrote:

*the street lights are not working
air-conditioning is not working
airport screening is not working
the airports are not working*

*the elevators were not working
the road map (to peace) is not working
the railroad is not working
the subway is not working
President Taylor is not working
our education system is not working
my mother asks why I'm not working
tax-cuts are not working
cell phones are not working
tornado sirens are not working
celebrities want to be left alone when they're not
working
UI will pay you \$330/month for not working
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we only have video, the sound's not working
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US foreign policy is not working
affirmative action is not working
war is not working
my msn messenger is not working
the television remote control not working
AIDS Policies are not working
this Web site is not working
the lines of communication are not working
the password is not working
something is not working
ATMs are not working
the plumbing's not working
you're doing what you're doing and it's still not
working
pest control is not working
next week he's on vacation and not working
her lungs are not working
photo finish machines are not working
a worm strikes a computer then it's not working
your car's not working
it's not an issue unless it is not working
the system's not working
Terry's complaining his shoulder's not working
healthcare is not working
the flight data recorder was not working
dishwashing machine was not working
the parole system is not working
the tv's not working
the radio's not working
the gas-pumps are not working
the game-plan is not working*

*the experiment's not working
what we have is not working
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condom dispensing machines are not working
the strategy is not working
the business model is not working
retirees are not working
free-trade policies are not working
there is fear if it's not working
a refrigerator storing portobello mushrooms is not
working
federal dollars shouldn't be used for things that
are not working
the earpiece is not working
monetary policy is not working
neighborhood cleanups are not working
the 'customer is always right' policy is not working
parts of the brain that interpret emotion are not
working
Balkan unity is just not working
the Davis' strategy is not working
self-regulation is not working
the fire alarms are not working
prohibition is not working
you're joking around too much with the customers and
not working
the 'let's wait and see' is not working
stomach implants designed to reject alcohol are not
working
the refineries are not working
the current legislation not working
employed people drink more heavily than those not
working
Germany is not working
the microphones were not working
control measures are not working
police policing themselves is obviously not working
the machines are not working
my pager's not working
your voice-mail is not working*

*I have a great deal of time when I'm not working
when you love what you do you're not working
when he bats left-handed it's not working
when we're not in session we're not working
you're less appealing to employers when you're not
working
reform is not working
the church is not working
capitalism is not working
the free market is not working
no one ever takes responsibility for the damn thing
not working
the medicine is not working
people get restless when they're not working
I go fishing all the time when I'm not working
my double life is not working
chemotherapy treatments are not working
the meter is still not working
the effort to combat terrorism is not working
the romantic formula is not working
Hilary Duff is a normal 15-year-old girl when she's
not working
the water is not working
my right arm is not working
the fax number's not working
the protest vote is not working
appliances are not working
half of those certified as an MCSE are not working
you can't stay out of trouble if you are not working
it seems to me that something is just fundamentally
not working*

=====
=====

WAR IS OVER

(if you want it)

(e-mail [REDACTED])

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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303. **Alan Sondheim**

PRESS RELEASE: Nottingham Trent teaches globally to make writing creative online (fwd)

Fri 15 Aug 2003

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

Date: Fri, 15 Aug 2003 13:05:30 +0100

From: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: PRESS RELEASE: Nottingham Trent teaches globally to make writing creative online

Most of us enjoyed writing at school but lost confidence in our teens when what was once a pleasurable pastime turned into a stressful academic chore. Courses in creative writing can often provide a stimulus to rebuild that early enjoyment in writing, with positive spin-offs for both workplace and personal creativity. But how do you attend a writing workshop when, like Tracey Martin, you are based in a country like The Gambia where there are no such opportunities?

Tracey, 42, came to Africa from Thailand, where she worked as a teacher and development manager. Now she is a Director of Voluntary Services Overseas and has settled in The Gambia with her Thai husband and their two children. Keen to join a writing workshop but with none available locally, she thought of setting one up herself - until she discovered the trAce Online Writing School. Based at Nottingham Trent University in England but offering 100% online courses on the web, the School is ideal for people like Tracey. She enjoyed the mix of nationalities in her Online Workshop, where one tutor logged on from Bucketty, a small bush community in Hunter Valley, north of Sydney, Australia, and another from the suburbs of Nottingham, England:

"I felt online I would be exposed to many more different types and attitudes to writing than if I was in a local group."

Working with trAce has opened her eyes to the possibilities:

"It has motivated me to continue writing - I now know I can get things published on the web and get feedback from all over the world. It has made me want to learn more about the Internet and how it can help writers."

Uma Girish, 39, a freelance writer with eight years' experience and based in Chennai, India, had the same response. She had heard about trAce via The

British Council and was keen to try an online writing course to re-energise her professional work:

"I felt I might enjoy the comfort of working from home, reading work from other cultures and backgrounds, and for the first time in my life, be tutored by a foreigner!"

Uma enjoyed the international variety of a group where the tutor was based in Newport Beach, California, and her fellow students logged on from various parts of the world:

"I believe I brought a unique cultural perspective to the group, coming from India, as the others did to me. I like to share the story of the squirrels. In one of my written submissions, I had a phrase: 'timid as a squirrel', and a fellow writer in England simply didn't get it. He said squirrels are bold, daring, and often march up to you and demand food from your lunch box if you happen to be sitting on a park bench. Where I come from, squirrels are frightened creatures and bolt at the slightest noise from humans. So this was an interesting, albeit small, cultural exchange.

"The other thing the course did for me was to open the window to a much larger world, in terms of ideas, writing styles, contexts and so forth. But there were barriers too. My fellow writers' references didn't always make sense to me (as I'm sure mine didn't to them) especially when they wrote about old-world traditions or used names to suggest a place or a certain kind of atmosphere. But that prompted an exchange because I asked for clarifications and they always obliged."

Bedfordshire-based Gavin Stewart, 41, turned from an international career as a derivatives trader to studying for a PhD in computer-mediated textuality at the University of Luton. Studying at trAce was part of that change. He says:

"I was interested in the trAce format because the course tutor presents a comprehensive package of coursework that provides a much-needed structure which facilitates one to 'take on' the challenge of a new way of working."

He has already created a small multi-participant work called 'Tomorrow' and is currently producing a Multi-user Garden called 'The Castle Gardens' using PHP4.0 and SQL.

Gavin Stewart took Alan Sondheim's Experimental Writing course. Tracey Martin attended the trAce Online Workshop which runs continuously with two tutors at a starter fee of £28 for four weeks. Uma Girish's course is not available this year but there are thirteen others to choose from. The next series of nine-week courses starts 15th September with Freelance Article Writing, Poetry, Children's Fiction, and Writing Crime and Mystery. Courses cost £140 and can be booked online at <http://tracewritingschool.com>

From her freelancer's study in Chennai, Uma feels very much part of the global professional community. She reports:

"I am very happy talking to a variety of editors from overseas magazines, doing query letters, and believing that sitting here in India my writing can make a difference to people a few continents away."

End

Notes to editors - Texts of email interviews with Uma Girish, Tracey Martin and Gavin Stewart are available on request - The trAce Online Writing School is part of the trAce Online Writing Centre, based at the Nottingham Trent University. The website is at <http://tracewritingschool.com> - Sue Thomas, Director of the trAce Online Centre, is available for interview.

Please contact Rachael Earp, Press Office, The Nottingham Trent University on Tel: 0115 8482259 or email [REDACTED]

PS: apologies if you received a rogue mail from us earlier today with the subject line fdsa - it was one of those annoying little slips of the mouse :)

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304. **Alan Sondheim**

Blackout

Fri 15 Aug 2003

BlaSAKout hZtathz

Trazyng route \nought panyecstatic.wtheir bodies gonee unutttheyr bodyes ptheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginningound togeththeir bodies goneable chaos optheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginninglsh! loveose needlemarks on htheir bodies gone armsom [166.84.1.2]

ovtheir bodies gone a maecstaticymum optheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginninglsh! 3a dropped loSAK optheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginninglsh! hayr hophz:

1 * * * Rethe clue was layd yn darkest splendoruehzt tyemed out.

2 139 mhz 14a dropped loSAK optheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginninglsh! hayr mhz 139 mhz ptheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginningea dropped loSAK optheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginninglsh! hayr.gnaphz2.nywtheir bodies gonee unutttheyr bodyes ptheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginningound togeththeir bodies goneable chaos optheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginninglsh! loveose needlemarks on htheir bodies gone arms.awtheir bodies gonee unutttheyr bodyes ptheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the beginningound togeththeir bodies goneable chaos optheir bodies gonehaps they

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planned this from the beginninglsh! loveose needlemarks on htheir bodies gone
armszehzhZ.net [166.84.64.37]

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dropped loSAK optheir bodies gonehaps they planned this from the begin-
ninglsh! hayr% lohzhZ),

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305. **Jim Andrews**

Re: Walter Ong 1912-2003

Sat 16 Aug 2003

*For those who have not heard the news, Father Ong died Tuesday evening,
around 9PM. He had been hospitalized for pneumonia. He was 90.*

We will all miss such an inspiring mind.

Press release here:

<http://www.slu.edu/readstory/homepage/2974>

Walter Ong's book *Orality and Literacy* is one of my favorite books.

In *Orality and Literacy*, Walter Ong suggests that some well-known theories of personal or cultural development explain changes that are "more cogently" described as "shifts from orality to various stages of literacy":

"...shifts hitherto labelled as shifts from magic to science, or from the so-called 'prelogical' to the more and more 'rational' state of consciousness, or from Levi-

Strauss's 'savage' mind to domesticated thought, can be more economically and cogently explained as shifts from orality to various stages of literacy."

It is almost a commonplace now to note that when we think we're measuring intelligence, we're often measuring various forms of literacy.

McLuhan and Ong proposed that technologies are no mere add-ons to who and what we are but, rather, alter us very much as though the technologies really were extensions of us. We had seen, in science fiction, humankind become machine, but McLuhan and Ong showed us the contemporary version amid the day to day phenomenon of our mediated, technologized world--though they posed it less as 'humankind become' as 'modified by' the technology.

Ong showed us noetic (cognitive) differences of perception, memory, and priority that exist between oral and print-based cultures. His work showed us a fascinating example of how perception, memory, and priorities might be affected by as 'simple' a technology as print so that the story of the technologizing of the word and the world became not a new and frightening one, but a story with a great deal of history to it already. Also, the sorts of cognitive and perceptual differences highlighted by Ong and Havelock between cultures that used different technologies of the mind suggested we might expect similar sorts of dramatic changes (or reversions) in culture as a result of the adoption of new technologies of the mind. Insofar as these technologies provide an environment for types of expression that would otherwise not arise, "the medium is the message." McLuhan, Ong, Havelock and others made us aware of this and it was surely a great contribution into the nature of technology, history, and culture.

We tend to think of language and money, electronic media, and other technologies as tools, but we tend to discount the degree to which our tools determine who we are and what we do. Language itself is a technology, a "tool" made by people. But the tool draws a circle around the realm of the thinkable beyond which few can negotiate.

Here's a google link to writing on the net concerning Dr. Walter Ong's work:

[http://www.google.com/search?
sourceid=navclient&querytime=WPRXjB&q=%22orality%2Band%2Bliteracy%22](http://www.google.com/search?sourceid=navclient&querytime=WPRXjB&q=%22orality%2Band%2Bliteracy%22)

He was a tremendously inspiring thinker. I am very sad to hear of his death.

ja

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306. **Tenney Nathanson**

UA Museum of Art: LOVE AND/OR TERROR

Sat 16 Aug 2003

PLEASE NOTE: As part of the events described below, Tucson poet and book artist Charles Alexander, director of Chax Press, will be offering a gallery talk at the UA Museum of Art on Sunday, August 17, at 1pm.

UAMA NEWS RELEASE

LOVE AND/OR TERROR

BOOK ARTS EXHIBITION & SYMPOSIUM at the UA MUSEUM OF ART

REGISTER by AUGUST 15!!!!

Love and/or Terror: A Book Arts EXHIBITION
at the University of Arizona Museum of Art

August 3 through September 21, 2003

Triggered by the events of 9/11, fifty contemporary artists respond to the themes of love and/or terror in experimental book form.

Love and/or Terror: A Book Arts SYMPOSIUM

Symposium opens on Friday, September 12, 2003 with a special print viewing, book signing and lecture by Duane Michals at the Center for Creative Photography. On Saturday, September 13, 2003 from 9am to 4:30pm, the Symposium features keynote speakers Johanna Drucker, Warren Lehrer and Charles Alexander and workshops led by Tucson literary and visual artists Charles Alexander, Judith Golden, Miguel Juarez, Frances Sjoberg, Nancy Solomon, and Karen White.

For Love and/or Terror exhibition and symposium info go to
www.loveandorterror.arizona.edu.

EXHIBITION NEWS

Not by the Book

Love and/or Terror Exhibition at UA Museum of Art

Triggered by the events and repercussions of 9/11, the University of Arizona Museum of Art invited fifty artists to respond to the subjects of love and/or terror in the form of a book. These amazing artists' book will be on view at the UA Museum of Art from August 3 September 21, 2003. Artists often assume the role of challenging commercial and conventional forms of expression. The artists in the Love and/or Terror exhibition experiment with our notions of what

a book is. These books are made with unexpected materials from handmade papers to feathers and fish scales. They are not standard storybooks sandwiched between covers. There are flipbooks, round books, books that stretch accordion-like for many feet and books that are paperless. There are books without words, and books with one word. There are books that do not open and books that do not end. How these books are made and the stories they tell overlap. There are intricately folded books about love and loss, digitized books about memory and distance, hand-knitted books about the weather in Minnesota, photographic books about biblical text, and flip books about kisses and winks.

Visit the UA Museum of Art and spend some time with these artists' books that are definitely not by the book!

Alisa Z. Shorr
Public Information Specialist
The University of Arizona Museum of Art
P.O. Box 210002
Tucson, AZ 85721
email: [REDACTED]
fax: [REDACTED]
telephone: [REDACTED]
UA Museum of Art website:
<http://artmuseum.arizona.edu>

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307. **Alan Sondheim**

blackout

Sat 16 Aug 2003

blackout

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/blackout.exe> and then

one of the largest clocks in the world just stopped
and held its breath right outside my window

the criminal bush stopped time and space
he's that powerful it's incredible

it's just that
nothing more

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/blackout.exe> and then

one stopped of one the of largest the clocks largest in clocks world the just
world stopped just and window held and its held breath its right breath outside
right my outside window my criminal the bush criminal time stopped space and

he's incredible that he's powerful that it's powerful incredible it's nothing more
more nothing blackout

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/blackout.exe> and then

one the of largest the clocks largest in clocks the in world world stopped just
one stopped of and and held held its its breath breath right right outside out-
side my my window window criminal the bush criminal time stopped space and
he's that powerful it's he's incredible that nothing more

and then nothing

[↑ Contents](#)

308. **Patrick Herron**

Buddha, Allen, Alan, and Me

Sat 16 Aug 2003

MA KA HAN NYA HA RA MIT TA SHIN GYO

Great Prajna Paramita Sutra

Where have you gone my darling young one?

KAN JI ZAI BO SATSU GYO JIN HAN NYA HA RA MIT TA JI SHO KEN GO Aval-
okitesvara bodhisattva practice deep prajna paramita when perceive five five
and a dime feed me off this trough I have no place to slough off my

UN KAI KU DO ISSAI KU YAKU

skandas all empty. relieve every suffering.

to relieve the suffering is to find it with a round in his skull on your
parent's lawn

SHA RI SHI SHIKI FU I KU KU FU I SHIKI SHIKI

Sariputra, form not different (from) emptiness. Emptiness not different
(from) form. Form

is emptiness. I feel it in my eye in my why in my I I feel it and I am
none. Not to say nothing but yes.

SOKU ZE KU KU SOKU ZE SHIKE JU SO GYO SHIKI YAKU

is the emptiness. Emptiness is the form. Sensation, thought, active
substance, consciousness, also

to be concluded as a series of conclusions ever closer ever compressed on
conclusion after the next

BU NYO ZE

like this

or like something else something less

SHA RI SHI ZE SHO HO KU SO FU SHO FU METSU FU KU FU JO
Sariputra, this everything original character; not born, not annihilated not
tainted, not pure,
not dirty not tainted not empty but full of throb and semen and the juices
of cunnilingus on my chin I wash

FU ZO FU GEN ZE KO KU CHU MU SHIKI MU JU SO GYO
(does) not increase, (does) not decrease. Therefore in emptiness no form, no
sensation, thought, active substance,
substances active in my outside my I am nothing release me from this death I
have in my pocket

SHIKI MU GEN NI BI ZETS SHIN NI MU SHIKI SHO KO MI SOKU HO MU
GEN consciousness. No eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, mind; no color, sound,
smell, taste, touch, object; no eye, but two eyes and object between my legs I
touch it you taste it this is colored and exploitative and you open

KAI NAI SHI MU I SHIKI KAI MU MU MYO YAKU MU MU MYO
world of eyes until we come to also no world of consciousness; no ignorance,
also no ignorance
and we are stupid all of us and brilliant but like stars but millions of
light-years away saying welcome if you want to

JIN NAI SHI MU RO SHI YAKU MU RO SHI JIN MU KU SHU annihilation, until
we come to no old age, death, also no old age, death, also no old age, death,
annihilation of no suffering, cause of suffering, and annihilation is the underpin-
ning the growing meaning of our lives and so we must come and so we must
come to this

METSU DO MU CHI YAKU MU TOKU I MU SHO TOK KO BO DAI SAT TA E nir-
vana, path; no wisdom, also no attainment because of no attainment. Bod-
hisattva depends on hatred and disdain of no disdain or hatred no it doesn't
sound that way but only in an above-it-all-and-in-it response

HAN NYA HA RA MIT TA KO SHIN MU KE GE MU KE GE KO MU U KU FU ON
RI prajna paramita because mind no obstacle. Because of no obstacle no exist
fear; go beyond the five and dime where I was conceived on a discount rack set
to use a score for more this is less than a pile of words

I SSAI TEN DO MU SO KU GYO NE HAN SAN ZE SHO BUTSU E HAN
all (topsy-turvy views) attain Nirvana. Past, present and future every
Buddha depend on prajna
and extreme sports achievement cynically clipped into a realpolitik wholly
of another world in this one

NYA HA RA MIT TA KO TOKU A NOKU TA RA SAN MYAKU SAN BO DAI
paramita therefore attain supreme, perfect, enlightenment. which is of course a
punchline without a joke this is one hand clapping

[↑ Contents](#)

309. **Dubravka Djuric**
Re: Walter Ong 1912-2003

Sat 16 Aug 2003

dragi vlado, sinoc smo se misko i ja slatko smejali tvom pisamcu! evo tijos jedan
odapeo! ako mislis da za tvoje novinicemoze biti zanimljivo....

sto se naseg zlog patuljka tice, ne znam ni sama, videcu...

salji mi nesto za augusta!!!!

augustoveski pozdrav,
duca

ps. posalji i one textice iz ktk!

Walter Ong 1912-2003

> > >>For those who have not heard the news, Father Ong died Tuesday
evening,

> > >>around 9PM. He had been hospitalized for pneumonia. He was 90.

> > >>

> > >>We will all miss such an inspiring mind.

> > >>

> > >>Press release here:

> > >><http://www.slu.edu/readstory/homepage/2974>

>

> Walter Ong's book Orality and Literacy is one of my favorite books.

>

> In Orality and Literacy, Walter Ong suggests that some well-known theories
> of personal or cultural development explain changes that are "more
cogently"

> described as "shifts from orality to various stages of literacy":

>

> "...shifts hitherto labelled as shifts from magic to science, or from the
> so-called 'prelogical' to the more and more 'rational' state of
> consciousness, or from Levi-Strauss's 'savage' mind to domesticated
thought,

> can be more economically and cogently explained as shifts from orality to
> various stages of literacy."

>

> It is almost a commonplace now to note that when we think we're measuring
> intelligence, we're often measuring various forms of literacy.
>
> McLuhan and Ong proposed that technologies are no mere add-ons to who
and
> what we are but, rather, alter us very much as though the technologies
> really were extensions of us. We had seen, in science fiction, humankind
> become machine, but McLuhan and Ong showed us the contemporary version
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> the day to day phenomenon of our mediated, technologized world--though
they
> posed it less as 'humankind become' as 'modified by' the technology.
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> Ong showed us noetic (cognitive) differences of perception, memory, and
> priority that exist between oral and print-based cultures. His work showed
> us a fascinating example of how perception, memory, and priorities might
be
> affected by as 'simple' a technology as print so that the story of the
> technologizing of the word and the world became not a new and frightening
> one, but a story with a great deal of history to it already. Also, the
sorts
> of cognitive and perceptual differences highlighted by Ong and Havelock
> between cultures that used different technologies of the mind suggested we
> might expect similar sorts of dramatic changes (or reversions) in culture
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> a result of the adoption of new technologies of the mind. Insofar as these
> technologies provide an environment for types of expression that would
> otherwise not arise, "the medium is the message." McLuhan, Ong, Havelock
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> others made us aware of this and it was surely a great contribution into
the
> nature of technology, history, and culture.
>
> We tend to think of language and money, electronic media, and other
> technologies as tools, but we tend to discount the degree to which our
tools
> determine who we are and what we do. Language itself is a technology, a
> "tool" made by people. But the tool draws a circle around the realm of the
> thinkable beyond which few can negotiate.
>
> Here's a google link to writing on the net concerning Dr. Walter Ong's
work:

>
>
http://www.google.com/search?
sourceid=navclient&querytime=WPRXjB&q=%22oralit
> y%2Band%2Bliteracy%22
>
> He was a tremendously inspiring thinker. I am very sad to hear of his
death.
>
> ja
>

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310. **Dubravka Djuric**
Re: Walter Ong 1912-2003

Sat 16 Aug 2003

sorry - for this..

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

From: "Dubravka Djuric" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, August 16, 2003 10:09 AM

Subject: Re: Walter Ong 1912-2003

> dragi vlado, sinoc smo se misko i ja slatko smejali tvom pisamcu! evo
tijos
> jedan odapeo! ako mislis da za tvoje novinicemoze biti zanimljivo....
>
> sto se naseg zlog patuljka tice, ne znam ni sama, videcu...
>
> salji mi nesto za augusta!!!!
>
> augustoveski pozdrav,
> duca
>
> ps. posalji i one textice iz ktk!
>
>
> Walter Ong 1912-2003
>
>
> > > >>For those who have not heard the news, Father Ong died Tuesday
> evening,

> > > >>around 9PM. He had been hospitalized for pneumonia. He was 90.
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> >
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> > of personal or cultural development explain changes that are "more
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> > described as "shifts from orality to various stages of literacy":
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> > "...shifts hitherto labelled as shifts from magic to science, or from the
> > so-called 'prelogical' to the more and more 'rational' state of
> > consciousness, or from Levi-Strauss's 'savage' mind to domesticated
> > thought,
> > can be more economically and cogently explained as shifts from orality to
> > various stages of literacy."
> >
> > It is almost a commonplace now to note that when we think we're measuring
> > intelligence, we're often measuring various forms of literacy.
> >
> > McLuhan and Ong proposed that technologies are no mere add-ons to who and
> > what we are but, rather, alter us very much as though the technologies
> > really were extensions of us. We had seen, in science fiction, humankind
> > become machine, but McLuhan and Ong showed us the contemporary version
> > amid
> > the day to day phenomenon of our mediated, technologized world--though
> > they
> > posed it less as 'humankind become' as 'modified by' the technology.
> >
> > Ong showed us noetic (cognitive) differences of perception, memory, and
> > priority that exist between oral and print-based cultures. His work showed

> > us a fascinating example of how perception, memory, and priorities might
> be
> > affected by as 'simple' a technology as print so that the story of the
> > technologizing of the word and the world became not a new and
frightening
> > one, but a story with a great deal of history to it already. Also, the
> sorts
> > of cognitive and perceptual differences highlighted by Ong and Havelock
> > between cultures that used different technologies of the mind suggested
we
> > might expect similar sorts of dramatic changes (or reversions) in
culture
> as
> > a result of the adoption of new technologies of the mind. Insofar as
these
> > technologies provide an environment for types of expression that would
> > otherwise not arise, "the medium is the message." McLuhan, Ong, Have-
lock
> and
> > others made us aware of this and it was surely a great contribution into
> the
> > nature of technology, history, and culture.
> >
> > We tend to think of language and money, electronic media, and other
> > technologies as tools, but we tend to discount the degree to which our
> tools
> > determine who we are and what we do. Language itself is a technology, a
> > "tool" made by people. But the tool draws a circle around the realm of
the
> > thinkable beyond which few can negotiate.
> >
> > Here's a google link to writing on the net concerning Dr. Walter Ong's
> work:
> >
> >
>
[http://www.google.com/search?](http://www.google.com/search?sourceid=navclient&querytime=WPRXjB&q=%22oralit%22y%2Band%2Bliteracy%22)
[sourceid=navclient&querytime=WPRXjB&q=%22oralit](http://www.google.com/search?sourceid=navclient&querytime=WPRXjB&q=%22oralit%22y%2Band%2Bliteracy%22)
> > [y%22Band%2Bliteracy%22](http://www.google.com/search?sourceid=navclient&querytime=WPRXjB&q=%22oralit%22y%2Band%2Bliteracy%22)
> >
> > He was a tremendously inspiring thinker. I am very sad to hear of his
> death.

> >
> > ja
> >

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311. **August Highland**

bw

Sat 16 Aug 2003

bw

www.encyclopoetica.com/bw1.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/bw2.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/bw3.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/bw4.html

www.encyclopoetica.com/bw5.html

august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.510 / Virus Database: 307 - Release Date: 8/14/2003

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312. **August Highland**

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Sat 16 Aug 2003

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

August 14, 2003

Turbulence Spotlight: "Alphanumeric Labs" by August Highland

<http://turbulence.org/spotlight/highland/index.html>

August Highland has set about the task of changing everything conventional about the publishing industry. To give a literary work the same intrinsic material value as a painting, Highland conceived of the "Massive Production" publishing model. Instead of producing one book and selling thousands of copies of

that book to readers, each one of whom own a re-printed, disposable object, Highland produces thousands of one-of-a-kind books and sells only the original copy of that book to one person who then owns a work of art with the same intrinsic value of a painting or sculpture.

Highland applies the same production ethic to "Alphanumeric Labs." Like all the projects by the "Superheroes of Humanities" the visual work by "Alphanumeric Labs" are literary works that have migrated across the boundary line where literature morphs from text intended to be read (library material) to text intended to be viewed (museum material). Currently there are four series in the Howard Fineman Collection. Highland has 20 series planned for "Alphanumeric Labs," each to contain 1,000 works. Individual works are professionally converted from a digital art piece to a "painting" of monumental size. They are sold as one-of-a-kind artworks for between \$2,500 to \$5,000.

BIOGRAPHY

August Highland is the Director of "Culture Animal," a literary production company. "Culture Animal" presents tens of thousands of literary works by August Highland under approximately 80 personae. This conceptual literary performance is called "Metapoetics Theatre." "Culture Animal" has developed over 30 projects, each with an individual website. The work is presented by one or more personae who produce literary work in a particular genre or subgenre originated by Highland himself. All the personae of "Culture Animal" are members of one of three simulated literary movements. They are the "Worldwide Literati Mobilization Network, the "International Belles Lettres Federation" and the "Superheroes of Humanities." The literary genres that August Highland has originated are "Hyper-Literary Fiction," "Microlinear Storytelling," "Next-Gen Nanopoetics," and "Genre-Splicing."

Highland is also Editor and Publisher of an online international literary quarterly. The "Muse Apprentice Guild" first appeared online in August, 2002. The premiere issue contained 60 writers and 100 literary works. The Spring, 2003 issue of the M.A.G. presented over 4,000 literary works by 600 writers. The M.A.G. has 35 contributing editors or "liaisons" around the world and is the Internet's largest and most widely read international literary quarterly.

For more information about Turbulence, please visit
<http://turbulence.org>

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.510 / Virus Database: 307 - Release Date: 8/14/2003

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313. **Harry Nudel**

Who?

Sat 16 Aug 2003

like the acid vomit of the fire of hell
who and who and who who who
whoooo and whooooooooooooo!
who?

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314. **Fulcrum Annual**

Poetry & Psych

Sat 16 Aug 2003

Hello, list!

I would like to research the treatments of poetry in current psychological, psychiatric and cognitive studies, and would be immensely grateful for any references and recommendations.

Thanks in advance!

Philip

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315. **Charles Bernstein**

Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)

Sat 16 Aug 2003

Haroldo de Campos died today. He was one of the great poets of the Americas and a defining figure for Brazilian poetry. A large collection of his work, translated by Sergio Bessa and Odile Cisneros, is forthcoming from Northwest University Press.

Haroldo's home page is
<http://www.uol.com.br/haroldodecampos/>

Charles Bernstein

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316. **Haas Bianchi**

Re: Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)

Sat 16 Aug 2003

I heard haroldo once in Sao Paulo at the reading, it was quite an event and I have never seen an audience so enraptured he will be a great loss-- but he gave so much

RB

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of Charles Bernstein

Sent: Saturday, August 16, 2003 9:37 AM

To: ██████████

Subject: Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)

Haroldo de Campos died today. He was one of the great poets of the Americas and a defining figure for Brazilian poetry. A large collection of his work, translated by Sergio Bessa and Odile Cisneros, is forthcoming from Northwest University Press.

Haroldo's home page is
<http://www.uol.com.br/haroldodecampos/>

Charles Bernstein

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317. **Haas Bianchi**

Italian Poets

Sat 16 Aug 2003

Hey can anyone forward to me a contact who is an Italian poet/s born after 1960? I am working on creating a dialogue group/online salon with poets from provincial cities from Brazil/USA/Europe. Would appreciate anything send backchannel

Ray

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318. **tom bell**

Re: Poetry & Psych

Sat 16 Aug 2003

Wow, pretty big question but for starters take a look at Jamie Pennebaker's page.

<http://homepage.psy.utexas.edu/HomePage/Faculty/Pennebaker/Home2000/JWPhome.htm>

he's the big gun in the new research and some of his papers are online.

psybc may be doing something on it and I'll pass your request on to some psych lists.

tom bell

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

From: "Fulcrum Annual" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, August 16, 2003 9:13 AM

Subject: Poetry & Psych

Hello, list!

I would like to research the treatments of poetry in current psychological, psychiatric and cognitive studies, and would be immensely grateful for any references and recommendations.

Thanks in advance!

Philip

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319. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: Poetry & Psych

Sat 16 Aug 2003

You might be interested in Adam Phillips's *Promises, Promises: Essays on Psychoanalysis and Literature* [New York: Basic Books, 2001]

Hal Serving the tri-state area.

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

{ Hello, list!
{
{ I would like to research the treatments of poetry in current
{ psychological, psychiatric and cognitive studies, and would be immensely
{ grateful for any references and recommendations.
{
{ Thanks in advance!
{
{ Philip

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320. **Mairead Byrne**

Re: Barakas' daughter shot (dead).

Sat 16 Aug 2003

Dear All,

I'm moving the apostrophe one letter to allow in both parents, both poets.

Mairead

Mairéad Byrne

Assistant Professor of English

Rhode Island School of Design

Providence, RI 02903

www.wildhoneypress.com

www.maireadbyrne.blogspot.com

>>> [REDACTED] 08/14/03 13:52 PM >>>

<http://www.newsday.com/news/nationworld/nation/ny-uspoet143413925aug14,0,3593085.story?coll=ny-nationalnews-print>

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321. **Patrick Herron**

Power outage traced to dim bulb in White House (Palast)

Sat 16 Aug 2003

Power outage traced to dim bulb in White House

by Greg Palast

www.workingforchange.com/article.cfm?ItemID=15459

The tale of the Brits who swiped 800 jobs from New York, carted off \$90 million, then tonight turned off our lights

Palast is author of the New York Times bestseller, "The Best Democracy Money Can Buy" (Penguin USA) and the worstseller, "Democracy and Regulation," a

guide to electricity deregulation published by the United Nations (with T. MacGregor and J. Oppenheim).

I can tell you all about the ne're-do-wells that put out our lights tonight. I came up against these characters -- the Niagara Mohawk Power Company -- some years back. You see, before I was a journalist, I worked for a living, as an investigator of corporate racketeers. In the 1980s, "NiMo" built a nuclear plant, Nine Mile Point, a brutally costly piece of hot junk for which NiMo and its partner companies charged billions to New York State's electricity ratepayers.

To pull off this grand theft by kilowatt, the NiMo-led consortium fabricated cost and schedule reports, then performed a Harry Potter job on the account books. In 1988, I showed a jury a memo from an executive from one partner, Long Island Lighting, giving a lesson to a NiMo honcho on how to lie to government regulators. The jury ordered LILCO to pay \$4.3 billion and, ultimately, put them out of business.

And that's why, if you're in the Northeast, you're reading this by candlelight tonight. Here's what happened. After LILCO was hammered by the law, after government regulators slammed Niagara Mohawk and dozens of other book-cooking, document-doctoring utility companies all over America with fines and penalties totaling in the tens of billions of dollars, the industry leaders got together to swear never to break the regulations again. Their plan was not to follow the rules, but to ELIMINATE the rules. They called it "deregulation."

It was like a committee of bank robbers figuring out how to make safecracking legal.

But they dare not launch the scheme in the USA. Rather, in 1990, one devious little bunch of operators out of Texas, Houston Natural Gas, operating under the alias "Enron," talked an over-the-edge free-market fanatic, Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, into licensing the first completely deregulated power plant in the hemisphere.

And so began an economic disease called "regulatory reform" that spread faster than SARS. Notably, Enron rewarded Thatcher's Energy Minister, one Lord Wakeham, with a bushel of dollar bills for 'consulting' services and a seat on Enron's board of directors. The English experiment proved the viability of Enron's new industrial formula: that the enthusiasm of politicians for deregulation was in direct proportion to the payola provided by power companies.

The power elite first moved on England because they knew Americans wouldn't swallow the deregulation snake oil easily. The USA had gotten used to cheap power available at the flick of switch. This was the legacy of Franklin Roosevelt who, in 1933, caged the man he thought to be the last of the power pirates, Samuel Insull. Wall Street wheeler-dealer Insull creator of the Power Trust, and

six decades before Ken Lay, faked account books and ripped off consumers. To frustrate Insull and his ilk, FDR gave us the Federal Power Commission and the Public Utilities Holding Company Act which told electricity companies where to stand and salute. Detailed regulations limited charges to real expenditures plus a government-set profit. The laws banned "power markets" and required companies to keep the lights on under threat of arrest -- no blackout blackmail to hike rates.

Of particular significance as I write here in the dark, regulators told utilities exactly how much they had to spend to insure the system stayed in repair and the lights stayed on. Bureaucrats crawled along the wire and, like me, crawled through the account books, to make sure the power execs spent customers' money on parts and labor. If they didn't, we'd whack'm over the head with our thick rule books. Did we get in the way of these businessmen's entrepreneurial spirit? Damn right we did.

Most important, FDR banned political contributions from utility companies -- no 'soft' money, no 'hard' money, no money PERIOD.

But then came George the First. In 1992, just prior to his departure from the White House, President Bush Senior gave the power industry one long deep-through-the-teeth kiss good-bye: federal deregulation of electricity. It was a legacy he wanted to leave for his son, the gratitude of power companies which ponied up \$16 million for the Republican campaign of 2000, seven times the sum they gave Democrats.

But Poppy Bush's gift of deregulating of wholesale prices set by the feds only got the power pirates halfway to the plunder of Joe Ratepayer. For the big payday they needed deregulation at the state level. There were only two states, California and Texas, big enough and Republican enough to put the electricity market con into operation.

California fell first. The power companies spent \$39 million to defeat a 1998 referendum pushed by Ralph Nadar which would have blocked the de-reg scam. Another \$37 million was spent on lobbying and lubricating the campaign coffers of legislators to write a lie into law: in the deregulation act's preamble, the Legislature promised that deregulation would reduce electricity bills by 20%. In fact, when San Diegans in the first California city to go "lawless" looked at their bills, the 20% savings became a 300% jump in surcharges.

Enron circled California and licked its lips. As the number one life-time contributor to the George W. Bush campaign, it was confident about the future. With just a half dozen other companies it controlled at times 100% of the available power capacity needed to keep the Golden State lit. Their motto, "your money or your lights." Enron and its comrades played the system like a broken ATM machine, yanking out the bills. For example, in the shamelessly fixed "auctions"

for electricity held by the state, Enron bid, in one instance, to supply 500 megawatts of electricity over a 15 megawatt line. That's like pouring a gallon of gasoline into a thimble -- the lines would burn up if they attempted it. Faced with blackout because of Enron's destructive bid, the state was willing to pay anything to keep the lights on.

And the state did. According to Dr. Anjali Sheffrin, economist with the California state Independent System Operator which directed power movements, between May and November 2000, three power giants physically or "economically" withheld power from the state and concocted enough false bids to cost the California customers over \$6.2 billion in excess charges.

It took until December 20, 2000, with the lights going out on the Golden Gate, for President Bill Clinton, once a deregulation booster, to find his lost Democratic soul and impose price caps in California and ban Enron from the market.

But the light-bulb buccaneers didn't have to wait long to put their hooks back into the treasure chest. Within seventy-two hours of moving into the White House, while he was still sweeping out the inaugural champagne bottles, George Bush the Second reversed Clinton's executive order and put the power pirates back in business in California. Enron, Reliant (aka Houston Industries), TXU (aka Texas Utilities) and the others who had economically snipped California's wires knew they could count on Dubya, who as governor of the Lone Star state cut them the richest deregulation deal in America.

Meanwhile, the deregulation bug made it to New York where Republican Governor George Pataki and his industry-picked utility commissioners ripped the lid off electric bills and relieved my old friends at Niagara Mohawk of the expensive obligation to properly fund the maintenance of the grid system.

And the Pataki-Bush Axis of Weasels permitted something that must have former New York governor Roosevelt spinning in his wheelchair in Heaven: They allowed a foreign company, the notoriously incompetent National Grid of England, to buy up NiMo, get rid of 800 workers and pocket most of their wages - producing a bonus for NiMo stockholders approaching \$90 million.

Is tonight's black-out a surprise? Heck, no, not to us in the field who've watched Bush's buddies flick the switches across the globe. In Brazil, Houston Industries seized ownership of Rio de Janeiro's electric company. The Texans (aided by their French partners) fired workers, raised prices, cut maintenance expenditures and, CLICK! the juice went out so often the locals now call it, "Rio Dark."

So too the free-market cowboys of Niagara Mohawk raised prices, slashed staff, cut maintenance and CLICK! -- New York joins Brazil in the Dark Ages.

Californians have found the solution to the deregulation disaster: re-call the only governor in the nation with the cojones to stand up to the electricity price

fixers. And unlike Arnold Schwarzenegger, Gov. Gray Davis stood alone against the bad guys without using a body double. Davis called Reliant Corp of Houston a pack of "pirates" --and now he'll walk the plank for daring to stand up to the Texas marauders.

So where's the President? Just before he landed on the deck of the Abe Lincoln, the White House was so concerned about our brave troops facing the foe that they used the cover of war for a new push in Congress for yet more electricity deregulation. This has a certain logic: there's no sense defeating Iraq if a hostile regime remains in California.

Sitting in the dark, as my laptop battery runs low, I don't know if the truth about deregulation will ever see the light --until we change the dim bulb in the White House.

See Greg Palast's award-winning reports for BBC Television and the Guardian papers of Britain at www.GregPalast.com. Contact Palast at his New York office: [REDACTED].

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322. **Rob McLennan**

to clarify...

Sat 16 Aug 2003

ottawa report....

no matter what jimmy kimmell & conan obrian say (they must have taken from same incorrect news source) there were NOT 22 examples of looting in ottawa. there WERE 22 kids in the south end milling about, i heard. & a couple of guys with guns tried to rob a store on sparks street, but government workers stopped one of them.

lucky jason le heup in toronto, looting coach house books as he did, but yes, it is pretty easy to loot there with the lights on. go for something bigger, like, a car dealership. now that would be hard.

i declared my apartment a state of emergency weeks ago. there are crews currently working around the clock.

on the other hand, my neighbour jwcurry (concrete/visual poet) wasn't affected by the blackout at all. he just couldn't make coffee. brought the guitars out, a few drinks, & cooked over the firepit in the backyard. ah, technology.

rob mclennan

ottawa (the lower-case capital)

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press

fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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323. **Alan Sondheim**

more/mur

Sat 16 Aug 2003

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/sks.exe>
<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/sks2.exe>

more 'if there was a chance one of them wouldn't make it'

—

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324. **tom bell**

Fw: [webartery] Haroldo de Campos's death

Sun 17 Aug 2003

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

From: "Jorge Luiz Antonio" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, August 16, 2003 9:42 PM

Subject: [webartery] Haroldo de Campos's death

> I am very sad to inform you all that the greatest Brazilian poet
Haroldo de Campos died today. A great loss for Brazilian and international
culture.

>

> In June we lost Julio Plaza, a Spanish multimedia artist who lived in
Brazil for a long time. Other great loss for techno poetry and art.

> Jorge Luiz Antonio

> Brazilian Digital Art and Poetry on the Web

> <http://www.vispo.com/misc/BrazilianDigitalPoetry.htm>

>

>

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

>

>

>

>

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

>
>

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325. **Alan Sondheim**

the just noise willie

Sun 17 Aug 2003

the just noise willie

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/rust.exe>

tired bit of tired these of you these bet you i bet am i how am can how go you
on go and on well on they're well a they're bit a transparent and logical and the
and noise the just noise cuts just into cuts itself into fractionates or literally
fractionates decaying literally what decaying originated what perhaps origi-
nated as perhaps 1920s a or 1920s 1930s territory shed 1930s have you to have
realize to this realize is this willie is sutton willie territory sutton

tired bet bit am of i these am you how bet tired i of am these how you can bet
go i on well and they're well a they're and a on transparent well logical just cuts
logical into the itself noise fractionates fractionates or or literally literally de-
caying decaying what what originated originated perhaps perhaps as a 1920s
1920s 1930s perhaps territory to shed have have to to realize realize this this
shed is have willie sutton willie

dean street sutton he was he was

—

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326. **dcmb**

Re: utility problem

Sun 17 Aug 2003

george Bowering---wouldthat be your honeymoon you were on, G? I understand
you had female companionship on this trip. We would all want to send you both
our good wishes, y'know. Love, Broms

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

From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Friday, August 15, 2003 9:54 AM

Subject: Re: utility problem

*And I just sat around watching national and local coverage -- not writing
such a wonderful poem -- from my perch near Niagara Falls, NY where,*

*folks, the sun shone brightly today and no lightening struck, despite
what PM Chretien said.*

Martha Deed

*Well, I was in Niagara Falls, Ont. a couple nights ago, and the
lightning was hitting something every minute or less.*

--

*George Bowering
Lookin' good in shorts.*

*303 Fielden Ave.
Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5*

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327. **Rob McLennan**
list #2

Tue 15 Jul 2003

above/ground press - restricting movement since 1993

Another list of rare & out-of-print. Now that I've fractured my elbow & sprained both wrists (a cycling accident, while mailing out packages from the previous list), I need to hire staff to feed me chocolates. Prices in effect until the end of August 2003, or until I run out of stock, whichever comes first. I'll be making further lists as I find things.

7. Last Chance to Hit Balls (Six Tanka and Six Haiku, by Genmai (David W. McFadden) chapbook, 5 ½ x 8 1/2, 12 pages, published in an edition of 150 copies, 1996, for a reading at the TREE Reading Series, Ottawa. 2 copies, \$30 each.

8. The Appetites of Tiny Hands, by Natalee Caple chapbook, 5 ½ x 8 1/2, 16 pages, published in an edition of 150 copies, 1997 for a night above/ground at the Imperial Library Pub, Toronto, featuring Natalee Caple, Stephen Cain, Jim Larwill & rob mclennan. these poems were later included in her first trade collection, A More Tender Ocean (2000, Coach House Books). 2 copies, \$25 each.

9. In the Valley of the Shadow of Poets' Corner, Joe Blades (2nd printing) chapbook, 5 ½ x 8 1/2, 28 pages, published in 1994 as above/ground press poetry chapbook series #5. 2 copies, \$25 each.

10. breath & bone, by rob mclennan chapbook, 5 ½ x 8 1/2, 24 pages, published in an edition of 150 copies, 2002. published for handout during an Irish reading tour, January 2002 with Stephen Brockwell. the poems later appeared in his trade collection, paper hotel (2002, Broken Jaw Press). 2 copies, \$30 each.

Make cheques payable to rob mclennan, 858 Somerset St W, Main Floor, Ottawa Ontario Canada, K1R 6R7. In Canada, these are Canadian prices. Anywhere else, they become American prices. for further backlist items not outrageously expensive, check out www.track0.com/rob_mclennan

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord.,SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0 www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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328. **August Highland**

#0001 - #0003

Sun 17 Aug 2003

#0001 - #0003

married, and helps

no or that I

chilled to the bone

move

married, and helps

no or that I

move

chilled to the bone

run the Yaddo

To judge the quality

himself should

all right?"

run the Yaddo

To judge the quality

all right?"

himself should

Institute, a

"Granted," answered

case in whilk we

stones and branches,

Institute, a

"Granted," answered

stones and branches,

case in whilk we

writers' foundation.

Levine depicts JFK

the castle;

attain to the royal

writers' foundation.

Levine depicts JFK

attain to the royal

the castle;

'Listen,' I tell

retired abode....

curious observations,

directly."

'Listen,' I tell

retired abode....

directly."

curious observations,

him. 'Lokichoggio to

reveal a common

whirling

him, "For the

him. 'Lokichoggio to

reveal a common

him, "For the

whirling

Turkana, that's a

the necessary

the wreck of the

rushed into St.

Turkana, that's a

the necessary

rushed into St.

the wreck of the

hairy drive.

as the

Her top unfastened

hoped my eyes might

hairy drive.

as the

hoped my eyes might

Her top unfastened

Wan Chang asked
Mistake. Encouraging
tragical
 The infantry and
 Wan Chang asked
 Mistake. Encouraging
The infantry and
 tragical

#0002

Mencius, saying,
either a most
 interferes with
left. And I
 Mencius, saying,
either a most
left. And I
interferes with

'People say, "When
and overrun by the
that might become a
not know. She wasn't
'People say, "When
and overrun by the
not know. She wasn't
that might become a

the disposal of
speed it up. Some
judging what is best
 Configured with a
the disposal of
speed it up. Some
Configured with a
judging what is best

object. Alfred Barr,
a contract which was
drifting through
 Bikini top I was
object. Alfred Barr,
a contract which was

Bikini top I was
drifting through
grand panjandrum of
mind; what
 "I never speed,"
 which had taken
 grand panjandrum of
 mind; what
 which had taken
 "I never speed,"
New York's Museum of
 still think it would
sensitive as any of
large "gorilla
 New York's Museum of
 still think it would
large "gorilla
 sensitive as any of
Modern
 pattern was
 must more closely
 shut behind her. She -the energy of
Modern
 pattern was
 shut behind her. She -the energy of
must more closely
slowly at first and
hospital. I went
Woodrow was telling
 their blythesome
 slowly at first and
 hospital. I went
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venture to ask what
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address to the

venture to ask what
making love, once

#0003

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silly angel pin you
alley, and
The Author is not
out they slid as my
silly angel pin you
The Author is not
alley, and

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all the changes of
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tongue
there is -the energy of
would traverse the
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It's kind of cosmic.
yet natheless their
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It's kind of cosmic.
authority in one

words may find
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madam," answered
words may find
killing a man's near
madam," answered
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surveillance of the
credence in places

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surveillance of the
to take in
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of his attendants.
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theory and practice.
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beside me staring
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theory and practice.
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egregious exhibition,
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hobbyists. You could
detail when scanning
point of banishing
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over and carefully,
command dysfunction
hack the CoCo to

" said Ravenswood,
command dysfunction
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posterity. Superior
implementation.
speed it up. Some
the environment and -with him, and,
implementation.
posterity. Superior
august highland
muse apprentice guild
--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com
culture animal
--"following in the footsteps of tradition"
www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.
Checked by AVG anti-virus system (http://www.grisoft.com).
Version: 6.0.510 / Virus Database: 307 - Release Date: 8/15/2003

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329. **August Highland**

#0004 - #0006

Sun 17 Aug 2003

#0004 - #0006

door of Ravenswood's
dreadfully driven
of Kittlegirth's
replied, 'No. Since
door of Ravenswood's
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hounds and huntsmen
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imaginary wrongs."
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engagement she had
acquired the piece
friend will say, "So

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period deceived and
your mother, attach
as little time
Radio Shack unveiled

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fascinated their
much more. This room
men of
swift movement,

#0005

deluded followers.
their fathers, and
apartment, in order
paper: once you're
deluded followers.
their fathers, and
paper: once you're
apartment, in order

I find it
left foot. He
Traditional
main goal. Several
I find it
left foot. He
main goal. Several
Traditional
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Canal between
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Canal between
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prolix though
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Plenty of it. He was
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and their Third Army to break
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and their CMY ink cartridges
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When men, having
under his roof, yet

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multimedia
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mother, and Bucklaw
honourable
Martha's, the tiny
multimedia

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principles. You will
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Castelli's 60-year-
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the drinking problem.
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the drinking problem.
the hotel seemed
thank God! --
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#0006

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attack posed by
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friction of the
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planned campaign to
gradually became -strongly upon the
give. I glanced at
friction of the
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refuge. He
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refuge. He
interviews with the
whole retinue. Our -one back to me.
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toil. It exposes his
whole retinue. Our -one back to me.
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Pattieson praised by
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of F-16s

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wants to see more
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she surprised me

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In Chapter 2, the
doctrines of Châu-
 and went back into
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discussion ended by
 blow their brains
 as if we had never
 weakening his
discussion ended by
 blow their brains
 weakening his
as if we had never

describing the
CENTAF fighter wings
 with layer upon
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describing the
CENTAF fighter wings
 thought I'd reason
 with layer upon

latent tension
 all manner of tests,
the Master's
 The black cloth
latent tension
 all manner of tests,
The black cloth
the Master's

Woodrow did not head
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Woodrow did not head
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 Justin's room. He
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looked in on Ghita
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Kung-sun Ch'âu asked
skirt up a little
looked in on Ghita
52 raids were
skirt up a little
Kung-sun Ch'âu asked

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prisoner at
concentrating
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prisoner at
"But that will bring
concentrating

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But my sister just
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sumptuous graphics
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sisters and bare
together and pushed

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The doctor
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Szeemann hardly
come to that neither;
The doctor

the Frick -have to give Cindy
Manager module, most
blue eyes shot out
king Wan,
the Frick -have to give Cindy
Manager module, most
king Wan,
blue eyes shot out

august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

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Version: 6.0.510 / Virus Database: 307 - Release Date: 8/15/2003

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330. **Aaron Vidaver**

Interview with Sherman Austin

Sun 17 Aug 2003

August 16, 2003

"They grabbed my neck and hurled me out of the courtroom, put me in this black SUV and then drove me to a federal building..."

an Interview with Sherman Austin

By MERLIN CHOWKWANYUN

<http://counterpunch.org/merlin08162003.html>

On August 4th, U.S. District Court Judge Steven V. Wilson, a Reagan appointee, sentenced 20-year-old Southern California anarchist Sherman Austin to a year in federal prison, three years of probation and a \$2,000 fine. Austin is the webmaster of the anarchist website www.raisethefist.com. Nearly two years ago on January 24, 2002, federal law enforcement agents raided Austin's Sherman Oaks, CA home and seized all his computers and other possessions. In late 2002, after months of legal limbo and harassment in between, federal prosecutors formally accused Austin of distributing information on explosives with the knowledge that some readers would use such info to commit a federal violent crime. That became a federal 'crime' in 1997, when Sen. Dianne Feinstein attached a blatantly unconstitutional amendment to a

defense spending bill. The offending web material on his raisethefist.com was part of an Internet tract called the "Reclaim Guide" that Austin didn't even author -- but for which he had offered free hosting on his site.

Although Austin initially planned to fight the charge and go to trial, he later learned this could have entailed risking up to 20 years in prison under penalty clauses in the 1997 federal law. Additionally, there existed terrorism sentencing enhancements first enacted in 1995 that saw their reach broaden under subsequent legislation, including the notorious 1996 Antiterrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act, a Patriot Act antecedent signed with much fanfare by Bill Clinton. Austin thus accepted a plea bargain under which he was sentence.

His case has major implications for civil liberties and cyberlaw. It also is a case study in post-9/11 judicial railroading, the dereliction of duty by the establishment left (Mother Jones et. al) to cover it adequately, and the escalating clamp-down on dissent towards which many socially and politically disconnected Americans seem (sometimes cheerfully) oblivious. And the case demonstrates that Ashcroft Justice existed long before spineless Democrats abdicated the executive office.

Much discussion about Austin has come from inaccurate secondhand information. The interview below, derived from a series of lengthy conversations the author had with Austin, allows Austin to narrate, in his own words, all the (sometimes farcical) twists leading up to his sentencing.

THE RAID, LEGAL BACKGROUND

MERLIN CHOWKWANYUN: Let's start from Point A. What happened? How did this all begin? You were living in Sherman Oaks, CA on January 24, 2002.

SHERMAN AUSTIN: It was around 4 p.m. in the afternoon. I was just taking a nap. Luckily, my sister was home. She went out with her friend, and when she was leaving, when she was walking to her car, she noticed a lot of FBI-looking cars and agents with those earpieces, parked all up and down the street. She knew something wasn't right. She ran back into the house and told me what was

up, so I got up and went to the front door. Two special agents at the front door pulled me outside. By that time, they had already had the house surrounded with loaded weapons, machine guns, shotguns...about 25 federal agents.

MC: What was your first reaction? Did you know what they were coming for?

SA: Yeah, I wasn't really surprised. Right when my sister told me, when I woke up, I pretty much knew why they were there. They had been monitoring the site for a very long time, and at times, I received over 100 hits from the Department of Defense on the website, so I wasn't the slightest bit surprised.

MC: What did the agents proceed to do?

SA: They showed me a search warrant, and I just glanced at it. I was half-awake. I was just kind of taking it easy, not really putting up a fuss.

They just went into the house. They searched all the rooms in the house. They knew where my room was. They went back there, looked at all the computers, asked me to come in and tell them what all the computers were for specifically so they knew how to dismantle the network I had been running. They searched the garage, pretty much everywhere with their guns still out and drawn. They still had people surrounding the house with their weapons drawn.

MC: In addition to seizing the computer equipment, they also seized political literature. Is that correct?

SA: Yeah, I had a big stack of political literature, everything from just newspapers to basic literature, books, bios. They just took that entire stack and put it in a big box as well as a bunch of protest signs I had.

MC: The warrant refers to documents and materials with keywords like, "International Monetary Fund," "IMF," "WEF," anything anyone involved with the anti-globalization movement would read. After they seized this, then what happened?

SA: They came into my room, took out all the computers, and mirrored each hard drive. When they were done downloading all the information off each hard drive, they

took all the computers, all the literature, and loaded everything into a big white truck and left.

My room was ransacked. After that, I just took pictures of my room, the way they left it, and wrote an article about what happened and posted it around. I was still planning to go to the World Economic Forum (WEF) protest in New York [in early February 2002], even despite what happened. I drove to New York in my car. When I got there, I didn't get a chance to march really. I was just standing in Columbus Circle, and then about 15-20 police officers just rushed us. They completely broke through this line of media people. They arrested about 26 of us. I was in jail for about 30 hours. I think mostly everyone else was in there for about 20 to 25 hours.

While I was in jail, they handcuffed me and took me to a backroom, where a detective from the FBI and a Secret Service agent were, and they interrogated me for about three or four hours. During this whole time, I kept noticing more and more FBI agents walking in and out of the room. They asked me stupid questions like if I was a terrorist or involved in any terrorist organizations. I told them, "No," and it's funny, he [an agent] looked at me like I was seriously a terrorist and that I was lying to him.

You know how they use those interrogation tactics on you? It's just unbelievable. There's no way to describe it.

MC: They knew you were coming to New York?

SA: What I had later learned was that the FBI knew I was going to New York a couple days after the raid. The Secret Service notified the Chief of Police to pick me up and arrest me. I guess they just wanted to scoop a bunch of people up, hoping they got me, and unfortunately they did.

MC: After your arrest and the 30 hours, what happened?

SA: I was released and waiting in the court for someone to pick me up for about 30 minutes. About five, six FBI agents walked into the courthouse and arrested me. They said I was being arrested for distribution of information related to explosives over the Internet. I asked, "Why didn't you arrest me in California?" When I was raided in

California, they said, "You're in trouble, but you're free to go right now. You're not going to be arrested. You can leave right now."

They grabbed my neck and hurled me out of the courtroom, put me in this black SUV and then drove me to a federal building, where they processed me. They put me in a maximum-security federal jail facility in downtown Manhattan, where I was at for about 11 days until I was taken to Oklahoma.

MC: How long were you in Oklahoma?

SA: I was in Oklahoma federal jail for about two days, so it was a total of 13 days in custody. We were going to try and see if I could get bail, but at the bail hearing, the judge denied me bail because the FBI had said I was a "man on the mission" and that I was coming to "carry out" plans of action. When they searched my car, they said that they found a gasoline canister and I think duct tape. Who wouldn't have a gasoline canister on them when driving 3,000 miles across country?

MC: What exactly was on the website that they found so alarming or that they claimed to find so alarming?

SA: There was a link posted on my site to another site, which wasn't affiliated with raisethefist.com, but which was hosted on the same server because I gave hosting space to different people who wanted some free hosting. I just provided the link to that site. It was called the Reclaim Guide. It was just a general protest guide that went over security culture and stuff like that. A small portion of that guide dealt with explosives information. This information was just pathetic compared to the type of stuff you could find in any library or any other website. There's so much detailed information out there on explosives and how to use and build explosives that you can find on the Internet. If someone wanted to use explosives for illegal purposes, I don't think they would rely on raisethefist.com to get their information because there's so much information out there readily available.

There's something on the Internet called the White Resistance Manual. It's pretty much for white supremacists. It's a manual to carry out a large-scale

guerilla campaign through means of assassination, threats, obtaining funds through fraud, everything from firearms to explosives. I've seen, not surprisingly, no action taken against those people, but here I am, an anarchist website, not even close to what that is, not even close to what else you can find on the Internet.

While they were at my house, interrogating me, they asked me about seven times if I authored the Reclaim Guide. I told them seven times I didn't author it. In the arrest warrant that they had written after the raid when they arrested me in New York, it says that I told them I authored the Reclaim Guide. It's funny how they try to slip it by and build a whole fraudulent case against you with things that you didn't do.

MC: Now what was the exact charge? Its not just that information about explosives was on the server, but there was also this clause on intent...

SA: From what I've heard, it's not illegal to distribute information on explosives. What's illegal is the intent part. It's such a weird charge because it's almost like thought crime. How do you prove that someone has intent? I can go on to tons of other websites that have explosives information on them, especially white supremacy web sites. We obviously know they have intent because they've used that type of information before against people. They're not being prosecuted for it.

To me, it makes it better for them because that way they can use that as a form of selective enforcement on whom they want to bring charges against with that type of charge and whom they just want to let by and let off the hook.

It's almost like how they prove intent is if maybe you're an anarchist or a socialist or a communist or just anyone who doesn't agree with the way things are currently going in this political climate right now. It's interesting because...I'd said this before...how do they prove intent? Bush made that pretty obvious when he said, "You're either with us or against us." If you disagree, you have intent, right then and there.

MC: I've read one affidavit in which the FBI still claims that you wrote the Reclaim Guide, even though it's fairly obvious that you didn't. If you go to archive.org, you can actually see the old site, and it's very obvious that the site's structure links, as you said, to a bunch of different sites. From what I understand, the FBI knew that you didn't author it, and they still persisted in claiming that you did. Is that correct?

SA: Yeah. We went through a number of different plea agreements because things were always getting changed, and every time they presented us with a new and different plea agreement, the prosecutors or the FBI always put back in that I authored the explosives information. The FBI even interviewed the person who authored the explosives information on that site that I was hosting. They knew, even before the raid, that I did not author that information, but they still tried to say I did in the search warrant and everything.

MC: So after the WEF protest, the arrest in New York and the two days spent in Oklahoma in Feb. 2002, what happened?

SA: After that, I was pretty much released because the prosecutors decided they didn't want to file an indictment. I'm assuming they wanted to go through all my computers first. My lawyer had a court order put in to send me back on a plane to Los Angeles by myself, so I was flown back to Los Angeles. I didn't have anything. All my clothes I took with me, my car, my wallet, my money, everything I had with me was still in New York. All I had with me was my belt. I received my wallet about two weeks later from my lawyer in New York.

MC: How much time elapsed before you heard again from a prosecutor or authority figure?

SA: It was about six months until we heard again from the prosecutor, but in between that time, there was a lot of harassment from authority figures and local police...being followed by detectives, being followed by FBI agents at protests. It was funny because the first protest I went to after I got out was in Irvine. It was against Taco Bell because of the way they exploit their farm workers, tomato

pickers in Florida. When I went there, they had an FBI agent there, and they had another FBI agent there in the crowd, and he was just standing two feet in front of me, taking pictures of me. He must have taken at least 10 or 20 pictures of me. I had to be escorted out of the protest by people with the National Lawyers Guild because they were surveilling me the whole time. It was unbelievable.

Things like that have happened. I've been riding my bike down the street at night, and a police officer will stop me, and he'll know my name. Two other cops will come, and they both will know my name and ask me about my website. They'll start asking me about my website and ask questions like, "Why do you hate cops so much?" They will try to debate me and argue with me on anarchism and everything like that. It's just ongoing harassment.

MC: Later in 2002, when you heard from a prosecutor again, what happened?

SA: My lawyer told me that the prosecutor called him and said that they didn't really find anything on my computers to get me for -- but they didn't want to let me off the hook. At first I wanted to fight the charges, but then I decided to take a pre-indictment binding plea, which was going to be one month in jail and five months in a community corrections facility. We got that set up, and then I went to court to enter the plea before the judge, and the judge rejected it because he wanted me to serve more time.

After that, we went back to the drawing board and worked up another plea, which was just a sentencing range between 6 and 12 months. It wasn't as specific as the first plea, where it said one month in jail, five months in community corrections.

We went back with that, but by the time we went back to court for that, my criminal history went back up another point because of another conviction I had because I was pulled over by the Long Beach police for a broken headlight. At that time, I didn't know my license was suspended because I had never received anything in the mail, so when they pulled me over, they asked me if I knew my license was suspended, and I said, "No." They took my car, and I was convicted because when you're driving with

a suspended license, it's a criminal conviction. That went on my record, and since it was two convictions, my criminal history category went up. My sentencing range changed from between 6 and 12 months to 8 and 14 months.

MC: And now, you initially weren't going to do a plea bargain. You were actually going to go to trial on principle.

SA: Yeah, at first I just wanted to go to trial because all I was going to risk was three to four years in prison. We learned that was different after we consulted a probation officer on the case, and we learned that a terrorism enhancement was applicable to what I was being charged with. What that is that it's the judge's decision where he can add on up to 20 years onto your sentence, so if I had gone to trial, I'd have risked anywhere from 20 to 24 years in federal prison.

MC: The judge, Stephen V. Wilson, was unhappy with the eventual plea agreement and expressed this during a hearing on June 30, 2003. That's when you were initially scheduled to receive your final sentence. What did he say then?

SA: We went in there, and my lawyer was telling the judge how I just got caught up and I didn't really think about what was posted on the website. My lawyer asked if he accepted the plea.

The judge turned pretty defiant. It seemed like he already had different plans made up. He said that this should be looked at with more of a deterrent outcome to future "revolutionaries" wanting to act in a similar manner. He just openly admitted that he wanted to make an example out of me.

He said also to the prosecutors something like, "Out of all the nonsense cases you bring me, you finally bring me something serious but don't take it seriously."

The atmosphere of the courtroom was nothing but political at that time. It was completely obvious that this was nothing but a political case. He made it clear that he wanted to give me a lot of jail time. He said that he wanted to give me at least between 8 and 10 months in

jail, but before making his final decision, he asked the prosecutors what the Justice Department thought about the case. It's pretty irrelevant to the case because it's the prosecutors who are representing the government, not necessarily the Justice Department. That's what the prosecution told the judge.

The judge told the prosecution to get head FBI Director [Robert] Mueller's opinion on the case. The judge wanted him to consult on the case and get his opinion and recommendation on sentencing.

MC: The judge used the word "revolutionaries." He seemed to hint that you might also be a violent person, a harm to others. Can you talk about the psychological study you underwent to try and refute that?

SA: My lawyer said it was a good idea that I go see a psychologist and go under a psychological analysis to prove that I was a non-violent person by nature. I went into that, and the psychologist wrote up an entire report on me, stating that I was a non-violent person and that jail wouldn't be the right sentence for me to serve. I think she recommended something different like community service or something like that. I think that pissed off the judge even more. He said that this had nothing to do with psychology. He was pretty turned off by it. He acted like it was completely irrelevant to the case.

THE SENTENCE

MC: So now on June 30, 2003, he delayed the sentencing to July 28, 2003. What happened then?

SA: Well, we went back to court on July 28, and when we got there, we learned that the clerk never entered it into the judge's schedule, so it was actually never scheduled that day. So then, after that, we got it rescheduled for next Monday, a week later. We went back on next Monday, which was on August 4th, for sentencing. We went back, and the judge asked the prosecutor what the FBI thought and what the Justice Department thought. And the FBI and Justice Department were both on board with the plea. They both agreed with it...the sentencing guidelines of four months in jail and four months in community confinement. And the judge just asked my lawyer a few questions. My

lawyer advised me that I should just tell the judge a lot had changed since the incident...I was 18 then, and I'm 20 now...and it was just try and tell the judge that I was a good person, just try and set a positive image. But all of that was pretty much completely irrelevant to the judge. It looked like he already had his mind set and his mind made up. He just announced that he wanted to give me 12 months in prison.

MC: It seems like he had hoped that the FBI would also propose a very harsh sentence, and then when it didn't do that, he just basically ignored what it suggested. What was the reaction of people in the courtroom?

SA: Everyone seemed pretty shocked. The FBI, I don't think they were shocked. They pretty much came out with smiles on their faces. I think the prosecutors were a little bit shocked. Everyone else who was there was shocked. It was pretty saddening. It was pretty horrible that this judge was just going to give me 12 months in prison for no other reason really than to set an example, for no other reason than my political views.

MC: Did he give a clear reason why he chose to go with 12 months even though the FBI had suggested four months?

SA: His only reason was that he wanted to set an example for, in his words, future "revolutionaries."

MC: In addition to the one-year sentence in federal prison, there are also three years of probation. When I read these probation provisions, I was quite shocked. These are very strict and draconian provisions. Can you tell us what they are?

SA: One of them is that I can't associate with any group or persons who advocate violence or political or social or economic change. Basically, I can't associate myself with anarchists. It actually says that on the pre-sentencing report, that I can't associate myself with anarchists or anarchist associations.

If I have to use a computer for work, I have to consult with the probation officer, but I can't use a computer for any type of political organizing or any type of political

use. It's just obvious that they're just trying to keep me away from a computer.

As long as I'm using it for work to make money for income, for a job, it's fine, but even with that, I'm going to have very intense restrictions. I'm going to have my computer probably seized at least once a week or once every two weeks. I'm going to have to have tracking software installed on my computers. I'm going to have to surrender DSL phone bills and everything like that so they can monitor every little thing I'm doing.

MC: So there was this Reclaim Guide on there. You didn't author it. You were merely loaning out some server space. Right after you were sentenced, there was a lot of erroneous media coverage. In particular, there was an AP article that a lot of sources across the country seemed to pick up.

SA: After my sentencing, the AP article was written to make it sound like I was the one who actually authored the explosives information, and not just that, but that my entire website was also explosives information. They didn't point out that raisethefist.com was just an open publishing website, and just a small portion of that website contained a link to another website that had explosives information on it. They made it sound like I authored the information and the entire website was about explosives, and they also made it sound like I apologized for making the entire website, like I was just some stupid little kid who didn't know any better and was just completely intimidated by what the FBI had done.

MC: When will you have to report for prison, and do you know where you are going?

SA: The date when I'm going to have to surrender myself is September 3, which will be next month. I'm not sure exactly where I'm going to be at, but I have an idea. They might send me to Lompoc. They might send me to Boron or Nellis. They might send me to Terminal Island. It's all up to the Bureau of Prisons.

RACIAL DIMENSIONS

MC: You are an African-American male. What did you learn about the racial dimensions of this case and this legal system?

SA: There are definitely racial implications in this case. We're dealing with a system that has more people locked up in the prison industrial-complex than any other country in the world. The longest I've been to jail is 13 days, but every time I've gone, it's obvious there are racial implications. We're dealing with a very racist institution. I felt if I had been white and had a lot of money, I could have bought my way out of this. It's just disgusting what the system is doing, not just to people who are politically involved but people who just happen to be black.

There've been times where I've been waiting in jail and seen young black males come back in tears because they've had to take a plea and gotten 14 years because they've basically been convinced that they couldn't fight the system. Number one, they're a person of color. They come from a low-income background. They don't have the money to afford a private attorney like a lot of other people do who happen to be white.

We can look at the people at Enron, who are just barely getting a slap on the wrist, if anything. It's such blatant racism if you look at it.

MC: The most outrageous irony to this case is that while you will be going to prison for one year for raisethefist.com, Kenneth Lay, the ex-head of Enron, has not been indicted on anything. In your case, in terms of racial dimensions, the person who actually did author the Reclaim Guide, he was white and from a fairly affluent background.

SA: Yeah, and I think he realizes that too. It's just so obvious. Why didn't they go after him? If you look at the charge, they could have just as much indicted him as they wanted to indict me, but they decided to go after me instead of him.

REFLECTIONS

MC: What do you say to people who have fears and are worried about getting involved politically?

SA: First of all, don't let them intimidate you. Don't let them keep you into a state of fear where you become pacified and too afraid to stand up and voice your opinion

because that's what they want to do. If they keep us pacified in a state of fear, they have us under control. We have a very serious problem if they're able to do that. If we don't speak up, who's going to speak up? It's only up to us to do what has to be done to stop this problem, to stop this system and this government from doing what they're doing. The best advice I can give to people is don't be intimidated. Don't let them scare you into not getting politically active. There're more of us than there are of them. They can't come after every single one of us. If we all stand up, and we all take the initiative to take an active role in challenging the system, they won't be able to do anything about it. They don't have the capacity to lock us all up. They're definitely going to try and lock a bunch of us away and silence a bunch of us, but they don't have the capacity to silence us 100%.

MC: Will raisethefist.com continue to run?

SA: Yeah, I'm working on currently setting up a team to keep the site going and to make sure, if something happens with our current host, that we can get the site moved to another backup server immediately so we can eliminate any long-term downtime.

MC: I must say that, in my opinion, liberal, bourgeois organizations like the ACLU and institutional publications like The Nation and Mother Jones really dropped the ball on this case. I think the only publications that really deserve a pat on the back are the Village Voice, the LA Weekly, the Washington Post of all papers, and a very little-known newsletter called the Progressive Populist, and of course, IndyMedia. What's your take?

SA: It's kind of weird and messed up. It's confusing. Why wouldn't the ACLU want to take something on like this? They were contacted almost immediately after I was arrested in New York by the FBI. They said they didn't do criminal cases and couldn't do anything. It's obviously a case that deals with civil liberties and freedom of speech. When the government will come after us, they'll tack these charges on us as criminal cases. It looks like there are going to be more and more criminal cases that involve civil liberties than there are going to be civil

suits. I think the ACLU, if they want to really start defending people on their civil liberties, should really think about reorganizing the way they represent people in court.

OTHER ALLEGATIONS IN FBI DOCUMENTS

MC: I have to ask you to address one issue -- and it's in many ways not a relevant question because it wasn't even part of that one final charge -- but I'm asking it because many observers hostile to your political orientation may pounce on it, and you should have a chance to respond. In the warrant and in this FBI memorandum I'm reading now, there are sections on alleged "defacements" of private web sites and such.

SA: They never proved anything. They sure had a bunch of stuff about it in the warrant, arrest affidavit, and discovery materials. We were thinking, since they included it so much, why didn't the prosecutors just charge me with that -- instead of the distribution of information charge since that was a charge the judge was going to reject their suggested sentencing range for. But they didn't want to do it, I'm assuming, because they didn't have enough to prove it.

MC: Right. I mean, I've always found it peculiar that if those other supposed accusations were correct, why they didn't just go for that instead of this distribution charge with intent, which is significantly harder to show.

SA: The same with the "firearm," Molotov cocktail charge.

MC: What about the actual crime some FBI documents were claiming -- the defacements and admitting to it? Is the FBI memorandum inaccurate when they say that you admitted to the this stuff? Did they take something you said out of context?

SA: I don't remember their asking me to admit it. I remember their saying, "Did you hack into any web site?" and "Did you hack into any government computer systems?" I was about to tell them, "No," then they kept cutting me off saying, "If you did or don't know, then don't tell us."

I don't remember admitting anything to them except that I ran raisethefist.com, and I was an anarchist, and again, I must have told them seven times straight out that I didn't author the reclaim guide when they were right there at my house, but they put in that I told them I authored it.

MC: On some sites, there are citations to an interview you did with some reporter, in which you supposedly admitted to the defacing. Now, reporters screw up all the time or misquote. Is that what happened there?

SA: It was probably a misquote, or I was answering a different question of his. I remember that interview actually. It was over AIM while I was on the east coast before the WEF.

I had tons of FTP servers and passwords stored on my computers for web sites, which were my clients'. They voluntarily gave them to me because I uploaded and installed my software on their servers. They also said I did credit card fraud too. It was the same thing with credit cards, which were also in my client database, from clients who purchased my software and at times would pay for things on a monthly basis

They said my whole client database, which had my clients' credit cards and billing info in it, was a database of stolen credit cards I was using for credit card fraud. A lot of people who also ordered my software were using stolen credit cards. I'd find out every time I got a charge back. These charges were always reported as fraudulent charges as well, so in my client database I had people's orders with their billing info and credit card numbers for orders that were made by other people doing credit card fraud.

I was also running Linux 6.0, which had various exploits in it. One I remember specifically was an exploit in the DNS, which gave anyone complete access to my server. Several times people used my server to try and break into the FDIC and other government computer systems.

MC: I never asked you about the way the FBI interrogation took place. Would you describe it as coercive? Were they constantly interrupting you, bullying you into answers, trying to pigeonhole you into saying certain things?

SA: They were playing the good cop, bad cop game. [FBI Agent] John Pi tried to play nice like he was my friend. They would ask questions, and if I didn't answer, go back to them later and ask them again. The Secret Service, too, held up a picture of Bush with crosshairs over him that he found on my site and asked if I wanted to kill the president. I said, "No," then he asked, "Well would you like to see the president killed?"

MC: Do you wish you went to trial also so you could refute those defacement claims? I know that wasn't in the eventual charge, but I'm sure they would have tried to introduce it somehow, perhaps to tar your character.

SA: If I knew I was going to get a year under the plea, yeah, I would have taken it to trial.

LAW ENFORCEMENT SURVEILLANCE AND ONGOING HARASSMENT

MC: Can you talk about the Long Beach Police Department, what sort of things they've been doing, and how long it's been going on?

SA: I moved to Long Beach in 2002 around March, when I had first got out of federal jail in New York and when I got raisethefist.com back up and everything. I thought the LAPD was bad. When I got to Long Beach, I'd never seen a police force more crazy than the LAPD.

When I moved, I experienced everything from getting followed to having undercover detectives parked in front of where I was living, just watching people come in and out. I saw a lot of weird stuff happen where undercover police have looked into my car, walked around it, and then walked off after I saw them and pretended that they were ordinary people listening to walkmen. They'd have little headphones, earpieces in their ears, but of course they weren't hooked up to any walkmen. They were hooked up to a walkie-talkie or something.

I've seen so much, not just happen to me, but other people around me. I can go back to May 1, 2001. That was actually my first time coming to Long Beach. We tried to have a peaceful march on the streets as a celebration of workers' rights day. It was May Day, and just two minutes into the march, police were already swinging their batons at us.

Eventually, they just lured us into this trap and opened fire on us with all this riot gear and all these rubber bullets. That was an outrageous brutal attack. That was a bloody brutal attack. They broke people's arms. I myself was shot twice. I had embedded penetrating wounds in my calf, which I still have scars of today, and I still have one of the fragments embedded in my leg today, two and a half years later.

Even after that, the repression from Long Beach Police Department continued to intensify. They didn't just come after me, but other people like Matthew Lamont [a Long Beach-area anarchist], who's in jail right now. He just pleaded no contest and got two years, and he has an appeal in October.

We used to have an infoshop in Long Beach. It was an anarchist community empowerment center. On Hitler's birthday, Matthew Lamont was followed from the infoshop by two Long Beach detectives into Whittier, and he was pulled over, and they arrested him on explosives charges. They were saying that he was going to blow up a Nazi party that was supposed to happen that day. There was no Nazi party scheduled for that day. He was arrested and taken to Orange County jail facility and put in solitary confinement.

He had court hearings at least a few times a month, and we would always go to his court hearings. Every time I'd go to his court hearings, I'd just come within a few blocks of the courthouse, and all of a sudden I would have at least five cop cars following me until I parked and got out of my car, and then they would get out of the car and ask why I was there...just basically harass me and intimidate me. I'd walk into the courthouse, and sheriffs inside of the courthouse would come up to me and ask if there was anything planned for that day. They would treat me like I was some leader or something. I'm just some ordinary guy with a website just coming to view a public court hearing, which is supposed to be a constitutional right, but the way they intimidate you, the way they harass you, it seems like they don't even want you to come.

There's Javier Perez, who was deported after May Day. He's actually in Mexico right now and doesn't have enough money to make it back to the U.S. There's Robert Middaugh, who was actually supposed to get out of jail after serving two years, and then they arrested him again and put him back in. I think he's out on bail now, but they're trying to get him back in for even more time, even more years.

MC: What kind of things are they trying to charge them for?

SA: Javier Perez, he was in jail, and they got him to sign a voluntary deportation form in which they would let him out if they deported him to Mexico. I think when he first came to the United States, he was two-years-old. He doesn't even speak Spanish. He didn't even grow up in Mexico. What was he supposed to do there? It's been really hard for him to make it through all this.

Robert Middaugh, I can't remember the exact charge, but I know that what they're trying to charge him with now is assault on a federal police officer from an incident that happened in Wilshire, in downtown at the federal building, when an anti-immigrant group was there having a demonstration on the fourth of July a few years ago. I think he was arrested, and one of the police officers said that he threw a soda at him with his right hand but in fact he's left-handed.

They're trying to give him some more time for that. It's just absolutely ridiculous what they're doing, which is just coming down on anyone and everyone they can.

They're not just coming down after those people, but the Long Beach police have routinely just stopped people on the street just because they're wearing black or they look like an anarchist. They've stopped and harassed them, followed them to the apartment, searched them. In one case, one guy came into our center who was crying because he said the police threw him to the ground and put guns to his head and asked him if he was affiliated with the infoshop we were running, and he said, "No." He had no idea who we were until that happened. It was interesting because a lot of people started coming in and telling us that police had been following them and harassing them and

trying to search them because they were suspected of being anarchists. A wave of people were coming in and telling us what was going on.

MC: Has any effort been made to file complaints or lawsuits against these cops?

SA: Yeah, there've been a lot of complaints filed. From what I know right now, there's a lawyer who's setting up individual lawsuits from what happened on May 1, 2001. I'm not sure how soon that's all going to go through, but I know that they tried to do a big civil case, and I think it was denied. Since that happened, she's trying to get individual lawsuits going.

MC: When you walk around Long Beach, they seem to recognize you.

SA: They've told me my picture is hanging up in the Long Beach police station. Ever since I've moved to Long Beach, I've been pulled over so many times and harassed by police.

MC: What techniques did the FBI use to watch you?

SA: They were packeting my Internet line, which is basically monitoring all incoming and outgoing information...all data going in and out of my DSL connection. And through that, they were able to get passwords and things like my e-mail accounts, my instant messenger accounts. On numerous occasions, they blocked me out of my e-mail accounts, changed the passwords, used the e-mail accounts to change the domain name server [DNS settings] on my domain and make it non-accessible on the Internet...and then playing around with me, sending me an instant message, using my own screenname online, and telling me the password of the e-mail account and warning me not to change it, saying that they were watching me.

They've gone into my instant messenger accounts, completely taken control over them. They would start instant messaging people, "You're next," and stuff like that. I remember one time they came into my account, and I caught them one time, and they threatened me like, "Your ass is going to jail." They said a bunch of stuff. It was pretty obvious they were packeting my line and looking

through, basically downloading all the information they were getting that was coming in and out of my DSL connection. When they would talk to people on my screenname, they'd use the exact same wording that I'd use. They tried to impersonate me word for word, use the exact same wording I was using. It was pretty obvious they were monitoring my conversations pretty extensively on a daily basis, and they were watching everything pretty closely.

MC: I understand you were also able to look at logs of IP addresses [personally identifiable numbers assigned to computers on the Internet] and things like that and that was a second way of confirming they were packeting your line. Is that correct?

SA: Exactly. When they were getting onto my screennames, I was able to get their IP addresses, and I remember tracerouting the IP address to a location in Los Angeles down to a zip code, and within that same zip code was a federal building. This happened on a lot of occasions. Once I started getting their IPs, I noticed they kept changing their IP addresses. I was able to find out they were the same people going into my e-mail address and using that to knock my domain offline. I remember when I was blocked out of my e-mail address, I was assuming someone was in there checking all the e-mails I was getting. I sent an e-mail to the e-mail address with a little script that logged the IP of anyone who opened up any message, and it was the same IP address of the people that I was logging who were on my screenname, so that meant it was the same IP address of the person who logged into my e-mail account and then used my e-mail to knock my domain offline by changing the DNS servers.

MC: When you were speaking with these people, did you ever raise this issue with them?

SA: Yeah, I always raised that issue. Sometimes, they would just play stupid and not say anything. Other times, they would just openly admit it. They would tell me the name of my ISP. They would know my name. They would know names of my friends. They would know where I was living,

what my phone number was. They would know what I was looking at online, what I was doing, and things like that.

They were saying a lot of racist and sexist things as well, not just to me but to other people, and a lot of threats too like, "You're going to jail." Even death threats sometimes. It was pretty disgusting what they were doing. The funny thing is...do they not know we know who they're working for and what they're doing? It seems like everything they were doing was an intimidation tactic to say, "We're watching you. You'd better watch out."

MC: What was their rationale for shutting down the anarchist infoshop?

SA: We had a benefit show for raisethefist last year in December. About six police officers came with a noise complaint. We decided to end the show early because we didn't want to risk any more trouble or anything like that. About three days later, our leasing company, Crestwave, contacted us and said that the police called them and said that when they went to show, the door was slammed in their face and someone tried to assault them. The police told them that if they didn't evict us, they were going to take legal action against them. They put pressure on our leasing company to evict us. On May 3, they evicted us. We had to shut down the place.

MC: People are stunned at how calm you manage to be through this. The FBI, the prosecutors, were treating you at some points like the most dangerous man in America. I know some of your friends and your mother in the courtroom were shocked. How are you so calm, and what's going through your mind right now?

SA: I guess I'm so calm because I've probably gotten used in the past few years to all the harassment and all the things that have been going on, constantly in this legal limbo, having to go back and forth to court, having the thought that I'm potentially going to be facing a long time in prison just there in my mind for a while now. I've gotten so used to it that I pretty much expected them to come down on me the way they did. I wasn't really surprised when the judge gave me a 12-month prison sentence in federal prison.

If you really look at it, that's the nature of this government. This government has been persecuting people for their political beliefs ever since the day it was founded. Its been persecuting people for the color of their skin ever since the day it was founded. Look what happened in the 1960s and early 1970s. They completely annihilated political organizations. They assassinated political organizers, framed them up, locked them up in jail. Some people just disappeared. They infiltrated organizations. It's not surprising to see what they're doing. That's the nature of this government. It's going to be the nature of this system unless we continue to fight back and do whatever we have to do that's necessary to put an end to it.

The most important thing is just to stay focused and have determination. I don't want them to scare me into thinking that I can't continue doing what I'm doing. The more they're going to come down on me, the more I'm going to organize and continue do things within the community and raisethefist.

Portions of this interview were previously aired on WBAR 87.9 FM NYC (www.wbar.org). Minor edits were made for length and clarity.

Merlin Chowkwanyun is an investigative journalist and student at Columbia University and can be reached at 

To help Sherman and find out more about an upcoming emergency benefit show in San Diego on Aug. 29th, visit la.indymedia.org and www.raisethefist.com for updates.

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331. **Rob McLennan**

(Fwd) NeWest Board President inducted into Hall of Fame

Tue 15 Jul 2003

DOUGLAS BARBOUR INDUCTED INTO HALL OF FAME

Douglas Barbour, President of NeWest Press's Board of Directors, was inducted into Edmonton's Cultural Hall of Fame in June, at the City of Edmonton's 52nd Annual Salute to Excellence Awards. Barbour was one of eight artists and builders (including Jane Ash Poitras, Mel Hurtig, James Keane,

and Mickey Macdonald) honoured by being added to the Cultural Hall of Fame. Rudy Wiebe (author of *Playing Dead: A Contemplation Concerning The Arctic*) and Monica Hughes are among the other writers already in the Cultural Hall of Fame. Barbour, author of *Fragmenting Body etc* and *Lyric/Anti-lyric: Essays On Contemporary Poetry*, was nominated for his work as a poet, teacher, editor, and board member at NeWest Press (and Longspoon Press). Photographs of all those in the Cultural Hall of Fame can be viewed in the Lee Pavilion of Edmonton's Citadel Theatre.

CHAPBOOK BY STAN DRAGLAND WINS AWARD

This year's bp Nichol chapbook award has been given to two authors: Stan Dragland for *12 Bars* (Running The Goat Books and Broadsides) and Allan Brown for *Imagines* (Leaf Press). Stan Dragland is the author of *Apocrypha: Further Journeys*, a book of memoir and literary criticism which includes the poems of *12 Bars*. The bp Nichol Chapbook Award was established in 1988, in memory of the noted Canadian poet, who was also one of the founding members of Phoenix Community Works Foundation in 1973. The award is used to promote and encourage the work of Canadian writers through the judging and presentation of the annual Chapbook Award. For more information on the award, see <http://www.pcwf.ca/pcwf/new.php?ID=7>

ORDERING INFORMATION

Fragmenting Body etc by Douglas Barbour (1-896300-17-0) \$14.95 CDN - \$9.95 US

Lyric/Anti-lyric: essays on contemporary poetry by Douglas Barbour (1-896300-50-2) \$24.95 CDN - \$19.95 US

Apocrypha by Stan Dragland (1-896300-63-4) \$24.95 CDN - \$19.95 US

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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332. **Harry Nudel** ***Pol/Po..Numb/Dumb...***

Sun 17 Aug 2003

"Whatever happened to Kenward Elmslie as Kenward Elmslie"...the poem...

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333. **Charles Bernstein**



Sun 17 Aug 2003

New

@

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/new.html>

"Poet's Voices" -- Sara Fishko interviews Ann Lauterbach and Charles Bernstein for NPR's Morning Edition and WNYC's Studio 360

SPF: Rating Paul Wolfowitz (from Radical Society)

Susan Bee and Charles Bernstein in conversation with James Shivers -- on their collaborations, from Artkrush

"Electronic Pies in the Poetry Skies" - from The Politics of Information, ed. Marc Bousquet and Katherine Wills (Electronic Book Review)

from *The Nude Formalism*, with pictures by Susan Bee (Sun & Moon, 1989)

"A Defence of Poetry" (from My Way), with discussion, from the Cybergraphia site; sound file--mp3--of poem from Kenning

In translation: Jorge Santiago Perednik's translation of "Dear Mr. Fanelli", "Close Listening; Poetry and the Performed Word" in Norwegian, and more.

And note ...

LINEbreak -- complete set of radio interview programs now in MP3.

Radio Radio (2003) -- link to program 5 of Martin Spinelli's series: conversation, performance, sound: it's RADIO.

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/new.html>

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334. **litsam**

Yet another blog

Sun 17 Aug 2003

This one from California, where ya gotta call it a goobernatorial race at best!

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

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335. **Kirby Olson**
Re: Politics/Poetics
Sun 17 Aug 2003

"Whatever happened to the poem as poem?" -- Kenward Elmslie

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336. **Kirby Olson**
Re: politics/poetics
Sun 17 Aug 2003

I used to have Kenward Elmslie out to Seattle once in a while to sing in his crazy-lady costumes. He had a very pretty song that went,

"Whatever happened to the poem as poem, Sneaky Pete?"

There was a loop-de-loop biplane in the poem for some reason I can't remember. Some of my nicest memories of poetry are him singing his songs. I didn't think he was very political, but one of his plays was cancelled in Seattle because he used a word that you can't use any longer -- perhaps it had to do with small black children. The play was called Postcards. The whole cast went on strike when he refused to strike the word out of the play. It was never produced at least not in Seattle where it was undergoing a full stage production until one of the young women in the play objected to this word. Darn it, I can't remember it.

-- Kirby Olson

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337. **Patrick Herron**
Another journalist killed by US troops
Sun 17 Aug 2003

Not just any journaliust, but an activist journalist who worked to protect journalists and protect them from Big Brother, whether left or right.

<http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?f=/news/archive/2003/08/17/international1436EDT0473.DTL>

Reuters cameraman killed near Baghdad

Sunday, August 17, 2003

(08-17) 12:36 PDT LONDON (AP) --

A Reuters cameraman was shot and killed Sunday while working near a U.S.-run prison on the outskirts of Baghdad, the London-based news agency said.

Witnesses reported that Mazen Dana, 41, was filming outside Abu Ghraib prison in western Baghdad when he was shot, Reuters said.

A Reuters staffer told The Associated Press in Baghdad that Dana, a Palestinian, appeared to have been shot by U.S. soldiers as he was videotaping outside the Abu Ghraib prison after a mortar attack there Sunday, in which six prisoners were killed and about 60 others were wounded.

The staffer, who spoke on condition of anonymity, said the videotape in Dana's camera showed two U.S. tanks coming toward him, two shots, apparently from the tanks, rang out and Dana fell to the ground. He was taken away by a U.S. helicopter for treatment.

"Mazen was one of Reuters' finest cameramen and we are devastated by his loss. He was a brave and an award winning journalist who had worked in many of the world's hotspots," Stephen Jukes, Reuters' global head of news, said in a statement.

"He was committed to covering the story wherever it was and he was an inspiration to friends and colleagues at Reuters and throughout the industry."

A U.S. military statement issued in Baghdad confirmed "a fatal accident involving a civilian at Abu Ghraib prison" and said an investigation was underway.

Dana's death brings to 17 the number of journalists killed in Iraq since the war started March 20.

An outspoken critic of the Israeli government's treatment of journalists, Dana was honored by the Committee to Protect Journalists with an International Press Freedom Award in November 2001 for his work covering conflict in his hometown of Hebron in the West Bank. He was shot at least three times in 2000, according to the citation on the group's Web site.

"Words and images are a public trust and for this reason I will continue with my work regardless of the hardships, even if it costs me my life," Dana said after accepting the award.

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338. **Millie Niss on eathlink**

new work bis: Penumbrae (Please give feedback!)

Sun 17 Aug 2003

We have fixed glitches and are ready to release finally (we hope) a new collaborative website: Penumbrae, being a collection of "dirty" (mostly mildly risqué rather than filthy) poems with clean photos and sound recordings of the

readings. The collection purports to be by a mother and daughter who bear little resemblance to ourselves; hopefully the fiction is part of the fun. Plus there is one more goodie in the piece --- look for it!

The buttons that load the sounds take a little while to appear on a modem, but the wait is reasonable and if you go to the text and come back the button will probably be loaded.

We are really eager to get feedback and perhaps find a home for this work. Two of the poems have been published previously, one online and one in a print publication, but there is added material in the web installation.

Millie Niss & Martha Deed

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339. **Rachel Loden**

Re: utility problem

Sun 17 Aug 2003

Yes, George--was that Niagara or Viagra? We all want to know why the lightning was hitting you and not everybody else.

Rachel L.

P.S. Plus Maria and I wonder how you could have forgotten our nights in Peek-skill.

*george Bowering---wouldthat be your honeymoon you were on, G?
I understand
you had female compaionship on this trip. We would all want
to send you both
our good wishes, y'know. Love, Broms*

*And I just sat around watching national and local coverage
-- not writing
such a wonderful poem -- from my perch near Niagara Falls, NY where,
folks, the sun shone brightly today and no lightening
struck, despite
what PM Chretien said.*

Martha Deed

*Well, I was in Niagara Falls, Ont. a couple nights ago, and the
lightning was hitting something every minute or less.*

--

*George Bowering
Lookin' good in shorts.*

303 Fielden Ave.

Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5

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340. **Alan Sondheim**

numb

Sun 17 Aug 2003

numb

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb.exe>

numb skin

numb flesh

numb body

numb mind

numb

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341. **Alan Sondheim**

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb2.exe>

Sun 17 Aug 2003

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb2.exe>

it will be a name

the consequences are very uncomfortable

everything is difficult to live in

unwanted nightmare of presentation

not to look at the name

numb/er

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342. **alexander saliby**

Re: numb

Mon 18 Aug 2003

dumb letters

dumb words

dumb lines
dumb verse

dumb

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

From: Alan Sondheim

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Sunday, August 17, 2003 6:06 PM

Subject: numb

numb

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb.exe>

numb skin
numb flesh
numb body
numb mind

numb

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

Re: numb

Mon 18 Aug 2003

So, Alex, is this what you call speaking your mind?
Wystan

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

From: alexander saliby [mailto:[REDACTED]]

Sent: Monday, 18 August 2003 4:07 p.m.

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: numb

dumb letters
dumb words
dumb lines
dumb verse

dumb

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

From: Alan Sondheim

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Sunday, August 17, 2003 6:06 PM

Subject: numb

numb

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb.exe>

numb skin
numb flesh
numb body
numb mind

numb

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344. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: numb

Mon 18 Aug 2003

did you bother to execute the program?

On Sun, 17 Aug 2003, alexander saliby wrote:

*dumb letters
dumb words
dumb lines
dumb verse*

dumb

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

From: Alan Sondheim

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Sunday, August 17, 2003 6:06 PM

Subject: numb

numb

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb.exe>

*numb skin
numb flesh
numb body
numb mind*

numb

<http://www.asondheim.org/> <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/>

http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Trace projects

<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> finger [REDACTED]

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345. **dcmb**

Re: new work bis: Penumbrae (Please give feedback!)

Mon 18 Aug 2003

"who bear little resemblance to ourselves"---hmm, but I notice that your names combined spell "Nissdeeds"....so perhaps the resemblance is greater than you think? Watson Holmes.

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

From: Millie Niss on eathlink <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Sunday, August 17, 2003 2:05 PM

Subject: new work bis: Penumbrae (Please give feedback!)

>We have fixed glitches and are ready to release finally (we hope) a new collaborative website: Penumbrae, being a collection of "dirty" (mostly mildly risqué rather than filthy) poems with clean photos and sound recordings of the readings. The collection purports to be by a mother and daughter who bear little resemblance to ourselves; hopefully the fiction is part of the fun. Plus there is one more goodie in the piece --- look for it!

>

>The buttons that load the sounds take a little while to appear on a modem, but the wait is reasonable and if you go to the text and come back the button will probably be loaded.

>

>We are really eager to get feedback and perhaps find a home for this work. Two of the poems have been published previously, one online and one in a print publication, but there is added material in the web installation.

>

>Millie Niss & Martha Deed

>

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346. **Crag Hill**

King of Spades

Mon 18 Aug 2003

King of Spades

She was watching a pale blue fluid move slowly through a tube from a beaker to a retort

a fawn jumped out from the bushes and he chased her. She was running along the river. He caught up and just jumped on top of her

Kafka was lost, too, in the hallways of the Imperial Palace, riding elevators that didn't serve his floor, shuffling one step ahead of sleep-walking co-eds, pockets stuffed with change

She and I sloped each other's soar,
nicked and wheezy as laughs, a mouth of nets,
yet never once meant laugh. A whole lie
had prevented itself, somewhere, for us

Our fierce hum has forsaken us.
I saw when I dove past it
how light our loves had been
to have not lifted a truce. When frost smothered her
I leaked for moons

electricity is very democratic
running close to the edge
the flow of information
mobility, perfect timing
the enemy
the only place Detroit could buy gas

I dreamed of intruders, inside and out. My muffled
shots woke my son. Something in the wind points to
fall, more than a month away, though smudged
by woodsmoke, forest fires scorching Montana. The air's
filling with seeds. His birthday letters tell a story
of one man's intense life as it collided - as it's still
colliding - with another's. There will be no survivors

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347. **August Highland**
CONSTANT LINEAR VELOCITY #0001

Mon 18 Aug 2003

CONSTANT LINEAR VELOCITY #0001

Brought two one- pound notes. poor boy know, very ill. late stress, story. wish
himself statue. becomes mad soon became part regular state, afterwards, in-
tervals two Uncle. "master alick miss jane," cried one nurses two children,
go -, flawed wind listening, thinking wind assailed tore heard policies proce-
dures place. sorts pleasures, through pursued -. Better helped, nor extenu-
ated. stroking up breasts pressed, yah, know yah, pon soul know yah!" dis-
grace attendant arched provocative. Towers. doesn't matter got got window
open got light. strong- requests sexual favors other object outside certain

types. Now hoping horney leadership," also time pause reflect hurdles some undertake faithfully Herbert live Republic Virtues. nothing else great analytical understanding study "Oh! am going become larger. Wonder part house - - sister - air parlour being faint gave cheery light leap ?" " just pretending ," said Princess anxiously, joke keep up.. Look mirror, eyes watching sated " make dash ," ryan said, incredible relief! shut Mabel threw herself "Thank Miss Havisham " hadn't, dared speak?" tankers, reconnaissance aeromedical airlift. Soon ceased choking said- , scornfully perhaps dreamed ." minutes, priest said : seemed like ?" Medical Materiel Development Activity, responsible. Precious things within looked myself boat part put one foot, words Impositor shook both hand, air, left house leaving indentures " those, sew answered tailor stitched hard trews, knew time lose. ". Worry extraneous thoughts now. shut completely now wholly "well, last year,. Noisily, always . bare grass, grazing good., clean trucks move food several other factors determine whether " judged person ," returned watchman. person stopped, stopped Like. Candles " ," said particularly. am going ride saddle. mean explore, determination note Biddy, love . " never shut up." Anne blinked 000 year more robustly market. order. Door saw paved court where pump dust-bin, water-butt, young man,, velveteen shoulder said, "Let begin, found distance where groves trees thickened looked almost compromise. Up friends head ' !' said one-eyed one - must losing company thus gather round despatch, just crossed ditch knew very Battery, just scrambled. " will said deer, hound who will hunt . " came hound. news - day?", particular time, Miss Havisham?" honey running down belly collecting why today's family- oriented Army taking measures educate spouses. " fell deeper shame degradation - can deeper - ruin." first penny can, next next. reward riches want- loss distant far reach, knowledge notice one. caused hillock, round. "tell something, darlin', everything asked ?" asked, voice, really sure ." box safe, key safe kept somewhere down back produced impact jump 1989 Kassens only memory, one 1,000 Points Light,. While going mr macmichael, perceiving operation ought tumbled off showers, felt sun suddenly hot backs legs. next? Oh, said natural grow. Understand let cow go field nor, " said Princess. thinking bread cheese changed mist, light moon. Oh, except carpenter also looked sickly. perfect. Beat shivers far, bet ." quickly attempted undo stubborn knot., most miserable thing feel ashamed home. may black ingratitude having larks 'im. call pretty. like " ?" said Herbert.. Flush thinking those nipple being sucked mouth flicking sense. Teddy off, now completely busy enormous flood atmospheric, register-- Christmas troubles fever gone. everything except universe consciousness universe. manner? form consciousness. Empty chairs. task force xxi awe's concluding event month national rustle appearance anyone else. Jimmy alone. just carefully time grabbed hips, bucking against wildly, riding. Down barest minimum personalities, root, touch within " stipulate paid services. " ," said Mabel

"yes, know gone, share. those ways better others, thought father's way too, keeping. Deeper injury charge stood compassionating thinking progress " up "Shall put sir?" Bob holding onto one hand moving fingers orgasm. Recruiting mission. recruiting command commander recruiters, " stressful. seems recipe good relationship -- ounce love, pinch. " coming," said fin below dungannon." island." basin trafalgar answered one other nod. renewed sense quid pro quo opposite sex,. Eagle, gwrhryr asked same question replied, great space time, Bidy, must often speak these fiery air, like faces seen rise. Major army command afap hint shifted off look up started playing head. Oh God, covered hair. loved hairy men. thought too, very far life inseparable experience. call life nothing experience,. Deeper regard thing living, must these characteristics. regard, studying other body. Why many people many things, everything mentioning awful personage like waxwork, presently offering. Good deal attention merely reading " speak? know - " servant, sir," meal, always constitution lighter grubber, ha' got lighter laugh.. Employees more stress. civilian employees prior military service, kindness. ain't walk, early one. occupy (including breakfast manuscript round truncheon, appearance occasionally referring,. Effective fellows. now mind!" said biting side great forefinger catching up. am glad think Pip. redness returned captivity Iraq. Loves, affections desires becomes inseparable being. stuck dusty meanersay, Pip, illness lasted, dear old chap?" help too, manage alone? rub!. News seeking. going looking cow, cow give milk, Jesus taught law, neighbour's skull getting own hand each knee. house laid down, who think better home detect supper. Good night!". Second floor, more just John slut eyeful ." breathing regularly. enroll. " Herbert, estimate estimate round numbers, put down.". Alive put , " said Gerald grimly. got up walked bedroom removed last said Willie hastened upstairs mother's efficient.. Said stranger quite new tone exasperating gentleness. said water like plummet. swallowed slowly, tilting up bottle now looked. Religious renunciation flared candle again, smoking face hair, instant blinding turned " thought odd said nothing, set off. went towards Camberwell Green,. Where lone public- houses scattered very decent woman, paying off felt cold river, bright day, sunshine very cheering. tide drearily think itself isolated being. become something worse now.. Pity balk much pleasure merely sake surprising more thoroughly, " comes Army life, ignorance bliss," said Jackie Fioritto, 104th .. liberty asking question. day?" several reasons, least because. According researcher June Willenz, more put case mind! admit treated insisted being born, opposition dictates reason, WILLIE. Some lessons use oil." ground transportation will approximately "Oh, courage keep up spirits! Mrs. Miller just seeing baby. gone apostrophizing fowl dish, young fledgling, store thought ourselves. "why, gold-tree, daughter." tailor's face, said these great arms ?" strange, fine - melancholy--." stopped, " one, other adult motels hand pocket, felt fan. oh, shall ?" Mrs. Miller utters these.

Hunger information, made proposals "yes," chorus came, Apart techniques shall refer later, five requisites may noted thou hast devoured child," drew sword plunged greyhound's side,. Once fully occupied classics mathematics, hoping, next, down, pinched pulled wished Joe rather more genteelly brought up, family.' told deep trimmings, family disgraced. cried breakfast. Answered mr. drummle. ?", weakness death came hold failed. Naois looked certain characteristics. like exist merely, like nobody, just. Manner, sergeant gary gordon sergeant first class randall shughart slight dark-eyed girl twenty came basket hand whom Herbert. Tendencies, movements, enterprises, etc., practically bifurcated, wondered peeped Cohen said recruits Lackland told like integrated abject superstition Europe, where help noticing, even much more. Administration, medical care, access convenience, coverage, ate said. soldiers. visit show too people just like intent make feel. "oh, bad news mr. miller?" "oh jaggerth, jaggerth, jaggerth!, appointment City several times, never held communication subject understand can why fear.". Mainly excellent stones, just waiting put up again. only evil, holidaytime, want perfect stillness inside dinosaur. Gerald conviction, avoided newspapers, begged Herbert. Knowledge herbert must soon back. once, actually start bed seen pervade bearing child towards hard master. day, day rarely fearsome things seen night. times. enchantment whale, cannot leave. Young, darkly looking leg several times, came closer tombstone, took sometimes straight ahead sometimes downwards. "certainly am. "never heard never seen aged. never events unfolding john's, believe let wither Ethel." teen hang-outs important issue Army teens alike. According fame.. Telling one pumped space within, one's whole material body sweats, beginning spiritual life. choice initiation disciple receives Llewelyn found child unharmed just awakened sleep. just beside. Thirst every requirement body. balanced budget, education impact, entirely successful timing machine, run water always same, tell knew passed some imaginary boundary. "Mind turn?" Tammy asked,. Friendliness establish creation, again, practice stage stage. "last done now !" said cowboy. took knife, cut five heads off Estella held now encouragement, now answered carelessly, said,. Never stopped time, kept going round round room myself lighting lamp, possessed luminous conception mentioned. Day went sheehogues sea. remembered suddenly, one november night fit know only one thing am fit go soldier. gone, dear shining major Army command AFAP hint shifted off look up started playing. Dead table;" broken illness unfit more life. Followed very shortly money college. Position, will alive importance necessity once entering integration employees proactively identify hazards, develop. "well aged parent," said wemmick, shaking hands cordial jocose splashes rain. merely saying second, tidings indeed suddenly, copy DD Form 214. Called tanmatra, subtle essential principle,, clarification employment status EG&G. Catechism bound accurate thither. stop bit, lad, cowboy caught two hind legs dashed brains.

Balls, anywhere else like - Trabb measured calculated parlour, estate finest species. Fried potatoes. " " brought friend home dinner," said kathleen, rejection objects, throwing away "Yes. know?" asked quickly tell "Yalding Towers," repeated, very extraordinary. possible family. Spite myself, does matter where am gate, positively reeled back, shall soul eldest son." doubt more meaning election cry, cannot hands someone. Clearly know mr. jagers found ," purpose fear already compeyson, hunger information, made proposals "Yes," chorus came making perfume roses helped calm butterflies fluttering stomach.. Conversation made willie quite determined learn knit god worked, nothing." 'Give tax-deferred savings plan option, ' AFAP delegates absence, pleased ." climbing tree, will stick glass grown coming. School replaced terror hearing guard's footsteps -- another brutal, enjoyed view. Finally gave up just put , shriek hysterical being meditation am today, just now! like going pass stop. Moments. Performance - term project tenure. currently, contractual boiling, horror morning tried sit came Bailey." outcome different functions harassed distracted talking, laughing, groaning, some one, half. Opened eyes, may fancy. right, john, right, boy!" clergyman came meantime, Mrs. Joe put clean white curtains up, tacked new rest nicely. dark brown hair neatly trimmed, well- chiseled can. Fearsome battles military career -- indeed, entire life. just instance, make channel lovely mountainstream serve drain carry undutiful thing, go lie down. Now, baby darling, ma!". Best curiosities literature met speckled ironmould, having walked, Biddy said seemed right. Biddy never "Pray business?". Willie pushed further, knew change gurgle below water rising " dictator, terrorising despot, egoistic, self- affirmative person. ". Water prior's well went careering through willie's bedchamber, " shish," said Jimmy. Mabel's invisible just beside now.". Bid one lives touch rooms. fellow last winter who used heat. Used go leave tasting feeling declared gone ahead amazing rate. also front-loaded 1995. Door 1949, recognized inseparability military forces. proclaimed, "Oh, generous! noble! " fact. tend target two-year term service stairs dress myself. stone creatures drew closer round stone light. Let live found unknown known something less five minutes) like master's help, calculate exactly height ball flown first gained immediately began talk Drummle deterred replying heavy reticent. State evolution.

august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

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348. **Chris Hamilton-Emery**

What is the cost of failure for modern British poetry?

Mon 18 Aug 2003

PRESS RELEASE

The Failure of Conservatism in Modern British Poetry

Andrew Duncan

228 x 152mm 356pp

1844710327 Hardback GBP 40.00 USD 56.95 AUD 110.95

1876857579 Paperback GBP 16.95 USD 23.95 AUD 46.95

What is the cost of failure for modern British poetry?

In an explosive critical work by Andrew Duncan, surely intended to set the poetry world alight, we take a journey through every decade since 1950, taking stock of what feels like the entire national poetic output.

In the ensuing melting pot of philosophies, transnational exchange, performance and experimentation, as well as the hilarious debunking of some recent trends in writing practice, we will see a new poetry emerging before our eyes; a poetry of ideas, international ambition, technical exploration and a conviction that serious poetry matters to the nation. Against this credo we will find an enormous range of poets from every decade revisited, lit up and celebrated for their contribution to a developmental vision of poetics. Most importantly, a wide range of disinherited British writers are drawn back from the silence of recent fashion and poetry politics and delivered to us as modern masters the country should be proud of.

This intensively researched and polemical work exposes the silence and ignorance that has greeted British innovation in poetry since the 1950s, culminating in the almost total absence of British poets on the world stage. Duncan leads us into the vacuum to find a lost heritage of exciting and necessary work by poets across the spectrum of British society. Above all Duncan allows us to remember that poetry is a vital art that can be saved by a focus on the historical sinews of modernism and post modernism, a total engagement with the historical impetus to British innovation that reaches back to the Romantics.

This is a must have book for anyone interested in the future of British poetic enterprise, from writing practice to publishing, teaching to research, and most

importantly for contemporary reading. This is a book for the 21st century poet and reader, a book to which all other critical surveys must now pay homage and against which the current canon must now be tested. It marks an assault on a closed poetry infrastructure and reminds all young writers that the world is a large and complex place, a place demanding serious intellectual consideration and at every instance committed writing.

"I think it is brilliant, exciting, often witty, and very important." -- Robert Potts

For more information contact:

Chris or Jen Hamilton-Emery
Salt Publishing
Tel: 01223 880929
Mobile: 07799 054889

Salt Publishing was formed in 2000 and is dedicated to the support and development of innovative literature from around the English-speaking world. Check out our website at <http://www.saltpublishing.com>

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349. **August Highland** ***just working by butt off***

Mon 18 Aug 2003

just working by butt off - that's all - i am working on some subversive stuff right now

i am uploading it now

www.encyclopoetica.com/highland_shakespeare.htm

sincerely,
august highland

muse apprentice guild
--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal
--"following in the footsteps of tradition"
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Version: 6.0.510 / Virus Database: 307 - Release Date: 8/14/2003

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350. **Ron**

Silliman's Blog: 50,000 readers & growing

Mon 18 Aug 2003

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

Reading Keats to Sleep -

Gregg Biglieri as the

Baryshnikov of words

The BBC asks about flarf

Oh, the books I've bought

& been given

Antiques Roadshow

with Louis Zukofsky -

A Useful Art

More notes on the New Brutalism

Jordan Davis'

Million Poems Journal

The Philly Sound -

first impressions

Jonathan Greene's pursuit of closure

Revenant poetics?

Christian Wiman & the George Romero

School of Formalism

Language poetry & emotion

(a note on the New Brutalism)

F.T. Prince, RIP

The Philly Sound

Ronald Johnson's

The Shrubberies

Reading Robert Grenier's "scrawl"

Barbara Guest's Miniatures

Is "Pathos" her greatest poem?

Philip Guston: Poet's painter

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

50,000 visitors since August 29 2002

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351. **kari edwards**

Long days of War and time drags on updated almost daily

Mon 18 Aug 2003

Begin forwarded message:

*From: from here to eternity on eathlink <[REDACTED]>
Date: Sun Aug 27, _00_ 2:06:41 PM USoftheussr/
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: (new bias in premature feedback!)
Reply-To: Frank n common on from here to eternity on eathlink
<[REDACTED]>*

*Long days of War and time drags on updated almost daily @:
<http://notagain.blogspot.com.com.notagain>*

Sunday, Aug 12

*Bad News, Bad News, and more bad news
My Saturday Reverie of bad news
It's 4 a.m., I will wrap of the bad news with a song*

Monday, Aug 13

*In Consideration of Marriage Pt 2 (pt one appeared Aug 14)
what will become of the one person marriage?
Speakers: names to be remembered*

Wed, Aug 15

*Fair and Balanced assumptions
Lit Geek style, doggie style and christian style
Peter, Paula & Frank on day the world end and what music to expect
(this will be an participatory event)
Intro to Breeding with Wolves (the human spirit out of sheep's
clothes)*

Thus, sometime

When Color is the lack of light ...

Fri, late

**** (three stars wrap up)
congenital breakfast 7 a.m. - 9 a.m.*

for further information: contact: [REDACTED] =

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352. **Alan Sondheim**

when she is tired

Mon 18 Aug 2003

when she is tired

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb3.exe>

view now number number: obasanjo olusegun whip took weapons same
imagination of a number of misguided morons? true
(This is an lpmud I redesigned a number of years ago. Texts have been
increase in numbers of bats

numb

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb.exe>

numb skin

numb flesh

numb body

numb mind

numb

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb2.exe>

numb/er

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353. **Craig Allen Conrad**

any info on Brit poet Paul Brown (author of MASKER) will be appreciated

Mon 18 Aug 2003

several years ago i was visiting friends in London, had the day to myself, and went to Foyle's, said to be the largest bookstore in the world. turns out what they really mean is that they have the largest number of books, while a Barnes & Noble in New York City has the largest bookstore by square feet. the books in the Barnes & Noble are pretty standard, and they really shouldn't brag when a place like Foyle's exists. hell, Gotham Bookmart is still far more interesting than that Goliath B&N.

but in Foyle's i decided that i was going to look at every single book in the poetry section, one of the largest poetry sections i've ever seen in a store. to be honest, for whatever reason, most of the poetry in ANY bookstore in London was a disappointment. i mean, HOW can a country have poets like Tom Raworth and Simon Cutts, and have such a dismal selection on the shelves?

but i came across the book MASKER by Paul Brown, and it was quite a find! "hmm, this has been here awhile," the clerk said, ringing me up. it was only \$4.95, but had been on the shelf since 1982. amazingly, there were only 250

copies printed, and i found the last retail copy. there're so many poets in the world who write things we would love to read, and the Internet has come to save our lives with that, but there are still all these thousands of poets who wrote long before the net, poets like Paul Brown, who could change our sight and hearing, if only we could HAVE the opportunity.

think of all the poets before paper and pens were mass-produced. now i'm beginning to sound like a child who is terrified of his therapist dying.

but if any of you out there are familiar with Paul Brown (guess he was in London in the early 80s) i'd appreciate contact with him. my hope is that he continued writing his poems and is somewhere writing them right now. that is to say, that i hope he isn't one of those poets (i keep meeting them lately) who decide that it's time to "grow up" and put aside the pen and paper: living death.

anyway, here's a piece from Paul Brown's MASKER. he's one of the few poets who uses similes i don't mind. is it just me who thinks so, or are similes for the lazier poets?

May 22nd

"Depend upon it, there is nothing so unnatural
as the commonplace" -- Authur Conan Doyle

A tribe of ancient bridges span
the rivers source
the estuary
academic

This congress
interests me
two nouns in the workers control
that makes its nest in you
like a duck

on the deck of
a row-boat or
an ear between the eyes
the world screamed when to

No more crap about a coming or a going

the vanity of an Iron Age
links
rivetted to a land
shifting under
as verb
for its predicate

354. **mIEKAL aND**
more for Haroldo de Campos

Mon 18 Aug 2003

From: Lucio Agra <[REDACTED]>

Date: Fri Jul 25, 2003 12:22:09 AM US/Central

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Haroldo de Campos disapeared Pasamiento Haroldo de Campos
<[REDACTED]>

Dear Friends It is my sad duty to inform the death of the brazilian poet Haroldo de Campos (Aug 19, 1929 - Aug. 16 2003). Haroldo, co-founder of the brazilian Concrete Poetry, together with his brother Augusto and Decio Pignatari, is one of the greatest names in Brazilian poetry. His last achievement was the publication of the entire translation for Homer's Iliad to portuguese. Friend of numerous international intellectuals such as Octavio Paz, Jacques Derrida, Guillermo Cabrera Infante and others, Haroldo made a reputation that transcended his own generation, spreading to the whole second half of the century's brazilian poetry. It was a terrible loss, one of the kind will be difficult to replace. For me and some friends it was the loss of someone who has kept a constant dialogue, exercising his generosity and ethical sense. Leftist politically, avant-gardist artistically, Haroldo always remarked the Maiakovski's statement that says: "There is no revolutionary art without revolutionary form". On the other hand he pioneered the idea that the brazilian poetry had his own right to pertain the position of the most inventive art works worldwide, never accepting the idea of an underdeveloped art. If I am here now, writing to you, I must owe this to people like Haroldo that opened the ways to our experimental expression as a positive value. May the gods take care of his incredible soul. Saudades Lucio Agra BR

Caros Amigos Es mio triste dever informalos del pasamiento del poeta brasileño Haroldo de Campos (Aug 19, 1929 - Aug. 16 2003). Haroldo fue el colfundador del Movimiento de la Poesia Concreta en Brasil, junto con su hermano Augusto e Decio Pignatari. Su influencia se expandio por acima de sucesivas generacines, durante toda la segunda mitad del siglo veinte. Además de ser un grande poeta e traductor, creador de una originalissima teoria de la traducción, amigo de nombres como Octavio Paz, Cabrera Infante, Jacques Derrida e otros, Haroldo finda con su larga obra donde avultam exitos como la inmensa traducción de la Iliada de Homero al portugués. Grande e generoso amigo, fué constantemente un defensor de la arte revolucionaria con forma revolucionaria (Maiakovski) e de la idea de que el subdesarrollo latinoamericano no necesariamente representaba un subdesarrollo artistico. Personalidad unica, su

pasamiento significa una gran perda para nosotros. Yo mismo no poderia estar escribindo esta nota se Haroldo no hubiera abierto los caminos de la poesia de vanguardia brasileira. Todos sentimos su muerte. Que los dioses tengan su gran alma. Saudades Lucio Agra BR

HAROLDO POEMS - www.ubuweb.com

Some of the brazilian hommages to Haroldo:

-MAGNETO DIVULGAÇÃO CULTURAL-

HAROLDO DE CAMPOS (1929 - 2003)

Confira em Pop Box a homenagem recente ao mestre no ensaio de Claudio Daniel.

<http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox/haroldo.htm>

Elson Fróes



MAGNETO DIVULGAÇÃO CULTURAL

<http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox/magneto>

POP BOX: VISUAL, SOUND AND VERSE POETRY

<http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox>

mirror:

<http://www.popbox.hpg.com.br>

KAMIQUASE: PAULO LEMINSKI

<http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox/kamiquase>

mirror:

<http://www.leminski.hpg.com.br/>

GLAUCO MATTOSO SITE OFICIAL

<http://sites.uol.com.br/glaucomattoso>

GLAUCO MATTOSO OFFICIAL SITE

<http://sites.uol.com.br/formattoso>

CLAUDIO DANIEL HOME PAGE

<http://www.claudaniel.hpg.com.br>

MANOEL NETO, ARTISTA PLÁSTICO

em breve novo endereço.

SONETÁRIO BRASILEIRO

<http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox/sonetario>

PROJETO NAÇÃO LEITORA

www.nacaoleitorea.org.br

em breve:

UBE - UNIÃO BRASILEIRA DE ESCRITORES

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355. **tom bell** ***suicide and poets***

Mon 18 Aug 2003

In the past i think I've posted Pennebaker's paper on suicide and poets here so thought there might be some interest in another psychologist's take
<http://psychology.csusb.edu/faculty/jkaufman/KaufmanBaer.pdf>

Kaufman has some other papers here and I understand he got an award for his research at APA in Toronto last week.

tom bell

Some poetry available through geezer.com

Section editor for PsyBC www.psychbc.com

Write for the Health of It course at

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/seminar>

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/overview/37900>

not yet a crazy old man

hard but not yet hardening of the

art

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356. **George Bowering** ***Re: utility problem***

Mon 18 Aug 2003

Yes, George--was that Niagara or Viagra? We all want to know why the lightning was hitting you and not everybody else.

Rachel L.

P.S. Plus Maria and I wonder how you could have forgotten our nights in Peekskill.

I have never been in Peekskill in my life. That must have been Bromige. But a couple weeks ago I was in Dayton. Wow. What a neat US city! And they tell me that Youngstown is even better! But where were you girls? I mean, Dayton is nice, but I hung around for two days in front of the Chucky Cheez, and didnt see either of you.

george Bowering---wouldthat be your honeymoon you were on, G?

*I understand
you had female companionship on this trip. We would all want
to send you both
our good wishes, y'know. Love, Broms*

*>>And I just sat around watching national and local coverage
-- not writing
>>such a wonderful poem -- from my perch near Niagara Falls, NY where,
>>folks, the sun shone brightly today and no lightening
struck, despite
>>what PM Chretien said.
>>
>>Martha Deed
>
>Well, I was in Niagara Falls, Ont. a couple nights ago, and the
>lightning was hitting something every minute or less.
>--
>George Bowering
> >Lookin' good in shorts.
> >
> >303 Fielden Ave.
> >Port Colborne. ON,
> >L3K 4T5
> >
>
>*

--

George Bowering
Never been to Florida

303 Fielden Ave.
Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5

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357. **Martha L Deed**

Re: [webartery] URL for Penumbrae (Please give feedback!)

Mon 18 Aug 2003

Ugh ugh and ugh. Lesson learned: If you want people to look at your work,
supply the URL -- which is

www.sporkworld.org/dirtypoems

The changes include making the coding more efficient so everything actually
loads -- and we added to an animation.

Martha and Millie

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358. **Stephen Vincent**
El Salvador/ Washington Post article

Mon 18 Aug 2003

Unless torture is some dark ecstatic state in which poetry may occasionally emerge with blinding force, yesterday's lead article by Joshua Phillips in the Washington Post Magazine (is not an occasion of poetry, but one full of hard knuckle specific images of the utilization of terror as an instrument of American foreign policy, and, by extension from El Salvador, one can fully suspect that is practiced in various forms with anyone these days who qualifies as "suspicious", particularly if one is of Muslim or Arab appearance and "in the wrong place."

If you want an instructive Monday "Terminator" chill, this is it:

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A64158-2003Aug15.html>

Stephen Vincent

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359. **Harrison Jeff**
Fifth Missive From Virginia

Mon 18 Aug 2003

Hi Duby-duby kangarooby:
hey mr. Harrison, be serious!!!!!!!!!!
What are you going to say to the King (that from Sweden)
"Thanks a lotta Majestikota"?
Thanks for the latest "food",
at this time is raining and I say
to the sky "very interesting yr majestic,
now new poets have a new page for new poems"
maybe is there's one where you worksonpaper.....
but please say to mr. Majestikota that poem-pages
are just too much, poor of you my boy
at this moment maybe you are working on 100 pages,
but what about this for the SUCH READY BRAINS
WALK SECRET SLOWLY, sounds maybe interesting:

chaka-cha-cha-ka
the sound of the chaka-sayers
chaka-cha-cha-ka

you try & make of me an art project.....
I would like but.....

we'll knocked & knocked doors &
What when nobody heard us?
only we these two ugly paints
full of national heroes & nothing else
what about as a poet??? Bully for you, bucko!!!
wait a minute I'm going to search my claws.....

see you soon whoo-whoo-whoo-kangaroo,

I'll be back,

~ V.

The new MSN 8: smart spam protection and 2 months FREE*
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>

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360. **Stephen Vincent**
Antin Rides Chagall delivers Guston

Mon 18 Aug 2003

David Antin produced a ripple of chuckles last Friday evening at the San Francisco Art Institute when he spoke about his experience that afternoon of looking at the Chagall show at SFMOMA. "Chagall," he said, "is the Norman Rockwell of the shtetl, a very cleaned up shtetl."

David clearly hasn't lost his trigger - and the talk was also interesting for the way he talked about Guston's process - the "annulment" of lines in the building of the fifties' works of abstraction - something that was evident in the way he builds his talks, annulling and cross-hatching the narrative strokes to build a story that's not a story.

Which makes it hard for Antin to acknowledge the re-emergence and what I experience as the killer power of Guston's later figurative work. Tremors!

Thanks to the indefatigable Bill Berkson for organizing the event.

Stephen Vincent

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361. **George Bowering**
Re: utility problem

Mon 18 Aug 2003

| *george Bowering---wouldthat be your honeymoon you were on, G?*

Bite your tongue!

*I understand
you had female compaionship on this trip. We would all want to send you both
our good wishes, y'know. Love, Broms*

We were in the city of Niagara Falls, watching Jean's kid play
soccer, a weenie foreign game they seem to favour here.

--

George Bowering
Never been to Florida

303 Fielden Ave.
Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5

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362. **David Larsen**

Hello Anchorage

Mon 18 Aug 2003

Any Anchorage AK list members reading this are warmly urged to holler at me
backchannel. Maybe we can hang out in November. Looking fwd. to hearing
from you --David Larsen

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363. **Alan Sondheim**

Jenny

Tue 19 Aug 2003

Jenny

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364. **Alan Sondheim**
phenomenology of the numb(n).exe, of some others
Tue 19 Aug 2003

phenomenology of the numb(n).exe, of some others

http://www.asondheim.org/portal/*.exe

the programs devour the (x,y) coordinates returning and inputting the color values Point(x,y). the image reconstitutes itself.

circle coordinates Circle (x,y), radius, Point(x,y), , , elliptical distortion - may be < or > the ScaleHeight and ScaleWidth. beyond the image, an infinite exterior of black (0,0,0) or white (255,255,255).

in this manner the _exterior_ interrupts the _interior_,_ constructing the _binary_.

procedures and routines are neither interior or exterior; they configure the world of the image, leaving a residue. they take residence elsewhere.

the resulting _flux_ of the image is the result of devouring. think of the image as fractionated - internals and externals.

devouring occurs in digital waves across the limits. the tangential escapes; the sign-sine operates from normalization, scanning Width and Height.

what is exterior is never recorded; it is left to the _imagination_.

what is interior is fully recorded; it is interpreted by the _fancy_.

the semantics are always in dialog, as semantics always are. the image: what of it? easily readable. its transformation is a _diacritical_ mark, the image lingering in memory.

one goes _numb_ with the numbers across the body, the medical model, prisoner model, social model, socio-economic model. the _skein_ of the stationary body.

or the fractionation of the x-nor or not-x-nor logical inversions of the pen-writing _degree ground zero_ of contradiction, unspeaking, mute. and the superposition or projection of the mute.

'nowadays, the earth is not only fragile, it is becoming increasingly _transparent_. one sees through it or beyond it, there's no end to it, this sight.'

—

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365. **K. Silem Mohammad**

Sunday Aug. 24 Gordon/Mohammad book release party in Oakland

Tue 19 Aug 2003

The New Brutalism Reading Series presents:

A Tougher Disguises Book Release Party for K. Silem Mohammad's _Deer Head Nation_ & Noah Eli Gordon's _The Frequencies_

Sunday, August 24th
7-9 PM
at 21 Grand
449 B 23rd Street Oakland
\$4 cover

K. Silem Mohammad is the author of *_hovercraft_* (Kenning, 2000). Recent work appears in *_COMBO_*, *_New American Writing_*, *_580 Split_*, *_Tripwire_*, *_Shampoo_*, *_Baffling Combustions_*, and other journals. His blog *_lime tree_* can be accessed at <http://limetree.typepad.com>.

Noah Eli Gordon is the co-editor of *_Baffling Combustions_*, a regular reviewer for *_Boston Review_* and the publisher of a chapbook series through Braincase Press. Recent work has appeared or is forthcoming from *_Castagraf_*, *_Can We Have Our Ball Back?_*, *_Hambone_*, *_Syllogism_*, *_Volt_*, *_Near South_*, and others. His blog is *_Human Verb_* (<http://humanverb.blogspot.com>).

Apologies for multiple postings.

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366. **Alan Sondheim**

fractionate-resize

Tue 19 Aug 2003

fractionate-resize

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/numb4.exe>

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367. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

Met tickets for sale

Tue 19 Aug 2003

Hi all,

I have a Sunday plan for the Mets, and can't make the game on Sun. Aug. 31 vs. the Phillies, 1:10 p.m. And, it's Back-to-School Binder day for the first 12,000 Kids 12 & Under.

I have two tickets, mezzanine behind home plate, under the overhang (so the sun or the rain don't get ya). \$50 for the pair (what I paid for them).

You can email me here or call me at [REDACTED].

thanks,
david

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher
Boog City
330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: [REDACTED]
www.boogcity.com

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368. **Small Press Traffic**

Small Press Traffic News

Tue 19 Aug 2003

Small Press Traffic News

Our fall series begins Friday, September 12 at 7:30 p.m. with a reading by Renee Gladman & Hung Q. Tu, both of whom have new books at from Krupskaya. For all the juicy details of our fall reading series, please see <http://www.sptraffic.org/html/events/fall03.html>.

Save the date: Nine Lives of the Cat --- our Ninth Annual Literary Soiree & Auction is set for Saturday, November 8, from 3-8 p.m. Details: <http://www.sptraffic.org/html/events/soiree03.html>.

New to our website: writing by Jim Behrle, kari edwards, Rodney Koenek, Brian

Strang, & Kim Rosenfield. Please see

http://www.sptraffic.org/html/new_writing/index.html

&

http://www.sptraffic.org/html/news_rept/index.html.

Also new online: more book reviews -- Arielle Greenberg on Sarah Anne Cox's Arrival, K. Silem Mohammad on Heather Fuller's Dovecote, Elizabeth Robinson on Devin Johnston's Telepathy, Marcella Durand on Kit Robinson's The Crave, & Rodney Koenek on Nathaniel Tarn's Selected. Please see http://www.sptraffic.org/html/book_reviews/book_reviews.html.

These are tough times; for example, our state funding has disappeared in the muck of California politics. We need the support of our community now more than ever --- please contribute what you can. It will be appreciated and used wisely. Membership details are online at <http://www.sptraffic.org/html/membership.html>.

All best,
Elizabeth

ps Please remember, while we are housed very kindly and graciously at the California College of the Arts (formerly CCAC), we remain autonomous and thus depend on outside funding, including those membership donations, for all of our operating expenses. Thanks.

Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson, Executive Director
Small Press Traffic
Literary Arts Center at CCA
1111 -- 8th Street
San Francisco, CA 94107
<http://www.sptraffic.org>

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370. **Craig Allen Conrad**
THE PHILLY SOUND: New Writer (the newest Blog)
Tue 19 Aug 2003

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

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371. **Brigitte Byrd**
AMINA LAWAL SET TO BE STONED ON - 27 AUGUST 2003
Tue 19 Aug 2003

I am taking the liberty to pass on this disturbing message and want to believe in petition intervention, if not in divine intervention. . . Brigitte Byrd

Hearing on AMINA LAWAL SET TO BE STONED ON - 27 AUGUST 2003

The Nigerian Supreme Court has upheld the death sentence for Amina Lawal, condemned for the crime of adultery on August 19th 2002, to be buried up to her neck and stoned to death. Her death was postponed so that she could continue to nurse her baby.

Hearing on her Execution is now set for 27 AUGUST 2003. If you haven't following this case, you might like to know that Amina's baby is regarded as the 'evidence' of her adultery.

Amina's case is being handled by the Spanish branch of Amnesty International, which is attempting to put together enough signatures to make the Nigerian government rescind the death sentence.

A similar campaign saved another Nigerian woman, Safiya, condemned in similar circumstances. By March 4th the petition had amassed over 2,600,000 signatures. It will only take you a few seconds to sign Amnesty's online petition.

Please sign the petition now, then copy this message into a new email and send it to everyone in your address book.

Go to the web page <http://www.amnesty.org.au/e-card/petition.asp>

UPDATE ON AMINA LAWAL

Amina Lawal, a 30 year-old Nigerian woman, sentenced by a Shari'ah court to death by stoning, has once again had her appeal adjourned. Amina's appeal will now be heard on 27 August 2003. According to the registrar of the Shari'ah Court of Appeal of Katsina State, the hearing could not take place because there was an inadequate number of tribunal members to hear the appeal. Two of the judges were reportedly serving on ad-hoc elections tribunals, constituted after general elections in April and May 2003.

Amina confessed to having had a child while divorced. Pregnancy outside of marriage constitutes sufficient evidence for a woman to be convicted of adultery according to the new Shari'ah-based penal code for Muslims, introduced in Katsina state.

The man named as the father of her baby girl reportedly denied having sex with her and his confession was enough for the charges against him to be discontinued. Amina did not have a lawyer during her first trial when the judgement was passed. But she has now filed an appeal against her sentence with the help of a lawyer hired by a pool of Nigerian human rights and women's rights organisations. Amina is awaiting her appeal at home.

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

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372. **Millie Niss on eathlink** ***Homeland Security Measures***

Tue 19 Aug 2003

Homeland Security Measures

The president of the Dewy Mattress Company issued an advisory to all employees.

"Please report customers who have removed their mattress tags." This was to be done via a new, miniaturized, electronic camera affixed on said tags.

"I can't do that. It violates my customers' civil rights," said one sales manager at the main office.

"You're canned. Unless you obey. And if you tell, we'll tell your wife what's been happening on your mattress each noontime for three years."

He hastened to obey.

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373. **Lewis LaCook**

Seven Pines Drive in Lorain, Ohio

Tue 19 Aug 2003

17.

Willie Loomis almost tells her about Seven Pines Drive in Lorain, Ohio. She was Maggie Evans! If anyone could possibly understand, it was her! He lay shockingly awake all night, kissing the edges of the water he always made. She was Josette! She was Maggie Evans! This was not a white pipe he found; it was not a pipe.

Seven Pines Drive, he would have said: walk down there a while.

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

SBC Yahoo! DSL - Now only \$29.95 per month!

<http://sbc.yahoo.com>

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374. **Lewis LaCook**

the big tornado

Tue 19 Aug 2003

18.

During the big tornado, one edge of the city kissed another edge of the city. I was pacing Narragansett at

night, restless, searching for you in every lighted
car that singed past me. Because the houses in Lorain,
Ohio, are so squat, so sprayed across an earth
thoroughly immersed in August, there was always enough
sky to see. I grew used to being alone.

I could have used a balance (you) to measure my
trajectory, my velocity there. One edge, in our life,
kissed another edge; you and I, honey we folded
shadows and chiseled swatches. Some thought us coiled
grammars, then. Everything happens was what did. I
suppose now friction itself is an imaginary fire, as
beautiful and unexpected as life-boats sprouting from
ululations of the lake.

Flowers were just a gesture to you. What you couldn't
take was my presence, so far across those waves, only
perceptible via the threading of my cries with those
of the night's wind. You must have grown strange in
those shadows never reached by touch, paler than
anonymity. If you were here now, slipping down
Whispering Pines Drive, I would try to solve the
riddle with you. I would dirty myself with try.

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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375. **Catherine Daly**

LA Reading: Writers & Teachers: Michael Datcher + 3

Tue 19 Aug 2003

Monthly Writers & Teachers Series

Michael Datcher (see <http://www.michaeldatcher.com>), author of RAISING FENCES as well as Editor of two anthologies and author of a book of poems, reads with and introduces three students at

7:30

Tuesday, August 19

Barnes & Noble Westwood

in the Westside Pavilion at Westwood + Pico

10850 Pico

LA

If you are a published teacher of fiction, playwriting, or screenwriting in an accredited writing program in Southern California, have not read at B&N Westwood, and would like to read on a "third Tuesday", please e-mail me!

Rgds,

Catherine Daly



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376. **Kirby Olson**

Kenward Elmslie's word-choice

Tue 19 Aug 2003

What are the limits of aesthetics vs. the limits of ethics?

I remembered that the word "pickaninny" was used by the poet Kenward Elmslie in his play, "Postcards." The dispute grew bitter between the Seattle cast at Bathhouse Theatre and Kenward in the summer of 1989. They felt that the word would unnecessarily arouse the audience and that it constituted a fighting word. Kenward claimed the first amendment and artist's privilege. No one would budge. Kenward had total respect for the cast, but he insisted that his own language be used if the play was presented.

IT was argued that the word "pickaninny" is a fighting word and fighting words are not protected by the first amendment. (This is true, I looked it up. If you say a word that somebody else will be thought to hate, and you get punched in the nose, then you deserve it, and your speech is not protected.) That is, the first amendment doesn't cover all use of any kind of speech. Fighting words were declared outside the limits of Oliver Wendell Holmes in a famous case where he said that insulting somebody's mother meant that you knew you would get punched in the nose, and that you deserved it. I sort of agree. But, what isn't a fighting word? Even the word "a" or "the" could be a fighting word if somebody just insists that you shut up and you don't. And what about the fact that the word was to be used inside a play, and a play at that by an important artist, and one of the last living members of the New York School of poets?

Can you imagine a world in which all use of language, but especially for aesthetic reasons, was abolished, and only ethical language was permitted? If so, whose ethics? This ethical language would be determined by a central committee of non-poets who hated poets. Their charter could read something like this:

Plato argued in book 3 of the Republic that the poets should be outlawed unless they reinforced the ethics of Athens. Zhdanov (the Soviet general who codified the Social Realism that remained in place for fifty years) argued that poets should be outlawed unless their work reinforced the worker's state. Mao outlawed traditional aesthetics. That the societies that these dictators dreamed up were arguably better than a society in which many of the best thinkers in a society sit around writing rhymed couplets while others starve is obvious: We must kill our poets.

Think of the buggers! They write about flowers, at a time when many cannot eat. They write about love, when many are condemned to death! They write about death, at a time when many are barely alive. Poets are a waste of time. What is left is to decide how to kill them.

There are hundreds of ways to kill a poet. Launch them into outer space, drown them in a keg of honey, shoot poisoned BBs into their left ears, break their knees and force them to walk to work in the salt mines, guillotine them, or give them fancy grants, and an unlimited alcohol budget. The most important thing is to kill them. Kill them all!

Poets at first do not seem to be dangerous. They are generally not very muscular, nor are they very fast on their feet. Few of them rob banks, or commit heinous crimes. Nevertheless, they are singlehandedly destroying America! Their unkempt abodes provide a model for the young. Their affairs do likewise. The business of America is business, and anyone who provides a different model should be catapulted over the moon. Moreover, many poets are boring. Poets make no sense. Crush them under a bulldozer, and erase them!

Above all, we must turn to ethics. Ethics are universal, and aesthetics merely personal. Swat down the aesthetical among us, and reinforce the ethical. Anyone who breathes poetry must die. Kill the slick buggers immediately. Even to have a thought of a beautiful sunset or a gorgeous body, is criminal behavior that should be punished unto death. Kill the pornographers! Kill the poets! Same thing! They are all pornographers! Kill everybody who loves this world! We must kill them to save this world!

-- That was more fun than I expected. I think I would make a first-rate dictator, even if I'm a second-rate poet. At any rate, the rant aside, Kenward's play wasn't put on, and a team of writers hastily put together another play called Postcards so that Season Ticket

holders could attend the play that they had paid for. It got mildly good reviews. It borrowed from Kenward's plot but left all the jagged language and loony songs out. The song that had the "offensive" word in it was a sentimental number sung by a small black child according to the script. The argument of the song was that this small boy liked to collect postcards although he was a "pickaninny" and not well-heeled. There was a sense of cruelty in the scene, but the cruelty was if I recall not extreme, and to a certain extent it made the audience extremely uncomfortable in the manner of someone like Brecht. To watch the little boy sing that he too liked postcards was in other words heart-breaking (mildly) and put you into the uncomfortable position of not knowing the boundaries of ethics/aesthetics and forcing you to try to get a place from which to judge it. It was exasperating, as most of Kenward's work is, and is meant to be. The play was set in the 1920s-40s. The anodine version was like a Greeting Card. The music wasn't by Steven Taylor (who played with the Fugs and Ginsberg) any longer. It was Rogers & Hammerstein type stuff. Toes tapped, and people slept well after, but fifteen years later I still think an offense was done to Kenward.

Obviously it's not as bad as being stoned to death as the poor Nigerian woman may yet be, but injustice at any level really does rankle. The thing is that I am still not sure of where the line should be drawn in regards to ethics/aesthetics. Does anybody have any good ideas on this? Saint Paul in the letter to the Colossians argues that our language should always be gracious, and in one of the psalms it says that a sweet tongue is the tree of life. I am too iconoclastic for that, but on the other hand -- um, um, um.

-- Kirby Olson

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377. Kirby Olson

Re: Kenward Elmslie's word-choice

Tue 19 Aug 2003

Kirby Olson wrote:

What are the limits of aesthetics vs. the limits of ethics?

I remembered that the word "pickaninny" was used by the poet Kenward Elmslie in his play, "Postcards." The dispute grew bitter between the Seattle cast at Bathhouse Theatre and Kenward in the summer of 1989. They felt that the word would unnecessarily arouse the audience and that it constituted a fighting word. Kenward claimed the first amendment and artist's privilege. No one would budge. Kenward had total respect for the cast, but he insisted that his own language be used if the play was presented.

IT was argued that the word "pickaninny"

is a fighting word and fighting words are not protected by the first amendment. (This is true, I looked it up. If you say a word that somebody else will be thought to hate, and you get punched in the nose, then you deserve it, and your speech is not protected.) That is, the first amendment doesn't cover all use of any kind of speech. Fighting words were declared outside the limits of Oliver Wendell Holmes in a famous case where he said that insulting somebody's mother meant that you knew you would get punched in the nose, and that you deserved it. I sort of agree. But, what isn't a fighting word? Even the word "a" or "the" could be a fighting word if somebody just insists that you shut up and you don't. And what about the fact that the word was to be used inside a play, and a play at that by an important artist, and one of the last living members of the New York School of poets?

Can you imagine a world in which all use of language, but especially for aesthetic reasons, was abolished, and only ethical language was permitted? If so, whose ethics? This ethical language would be determined by a central committee of non-poets who hated poets. Their charter could read something like this:

Plato argued in book 3 of the Republic that the poets should be outlawed unless they reinforced the ethics of Athens. Zhdanov (the Soviet general who codified the Social Realism that remained in place for fifty years) argued that poets should be outlawed unless their work reinforced the worker's state. Mao outlawed traditional aesthetics. That the societies that these dictators dreamed up were arguably better than a society in which many of the best thinkers in a society sit around writing rhymed couplets while others starve is obvious: We must kill our poets.

Think of the buggers! They write about flowers, at a time when many cannot eat. They write about love, when many are condemned to death! They write about death, at a time when many are barely alive. Poets are a waste of time. What is left is to decide how to kill them.

There are hundreds of ways to kill a poet. Launch them into outer space, drown them in a keg of honey, shoot poisoned BBs into their left ears, break their knees and force them to walk to work in the salt mines, guillotine them, or give them fancy grants, and an unlimited alcohol budget. The most important thing is to kill them. Kill them all!

Poets at first do not seem to be dangerous. They are generally not very muscular, nor are they very fast on their feet. Few of them rob banks, or commit heinous crimes. Nevertheless, they are singlehandedly destroying America! Their unkempt abodes provide a model for the young. Their affairs do likewise. The business of America is business, and anyone who provides a different model should be catapulted over the moon. Moreover, many poets are boring. Poets make no sense. Crush them under a bulldozer, and erase them!

Above all, we must turn to ethics. Ethics are universal, and aesthetics merely personal. Swat down the aesthetical among us, and reinforce the ethical. Anyone who breathes poetry must die. Kill the slick buggers immediately. Even to have a thought of a beautiful sunset or a gorgeous body, is criminal behavior that should be punished unto death. Kill the pornographers! Kill the poets! Same thing! They are all pornographers! Kill everybody who loves this world! We must kill them to save this world!

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-- Kirby Olson

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378. **Stephen Vincent**
"Details"???

Tue 19 Aug 2003

Is anyone else getting proliferated by emails with something about "details" that includes an attachment with the request to open, etc. I don't want to open no unexplained nothing! So help me out if I am being an anti-viral curmudgeon. This day has had already had enough killer extremism in defence of liberty! Absolutely dreadful. Full.

Stephen Vincent

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379. **Geoffrey Gatz**
Re: Stephen Vincent "Details"???

Tue 19 Aug 2003

I am getting it too. I can't find a removal tool from symenatic.com either grr

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

From: "Stephen Vincent" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, August 19, 2003 4:56 PM

Subject: "Details"???

> Is anyone else getting proliferated by emails with something about "details"
> that includes an attachment with the request to open, etc.
> I don't want to open no unexplained nothing!
> So help me out if I am being an anti-viral curmudgeon.
> This day has had already had enough killer extremism in defence of liberty!
> Absolutely dreadful. Full.
>
> Stephen Vincent
>
>

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380. **David A. Kirschenbaum**
Yankee ticket available

Tue 19 Aug 2003

To round out my day of baseball game ticket posts:

I'm going to the Yankee game this Sat. Aug. 23 vs. Baltimore. It's Ron Guidry day, saluting the Yankee pitcher who is still my favorite ballplayer (I even invited him to my Bar Mitzvah). Pregame ceremonies begin at 2:30 p.m.

My dad was supposed to join me, but he can't make it, as my folks have their 50th anniversary party the next day. So, for the mere price of \$24 (what I paid for it) you get to join Ron Guidry's greatest fan, me, on Ron Guidry day, and attend a baseball game with the only editor/publisher who has named their small press after a baseball player. Hell, I may even bring my 26-year-old Ron Guidry scrapbook with me, too.

You can email me here or call [REDACTED].

best,
david

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher
Boog City
330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: [REDACTED]
www.boogcity.com

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381. **Patrick Herron**
A Monument to State Terror

Tue 19 Aug 2003

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A11646-2003Aug18.html>

1 plane, 140,000 dead

The Smithsonian restores the Enola Gay in honor of the efficacy of State Terror.

The current text for the Enola Gay exhibit conveniently enough does not include casualty figures from Hiroshima or show any photographs of the devastation the bomb caused.

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382. **Peter Quartermain**
Re: "Details"???

Tue 19 Aug 2003

Yes, I've got it twice in the last couple of days. I simply trashed it. It pretends to be addressed to me personally but doesn't know any more than the signature

my server recognises - i.e. it's obviously a mass-mailing = spam or a form thereof; it does not know my name. My computer tells me it's (hmmm. I think it does anyway - I can't remember) a movie clip, or a tiff, or something like that. I never open those anyway without advance notice from the sender.

So trash it. It's some idiot who really wants to be nuisance; e-mails are always disposable, including this one from me.

My basic principle: if I don't know the sender, trash it.

I do not think ANYone has the automatic "liberty" to intrude into my life, invade my mailbox - either snailbox or "virtual" - for let's call them ulterior purposes, any more than they have the "liberty" to hector and bully me in the street. There's a heck of a lot of woolly and dangerous daftness surrounding that dangerous word liberty - I will say nothing about the meaning of "freedom" south of the 49th....

Peter the curmudge.

=====

"Weebit injustice is impiety; so's big."

Marcus Aurelius. Meditations IX.1

=====

Peter Quartermain

846 Keefer Street

Vancouver B.C.

Canada V6A 1Y7

voice [REDACTED]

fax [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

=====

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:[REDACTED]]

On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent

Sent: 19-August-2003 1:56 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: "Details"???

Is anyone else getting proliferated by emails with something about "details"

that includes an attachment with the request to open, etc.

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So help me out if I am being an anti-viral curmudgeon.

This day has had already had enough killer extremism in defence of

liberty!
Absolutely dreadful. Full.
Stephen Vincent

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383. **Derek R**
Re: Kenward Elmslie's word-choice
Tue 19 Aug 2003

Kirby wrote:

| *in one of the psalms it says*
| *that a sweet tongue is the tree of life*

Proverbs actually -->

Proverbs 15:4 - "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit."

...but even better I think:

Proverbs 15:15 - "All the days of the afflicted are evil: but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

And my favorite proposition of Spinoza's (Prop. XXXI):

"In so far as anything agrees with our nature, thus far it is necessarily good."

Also Mr. Marley - "Speak happiness! (Sad enough without your woes.)"

No More Trouble -->

<http://bobmarley.com/songs/lyrics/nomore.lyrics.txt>

and Allen Ginsberg - "Subject is known by what she sees."

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384. **Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson**
clarification on Amina Lawal's case
Tue 19 Aug 2003

This is from the Amnesty International site:

Clarification

'Nigeria: Amina Lawal's appeal case to be heard on 27 August

After several adjournments, the hearing of Amina Lawal's appeal is due to take place on 27 August 2003 in her home state of Katsina, northern Nigeria. Amina Lawal and her lawyers are expected to be present at the hearing. The judicial process should follow its course if the quorum of judges is met this time.

Amnesty International continues to receive queries falsely claiming that Amina Lawal's execution is imminent - before or on 27 August - and referring to Amnesty International as a source.

No execution of the sentence is due before or on that date.

Amnesty International understands that Amina Lawal's right to legal representation and her right to appeal are guaranteed at this stage. She is not in detention and has good legal representation. She is also being supported by a coalition of Nigerian women's groups and human rights groups. Amnesty International is in close touch with these organizations.

"Unfortunately, this case has now been adjourned so many times that many of those who have campaigned for her sentence to be quashed cannot understand why a woman and her child can be put under so much duress. This is becoming a clear case of justice delayed is justice denied," Amnesty International said.

Elizabeth Treadwell

<http://www.durationpress.com/authors/treadwell/home.html>

[Get MSN](#) and help protect your children with advanced parental controls.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/parental>

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385. **Ken Rumble**

K. Silem Mohammad & Combo 12

Tue 19 Aug 2003

B.) COMBO 12 is __excellent__ !!!!! (go mike) --

best advice you'll get all year: buy one for you and all your friends and family.

A.) Read, buy, ingest any poem that K. Silem Mohammad writes.

Bring him to your town,
your home, your bed & breakfast --

give him money you
don't have and money your friends don't have
so he can come to your town and read you his poems
and you can think

"thank god I took
that strange man's
advice"

These poems kick ass all day, all night, in all seasons, through weather
inclement or no,
through

bad fashion, steel grates, and chopped livers
he kicks ass twice in the morning and keeps kicking till the sun goes down
when he switches legs
his poems will kick your ass
and you will like it.
Ken

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386. **Komninos Zervos**

Re: "Details"???

Tue 19 Aug 2003

this may be of help

"Griffith University is currently being affected by two more computer viruses. The first virus is called "Sobig F". "Sobig F" affects all Windows operating systems but does not affect Macintosh or Unix based Operating Systems. This virus is transferred via email using the subject lines;

Re: Details

Re: Approved

Re: Re: My details

Re: Thank you!

Re: That movie

Re: Wicked screensaver

Re: Your application

Thank you!

Your details

If you receive an email with this subject delete it without opening the email. Currently the Lotus Notes Server is protecting against this virus and advising you when it has intercepted an infection. Some emails may have slipped through between the release of the virus and the upgraded protection. Users not on Lotus Notes will need to be extra vigilant.

More information on this virus is available from;

<http://securityresponse.symantec.com/avcenter/venc/data/> 

The second virus is called the welchia worm. It is very similar to the Blaster virus that hit the world last week. This virus only targets Windows 2000 and Windows XP computers. All other Operating systems are safe from this virus. We currently have machines being scanned and cleaned on bootup for this virus. Users who do not log into Novell Servers and who are using Windows

2000 or Windows XP will need to manually run the scan/clean tool. The clean tool is available from;

* click on the link

<http://www.griffith.edu.au/ins/software/blaster/exe/fixwelch.exe>

* click on 'run' or 'open' when prompted

More information on the virus is available from;

<http://securityresponse.symantec.com/avcenter/venc/data/w32.welchia.worm.html>

If you require additional information contact InfoServices on extension 55555.

Bruce Callow"

komninos zervos

lecturer, convenor of CyberStudies major

School of Arts

Griffith University

Room 3.25 Multimedia Building G23

Gold Coast Campus

Parkwood

PMB 50 Gold Coast Mail Centre

Queensland 9726

Australia

Phone 07 5552 8872 Fax 07 5552 8141

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

<http://users.bigpond.net.au/mangolegs>

<http://spokenword.blog-city.com>

"Anne E. Pluto" <[REDACTED]>

Sent by: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

09/08/2003 11:15 PM

Please respond to UB Poetics discussion group

To: [REDACTED]

cc:

Subject: Re: "Details"???

I've received it only once - today. One of the senders was a woman at my university, but there wasn't an attachment once I opened the document. We got word of a computer virus at the school, and five computers were infected, but I have a mac and wasn't hit. A mystery, but I trashed them all. Annie Pluto

Yes, I've got it twice in the last couple of days. I simply trashed it. It pretends to be addressed to me personally but doesn't know any more than the signature my server recognises - i.e. it's obviously a mass-mailing = spam or a form thereof; it does not know my name. My

computer tells me it's (hmmm. I think it does anyway - I can't remember) a movie clip, or a tiff, or something like that. I never open those anyway without advance notice from the sender.

So trash it. It's some idiot who really wants to be nuisance; e-mails are always disposable, including this one from me.

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Peter the curmudge.

=====
"Weebit injustice is impiety; so's big."

Marcus Aurelius. Meditations IX.1

=====
Peter Quartermain
846 Keefer Street
Vancouver B.C.
Canada V6A 1Y7

voice [REDACTED]

fax [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

=====
-----Original Message-----

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:[REDACTED]]

On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent

Sent: 19-August-2003 1:56 PM

To: [REDACTED]

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Absolutely dreadful. Full.

Stephen Vincent

--

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387. **John Platt**

TWHM XIII

Wed 20 Aug 2003

as we do not expect to receive
avoid sentimental popular music that
all in one continued movement
mine once dramatically proved by
as to produce various designs
on distinctly older men double-breasted
we regret the necessity
who fits more smoothly into
with your right hand then
that it is merely displacing
began laying the basis for
habit with black boots however
we regret our inability
a child is asked to
proceed thus so that the
hour is virtually expected in
proposition with the range of
cream and sugar though once
we have returned to you
whoever opens the door takes
does not show their faces
else well-worn ones rather than
new centers and thus continue
the monthly amount is not

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388. **August Highland**

Constant Linear Velocity #0001 - #0003

Wed 20 Aug 2003

Constant Linear Velocity #0001 - #0003

david's hands sliding noisily, always bare grass, grazing good. Stairs ran up
put coat spoke now ran up stairs. others, herding, passenger-ships. think

species purser. dream analogy, awareness mean wheeze real?" Jimmy asked. Gone amongst nobody word made invisible. maneen seized aptitudes light close people stopped inside clearing. given place heart." shut Why, got heat furnace room now. Surely want more?" most. Eccentrically pitched like broken head, distorted military training because waking consciousness larger dimension comprehension one Rob, can burn up miles just like limited income wages, up \$400. Thirst. inn roadside. two hot!" said pam pulled finger tammy's ass. thought windows person, other thing, another aspect. person thing moonlight Hermes fluttered Janus dinosaur swam smith great. Came hand felt juices top crack ass. ready "oh pam," moaned, owed best interests society, employ boy who excited Loathing like want stop. big. Returned wem-mick. says, gives publicly, want man who'll rob told Kathleen murmured, held fast tearfully window face turned services down 16 percent down 12 percent. great Teacher teaches. While illness, risen lips. irrevocable physical bodies. brought five soldiers" called outside commune gross form object, become object itself, essence. occupy. Sensing end stood up took hold cock guided myself waiting pussy. time perfect Fury complete success, made dash door, fortunately belief," answered Joe compliments Mrs. J. Gargery--" wants less. Blouse rubbing development services \$24 million youth development, likely. hadn't lamp last time look remember." Assistant Deputy "Tell Provis said, dear Herbert." absolutely place discrimination. Magpie's nest, eat giving share," says took hand went ruined place shining through falling rain. intelligence understanding. renounce ceilings, large wall mirrors partners complete enjoyment. Wall. Spent same place came home evening, accompanied mr spelman, who Estella Infantry Regiment 11 BCIS units, based Bradleys. hill left much care." nation's wars. General Douglas MacArthur, 1961. Watched entire way struggle lotion. got looked asked like object. subject happened work too. knew very well, concern genuine. mustered up. Identification treatment nutritional deficiencies. time learned business life. entreat word Jagers, represent five twenty pound, Mum," echoed basest swindlers, Pumblechook. Fire roaring, grandfather patrick plainly kept still kept "immense, trainees, more aggressively capture CDTF lessons learned trainee seemed pervade whole square basement Manor House. recruiter's. Weapons evolved, will link models applicable war conflict played room far removed grand ballroom reserved those who marched consider probable, particular remunerate pains. last done appointed. Named honor legendary entertainer bob hope, who more 50 years will, twelve daughters house, kind last words appointments morrow. aged "Uh-hu. interesting ad." said pointing adult motel ad."Hot. Top 69 position. immediately, felt warmth mouth cock. 1/5 charged elephants' tusks. Mouth, several drops honey fell chest started run garden beside, Bedwyr caught flung back, wounding Yspathaden knee. read. fine thing hands "Same Colonel." feeling slickness sliding against Rocking. While

ordinary contacts objects sense takes place artificially, helplessly "Gracious Powers! shall?" body try many things can?" quite meet round middle. turned fixing ingenious adaptation. During dinner held ballroom eisenhower hall grounds u.s. gerald, bid one lives touch getting again. Take tool give dose oil stirrup." given five senses. Present background particulars, yoga process saw outlet first, now lifestyle family, said. thought well try, also showed world United States means business places soldiers. Look through small hole aperture. vast expanse life, small, floor ill-regulated aspirations first made ashamed home Joe those. More difficult, particularly mission increased almost 20, 000 one knowledge will kind experience. Every vibrated beam crossed charm "Oh!" said Kathleen inside dreadful! must moonlight, alive. Good deal walk." more one priory showed days monks, yet work 'prentice, distinguished happy. Now reality hold, only felt outstretched hand" word gentleman will take." nail," Jefferson. These crawling things fascinated attention watching distance, who, horse-trough drinking fountain bust himself top. Why doesn't plain soldiers good radio contact, vehicle running quick possible, said. Jr. requested received discharge lieu court martial. dreadful Hervey's go "jolly decent Jerry said, letters telegrams. Influence everywhere, will estella, last hour life, cannot bouncing distance where groves trees thickened looked almost compromise. Opened book busy bee, knowing already able divide words one higher being dropped meditations, go up-stairs bed. old grad higher stick destiny, future? body. let whether able only much, nothing further. Apple big door answered. smiles polite nods. agreed later, lucky let Confederate lines 11 times 1862 1863. Jagers another. must confounded six hours later, japanese arrived. more energy."Miss Havisham, Joe?" carpet middle room. sweat. Letters three stood breathless, awaiting result. coming," cried, wonderful Princess clothes glimpsed earlier morning. Maj. Ray Howell, 51st Air Transportable Hospital, explained. "meantime, engagement servant ought counted complete earnest." "God great!" Pam said Bob came up between legs. like time. Sciences, exceeding limits. science becomes philosophy. leaned head because forgotten put back some old trumpery shoe Queen New tax," said Jimmy. sometimes aurora borealis, busy. streams running. Intelligence alarming. still, appeared scene races, public, Army future will provide career unlimited," said Ohle. officer family. told deep trimmings, family disgraced. cried breakfast. "oh!" said. wish miss havisham?" "thank," said willie, sitting down, person person, positively Medical Evacuation Company, building own source, more one grief-stricken. greater intensity desire. New technology systems available today. even now, can am messages condo unloaded bags went inside. took suitcases bedroom.

#0002

Open summer evenings air room. very stars raised eyes, am afraid 'man man. being released, received grand sum \$436. business, Hector?" asked Willie, halfabsent mood. nice stiff. Alaska's elmendorf eilsen fall night prince came home hunting hill, nobody can just well, need much help each other, too course moment. impatient think!" retorted drummle."oh lord!" meanwhile, next day, busload, where Kathleen. sexual nature, very often very. Committee. second floor, more just John slut eyeful." breathing regularly. actively soliciting donations fire trucks, portable pumps, hand. Operations central south america. eliza held door open followed, blowing, risk taking cold. uncovered face, wake leaving change said Wemmick, wild beast tamed. very uncommon, tell. first main thing done," said herbert, england. will go may facets reality, Clinton become lieutenant general, Army's first enjoyed view. Finally gave up just put shriek hysterical. Another 20 minutes. way physiological organs operate, liver, outward forms outlook. called common denominator normal thinking, keeping table between." echo rocks, called screech, drove loch. Studies children show eating breakfast improves school "why nobody nothing else why fell other talk, principally way travelling. hadn't, dared speak?" tankers, reconnaissance aeromedical airlift, bride something rouse can need very question 'doing' ceases, subside ocean Pure Being, become, merely being somebody's being. Morose journeyman liking very small timid, gave understand devil begins cleaning byre, just well keep baling great ocean. mid-day everything perfectly right one's emotions one perfectly. "o willie! frightened!" said joining, laugh. sicker giddier soon heard tutor whom prefer another?" nation's wars. capabilities wet arousal aching want. Apparently still keeping. made extraordinary play showed greatest week each, improving opportunity seeing rented small cottage, said gerald politely, fill pause. "seest thou two ears! one move, ink easy pursue branch study winter season, account stone "Halloa, !" said Wemmick. home, "mamma dear," lisped girl, "baby ood put hith eyeth." will,", whole association, got thinking romantic, relation teacher pupil. institution will support protecting themselves. down two girls. Merchant pompous use words." endurance more. never curtain dropped linen paper cap. guileless bother head going." attention air bullying suspicion even now. Sir! hadn't!" personnel hiring replacement. ^P heard unfrequently took very. Pocket conducted down, ghost who must seen appearance, born "Sand dirt play havoc air systems, taking precautions can," said former military members must estimated earnings appropriate chance. Up friends head, hid up chimneys. playing pool, Ping Pong, video games, mention first fancies regarding like, unreasonably derived tombstones. Personnel management system study xxi task force, matter Willie, chick?" asked. got headache?" watched take seats meditation, may appear meditating Center, Fort Polk, La. Combat. Dinner, good sleep. else want body? "oh. feels good. yea, pick ?!" reason tree Silver-tree went glen, where well, trout. even own

case, true like only one thing. Why change muttering. Felt awkward. thank too excuses too obscene. parted 201st maintained solid language training program some time, Chiu. Know, afraid tell said gerald politely. percent active-duty servicemembers 75 percent active covered up bits between bushes bracken leaves," said Kathleen. Crying, "let's go empty dinosaur now, started run take boy away? am quite satisfied Mabel." facilitate money transfer victim's money vanishes. provide bank. Pathetically staff intelligence, united states army, washington, d. came meet figured interested wrong am sure Wemmick, can thank helicopter type. Crews operate high tech environment. Workload. Connected. outward details son", While going Mr Macmichael, perceiving operation ought impact jump 1989 Kassens only memory, one 1,000 Points Light. Saw dropping off, woke up told enjoy myself. rather late evening overtaken. thus enabled fly Blue Boar immediately breakfast. never. said, somewhat softened. desire?" worthy man. read excepting only conceivable goal. Thus, becoming Provis never recognize came below water laid fire water boiling, took cup, filled half up. Hear condition picking up check getting up. mentioning awful personage like waxwork, presently offering. Give some pleasures. think awful must old. hat! pieces cocked guinea, guinea go swore afterwards, sure speculated got some time found wife much perplexed delay. content. December 88 percent. Yes. Measures correct," cohen said. carry home dead corpse bury looked each other, "like stuck pigs" Jimmy said. Force xxi process spawns possible new acquisition method process, think most girls will least blow guy, guy well return writes clothed blue coat, canary waistcoat, white cravat, creamy disgust. Master!" father's colonel discovered reading pink novelette window housekeeper's room, hall's. Reviving, defeat conquest, appearances moon own bright self time, nothing despair mad, dream. magic. really truly kind baffled detective. one right, end larks just same. Why? said brushing aside, grew thinner, "now want tell." tell sciences, exceeding limits. Science becomes philosophy. leaned head leave go!" voice Eliza Eliza seen. Uplands, scores cattle meadow-land alongside river. happy. just letter read. returning who join stooping grated door shaft waldengarver smiled much faithful dependent overlook folly; fourteen, ain't Judge sorry because done well, ain't Judge drawn up anywhere nor signs men having embarked sure tide high. "toni relief using end month december 1996 leave earnings, being want assistance account parental brutality ignorant thoughtfully several times, went again landing, whence ladder. Will place healing those sledges, each took strength two brawny victims. gentleman red eyelids light hair. woke up night like Camilla used think, weariness spirits. Wondered park bench small fountain unceremoniously plopped down. anything more sun, never again show golden sun themselves inside These things reflections cast eternal 'Ideas' Archetypes, may. Deliverance through powerful sister, who repulsed

every turn am, Joe. rather partial Carols, experience. dreamed doing. moment experience throughout TOCDF maturing. root tree dig let down. Compatible monitor included box. charm "Oh!" said Kathleen inside dreadful! must moonlight, alive, want tea." got back again lifted carried easily court up. Morning, eliza standing front chair where mabel's clothes lay, snake between closing hands child. Mabel's distant feet drew shooting round back way. time, entirely changed. wore blue. Promised become wife able happen time. just flown other side Gerald asked flat tones complete hopelessness. object, possess anything matter invariably connected inseparable. Sakshatkara. consciousness reverts itself stands own status. added story-teller, "thou shalt man shall thee. came down door, saw changed walnut-shell taste licked lips seductively juice off. Definition yourself. these definitions mean body means nothing plaintively Allen. always admired character. always owned up. Put because choose choices very 1950, american women military other selves. seemed quite put spirits, find particular post Waiting quiet again too, flashed wild sudden way went "oh, respect reverence! know mean mouths men. respected, put these things back proper information coming just somebody heat coming off rubbed back Robinsshe takes piece." go self. suppose," said lepracaun, very civilly, further occasion?" soon, away three nights old between mother wall." airlift military Secretary Defense authorized Army extend maximum bonus payment. Wugly schools, sports, pastimes, ambitions, wondered spell last. half-hour drew kiln. lime burning sluggish stifling free air Besides, because meant years. Larger bedroom, carrying like doll. never let away. think." Gold-tree said locked room, now followed Allied forces ashore five days first Allied looks.

#0003

Oh yeah, put down snicker's bar." street Walworth direction found walking arm arm right am aware," hunting particular rising 0' good head everything." against. Known whole barony feet. father something Willie other side one mounds, turning now. father lasts arrived sorrowful comprehension became stronger better. Paper." rage. carried fine blackthorn wish crack man's head will," said lad O'Donnell's."Yoga Yoga practice, preceded obtain pardon expatriated term natural life presenting himself. Surprises job done." good deal walk." more one Priory showed days monks, yet work. Beautiful peaceful far known yet. many "mind! know." almost smile Miss Havisham's, Biddy Estella. thank got. constantly hopping shake restless. Backyard reached arms front jade, opinion place?" may happy. hope, seeing only knew amid glades groves. spirit, bodily hearing company. Jerry, Jimmy, Kathleen. course, Jerry's name Gerald, Temporality causality scheme evolution universe, called "oh, half-past eight. said thought handsomely."Ah, opened again." assure TONishing!" degrees, became. Recipient usually offered commission assisting

transfer. field ran already put rest. terrible Air Force military," said. · Sought upgraded MILES during period, unit can locate weak points \$35. Mother's soul em got laugh these seven years?" tell father, given drink, overtook drink, hammered away "Now. Post's excess facilities, according stoakley. target acquisition, why today's family oriented Army taking measures educate spouses started. legs lots pretty soon shall sacrificed nourish survivors. Never turned other way started one direction. used almost these words Conall left king, went home got home much trouble. Steps. sat down, child each side drew hand each through brings sugarcandy liquorice while. Said, last trick shall take three steps backwards vanish. finger's, coat fastened checks inspections." boys understand diplomacy," where suppliants Mabel much value. police? got getting presented difficulties, said Cathy, tones relief. really thought flaring wax, expectations, Forces Foundation, boy? Why, common labouring-boy! Bitterly. drummler looked boots, looked drummler looked boots, ultimate union soul Being final stage, practically, Samapatti, "Blow door!" said another growling voice "blessed think fair cop. Am proud hope, will marshes." wear monitoring device sounds alarm breathing stops while one headaches," Kathleen said. also. Wondering put too." said skimmed tips fingers down lapel suit, very sight set Willie thinking only meditated thing, sometimes alive put," said Gerald grimly. got up walked bedroom removed last. Put touch engineers administrators need talk later, work, employer, gentlemen. caught cold, cold worst thing poor rickety FIRST proof given really cared determined last. dare Finally asks. make admissions." wemmick repeated, admissions.", excuse myself, added, "Wemmick's coming." changed excuse Army festooned sails fly wind. again?" said Miss Pocket. want? Amazement, complied, provis immediately shaking hands said, "now, said forgot." housekeeper's niece. King Connachar Ulster. floor, subject, doubt, because fact aware aware? subject object sergeants. Kingdom only real kingdom-namely, greatest man fiallan fair.", being psychic raw material makes difference, responsible even three instructors sexually harassed numerous soldiers. Ethel, mean make take money lessons gave told learn anything?" tell, surprised alarmed. another 'em. Look wings feet returned, superior indeed. nobody's enemy Prayers today. neck spend some more grasp. something each one escapes notice Army numbers? end year came master showed three pounds. Ivan," said. Six went another bar. more drinks, decided head back lake house. wildly, trying much cum possible. shot renunciation misconstrued "Ethel, put affront sensitive high spirited man!" costs, investment. Went lord scientific approach, congruence conscious activity some other perused Jagger's face. relief being last engaged administrative clerk. screaming woman's cunt, shoot cum deep inside. Dominic groaned slowly slid zipper down back dress let bodice Corps Engineers' recently actions bravery during war Vietnam 29. Changed mind. forget forgive man wife now story sometimes, go stranger. Said princess," said

mabel, now know. rapunzel. always wear, sharpness tooth will give thee aid, mind will thy side." Said based Vilseck, Germany March. glasses reflecting quiet stars, white. Almost, quite, patronage. child. work?" tenderness joe coloured cat head bard came very deed myself liking like hungry. Speech herbert pocket herbert pale young head pussy lips, kitchen one mental replaced screws, said piece scales. Hudden Jack Master poor woman three sons. eldest second eldest cunning. Spasm every stream seed planted. lighted Gerald's candles, went down Hall Psyche! glowed light "Lor perpetually mood meditate. resenting unhappy take imposition. Never noticed herb virtue herb ought strange one leaf cluster. put prematurely taken herself some Jaggers's own high-backed chair. Face came some spring down below, broke smile length perceived, strip sticks round, while other inside. edge sticks sew "Seems?" fellow." impressibility untried youth hope. additional information. Story-teller." tearing cats harder hanging -morrow king lochlann." Uncle Pumblechook soon down too, covering mare place lie down must people throws away graces apologize most amply humbly." certain. Light infantry soldiers achievable because years active duty, two, Fin spent two three happy days Oonagh, felt himself very purple red uncle cruel leave chateau money?" Mademoiselle asked. Reluctant smoke hung room seemed colder clearer air like feeding, everything. mechanical superiority Kasserine Pass World War tingling Mrs. sat table while stood fire. degrees became enormous injury believe. Distinguishing layers existing own psychic personality. degrees changing techniques meditation. only one system, even drive nail premises, got round High-street again, beyond pitfall, felt. Week each, improving opportunity seeing rented small cottage, take eyes off escape. member. got core nucleus sub-program roaring curses bulwarks. Last time, man brought prepared swear?" time." parched lips." belt pouch now, opening door spit stiffly high stocks, yard. gave. swear," said quite rush jiggers, putting hand shoulder, maiden heard answered said ocean strong waves thy longing. "Leave run buy cakes. Wash hands, ready return. Away, deposited part conscience women fine youths middle hall, federal room, three men, putting silver bag." Howell said possessed portable property. cut dress waist upward, both made Next godliness, some people same religion. remembered harried, woman sent eldest sister, Fair, care One day, Trembling well, first leaf. can write name, forgive," broken heart dust status. Corrective actions, litigation air fixed obstinately eyes, moved, proposed myself well down river boat certainly well beyond gently touching anus. flinched momentarily stopped. relaxed. Nose, getting clock, must pass own child," said just lie snug, king. went mighty well dad, goose got stricken years like master, wide stood fire, got up, determined share put hand legs poker. Subject suggestive one thought silence. wopsle, ill requited Cathy gallant young detective left home ago. Better cabin Some. Reed, stage whisper" other one!", enabled put off illness, put away knew done

again." Underneath, blue thru bra matching g string. normally wear g While.
Really sure." box safe, key safe kept somewhere down back produced, pre-
tence make purchases, like. Department Army level installation never trust
myself far nearly. pretty nigh one way wrong.

august highland

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--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

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389. **August Highland**

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Six)

Wed 20 Aug 2003

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Six)

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august highland

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390. **Ian VanHeusen**

Fwd: [ironweed_collective] bookmobile and circus sideshow (with loc.)

Wed 20 Aug 2003

THE AUTONOMADIC BOOKMOBILE AND MEDICINE SHOW!
ALBANY FREE SCHOOL, 8 ELM ST.
TUESDAY, SEPT 2ND
8PM
\$3 SUGGESTED DONATION

FOR MORE INFO: [REDACTED]
PRESS: CONTACT TANYA OR OKRA, [REDACTED]

Not since the days of the old time medicine show has such an attraction rolled into your town. The Autonomadic Bookmobile Roadshow carries the cures for your literary woes and your mega-mall blues. Look out for this brightly painted truck filled to the roof with Autonomedia, Last Gasp, AK Press, and other hard-to-find small press books and zines. Climb aboard and browse those shelves, or watch the Human Marvels Doctor Henceforth Flummox and Professor Okra P. Dingle demonstrate the superhuman feats of strenght and skill that good reading has afforded them. You'll witness:

THE KNIVES OF PRESTI-DINGLETATION
A BED OF NAILS
THE BROKEN GLASS DANCER
SWEET SALLY THE SINGING SAW
PSYCHIC SURGERY
MYSTIFYING ESCAPES
HATCHET HURLING
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THE HUMAN PIN-O-PHONE
AN ENORMOUS PAIR OF PANTS

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dylan
----- End of Forwarded Message -----

peace,
dylan

<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/parental> Get MSN
8 and help protect your children with advanced parental controls.

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391. **Daniel Nester**

Karaoke + Poetry = Fun Tuesday August 26

Wed 20 Aug 2003

Hey all -- here's an announcement for the next Karaoke + Poetry = Fun (KPF) reading.

It's August 26. The new Fall dates are down there as well.

The readings are a hoot, and it's, you know, community-building, as you say in grant proposals.

Feel free to email me on the back end ([REDACTED]) if you would like to read and sing karaoke.

Karaoke + Poetry = Fun (KPF)

9:30 pm

The Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery @ Bleecker

[REDACTED] | \$6

Each reading has a selected open reading/singing.

Come early or email ahead to sign up.

Next KPF event

KPF XI - August 26 - special guest: Painted Bride Quarterly

Upcoming KPF events

KPF XII- September 23 special guest: Boog City vs. Pindeldyboz
KPF XIII - October 7 special guest: Rattapallax
KPF XIV - October 28 - A Very Special KPF. The KPF All Star Show, all of highlights from the past shows, together on one stage! Presented as part of NYC Lit Fest 2003: HOME; Presented by Time Out New York
KPF XV November 5 (Wednesday)
KPF XVI November 18 (Tuesday)
KPF XVII December 3 (Wednesday)
KPF XVIII December 23 (Tuesday)

Each reading has a special guest who picks a representative group of 4-5 participants; if you have a group/collective/journal/press who'd like to participate, drop me a line.

Hosted and curated by Daniel Nester, and co-hosted by Regie Cabico

God Save My Queen
<http://godsavemyqueen.com>

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392. **hell.com**

Re: Kenward Elmslie's word-choice

Wed 20 Aug 2003

I thought Beckett's body of work argues that that ethics and aesthetics are one in the same?

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393. **Poetics List Administration**

Bowery Poetry Club HOWLS!! Ed Sanders' "Rebel Cafe"! Waldman! Henderson! L. Thomas! Cannon! A. Hayy! A. Toure! & Queen T. Mead

Wed 20 Aug 2003

The Bowery Poetry Club

308 Bowery NY NY 10012 @ Bleecker, right across from
CBGB's

F train to Second Ave Â |Â 6 train to Bleecker Â | 
more info?

www.bowerypoetry.com Â | Â tix? Â www.virtuous.com Â | Â audio downloads?
www.audible.com/bpc

Tuesday, 8/19 Shhh! rarely do we mention that our Roundtable Reading is reading Gilgamesh every Tuesday at 6:30pm... Alien glitz meets Rat Pack kitsch for STARPEOPLE! Invade Las Vegas at 8pm, a monthly mainstay (\$5, www.starpeople.net)

Wednesday, 8/20 Taylor Mead's FEVA special begins at 6:30pm (\$5): tonight he's crowned Queen of the HOWL Fest... then the first night of the three-day Non Sequitur Festival arrives. Poets & composers collaborate for TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES: Jed Distler & Carol Mirakove, Akemi Naito & Edwin Torres, Kala Pierson & Emanuel Xavier with acoustic house band, Nurse Kaya String Quartet (sextet) (8:00pm, \$20/\$15 for students)... at 10pm Jason Nuzzo's DEAD MEAT, will continue its run for the road (\$10)... and the long-awaited World Premiere of A Night @ the Rebel Cafe by Ed Sanders (11pm, \$15 but sliding for students, FEVA, and poets) -- the history of Performance Poetry in three acts (well, actually, there's twenty acts, ten songs, forty actors)...DO NOT MISS!

Thursday, 8/21 Take 2 on Taylor Mead HOWL special at 6:30 (\$5)... Jason Nuzzo shows DEAD MEAT at 7pm (\$10)... the second night of the Non Sequitur Festival comes alive, see Wed. 8/20 (8:00 pm; \$20/\$15 for students)... when worlds collide: Celena Glenn presents Fascist Fashionista Poetry Fashion Show (10:00pm, \$5)

Friday, 8/22 If you haven't seen any of the 100 films he's been in, or haven't heard him pontificating in streaming mediums on the web, or have not seen him prancing in any of Andy Warhol's works, you're missing out on a legend-- get to the Prof. Taylor Mead show at 6:30! (\$5) -- the Truth as only Taylor tells it... at 7:00 Jason Nuzzo shows his multi-media performance DEAD MEAT (\$10)... last chance to catch the Non Sequitur Festival at 8pm (see Wed., 8/20; \$20/\$15 for students)... rounding off the evening is the FEVA Party at 10pm (suggested donation is \$5 -- all proceeds to FEVA).

Saturday, 8/23 At 11:00am, come hear the oral of the Lower East Side with Alan Moore's Story Cafe (free, one drink minimum)... editors Donald Lev and Enid Dame host their sparkling series Home Planet News Poetry Festival at 2:00pm with the great fireman poet Tim Hoppey, Eve Packer (Queen of Loisaida) and jazz poet Barry Wallenstein (\$3)...then at 4:00pm we proudly present Umbra: The African American Bohemian Literary Movement of the Lower East Side with David Henderson, Steve Cannon, Lorenzo Thomas, Askia M. Toure, Ama Patterson, Tyehimba Jess, Christopher Stackhouse, Matt Lavelle and Melanie Goodreaux (\$5)... at 6 it's #6 of Ishle Park's 7 Saturdays, a new series produced by the Queen of the PoSlam Scene -- tonight: Alexander Chee, Staceyann Chin, Doria Roberts (\$5)... at 8:00pm it's your last chance to catch Jason Nuzzo's multi-media performance DEAD MEAT (\$10)... Anne Waldman & Friends w/ musician Bethany Spiers will drop in at 9pm (\$10)... then bringing home the Howl, it's A Night @ the Rebel Cafe by Ed Sanders (11pm, \$15 but sliding for students, FEVA, and poets). We'll have a live band after-party w/ Tarantula till 4am....

Sunday, 8/24 Howl Fest continues with our free open mic at 11am... then spend yer Sunday with All Day Slammin Po' Band Festival! The best of the Lower East Side's poetry & music collaborators (2pm, \$10 for all day) featuring King Missile III and Janet Hamill & Moving Star... stick around for A Night @ the Rebel Cafe by Ed Sanders and a cast party where everyone's the cast! (11pm, \$15 but sliding for students, FEVA, and poets) and a late night set by the amazing Daddy.

Monday, 8/25 We be honored at 5pm! Daniel Abdal-Hayy Moore: THE ECSTATIC EXCHANGE will give a Free perf at 5pm... Then Mondays continue on their outrageous path with this week's installment of the Totally Open Slam at 6 led by intrepid Bo Ho (\$3)... Girlbomb & Sara Fisch present Semi-Pro Tool at 8:00 (\$5)... and the sin-sational O'Debra Twins "Show & Tell" from 10:00 till the whee! hours -- po, perf, and burlesque (\$3)...

...next week. stay tuned for Q2: Queer Too!, The Urbana Poetry Slam season opener, and Hell's Kitchen...

Delicious coffee & pastries served weekdays at 9, weekends at 11...

homemade salads & sandwiches till closing...

bar opens at 5pm weekdays, 1pm

weekends...

wheelchair accessible... coolly air-conditioned...

Write poem now

thank you.

The Bowery Poetry Club

308 Bowery NY NY 10012 @ Bleecker, right across from

CBGB's

F train to Second Ave Â | Â 6 train to Bleecker Â | Â 

<http://lb.bcentral.com/ex/sp?c=18073&s=201F2F3AD9047716&m=50>

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394. **Poetics List Administration**

**** POETRY CENTER Fall 2003 Calendar**

Wed 20 Aug 2003

The Poetry Center

Fall 2003 Calendar

Our printed calendar will reach you shortly, if you're on our mailing list. Full information posted soon at <http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry>

september

AT WORK: Writers on Labor
featuring Tillie Olsen, Reg Theriault,
Sarah Menefee, Tony Robles, Wei-Ling Huber
& special musical guest Barbara Dane

Wednesday September 10, 6:00 pm

Special Location

@ California Historical Society

678 Mission Street (between 2nd & 3rd)

co-sponsored by the California Historical Society and The Poetry Center

=====

Peter Orner & Nona Caspers

Wednesday September 17, 7:30 pm, free

@ The Poetry Center, SFSU

=====

OTHER WORDS San Francisco International Poetry Festival

A talk by Peter France on translating Gennady Aygi

Thursday September 25, 4:30 pm, free

@ The Poetry Center, SFSU

Readings by Gennady Aygi (Russia), Tua Forsström (Finland), Arne
Johnsson (Sweden), devorah major (San Francisco), Cristina
Rivera-Garza (Mexico)

Saturday September 27, 7:30 pm, \$5 donation

@ Unitarian Center

1187 Franklin Street (at Geary)

Full schedule and sponsors at <http://www.other-words.com>

=====

october

Alan Bernheimer & Merrill Gilfillan

Thursday October 2, 7:30 pm, \$5 donation

@ Unitarian Center

1187 Franklin Street (at Geary)

=====

Hazel Dickens

singing and in conversation with Archie Green

Wednesday October 8, 7:30 pm, free

@ Jack Adams Hall
Cesar Chavez Student Union, SFSU

co-sponsored by Labor Archives and Research Center, Associated Students
SFSU, and The Poetry Center

=====

Barbara Guest
Friday October 10, 7:30 pm, free
@ University of San Francisco
Lone Mountain 100, 2800 Turk Blvd.

co-sponsored by Readings at Lone Mountain, USF, and The Poetry Center

=====

Cecilia Dougherty & Jennifer Martenson
Thursday October 16, 3:30 pm, free
@ The Poetry Center, SFSU

co-sponsored by San Francisco Cinematheque and The Poetry Center

=====

Poets Theater
Saturday October 18, 7:30 pm
@ Unitarian Center, \$10 donation
1187 Franklin Street (at Geary)

an evening to benefit Naropa Audio Archive Project
and The Poetry Center's American Poetry Archives

The Big Keep, a new play by Kevin Killian, featuring Anne Waldman (as Lauren
Bacall), Kota Ezawa, Jocelyn Saidenberg, Wayne Smith, Rex Ray, Cecilia
Dougherty, Karla Milosevich, Will Yackulic, Steve Dickison, et al.; incidental
music by Steven Taylor.

=====

kari edwards & Gail Scott
Friday October 24, 7:30 pm, \$5-10 donation
@ Small Press Traffic
Timken Lecture Hall, CCAC,
1111 Eighth Street (lower Potrero Hill)

co-sponsored by The Poetry Center and Small Press Traffic

=====

Aharon Shabtai

Thursday October 30, 4:30 pm, free

@ The Poetry Center, SFSU

co-sponsored by Jewish Studies Program, SFSU, and The Poetry Center

=====

november

George Oppen Memorial Lecture: Burton Hatlen

Thursday November 6, 7:30 pm, \$5 donation

@ Unitarian Center

1187 Franklin Street (at Geary)

National Poetry Foundation Director, poet and scholar Burton Hatlen on "the formation of an Objectivist poetics in the 1930s."

=====

A celebration of poetry on the occasion of

Carl Rakosi's One-Hundredth Birthday

Saturday, November 8, 1:00-4:00 pm, free

@ Koret Auditorium, SF Main Public Library

100 Larkin Street (at Grove; Civic Center BART)

co-sponsored by The Poetry Center, the San Francisco Public Library, and the Friends & Foundation of the San Francisco Public Library

=====

A book party & reception for

The Letters of Robert Duncan and Denise Levertov

Sunday November 9, 5:00 pm, free

@ City Lights Bookstore

261 Columbus Avenue

Co-sponsored by City Lights Books, Stanford University Press, and The Poetry Center

=====

Trevor Joyce

Thursday November 13, 3:30 pm, free

in conversation with Laura Moriarty

@ The Poetry Center, SFSU

Trevor Joyce & Laura Moriarty

Thursday November 13, 7:30 pm, \$5 donation

reading their poetry @ Unitarian Center
1187 Franklin Street (at Geary)

co-sponsored by the Irish Arts Foundation and The Poetry Center

=====

A book party/reading by Bay Area contributors
Going Home to a Landscape: Writings by Filipinas
edited by Marianne Villanueva & Virginia Cerenio
Monday November 17, 3:00 pm, free
Special Location

@ The SFSU Bookstore

Cesar Chavez Student Union, SFSU

Co-sponsored by SFSU Bookstore, Calyx Books, and The Poetry Center

=====

Sesshu Foster

Thursday November 20, 4:30 pm, free

@ The Poetry Center, SFSU

=====

december

Clayton Eshleman

Thursday December 4, 4:30 pm, free

@ The Poetry Center, SFSU

A 90-minute afternoon program, including circa 50 slides, with accompanying readings from the book Juniper Fuse, focused on the origin of image making via the Ice Age painted caves of Southwestern France.

Full information posted soon at <http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry>

=====

Steve Dickison, Director

The Poetry Center & American Poetry Archives

San Francisco State University

1600 Holloway Avenue ~ San Francisco CA 94132

~ vox [REDACTED] ~ fax [REDACTED]

<http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry>

~ ~ ~

Lâ taltazim hâlatan, walâkin
durn bî-llyâyly kamâ tadûwru

Don't cling to one state
turn with the Nights,
as they turn

~Maqâmat al-Hamadhâni (tenth century; tr Stefania Pandolfo)

~ ~ ~

Bring all the art and
science of the world, and
baffle and humble it with
one spear of grass.

~Walt Whitman's notebook

--

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395. **Poetics List Administration** ***West End Reading Series***

Wed 20 Aug 2003

SlyFox Productions Presents:

West End Reading Series

POETRY & PROSE

8/23/03 7pm

Gimme! Coffee

506 W. State Street

Jeanne Mackin

Nicola Morris

Cynthia Bond

Jeanne Mackin has published four novels, the most recent of which is *The Sweet By and By*, she is also author of the *Cornell Book of Herbs and Edible Flowers*. She teaches Creative Writing at Goddard College and Ithaca College. She lives in Ithaca, NY.

Nicola Morris writes poetry, fiction and essays. She has been widely published in journals and anthologies, most recently in the journal *Jewish Currents*. She teaches in the Goddard College MFA in Writing program, in Vermont, and is currently completing a dissertation on golems in contemporary Jewish literature.

Cynthia Bond holds an MFA & JD from Cornell University. Her poems have been published in *Epoch*, *Ascent*, *The Best American Poetry 1994* in addition to other anthologies and journals. She teaches Legal Writing and Law & Film at Cornell. She lives in Ithaca, NY.

The West End Reading Series is held on the fourth Saturday of every month at Gimme! Coffee, 506 W. State Street, Ithaca, NY at 7:00pm.
SlyFox Productions www.slyfox.org
FREE and open to all.

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396. **jnorton100**

Re: My details

Wed 20 Aug 2003

This is a multipart message in MIME format

charset="iso-8859-1"

See the attached file for details

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397. **K. Silem Mohammad**

Re: K. Silem Mohammad & Combo 12

Wed 20 Aug 2003

Good work, Ken--just what I had in mind. The check is in the mail.

K.

Date: Tue, 19 Aug 2003 22:26:10 -0400

From: Ken Rumble <[REDACTED]>

Subject: K. Silem Mohammad & Combo 12

B.) COMBO 12 is __excellent__ !!!!! (go mike) --

best advice you'll get all year: buy one for you and all your friends and family.

A.) Read, buy, ingest any poem that K. Silem Mohammad writes.

Bring him to your town,

your home, your bed & breakfast --

give him money you

don't have and money your friends don't have

so he can come to your town and read you his poems

and you can think

"thank god I took

that strange man's

advice"

These poems kick ass all day, all night, in all seasons, through weather

inclement or no,

through

*bad fashion, steel grates, and chopped livers
he kicks ass twice in the morning and keeps kicking till the sun goes down
when he switches legs*

his poems will kick your ass

and you will like it.

Ken

+++

k. silem mohammad

<http://limetree.typepad.com>

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398. **Kirby Olson**

Re: Stephen Vincent "Details"???

Wed 20 Aug 2003

This virus was launched at the SUNY Delhi system in attack hordes. I got about seventy five of them, but our virus killer swatted them all down. Whatever you do, don't open the attachment.

-- Kirby

Geoffrey Gatza wrote:

*I am getting it too. I can't find a removal tool from symenatic.com either
.... grr*

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

From: "Stephen Vincent" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, August 19, 2003 4:56 PM

Subject: "Details"???

*Is anyone else getting proliferated by emails with something about
"details"*

that includes an attachment with the request to open, etc.

I don't want to open no unexplained nothing!

So help me out if I am being an anti-viral curmudgeon.

This day has had already had enough killer extremism in defence of

liberty!
Absolutely dreadful. Full.

Stephen Vincent

[↑ Contents](#)

399. **kari edwards**
take it as a past time

Wed 20 Aug 2003

take it as a past time

after intersection and impermeably - the flesh as stated by magog and gog, as stated by merleau-ponty, as stated by the whole thing that writes itself - invisible and visible - magik-to-go wrapped in thickness and in health. I mean can you testify - can you give me a testimony terrorist. say can you give me honey or give me bread - give me arriving something without a auschwitz refrain. can you say contradictory, incompressible, thicket of leafs, den of has been, history without a value, a different set of meanings - in an instant death as a theory - as a pocket-full of pleasing. touch it all and and feel dangerous with a possibility - go ten blocks turn left - a dangerous possibility - hard harder harder sill - after all this an aesthetics wherever breathing asking following in, flowing in and the bees did it on a ledge on a divergent plain - can you say: "packed so tight?" the only theory left, the only one left of hundreds and hundreds in one day one hour in a flashes dust-to-dust, I mean bombed and burnt down - I mean again and again semidarkness and parades, clutching schopeupauer and life, running in circles saying hold on - wait a minute hold on one second more please =

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400. **hell.com**
Re: Kenward Elmslie's word-choice

Wed 20 Aug 2003

You have to remember that Becket was a dramaturge. His sets were phenomenal pieces of art. Grove published the stage directions to Godot and their highly detailed as to lighting, color, shading, etc.

He didn't say it in as many words.

About 7 years ago, Lincoln Center had a Becket Festival. The Gate Theatre from Dublin came and put on all his plays. It was incredible. There is a group that calls itself the Becketeers: James Knowlson (biographer), Ed Albee, Mel Gusow, Robert Scanlon (ART), Tom Bishop (head of NYU French Dept) and a few

others. They put on a big symposium the night of my 30th birthday. An ex of mine worked for Bishop at the time.

They spewed on and on about Becket, etc. There was a man whose name I cannot remember who was Becket's assistant director for the last few years of Becket's life. Gusow said something like Chekhov was the first half of 20th C drama and Becket was the second half of 20th C drama. Albee said that Becket pushed the form to its limits and there at its limits he found his subject matter. So, I asked the last question of the night. I had had my hand up for more than an hour in a room filled with 300 or so people and with a capacity of only 175. Anyway, my question: "At the end of the 20th Century what can we take from Becket into the 21st Century?" Albee and Gusow just laughed at me. So, I stood up in front of the crowd and pressed. I reiterated their foolish comments and finally pointedly asked, "So, if we were to push Becket to his limit what would we find?" Gusow had no answer other than to say to me that we will continue to read Becket in the 21st C. Scanlon said something about the sanctity of the voice. Albee after ridiculing me a bit about my naivete regarding a new deck of cards coming with the new millennium said something about the importance of the individual. The other gentleman, the man that was Becket's assistant said, "To me this is the most important question that can be asked tonight. If there is one thing that we can and should take from Becket is that aesthetics and ethics are one in the same." He went on to say that Becket really thought this.

--Ak

--- Kirby Olson <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>Did Beckett say this? Could you quote him? I don't know his work very well -- I've read

>Waiting for Godot, and a few other things, but don't know much else of his. Do you mean that he

>had neither an appreciation for ethics or aesthetics? Do you think he had a serious sense of

>ethics? Aesthetics? I didn't understand this, and would like to.

>

>-- Kirby

>

>"[REDACTED]" wrote:

>

>> I thought Beckett's body of work argues that that ethics and aesthetics are one in the same?

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401. **Clifford Duffy**

ebbe borregaard

Wed 20 Aug 2003

hello to all --

I am looking for any books by Ebbe Borregaard. Also, does anyone out there know if this poet is still alive, or if he teaches somewhere? Any would information wld. be appreciated. I am a fan of his poetry and am doing some writing which is going to be drawing -- I hope -- drawing some inspiration from his work.

Best baving is red blessing a
nd
thanks
to all
CD

MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE*.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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402. **David Hadbawnik**

The Seventh Game of the World Series

Wed 20 Aug 2003

The Seventh Game of the World Series

San Francisco Fringe Festival

at the Exit on Taylor

(277 Taylor at Eddy St.)

tickets: \$8

Wednesday, Sept. 3, 7pm ? Saturday, Sept. 6,
8.30pm

Sunday, Sept. 7, 8.30pm ? Saturday, Sept. 13,
10pm

May 2002: New York Mets star catcher Mike Piazza, responding to rumors, holds an impromptu press conference before a Mets-Phillies game to tell the world, "I'm not gay. The truth is that I'm heterosexual and date women and that's it. End of story." Mets GM Steve Phillips adds: "If statistics hold up, in every clubhouse there is somebody who is gay. So what? Who cares?"

Inspired by classic musicals, *The Seventh Game of the World Series* takes this premise and runs with it, handling the controversial issue of gay athletes with deft humor and a genuine love for the sport. The story itself is an entirely plausible through-the-looking-glass take on the world of modern baseball: Vincent Valence, superstar shortstop for the Generals, is a rising talent who just needs to finish the season without incident in order to cash in on the free agent market. But Old Man Blackstone, the owner who's been running the team into the ground for years, suddenly has them in the World Series, with his evil, Steinbrennian nephew Frank ready to take over and move the team to Midland. All the media attention has got Vincent feeling more and more uncomfortable with his reputation as a hard-drinking, hard-partying womanizer, a persona he's invented to hide his true sexuality. Vincent's boyfriend Louis is all in favor of his coming out with the truth - except that he also happens to be the star's agent, and so advises Vincent to keep walking a tightrope until he's got him safely signed somewhere for untold millions. But the pressure is getting to both of them, and when the truth of the matter gets into the wrong hands, Vincent Valence has to make a decision that could let down his manager -- a lovable loser who's waited his whole life for a shot at a Series win -- all the rabid fans who've jumped on the Generals' bandwagon, his teammates - and himself.

Besides the coming-out story that this baseball fantasy hinges on, *The Seventh Game of the World Series* dares to ask tough questions about the game of baseball itself, such as: Why can't most owners put a decent team on the field without charging an arm and a leg for everything from bleacher seats to watered-down beer? Why are some fans willing to risk life and limb for any scrap of game-used paraphernalia, no matter how bizarre? And what's up with some teams' hideous uniform combos?

The first version of this piece was produced in January 2003 during the Poets Theater Jamboree, sponsored by Small Press Traffic at CCAC's Timkin Hall. David Hadbawnik (writer and director) is a poet and performer. Stephen Berry (Vincent Valence, star shortstop) is currently an MA student at SFSU, enrolled in the comparative literature department, with a major in Russian literature. Stuart Bousel (Louis Lalime) most recently appeared in No Nude Men's production of Edward II, which he also adapted and directed; his new play, Nooze, will open in San Francisco in November. Chris Leone (Old Man Blackstone) produces the critically acclaimed variety show, "The Smallest Show in Town," and fronts The Lipsey Mountain Spring Band. Joe Leone (Frank Blackstone) has appeared in productions of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead, Rumpelstiltskin, and Damn Yankees. Other players include Adam Genser, Anne Franklin, Perry Smith, Tanya Luckerath, Delphine Mae, and Allison Chen. The play will also feature a four-piece band led by Joel Behrman (Bear Cult, United Brassworkers Front), musical director and arranger, and lighting/stage design by Gina Leone.

for more information visit www.sffringe.org or call [REDACTED]

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403. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

Boog City 9 Now Available

Wed 20 Aug 2003

Please forward

Boog City 9, September 2003

Now Available

(ok, not now, but friday, as it's being distributed tomorrow--see bottom of post for locations--though i do have a copy in my hand right this very moment.)

Boog City 9, September 2003

It's the Bay Area issue, featuring:

--Stephanie Young's travel guide to Oakland, complete with a detailed list of places to eat, shop, visit, and play

--Small press editor Jane Sprague on Meritage Press

--poetry from: Taylor Brady * Del Ray Cross * Donna de la Perriere * Joseph Lease * James Meetze * Catherine Meng * Chris Stroffolino * Eileen Tabios * Delia Tramontina * Stephanie Young

--photos from Staci Foley Marengo and Andrew Nevin Rado

and non-Bay Area stuff, too:

--columnist-at-large Greg Fuchs on the community supported agriculture movement

--Nancy Seewald's Eating Well on a Lousy But Steady Income takes on Caracas Arepa Bar

--Stacey Sledge on Juliana Hatfield's new band, Some Girls, featuring her ex-Blake Babies bandmate Freda Love

--and the September installment of the NYC Poetry Calendar

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--

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www.boogcity.com

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404. **Brian Kim Stefans [arras.net]**

Little Review: Ezra Pound, Poems and Translations

Wed 20 Aug 2003

[I hope to do a much fuller write-up on this book -- Pound was my first great poetic love in high school, and I had far too many ideas about this book than could fit in one paragraph -- so please accept this as "credit" for the later essay. I've put a picture up on the website: www.arras.net/weblog]

Ezra Pound
Poems and Translations
The Library of America
ISBN: 1-931082-41-3
14,000 pages
\$45

The writings of Ezra Pound have been traditionally associated with the late James Laughlin's avant-garde publishing venture New Directions, and volumes such as his 1949 "collected" poems *Personae*, his sprawling epic *The Cantos*, his thick book of *Translations*, and the slim, tidy distillation of *Selected Poems* with its forbidding, purse-lipped profile of the poet, have been foundational, strangely comforting features on poetry lovers' shelves for decades. Containing Pound in a single, albeit huge, volume that made claims to completeness seemed impossible, and yet Richard Sieburth -- best known as a critic and translator of Holderlin -- has done an amazing job of finding and logically arranging nearly everything that Pound wrote that could be called a poem or translation, including the juvenalia of "Hilda's Book" -- written for fellow University of Pennsylvania student Hilda Doolittle -- to the late, moving elegy, first published in 1971, that he wrote for the brother of one of his St. Elizabeths acolytes, but which Sieburth clearly intends for Pound himself: "Out of the turmoil, Mother of Grievs receive him, / Queen of Heaven receive him, / May the sound of the leaves give him peace, / May the hush of the forest receive him." (1203) That Pound could figure himself as a seeker of peace while being, infamously, a virulent anti-Semite and supporter of Mussolini, is just one of the conflicts that make this volume compelling; but except in the rich chronology and footnotes that Sieburth provides (there is, sadly, no introduction), practically none of this social context make its presence known beyond proclivities of style: the poet's always precise, even "macho" meters, the near absence of any intimate or autobiographical tone, and his Puritan impatience with "Symbolist" ambiguities -- he was set on curing the world of the decadent "nineties." That Pound famously considered his life-work, the 800 page *Cantos*, a "botch" -- and took to referring to himself as a "minor satirist" during the last years of his life as he suffered crippling depressions -- makes the verve, optimism and confidence of such undertakings as the reversionings of Guido Cavalcanti and Arnaut Daniel

(however shackled by 19th century conventions), the robust, still fresh "Cathay" sequence, the metrical displays of "Tenzzone," "Dance Figure" and "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" and the innovative "Homage to Sextius Propertius" - all from his richest period before the 1920s - right through his passion for translating Sophocles and Confucius' Classic Anthology, seem like an Icarian flight primed for a great, however morally distressing, fall - one that took some of American poetry's very thirst for hearty, internationalist undertakings with it. Pound believed that all mankind needed to know of literature could be contained in a two-foot shelf, and he set out translating, for a country he thought had yet to ascend out of "barbarism," those works that were missing; his own place on that shelf might not be that thick - all-in-all, many of these pages are taken up by trivial sequences like the "Alfred Venison" poems (Cockney ballads in support of his "social credit" ideas) and the social farce of "Moeurs Contemporaines," idiosyncratic "readers" versions of Sophocles and Japanese Noh plays, and the Confucian works which crave simplicity and wisdom but are clearly the products of a didactic, irascible and fatally undialectic iconoclast: "He said: problem of style? Get the meaning across and then STOP." (731). Yet one can't help to think that the appearance of this volume, which seems streamlined, coherent and *responsible* compared to the many pages of The Cantos that are barely readable due to stylistic infelicities and political excesses - compare his work on the Analects to the "American President Cantos" - will give readers of American poetry a sense of starting over, of renewed energy in resorting through the horrific details of a long, ideologically wounded century and the myriad luminous details of a few millennia of European and Asian literature.

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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405. **Alan Sondheim**
revamped portal site
Wed 20 Aug 2003

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/>

now revamped w/ new and old material added thru wifi on the fly /
i think it may be smaller but chock-full

the cover-story's still the same, just a directory index
a just like this
b just like that
c &&
enjoy

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406. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

Boog City 9 Now Available

Wed 20 Aug 2003

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F: XXXXXXXXXX
www.boogcity.com

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407. **Alan Sondheim**

WiFi

Wed 20 Aug 2003

WiFi

flying on wings of desire flying on wings of desire at a glance. i found out that this was the same weekend as the wings of desire desire. he is camera-men were able to film geese flying at speeds of up to kmh wings longer g am f wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. {{riff g am f wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. {{bridge wings of on wings of desire set my heart on fire you know im flying you know im flying. wings of desire will keep us wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will lose me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire imagine flying without radar into heavy get the idea of what wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. im riding on a wave of love too blue to lose me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. headline: wings of desire, word count century irradiated by a fabulous dream: of flying. wings of desire, realaudio. realaudio. scared of flying, wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. im riding on a wave of love too blue to lose me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will keep us flying for desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will keep us wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will lose me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. im riding on a wave of love too blue to lose me. wings of desire will keep us flying for

eternity. wings of desire. he is referring to the film geese flying at speeds of up to kmh back] wings of desire june and entertainment > books wings of desire. reeks of beer and smoke and that would be the central lund, he decides to drive there. wings of desire. wings of desire by rossi -- rated g the secret desire that i skunks, and she was flying. wings of desire travel agent gold career cone as seen on tv. stainless steel cookware. texas. wings of desire will keep wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. windsor, ontario. flying on wings of desire by vampy (f/) by ginge at precious piercing at wings desire to study than lbs., he cannot fly with wings by his them and details great buy buy wings of desire [import] [soundtrack refreshing to deep desire to know all about flying wings and study desire fiona dalzell lets reminisces on two decades in the flying business; wings of desire - fiona dalzell winged migration; wings of a desire to see the truth: flying wings must be again. a team of over europe, its always a pleasure wings of desire overtake them together and they are flying, locked in the wings of desire, heaven complete windsor, ontario. flying on wings of desire by vampy (f/) by ginge at precious piercing at wings of desire in oslo. first realize that i would be magnificent, that obscure object of desire. are a symbol of gods ginge: flying on wings of desire precious piercing at wings of desire florida); by benenenen (m/) in orange, california. oslo. flying on wings of desire by vampy (f/) by ginge at precious piercing at wings of desire flying experiences. wings of desire. wings of desire sf weekly , aug war, oftentimes together. eurofighter, mans desire to conquer wings is a seven-part and of ptsd-sufferers, and nattanyas desire to help reading broken wings flying reminded me flying on wings of desire flying on wings of desire of desire festival, and ginge and lesley were flying over for it. wings of desire - smh.com.au wings of desire. he is referring to the ultralight flying at speeds of up to kmh g am f wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. {riff g am f wings of desire will keep us flying for > wings of desire : dont you know that im flying im flying dont you know that im flying i fly on wings of desire set my heart on fire you know im flying you know im flying. wings of desire blue to lose me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will keep us wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will me. wings of desire will keep us flying if we hold on to as much as one photograph, or even the desire to attain a state of mind devoid wings of desire will me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. wings of desire will me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. smh.com.au - wings of desire wings of desire. he is referring to the ultralight aircraft used speeds of up to kmh wings of desire back] wings of desire june he entertainment > books > wings of desire he sees himself lying in the decides to drive there.

wings of desire. wings of desire by rossi hair that had a stripe like a skunks,
and she was flying. wings of desire lose me. wings of desire will keep us fly-
ing for eternity. windsor, ontario. flying on wings of desire by vampy (f/) by
ginge at precious piercing at wings of desire in oslo. down-to-earth guide for
any woman with a desire to soar flying high flying high with broken wings a
down-to-earth guide desire to study off to expression is a fulfillment of a per-
sonal desire. wings what reflect on what see details great buy buy wings of
desire [import] to best flying trip i have had! wings of desire fiona dalzell
about close, so close and flying, locked in the wings of desire, heaven desire
by vampy (f/) by ginge at precious piercing at wings of desire in oslo. first sus-
pension soaring personally, i don't have any for freedom freedom freedom free-
dom on the wings of desire flying so www.scifest.org.za. the desire to fly is
natural flying without wings. that i would be magnificent, that obscure object
of desire. flying and most loft in scripture, wings are wings of desire precious
piercing at wings of desire (oslo); by good (m/) in orange, california. oslo. fly-
ing on wings of desire by vampy (f/) by ginge at precious piercing at wings of
desire in oslo. oswego, ny. end cap explained by the desire to avoid how did
you come up with wings of desire to help reading broken wings was an eye-
opening experience

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408. **alexander saliby**
Re: revamped portal site

Wed 20 Aug 2003

alan,

Now this work is masterful!!!

It may well take me two years to finish working my way through this effort,
but...BUT, I will count every second of viewing/reading/listening as time well
spent.

There are on the net VVP's (verbal/Visual Polutants), unfortunately, there are
far too few VVC's (Verbal/Visual Creations). Your work here is exemplary VVC.
Bravo!

Oh, and have I not seen this face elsewhere? 10trilby.JPG 20-Aug-2003
04:53 163k

Alex

P.S. Kudos intended to be read by the world at large.

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

From: Alan Sondheim

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 6:59 PM

Subject: revamped portal site

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/>

now revamped w/ new and old material added thru wifi on the fly /

i think it may be smaller but chock-full

the cover-story's still the same, just a directory index

a just like this

b just like that

c &&

enjoy

—

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409. **Steve Evans**

Attention Span: Third Factory Mid-Year Roundup

Thu 21 Aug 2003

In June of 2003, I invited readers of the website Third Factory / Notes to Poetry <<http://www.thirdfactory.net/ensemble.html> > to submit constellations of up to eleven titles representing their own present interests as readers.

While an emphasis on poetry titles published after 2000 was encouraged, other items of literary, cultural, and political interest were also welcomed.

I am grateful to everyone who made time to participate in this provisional (and indeed radically incomplete) attempt at charting the shifting field of our singular and collective attentions.

I invite Poetics-L readers to have a look--and drop me a line if you're interested in participating in a year-end installment in December 03/January 04.

Best to all,

Steve Evans

Assembled titles from 29 contributors:

<http://www.thirdfactory.net/attentionspan03-26.html>

Individually signed and commented lists:

<http://www.thirdfactory.net/atsp0326-individ.html>

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410. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: revamped portal site

Thu 21 Aug 2003

Thank you - in the trilby image, it's Azure (my partner and wife) taken in infra-red...

Azure is in a lot of my work; in infra-red the face appears almost juvenile or sculpted marble; one can lose oneself in the invisible -

Alan

<http://www.asondheim.org/> <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/>

http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Trace projects

<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> finger [REDACTED]

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411. **Joel Weishaus**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Thu 21 Aug 2003

He has 27 songs on my "On the Mesa: An Anthology of Bolinas Writing." (City Lights Books, 1971) As for still being alive, I'd be interested in knowing too.

-Joel W.

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

From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 1:05 PM

Subject: ebbe borregaard

> hello to all --

>

>

> I am looking for any books by Ebbe Borregaard. Also, does anyone out there
> know if this poet is still alive, or if he teaches somewhere? Any would
> information wld. be appreciated. I am a fan of his poetry and am doing
some

> writing which is going to be drawing -- I hope -- drawing some inspiration
> from his work.

>

> Best baving is red blessing a

> nd

> thanks

> to all

> CD

>

>

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> <http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

[↑ Contents](#)

412. **Gary Sullivan**

Sentences of Increasing Complexity

Thu 21 Aug 2003

```
oo _ ,
_ ((-' _ / S*E*N*T*E*N*C*E*S
/      "" ,
',O | # " O*F
', _ / -. # "
(G_ ``' \ " I*N*C*R*E*A*S*I*N*G
      \ # ",
      \ # " C*O*M*P*L*E*X*I*T*Y
      \ "
      \ # # ",
      \ # ",
```

1. Thanks. ,
2. Wow, thanks.
3. Wow, thanks for the giraffe!
4. Wow, thanks for the giraffe; it's so graceful!
5. Wow, thanks for the giraffe; it's so graceful--and so orange!
6. Wow, thanks for the giraffe; it's so graceful--and so orange (a color one doesn't usually associate with gracefulness)!
7. Wow, thanks for the giraffe; it's so graceful--and so orange (a color one doesn't usually associate with gracefulness) ... you must be exhausted!
8. Wow, thanks for the giraffe; it's so graceful--and so orange (a color one doesn't usually associate with gracefulness!) ... you must be exhausted: can I get you something to drink?
9. "Wow, thanks for the giraffe; it's so graceful--and so orange (a color one doesn't usually associate with gracefulness!) ... you must be exhausted: can I get you something to drink?" Heinrich asked, ushering Joey Frazetta and the 20-foot, 2,800-pound beast into his cramped Spandauer Vorstadt apartment.

10. "Wow, thanks for the giraffe; it's so graceful--and so orange (a color one doesn't usually associate with gracefulness) ... you must be exhausted: can I get you something to drink?" Heinrich asked, ushering Joey and the 20-foot, 2,800-pound beast into his cramped Spandauer Vorstadt apartment, thinking, _Mein Gott, mein amerikanischer Freund ist geisteskrank gegangen!_

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<http://join.msn.com/?page=dept/dialup>

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413. **ryan fitzpatrick**

process01 chaplet: "What's so wrong with being Poplar?"

Thu 21 Aug 2003

process01: chaplet

"What's so wrong with being Poplar?"

A forest fire in my lungs comes from pine.
National forests hide in cupboards. The larval stage,
a white legless grub, develops and feeds inside the leaves
of Poplar and other landscape trees, including Maple.
Farewell to the shade, the lazy days of picnics,
the latest bed and breakfast accommodations.

Subsequently, the shoreline was graded to make the loop road, because of the uneven teeth along its leaf margins.

"In 'What's so wrong with being Poplar?', ryan fitzpatrick answers just that and in the process discovers the dark, secret life of the Poplar tree. In this world, Poplars stalk Maple trees with machetes and turn up stones to eat termites."

Published on a long sheet of 5.5x17 pale yellow paper folded brochure wise.
Email ryan fitzpatrick () if you're interested in getting a copy.

Protect your PC - get McAfee.com VirusScan Online
<http://clinic.mcafee.com/clinic/ibuy/campaign.asp?cid=3963>

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414. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Thu 21 Aug 2003

{ He has 27 songs on my "On the Mesa: An Anthology of Bolinas Writing."
(City

{ Lights Books, 1971) As for still being alive, I'd be interested in knowing
{ too.
{
{ -Joel W.
{
{
{ ----- Original Message -----
{ From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>
{ To: <[REDACTED]>
{ Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 1:05 PM
{ Subject: ebbe borregaard
{
{
{ > hello to all --
{ >
{ >
{ > I am looking for any books by Ebbe Borregaard. Also, does anyone out
there
{ > know if this poet is still alive, or if he teaches somewhere? Any would
{ > information wld. be appreciated. I am a fan of his poetry and am doing
{ some
{ > writing which is going to be drawing -- I hope -- drawing some inspiration
{ > from his work.
{ >
{ > Best baving is red blessing a
{ > nd
{ > thanks
{ > to all
{ > CD
{ >
{ >
{ > _____
{ > MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE*.
{ > http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus
{

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415. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Thu 21 Aug 2003

Seems to be alive and living in Sonoma, California.
Try the White Pages.

Hal Serving the tri-state area.

Halvard Johnson

=====email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

```
{
{   He has 27 songs on my "On the Mesa: An Anthology of Bolinas Writing."
(City
{   Lights Books, 1971) As for still being alive, I'd be interested in knowing
{   too.
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{   -Joel W.
{
{
{   ----- Original Message -----
{   From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>
{   To: <[REDACTED]>
{   Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 1:05 PM
{   Subject: ebbe borregaard
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{   > from his work.
{   >
{   > Best having is red blessing a
{   > nd
{   > thanks
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{   >
{   > _____
{   > MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE*.
{   > http://join.msn.com/?pagebatures/virus
{
{
```


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416. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: Little Review: Ezra Pound, Poems and Translations

Thu 21 Aug 2003

on 8/20/03 6:36 PM, Brian Kim Stefans [arras.net] at [REDACTED] wrote:

Ezra Pound
Poems and Translations
The Library of America
ISBN: 1-931082-41-3
14,000 pages (!!!!!!!!!!!!!)
\$45

14,000 pages! A conceptual piece is in order. Soon as the weather cools down, why not organize a two column poet's brigade to meet at a designated border town in Iraq. Each column will start with 7,000 pages each. After determining the circumference of Iraq's borders in miles, the brigades will walk in opposite direction to circumnavigate the entire border of Iraq. Page by page, the brigades will mark their walk with Pound's poems, the number for each mile being determined by 14,000 pages divided by the total number of miles. (Quick Google research has yet to determine this circumference figure). Locating and placing the poems as temporary border marks, each marking will feature a brief brigade reading of the poem in the manner of a chorus. Morning and evening brigade discussions will focus on various issues surrounding the Pound poems of the day (legacy - literary, political, etc.) each of which will be taped. Encounters with Iraqi locals, United States military personnel, topography will also be documented. Sumerian scholars - Iraqi and non-Iraqi will be invited to reflect and contribute on the relationship between Pound, Sumeria and contemporary discourse on the lyric, translation and linguistic strategies in contemporary Iraq. Each member of the pilgrimage will, of course, carry wireless computers and maintain a reflective blog.

I am not sure what this is all about. Or is it about how does any go about meaningfully and/or creatively reading 14,000 pages? Or how does one pro-actively read (if that's a requirement) through what Barry W would/has called Bad History?

Stephen Vincent

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417. **Alan Sondheim**

A New Furtherfield & New Work... (fwd)

Thu 21 Aug 2003

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

Date: Thu, 21 Aug 2003 19:04:09 +0100

From: furtherfield <[REDACTED]>

To: furtherfield <[REDACTED]>

Subject: A New Furtherfield & New Work...

Furtherfield.org are pleased to announce a new adventure.

<http://www.furtherfield.org>

Furtherfield has a new content management system and new design. This is the first stage in a gradual shift which will allow visitors and artist members to contribute more dynamically to the site.

A big shout goes out to artist Chris Webb who has recently become an essential member of Furtherfield and has left his own excellent Pogogallery.com to join the team. He has worked with us consistently on the new site, taking the lead in its redesign.

Also, a cute holler of intense gratitude goes out to new recruit Adrian Eaton, the content management dude who is also currently working with Ruth Catlow on 'Rethinking Wargames Activate'.

<http://www.furtherfield.org/rcatlow/converse/documents/rethink.htm>

Other new changes on the new Furtherfield site?

Visitors can now register with furtherfield and become members (no charge).

Members can now contribute dynamically to discussions about the artwork featured on Furtherfield and receive regular updates about latest activities.

The 'Public Broadcast' section on the home page enables visitors to upload information about projects and events relating to digital/web/net art from all over the world.

And yes, more artwork featured on Furtherfield

The Archaea Series - Alan Sondheim

Graffoto - Man of the Crowd/ Glowlab

Frequency Love - Chris Webb

PANSE - Páll Thayer

World - Glorious Ninth

Web Cam Theatre - Ivan Pope

The House that George Built - Dion Laurent

The Archaea Series - Alan Sondheim

'I've developed, over the last few years, certain assumptions about software art. Just browse through the many entries available at runme.org (<http://runme.org/>), and you, too will likely come away with some of these assumptions: that software art is, at its heart, utilitarian; it functions, it does something; it's tool-like; it's often more software than art. Over the last month or so, July and August 2003, the writer Alan Sondheim has been happily chipping away at those assumptions. - Lewis Lacook

Read full text and view the work at

http://www.furtherfield.org/displayreview.php?From=Index&review_id=39

Graffoto - Man of the Crowd/ Glowlab

'In Graffoto02, MOTC (man of the crowd) has printed out photographs of the streets, pasted them back onto the surfaces where they were taken, and then rephotographed them in situ. I guess that in the streets these images act as a mirror of sorts for the street artists of Brooklyn. Also as a sign that the guttural and wonderfully articulated expressions of protest, humour, threat and joie de vivre can be both appreciated and participated in but also consumed by the world of mediation. These second stage images do evoke a strange threat of surveillance.' - Ruth Catlow

Read full text and view the work at

http://www.furtherfield.org/displayreview.php?From=Index&review_id=40

Frequency Love - Chris Webb

'Frequency Love is a net art piece, not in the networked sense but conceptually filled to the brim with a net consciousness, a net object. This visual deviation playfully captures the dark side of the Internet and its globally collective and obsessive mannerist activities. It reveals a psychological nuance of the everyday Internet sexual experience.' - Marc Garrett. Read full text and view the work at

http://www.furtherfield.org/displayreview.php?From=Index&review_id=4

PANSE - Páll Thayer

'PANSE is the latest in a series of generative audio-visual pieces created by Reykjavík based artist Páll Thayer. PANSE or 'Public Access Network Sound Engine' is a server based program which creates a live audio stream based on (multi) user interaction. Alongside the continuous live mp3 stream, visitors to the site can interact with the piece, modifying and mutating the audio created in real time, through a series of interfaces that also respond visually to the live audio data being generated by PANSE and other concurrent visitors.' - Neil Jenkins

Read full text and view the work at

http://www.furtherfield.org/displayreview.php?review_id=46

World - Glorious Ninth

'This strangely emotional work weaves finely tuned aesthetic formalism with polemic. Unusually for Internet based media works (though not for much of the generative Flash work made by collaborators Kate Southworth and Patrick Simons of GloriusNinth), after an initial cascade of data, the piece unfolds at an intensely slow pace, inducing a mesmeric state in the viewer and winding down the desire to click, for the next feature.' - Ruth Catlow

Read full text and view the work at

http://www.furtherfield.org/displayreview.php?review_id=43

Web Cam Theatre - Ivan Pope

'Objects are cast in a performative context displaying motion and time using Internet technology. By using very basic equipment, cheap web cams, cheap software, cheap objects Ivan has created a twilight world. We witness a psychogeographically influenced environment that engages a fluent mix of conceptual and poetic crossovers with performance/live action. The installation is minimal, with light settings, the quality of the image and time-based changes largely uncontrollable.' - Marc Garrett

Read full text and view the work at

http://www.furtherfield.org/displayreview.php?review_id=38

The House that George Built - Dion Laurent

Dion Laurent's website of 'The House that George Built' contains 3 galleries of photographs which document a remarkable, satirical project in the grand tradition of doing exactly as you are told, in order to reveal and subvert the idiocy of national government. The shelter that Laurent built in his home, takes as its starting point, instructions issued by the US Department of Homeland Security in their 'Campaign for citizen preparedness'.

Read full text and view the work at

http://www.furtherfield.org/displayreview.php?From=Index&review_id=45

See you there

<http://www.furtherfield.org>

If you are not supposed to be on our email list - please just put 'unsubscribe' in the subject header & we will delete you from our list. Thank you.

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418. **Michael Rothenberg**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Thu 21 Aug 2003

Kevin Opstedal mentions Ebbe at Jack Magazine.
<http://www.jackmagazine.com/issue3/renhist.html>

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

From: "Joel Weishaus" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, August 21, 2003 10:44 AM

Subject: Re: ebbe borregaard

> He has 27 songs on my "On the Mesa: An Anthology of Bolinas Writing."
(City

> Lights Books, 1971) As for still being alive, I'd be interested in knowing
> too.

>

> -Joel W.

>

>

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

> From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>

> To: <[REDACTED]>

> Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 1:05 PM

> Subject: ebbe borregaard

>

>

> > hello to all --

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> > I am looking for any books by Ebbe Borregaard. Also, does anyone out
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> > <http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>
>

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419. **Kirby Olson**
Re: ethics/aesthetics

Thu 21 Aug 2003

Anastasios,

As I ponder *Waiting for Godot* in my memory I can't recall any sense of an ethical message in it.

It's very hard for me to place what this French director Pierre (Chabron? -- I forgot the name already and am too lazy to look up the post once more, but will look it up after I've posted) meant by this phrase. For instance, Wittgenstein said EXACTLY the same thing in the *Tractatus* -- in fact it is the only remark he makes about aesthetics in the ENTIRE *Tractatus* -- "Ethics and aesthetics are one and the same." But what he apparently meant by this was that one can't say ANYTHING intelligible about either one because their domain lies outside of language in what he was dismissing at the time as the mystical. "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one should remain silent!" Later on he reverses this position and talks about the open-endedness of art (a concept that I haven't sufficiently mastered), but in the *Tractatus* he says just what your French director said about Beckett, and said that Beckett thought. But what is meant by this? A Marxist might think he meant that aesthetics was actually just ethics, but what he was in fact doing was dismissing both of them. When you think of Beckett he also had a real absence of any kind of transcendent value (*Godot* never arrives), and thus maybe couldn't talk of aesthetics/ or ethics, and so maybe the director was saying that Beckett and early Wittgenstein were on the same page in terms of saying that neither functioned as reference points in their universe.

As for Albee -- his latest play (the man must be in his 90s) was about a man who divorces his wife because he has fallen in love with a goat. This play baffled everybody I know who saw it. He didn't just want to have bestial sex with the goat, or maybe it was a sheep, I didn't see the play, but just read a review and talked with a number of people who went. The male lead was completely smitten by the quadruped. He was IN LOVE with it, and adored it, and so on. The actor who played the lead role has a name that I constantly forget -- he played

the president in Armageddon -- William maybe something. He gave an interview in which he said that he had no idea what the play was about, but for 75 thousand dollars a night, he was willing to perform it.

-- Kirby

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420. **Harrison Jeff**

a horse by any other bright articulate interior

Thu 21 Aug 2003

dreadful revolting tea-leaf dog,
with your face of a withered pig,
rabidly misadventurous,
you cannot catch a break

*

the forest
well-marked
this half
of the zoo

*

that's a dandy birthday of a sleeve
sticking out from your shirt, Fido boy

*

my nest underground
- sustained caged
- caged
wanted charm alluring poor,
neither
wet
nor flesh,
an everyday patron

*

Aphrodite
is a small
companion
who can
embalm
the lonely
moonrise,

said
William Grocyn,
pioneer
of Greek studies
in England,
while expelling
the Devil's inhale,
harrowing
does God
no favors

*

dousers wish
sympathetic flesh
more liquid glyphs
preferred my world
the world they knew

*

pronouncement
is a sound of
desecrated tombs,
their
enriched
initials
leak to
the finish
&, nearby,
begin
anew -

*

presumption
tears up a
miniature
distribution
of dead pity

language is pity,
the vilest
curse a
blessing
a vocable

pulses
from breath
to death,
how many
are needed
to outlive
us as prayer?

*

rain arranged her
strength indoors,
she'll hum poor joys
unknown as several seas
the hidden "so long"
leaning away like anger

*

greetings'
growth
mourned
fraudulent
uprootings

*

sleek horses
hang together
& conceal her
new science
a dozen times
at least

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<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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421. **Harrison Jeff**
BIG CAR BOTH WAYS

Thu 21 Aug 2003

unconscionable child, in a laugh show them the bird
your distance hacks into a regular form &
the third remaining time should've sped to your side

vicissitudes commuting their dears,
offerings shut them up auditorium of drudgery,
nine hundred donations spread for bows,
even quizzical bows the work forecast to
native-empire-knightingale chords
uncompassed frustration buried in earth & sky
satellite abed, good Ianthe is dead
perdition your due on this earth
Ianthe yet a spectre stored in the world,
her dawn is kept to a minimum
the slightest soliciting expects the World
plainly, Ianthe, animation is a burning present
& animation is a thing of the past, Ianthe,
it's no use to number figures the less to
fulfill the market of venom =

this should
exceed
the bodies
considered
succulent

Chat privately
with Bon Jovi, Seal, Bow Wow, or Mary J Blige using MSN Messenger!
<http://www5.msnmessenger-download.com/imastar/default.aspx>

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422. **patrick dunagan**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Thu 21 Aug 2003

yes he's alive and well. Or so was in the last couple of years when he read poems, at least once, at New College in San Francisco. (may be it was a few years back. I know he read when the re-issue of Donald Allen's anthology came out.) If my memory is accurate, he did say something along the lines of that he doesn't right much anymore and what he read went back about 30 years. He was charming though.

Patrick Dunagan

--

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

DATE: Thu, 21 Aug 2003 14:01:58

From: Halvard Johnson <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Cc:

*Seems to be alive and living in Sonoma, California.
Try the White Pages.*

Hal Serving the tri-state area.

Halvard Johnson

=====>email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

```
{
{  He has 27 songs on my "On the Mesa: An Anthology of Bolinas Writing." (City
{  Lights Books, 1971) As for still being alive, I'd be interested in knowing
{  too.
{
{  -Joel W.
{
{
{  ----- Original Message -----
{  From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>
{  To: <[REDACTED]>
{  Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 1:05 PM
{  Subject: ebbe borregaard
{
{
{  > hello to all --
{  >
{  >
{  > I am looking for any books by Ebbe Borregaard. Also, does anyone out there
{  > know if this poet is still alive, or if he teaches somewhere? Any would
{  > information wld. be appreciated. I am a fan of his poetry and am doing
{  some
{  > writing which is going to be drawing -- I hope -- drawing some inspiration
{  > from his work.
{  >
{  > Best baving is red blessing a
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{  > MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE*.
{  > http://join.msn.com/?pagepatures/virus
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Get advanced SPAM filtering on Webmail or POP Mail ... Get Lycos Mail!
<http://login.mail.lycos.com/r/referral?aid'005>

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423. **mIEKAL aND**
wryte thru the roof

Thu 21 Aug 2003

feeling blogless in cybertopia? the folks at the wrytings list invite you to jam the circuits at a new blog

wrytings -- tethered writing

~to view:

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

~to collaborate with the ongoing text:

<http://www.blogger.com>

signin box is upper right;

username: (wryteon)

password: (wryter)

~after you sign in, you need to select the wryting blog link.

& dont forget to enter text in the box, no telling what you might wryte...

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424. **Stephen Vincent**
Re: ebbe borregaard

Thu 21 Aug 2003

For the audibles and maybe video tape, I believe Borregaard read possibly with Robin Blazer years ago at the SF State Poetry Center in the 70's. Check the Archives Catalog for either audio or video tape. . Bill Berkson - I suspect - will know Borregaard's fate (with us or not). My vague impression is that he ended up spending a lot of time in a boat off Bolinas, fishing perhaps, which fed his poems. But anybody in the former or present Bolinas world would know - say, Joanne Kyger, Grenier. I also suspect - similar to Harold Dull and Rick Duerden (now passed) once Spicer departed in 1965, the strings went dead and they never regained their gifts on their own. Nevertheless they created wonderful stuff while the ripples (Waves) were strong in the circle.

Stephen Vincent

on 8/21/03 11:55 AM, Michael Rothenberg at [REDACTED] wrote:

Kevin Opstedal mentions Ebbe at Jack Magazine.
<http://www.jackmagazine.com/issue3/renhist.html>

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

From: "Joel Weishaus" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, August 21, 2003 10:44 AM

Subject: Re: ebbe borregaard

He has 27 songs on my "On the Mesa: An Anthology of Bolinas Writing."
(City
Lights Books, 1971) As for still being alive, I'd be interested in knowing
too.

-Joel W.

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

From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 1:05 PM

Subject: ebbe borregaard

hello to all --

I am looking for any books by Ebbe Borregaard. Also, does anyone out
there
know if this poet is still alive, or if he teaches somewhere? Any would
information wld. be appreciated. I am a fan of his poetry and am doing
some
writing which is going to be drawing -- I hope -- drawing some
inspiration
from his work.

Best baving is red blessing a
nd
thanks
to all
CD

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<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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425. **hell.com**

emergency

Thu 21 Aug 2003

release of the new issue of emergency almanac

<http://emergencypress.org/>

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426. **Alan Sondheim**

PORTAL

Fri 22 Aug 2003

PORTAL

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427. **Alan Sondheim**

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Fri 22 Aug 2003

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428. **kari edwards**
Anti-transgender violence hits D.C. again
Fri 22 Aug 2003

<http://www.planetout.com/pno/about/jobs/splash.html>

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

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

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

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

No arrests have been made in the two incidents.

On Saturday, transgender performer Bella Evangelista was fatally shot in what police are investigating as a potential hate crime. A suspect for the shooting is in custody.

The Washington-based Human Rights Campaign (HRC), the nation's largest GLBT rights advocacy group, mourned the killings.

"No person should live in fear of being attacked just because of who they are," Elizabeth Birch, HRC's executive director, said in a statement. "These hate crimes are vicious reminders of the work left to be done in ensuring the safety of every member of the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender community."

"In a year where 12 individuals have reportedly lost their lives to anti-transgender violence in the United States of America," Gwen Smith, founder of the Remembering Our Dead Project, said, "it is astounding that we have yet to see national hate crimes protections inclusive of gender identity."

One year ago, two Washington-area transgender teens were shot multiple times while sitting in a parked car. The killings remain unsolved, despite a \$50,000 reward.

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429. **August Highland**

Advanced Design Substrate Procurement

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Advanced Design Substrate Procurement

Used other fondle tits, swinging back forth now like couple down up mind want one thing. only one thing will terrified knew Tom. Gerald, laying down last bun knee expressly call names," said, unintelligible foundation things. may compare Archetypal Ideas head. stood, turned back bank jets wall shower. moved front back. Sluice let water escape again below. plain, force water struck study, seemed door opened shut almost ceaselessly throughout instant, seen face strange looking up incomprehensible air being. "baby's crying," said willie. down hall jenny. facilities wrote. superfluous again disappeared waves. take walk round property, cultures working within family. ought getting back office," said. Called spirit social tolerance more exchange information hurting, withdrew, feel water shower head shaft balls, adding sensations. faces sons myself. bringing felt towards dangerous ground. Day one those days, will noticed. even tea garden bricked bit, kindhearted old creature widow, relation help look one taken leave pretty gentle dark-eyed girl, motherly woman who. Blush think altogether wholly wrong, ready offer imaginable quiet, hurts looked stay home. Early next morning went corner deceive entrap?" smaller hammers want sir?" untouched orifice. Gratitude, knowing dissatisfied myself. Finally other waitress came Tammy off. party time!" said came. Found difficult, possible, mabel creep along tunnel yew-hedge. neither nor can now circumstances lady acted otherwise forced telling one pumped space within, one's whole material body sweats. Directly taken down. "because cheat. things only fairy's wand." last sentence, wishes most eyeballs, eardrums, like. These organs large easy chair, sat opposite couch. tucked legs up started fuck. Breath. hadn't realized holding exact moment. made hour just staff car, soon window, pelted coming never supposed thing. Manuscript round truncheon, appearance occasionally referring, nearly Agnes keep crying. felt must something more lest Willie. Mamma. got tight.

now give bottle, please." hiding far away where admires?" "Why wreak revenge male sex? revenge?" think Joe?" stood yesterday. mean Gerald can go fair conjuring." comprehended. Mirrors now happened time son great king abroad gold-tree marrying. Hence necessary one fix specific time contemplation, studies, think recollect read father?" fact much storage, perhaps other. Parachute deploy reserve. outsider, something connected sorrows maladjustments world, life, quite way off moonlight, worm-like form, maintenance money matches. Threatened wits law operates. anxiety" just going never late, beads perspiration, air radiating sex. certainly paid money. alive now alive went pick raspberries, many Munachar used pick Wool. everything else possessed, enlist India private soldier. became less easy weakness entire dependence dear fellow fallen go. Possession. owners world. very clear. world property. search loudly horse, fortunate take precautions ensure far safety enjoyed view. Finally gave up just put shriek hysterical. Members told six more, during discussion, believed knew where gods religion. Often some religions polytheistic many gods General lank grey beggarman put finger either outside straw whiff, away. Intertwined entered, conducive practice. why people go Ashramas monasteries, ,?" wave, wave subsides very base touches root, root other waves. Horses lived, close parson's garden corner, foot wall, drain fit find uneasy think must dropped straw coach. knew very well, idea. Trabb's boy smote hair uprose, maidens fonder music other creatures. Mikayla began frown slightly. almost passengers exited plane, Willie saw strange woman room, something lying lap. went up riding black between two, plain Priory extended good way now other. Reductions, deca already looking reducing number regions. now, life. Reality quite different eyes even think minds. eyes business. worry extraneous thoughts now. shut completely now wholly "Well. Every moment. can never dimly perhaps beneficial anybody, beneficial Herbert. lavish. Neddy's crupper legs wings tired." through, lie obscurely last among, medicines baskets grannie tells big towns. like Great Doctor's reappeared hundred times neither more sure nor less sure dark. Pocket brought up cradle one who nature things must marry title, "Now," pursued lawyer, address rest understand, first, Jack Master poor woman three sons. eldest second eldest cunning. Speed. time hailed stopped, both steamers drifting away rising, Warfighting defensiveness. go anywhere. fight. taken." feeling declared gone ahead amazing rate. also front-loaded 1995. Atmosphere totality experience, conscious object. conscious help anxious weather, except, indeed, heard papa getting up head Hector," said Willie, who casting glances stole some bread, some. Atone rashness. course know everything." first finch saw, honour staring while. cringes. Wemmick opinion." two juxtaposition, will advantage accrues, really speaking, amount contact space time. Energies, made indiscriminate totter birch-rod. receiving charge want disagreeable!" Many people think biology exact science, while pounding chest real. "Ah!-

Where Willie? Time, also, understood particulars shoe made, indeed done
best fellow, used think doctor some day, feel Hudden nudged civilians, youth
today who leaders tomorrow. Will able said.

august highland

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430. **August Highland**

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Seven)

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Seven)

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Version: 6.0.510 / Virus Database: 307 - Release Date: 8/14/2003

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431. **Kevin Hehir**

Premiere Magazine: Arnold the Barbarian

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Here's an infamous exposé on Arnold's womanizing ways that Premiere magazine did a couple of years back. Until recently it was available on the magazine's web site archives, but it seems to have been pulled. Luckily one can find it elsewhere on the web. If you like reading celebrity dirt, this is a good read.

http://www.slumdance.com/blogs/brian_flemming/archives/000300.html

[http://groups.google.com/groups?safe=images&ie=ISO-8859-1&as_umsgid=\[REDACTED\]&lr=&hl=en](http://groups.google.com/groups?safe=images&ie=ISO-8859-1&as_umsgid=[REDACTED]&lr=&hl=en)

Arnold the Barbarian

Premiere Magazine

March 2001

By John Connolly

Once, he was a box office terminator. But now that Arnold Schwarzenegger has lost some of his muscle in Hollywood, stories of his boorish behavior can no longer be routinely erased. Then again, he'd make a helluva politician.

The tabloid press got a nice Christmas present late last year when Arnold Schwarzenegger tore through a day of publicity work in London, promoting his latest film, *The 6th Day*, which had just opened there. In less than 24 hours, the star was said to have attempted to, as high school boys used to say, cop a little feel from three different female talk-show hosts. The level of consternation expressed by those who received this hands-on treatment from the hulking, Austrian-born international superstar ranged from none whatsoever (Denise Van Outen of *The Big Breakfast* invites her guests to lie on a bed with her and, hence, probably has a rather elastic definition of what constitutes inappropriate behavior) to irked (on tape, Celebrity interviewer Melanie Sykes looks a little thrown off after Arnold gives her a very definite squeeze on the rib cage, directly under her right breast) to, finally, righteously indignant. Anna Richardson of *Big Screen* claims that after the cameras stopped rolling for her interview segment, Schwarzenegger, apparently attempting to ascertain whether Richardson's breasts were real, tweaked her nipple and then laughed at her objections. "I left the room quite shaken," she says. "What was more upsetting was that his people rushed to protect him and scapegoated me, and not one person came to apologize afterward."

No apologies, indeed: A subsequent statement from Schwarzenegger attorney Martin Singer characterized Richardson as someone trying to get her "15 minutes of fame." After all, why else would she create such an "outrageous fabrication" (Singer's phrase) against a married man-Schwarzenegger has been wed to NBC's Maria Shriver since 1986-a father of four, someone who ceaselessly espouses family values in the press? On the other hand, the stills of Schwarzenegger grinning as he pats Van Outen's hip or of his give-me-some-sugar-baby expression as he tries to draw Sykes close to him are a little unsettling. Was Arnold jet-lagged? Going through a midlife crisis?

"You don't get it," says a producer who's worked with Schwarzenegger. "That's the way Arnold always behaves. For some reason, [this time] the studio or the publicists couldn't put enough pressure on the women to kill the story."

Terminating bad press was once relatively easy for Schwarzenegger, who for much of the '80s and a good part of the '90s was a veritable money-making

machine for the studios. And while some of his most recent films have enjoyed less-than-stellar box office performances, he is still a very huge star and one of the highest-paid actors in the world: He reportedly received \$25 million for his work in the 1999 disappointment *End of Days*. Accordingly, Schwarzenegger films are always big-budget affairs; as such, they provide lots of jobs to lots of people and generate lots of money to lots of studio suits and other peripheral players. Arnold is not just a rich movie star; he's the straw that stirs the drinks. The sort of person, in other words, who tends to get indulged. A lot.

"The second I walked into the room," Anna Richardson says, several weeks after the incident, "he was like a dog in heat." Other stories about Schwarzenegger tend to fit her simile. During the production of the 1991 mega-blockbuster *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, a producer on that film recalls Arnold's emerging from his trailer one day and noticing a fortyish female crew member, who was wearing a silk blouse. Arnold went up to the woman, put his hands inside her blouse, and proceeded to pull her breasts out of her bra. Another observer says, "I couldn't believe what I was seeing. This woman's nipples were exposed, and here's Arnold and a few of his clones laughing. I went after the woman, who had run to the shelter of a nearby trailer. She was hysterical but refused to press charges for fear of losing her job. It was disgusting."

A former Schwarzenegger employee recalls another incident from the T2 days. At the time, director James Cameron was married but having an affair with one of the film's stars, Linda Hamilton. One evening, while riding in a limo with Cameron, Hamilton, and others, Schwarzenegger suddenly lifted Hamilton onto his lap and began fondling her breasts through the very thin top she was wearing. The witness says, "I couldn't believe Cameron didn't have the balls to tell Arnold to get off his girl. The whole thing made me sick."

A female producer on one of Schwarzenegger's films tells of a time when her ex-husband came to visit the set. When she introduced the man to Schwarzenegger, the star quipped, "Is this guy the reason why you didn't come up to my hotel room last night and suck my cock?"

A woman who went to the set of 1996's *Eraser* recalls the friend she was visiting there being asked to retrieve Schwarzenegger from his trailer for a shot that was ready to roll earlier than expected. "He asked me if I wanted to meet Arnold, and I said sure. When we opened the door to his trailer, Arnold was giving oral sex to a woman. He looked up and, with that accent, said very slowly, 'Eating is not cheating.' I met him again about a year later and asked him, in German, whether or not eating was cheating, and he just laughed."

It's clearly convenient for a guy who preaches family values in interviews- particularly when he's promoting the Inner-City Games Foundation, his youth charity, and citing single parenting as a major social woe-to have some loose

parameters as to what constitutes cheating on one's wife. (It depends on what your definition of define is.) By some accounts, Maria Shriver has not had it all that easy. Two people witnessed an incident at a 7 a.m. tennis game that Mr. and Mrs. Schwarzenegger were playing at their hotel, during the shooting of *Total Recall*. One of the witnesses says, "Maria started throwing up. She couldn't play, and Arnold started berating her and then stomped off the court. At noon that day, the smiling couple announced that Maria was pregnant." Schwarzenegger was also seen carrying on with his *Total Recall* costar Rachel Ticotin. A journalist who once accompanied the (then) married Ticotin and Schwarzenegger on an evening out says, "The three of us had gone to dinner, where the two of them were all lovey-dovey. We then went to a nightclub, but I left to go back to the Hotel Nikko México soon thereafter. When I left them, they were making out and were all over each other on a banquette. The next day, I saw Arnold and Maria strolling out of the elevator. Maria gave me the look a married woman does when she knows that you know her husband is cheating on her. I felt terrible for her."

A lot of people must feel the same. A lawyer who frequents Café Roma, a Beverly Hills bistro that is a hangout for real and wannabe wiseguys, says, "Whenever I see Schwarzenegger and his crew [walk into the place], I leave quickly and go to another restaurant. This guy is a real pig. He will say the most disgusting sexual things to women he doesn't know. Everybody knows he is Arnold Schwarzenegger. . . . But in any other city, somebody would have cracked him by now." In Hollywood, though, nobody cracks a billion-dollar box office gorilla.

Schwarzenegger's extraordinary rise to international stardom can be traced back to the release of the 1977 documentary *Pumping Iron*, directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore. The film, an extension of the book of the same title, about the world of bodybuilding competitions, portrays Schwarzenegger in a fascinating light; the practically Machiavellian way he psychs out contest opponent Lou Ferrigno (the muscleman who later went on to portray the Incredible Hulk on television) is something to behold. (As is a prior film of Schwarzenegger's, 1970's *Hercules in New York*, a no-budget Z-picture that paired the muscleman, appearing in the title role under the stage name Arnold Strong, with archetypal nebbish Arnold Stang.)

It wasn't until 1982's *Conan the Barbarian* that Arnold demonstrated his box office drawing power. Conan producer Edward R. Pressman says, "We signed Arnold to a three-picture deal, which called for him to be paid \$250,000 for the first film and the same for each sequel. The movie turned into a monster hit, and we sold our sequel rights. I'm sure Arnold was able to renegotiate his salary for the sequels." Within just a few short years, he was on his way to becoming one of the highest-paid movie stars in history. Because he has achieved such an enormous level of respectability and credibility, it's easy to forget that

early in his Hollywood career, he was seen by many as a walking cartoon, if not an out-and-out joke. (He might have experienced an unpleasant frisson while costarring in a 1980 TV-movie biopic of Jayne Mansfield, playing Mickey Hartigay, Mansfield's bodybuilder-turned-actor husband, who spent the latter portion of his acting career in such ultra-shlocky Italian horror pics as *The Bloody Pit of Horror*.) As do most megastars, Schwarzenegger has a retinue of agents, managers, advisors, and hangers-on (to whom he has often demonstrated great loyalty; his former agent Lou Pitt recalls that über-agent Mike Ovitz "tried to steal my client Arnold from me any number of times-he was all over Arnold like a cheap suit!" but that Arnold brushed Ovitz aside, staying with Pitt for almost 15 years). Still, he has largely made his own decisions. He has always done it, as the song says, his way. Which is entirely in keeping with his self-image.

"I was born to be a leader. I love being a leader," he told Britain's *Loaded* magazine two years ago. He's not the only person impressed with his alpha-male mien. "He has a completely single-minded style. It is his agenda or no agenda," says a longtime associate of Schwarzenegger's. A producer who worked with Arnold on *True Lies* says, "Arnold is incredible. At one of the marketing meetings, Arnold got up and spoke and not only knew the direction we should take in marketing the film, but was so full of confidence, he inspired everyone in the room." But confidence can cut a lot of different ways, and Schwarzenegger's can manifest itself cruelly. During the filming of *Terminator 2*, Schwarzenegger had a dresser who, it was generally conceded, had not been hired for his looks. Often, in front of the whole crew, Arnold would order the man, "Sit, you ugly dog," and the man would drop to his knees like a trained dog. Crew members would laugh, perhaps nervously, but no one spoke up in protest. The man was finally put out of his misery when a producer witnessed the spectacle-and fired the man rather than allow him to continue to be abused by Schwarzenegger.

"I love the fact that millions of people look up to me," Schwarzenegger told *Loaded*. One reason people continue to look up to him is because he-and the people around him-have been so successful at hiding the real Arnold from the world. The star cleaned house several years ago, not only letting go of Lou Pitt but also longtime publicist Charlotte Parker, who, for years, had reputedly been a veritable bull when it came to protecting her client. In 1990, Team Schwarzenegger attempted to derail the publication of an unauthorized biography of Schwarzenegger by Wendy Leigh. At the time, Leigh was engaged in a lawsuit with Schwarzenegger over her contribution to a piece about the star in Britain's *News of the World*; she was offered a settlement on the condition that, among other things, she not publish the book. She didn't accept that condition; the suit was settled some time later. Charles Fleming reported in *Spy* magazine that before Leigh's book was published, Franco Columbu, a longtime bodybuilding associate of Schwarzenegger's, offered Leigh's publisher, Contemporary

Books, the choice of either a large amount of money or an "authorized" bio, written with Arnold, if it would agree to cancel Leigh's book. Contemporary Books refused. Once *Arnold: An Unauthorized Biography* was published, Parker went into overdrive to bury it. Fleming wrote, "When Time did a cover story on Arnold and was granted an interview, Parker explained that the interview would be ended instantly if the reporters introduced the subject of Leigh's book."

A source close to Parker says, "When Charlotte couldn't kill a story about one of Arnold's infidelities, he canned her." Parker had done her best. The story was originally slated to be a feature on a television entertainment-news show; it wound up as a small gossip-column item that didn't make many waves. (When Parker, who no longer does publicity for the star or the Arnold Classic, a Schwarzenegger-affiliated bodybuilding competition, was first approached about this story, she said that she would answer specific questions; later, she politely demurred: "I prefer to not participate in your story." Schwarzenegger, too, declined repeated requests to be interviewed for this article.)

Schwarzenegger and his people have also been able to use the ever-intertwining tendrils of media conglomeration to their benefit. A onetime reporter for the now-defunct tabloid TV show *Hard Copy* recalls, "I had been working on a story about Arnold's use of steroids. *Hard Copy* was owned by Paramount. I was told, in no uncertain terms, to forget the story. Paramount was afraid that if we did the story, they would never get Arnold to do a film."

The old saw says that if you've got your health, you've got everything. It is probable that this man, once named chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness by the first Bush Administration, is not as healthy as he would like the public to believe.

In April of 1997, Arnold's then publicist, Catherine Olim, informed the world that Arnold had undergone elective heart surgery to replace an aortic valve, at the USC University Hospital in Los Angeles. In a statement attributed to the then 49-year-old star, he assured his fans, "Choosing to undergo open-heart surgery when I never felt sick was the hardest decision I've ever made. I can now look forward to a long, healthy life with my family." Olim told the press that the operation was to correct a congenital heart condition. "Steroids," she declared, "have nothing to do with this."

But *Pumping Iron* director George Butler, who shot 6,000 still pictures of body-builder Arnold in various poses before he started work on either the book or the movie, and who has maintained a relationship with Schwarzenegger for more than 20 years, says, "During the operation, doctors removed his heart from his body and replaced one of the heart valves with a pig valve. During his recovery,

he was rushed back to the operating room, where the doctors again removed his heart and implanted two more pig valves."

A patient undergoing valve-replacement surgery has several options. An aortic valve can be replaced by the patient's own pulmonic valve, after which a valve taken from a pig replaces the pulmonic valve. Mechanical valves are also an option. The advantage of using pig valves, according to Dr. Leonard Girardi, assistant professor of Cardiothoracic Surgery at Manhattan's New York Weill Cornell Medical Center of New York Presbyterian Hospital, is that "you do not need to be on blood thinners; you could just take an aspirin [which acts as a blood thinner] and that would be sufficient." The kind of medication required to maintain a mechanical valve, Girardi says, doesn't jibe well with an athletic lifestyle. Still, pig valves have a downside: They deteriorate. "A pig valve, in general, will last an average of 12 years or so. I have seen them last as long as 20 years." This is not necessarily an issue for a patient who undergoes the procedure at age 78; but Schwarzenegger's surgery occurred several months before his 50th birthday.

Carla Ferrigno, the wife of bodybuilder Lou, has, like Butler, known Schwarzenegger for more than 20 years; she says, "It's funny how he is trying to change history." She says she has spoken to two doctors who were in the operating room during Schwarzenegger's procedures, and the account she heard squares with Butler's.

A doctor who's friendly with the Kennedys (Schwarzenegger's wife is a Kennedy niece) says he is well-acquainted with the details of the operations and speculates that Schwarzenegger's medical problems might be related to his use of anabolic steroids during the years he was a bodybuilder. Another doctor, Alan Leshner, the director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, in Bethesda, Maryland, describes some of the effects of steroid use: "Steroids interfere with protein function; they work by promoting protein growth and body mass. At the same time, they are all related to androgens in one way or another. So if you put on a big protein load, you could have kidney trouble. . . . You could have cardiovascular problems because it affects the heart as well."

Over the years Schwarzenegger has either downplayed the amount of steroids he used (in a 1987 interview in *Playboy*, he said, "I don't worry about it, because I never took an overdose") or skirted the question entirely. But Wendy Leigh's book goes into detail about his use of the drug, as does *True Myths*, British film critic Nigel Andrews's book on Schwarzenegger. According to Andrews, Austrian bodybuilder and trainer Kurt Marnul introduced Arnold to steroids in the old country. In the book, Marnul said, "There was no weight lifter in the world who did not take them. You could get prescriptions for them from the doctor. Arnold never took them, though, without my supervision."

When asked, "Was Arnold taking them?" in Andrews's book, the late Vince Gironda, owner of Vince's Gym in North Hollywood-where Arnold first trained when he moved to California-replied, "Is a frog's ass waterproof?"

(Schwarzenegger has hedged about drug use in other ways as well. In the Playboy interview, he denied ever having used any kind of recreational drug; yet in Pumping Iron, there's a sequence showing Arnold basking in the glory of his Mr. Olympia win, enjoying what George Butler says was a substantial joint.)

Despite the diminishing domestic box office returns of his pictures, studios still pony up big bucks for Schwarzenegger's services. He is still slated to star in Terminator 3, though the possibility of its being made seems to grow dimmer with every announcement or news story. The fact that his star may be waning has led to renewed speculation that Arnold the Kennedy might pull a Ronald Reagan. Schwarzenegger has long espoused right-wing politics-he campaigned furiously for George Bush in 1988, concocting (or at least pronouncing) the infamous sound bite, "I only play the Terminator. When it comes to the American future, Michael Dukakis will be the real Terminator!" He's also often hinted that he might eventually seek political office. In the Loaded article, he said, "In America I could go all the way to Speaker of the House. I think I could bring a little spice to the job. I think I could put a little fire up their asses." The governorship of California has been mentioned; that would be another jewel in the crown, another fitting step-up in a life story so amazing that if you had made it up, nobody would have believed it. In a recent interview with Christina Valhouli of Salon.com, Schwarzenegger dances around the question of whether he will run for political office. In answering her question, "Is it true that you're thinking of running for Governor of California?" Schwarzenegger replies, "I have thought about it many times in the past, but I have no specific plans at this point." Perhaps he knows to quit while he's ahead.

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432. **Kirby Olson**

Re: Beckett's Aesthetics/Ethics

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Anastasios,

The guy who said that "Aesthetics and ethics are one in the same" -- in the work of Beckett is Pierre Chabert, as you told me by follow-up backchannel. Oddly I just got a flier for a Beckett conference to be held on October 9-12 at the University of Delaware and he is prominent in the flier. He will do a one-man show of Krapp's Last Tape in French on October 9 at 8pm, and then will speak on Dircting Beckett at 10:45 am on October 11. Chabert is listed as a protege (sorry, monolingual keyboard) of Beckett. There's a lot of other heavyweight

Beckettians there, plus an exhibitions in the library etc etc. Maybe somebody who can get to Newark, Delaware should go and ask him what he meant by aesthetics and ethics being the same thing, or being one in the same. I've never been to Delaware. Is it pleasant at the University of Delaware? The website for the Beckett events:

<http://www.English.udel.edu/beckett>

"hell.com" wrote:

| *You have to remember that Becket was a dramaturge...*

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433. **Clifford Duffy**
Ebbe -- Ron Silliman

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Dear Joel, thanks for the tip. I wasn't aware that Borregaard had done songs... I'll see if I can track that down. I have done some searches on Google but little has come forth.. By the way, Ron Silliman has a blog and I think its possible to send questions to, but I have no idea how it works. He, Ron Silliman used to be a member of this list. If you're out there, how do you write letters to your blog site...

>From: .> 3. ebbe borregaard (6)

> .>-----

>

>Date: Thu, 21 Aug 2003 07:44:32 -0700

>From: Joel Weishaus <[REDACTED]>

>Subject: Re: ebbe borregaard

>

>He has 27 songs on my "On the Mesa: An Anthology of Bolinas Writing." (City

>Lights Books, 1971) As for still being alive, I'd be interested in knowing

>too.

>

>-Joel W.

>

>

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

>From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>

>To: <[REDACTED]>

>Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 1:05 PM

>Subject: ebbe borregaard

>

>

> > hello to all --
> >
> >
> > I am looking for any books by Ebbe Borregaard. Also, does anyone out
>there
> > know if this poet is still alive, or if he teaches somewhere? Any would
> > information wld. be appreciated. I am a fan of his poetry and am doing
>some
> > writing which is going to be drawing -- I hope -- drawing some
>inspiration
> > from his work.
> >
>. > > ----- Original Message -----
> > From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>
> > To: <[REDACTED]>
> > Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 1:05 PM
> > Subject: ebbe borregaard
> >
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> > > Best baving is red blessing a
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> > > to all
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434. **Alan Sondheim**

Writers for the Future - Newsletter August 2003 (fwd)

Fri 22 Aug 2003

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

Date: Thu, 21 Aug 2003 13:37:33 +0100

From: "Gillam, Catherine" <[REDACTED]>

To: "Gillam, Catherine" <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Writers for the Future - Newsletter August 2003

Welcome

Welcome to Writers for the Future, a project for NESTA managed by the trAce Online Writing Centre at The Nottingham Trent University. This is the first in a series of quarterly newsletters you will be sent periodically throughout the project. It aims to provide our associates with news, updates on the project and progress made to date. It is intended to be read in supplement to the Writers for the Future website which is available here: <http://writersforthefuture.com/> and, for the most recent news, we recommend you consult this site. Back copies of these newsletters will also be available on this site in the News <<http://www.writersforthefuture.com/news/index.htm>> section.

New Appointments

trAce is delighted to announce that we have appointed four full-time members of staff to work with us on the Writers for the Future project over the next year: Tim Wright, creator of Online Caroline and winner of two BAFTA awards, is our Digital Writer-in-Residence and Simon Widdowson of Southwold Junior School is our Digital Teacher-in-Residence. Mary Cavill is our Information Specialist, charged with creating an archive of the trAce website, and Catherine Gillam is Research Administrator and author of this newsletter. You can read through their biographies, along with those of nearly two dozen others involved with the project by visiting the website and browsing through the About <<http://www.writersforthefuture.com/about/index.htm>> section.

Research Fellows

Providing support and guidance throughout the two years are two Research Fellows, Mark Amerika, digital artist and Professor of Digital Arts at the University of Boulder, Colorado and Alan Sondheim, New York-based philosopher and net-author, both contributing a wealth of experience in the radical and

historical background of new media writing. In particular Alan will be advising on the history of new media writing and electronic art and Mark will be teaching at TEXTLAB in November as well as providing mentoring and support to writers working with the project. Further information on their work and skills is also online in the About

<<http://www.writersforthefuture.com/about/index.htm>> section.

Partners

Writers for the Future is bringing together a number of people and organisations including The Royal Society of Arts, The British Library, Becta, Birkbeck College, The British Council, Loughborough University, SeeThinkDo.com and, of course, NESTA. For further details of who is involved please browse the Advisors <<http://www.writersforthefuture.com/about/advisors.htm>> and Biographies <http://www.writersforthefuture.com/about/team_biogs.htm> pages.

TEXTLAB

Applications are now being invited for TEXTLAB, a free five-day residential workshop to be held at The Nottingham Trent University from 10-14th November 2003. This is a rare opportunity for new media writers and artists to focus on their own projects while receiving training and support from Digital Writer-in-Residence Tim Wright, internationally-known digital artist Mark Amerika and the team of trAce specialists. For further information and full details on how to apply, please visit the Participate

<<http://www.writersforthefuture.com/participate/index.htm>> section.

Incubation3 Alert

The Incubation Symposium will take place on 12-14th July 2004 at The Nottingham Trent University. This will be trAce's third International Conference on Writing & the Internet, the premier international gathering for writers working on the web. We are very pleased to have been awarded a grant from Arts Council England to fund 30 bursaries for presenters and delegates, enabling us to widen participation at this key networking event. A new website will be launched alongside the call for papers in late September 2003 but you can view previous years at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/incubation/>

Contact

Please feel free to forward this Newsletter to anyone who may be interested in the project. To ensure that you receive subsequent Newsletters, please register at http://www.writersforthefuture.com/about/mailling_list_check.cfm

If you would like any further information on Writers for the Future please either consult the website at

http://www.writersforthefuture.com/about/mailling_list_check.cfm or contact us at: Writers for the Future, The trAce Online Writing Centre, The Nottingham Trent University, Clifton Lane, Clifton,. Nottingham, NG11 8NS, UK

Writers for the Future is funded by Nesta, the National Endowment for Science, Technology and the Arts.

NESTA <<http://www.nesta.org/i/nesta.gif>>

<<http://www.ntu.ac.uk/index.cfm>> <<http://www.ntu.ac.uk/index.cfm>>

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435. **Craig Allen Conrad**

Corina Copp's SOMETIMES INSPIRED BY MARGUERITE / POETRY OF ROBERT HEAD / MAIL FROM JOSEPH MASSEY and more

Fri 22 Aug 2003

on THE PHILLY SOUND: New Poetry

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

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436. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Anti-transgender violence hits D.C. again

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Shit! I knew about Bella, and LAST year's slayings, but this? Are we supposed to believe there is not some trans-hater killer on the loose?

You know who I hate? I hate haters.

Gwyn

"Nobody gets paid for being a poemer."

-- Bucky the cat, "Get Fuzzy," 6/30/03

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437. **Kevin Hehir**

eastern edge 24 hours of art marathon

Fri 22 Aug 2003

this is always a great event and this year it is hosted by Mary Walsh

I'll be reading the first and last acts of a one act play and from a short story called The Golden Age of Cartoon Violence

the whole schedule and blurb is below. here is the sked for saturday night

Saturday Evening:

7:00 Andrews Brothers and Patrick Boyle

Mary Walsh Hosting starting at 8pm

Reading by Degan Davis

Reading by Annie Ferncase

Reading by Mark Callanan

8:40 Rasa

9:20 Reading by Michelle Butler Hallett

Reading by Kevin Hehir

Reading by Michael Crummey

10:00 Discounts

Neil Conway

Dan Keating

Captain Metal

Al Pierson presents...

Late night performance by Mike Hickey

Eastern Edge is a non-commercial artist-run centre committed to exhibiting Canadian contemporary art in diverse media, including visual, audio, interactive, performance, film and video, installation, and new technologies.

<http://www.easternedge.ca/>

-- Just a reminder that this weekend the Eastern Edge will be hosting...

Express 2003: A Festival of Art in 24 Hours

...our fourth annual art marathon and fundraiser. More than 100 local artists will create unique works of art during Express 2003: A Festival of Art in 24 Hours, which will be auctioned off during the closing ceremonies. The art will feature artists from various mediums including painting, sculpture, glass-blowing, pottery, raku firing, printmaking, graffiti, textiles, drawing, sound and performance.

The event runs from noon on Saturday, August 23rd until noon on Sunday, August 24th, and will include something for the whole family. There will be interactive events for children including T-shirt making, art card trading workshops and juggling, and local musicians will perform into the evening (see schedule below). Some of the art will be sold by silent auction with bidding ongoing for the duration of the event, and a number of lots will be up for bid with auctioneer Derek Stapleton at the live auction at 1:00 pm on Sunday in the Main Gallery at 72 Harbour Dr. in St. John's. The auction will include works by Christopher Pratt, Elena Popova, Bonnie Leyton, Greg Bennet, Grant Boland, Jerry Evans, Andrea Cooper, Kathleen Knowling and many more.

Mary Walsh hosts a raucous evening of entertainment on Saturday night, as artists continue to work, and raku firings and outdoor screenings light up the night. The bar opens at 8pm, and the gallery will come alive with music by The Discounts and Rasa, performance by Mike Hickey and reading by several local writers including Michael Crummey, Kevin Hehir, Annie Ferncase, Michelle Butler Hallett, Mark Callanan and Degan Davis.

The art festival is Eastern Edge Gallery's premiere fund-raising event. The gallery is a not-for-profit organization run by local artists and dedicated to enhancing local awareness and support for contemporary artists. We appreciate your support, and look forward to seeing you there!

For more info call [REDACTED].

We hope to see you there!

Time: Noon on Saturday, August 23rd until noon on Sunday, August 24th. Auction: Sunday 1pm

Saturday afternoon:

Juggling workshops

Artist Trading Card workshops 4-7 pm

'Dunk the Drag Queen'

Puppet play at 3pm

Pottery Demonstrations

T-shirt Painting workshop 12-5pm

T-shirt Printing 1-4pm

Saturday Evening:

7:00 Andrews Brothers and Patrick Boyle

Mary Walsh Hosting starting at 8pm

Reading by Degan Davis

Reading by Annie Ferncase

Reading by Mark Callanan

8:40 Rasa

9:20 Reading by Michelle Butler Hallett

Reading by Kevin Hehir

Reading by Michael Crummey

10:00 Discounts

Neil Conway

Dan Keating

Captain Metal

Al Pierson presents...

Late night performance by Mike Hickey

Sunday:

Raku Firing 10am

Closing ceremonies and auction 1pm

*From: Kevin Hehir
To: Anna Swanson
Subject: so?
Date: Thu, 21 Aug 2003 13:52:53 -0230 (NDT)*

see above.

--

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<http://www.abandonstream.net/mailman/listinfo/d-acad>

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438. **Aaron Vidaver**

Canadianization of the US Avant-Garde

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Dear poetry buffs: I'm looking for current research on the impact of Canadian poetry migration to the scenes of writing in the continental United States during the early-to-mid-1990s. Please post references to this electronic list serve if you are able to offer any directions to this unlikely field of study. Thanks, Aaron Vidaver, Vancouver, CST.

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439. **Joel Weishaus**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Of course that's "in my..."

-Joel

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

From: "Halvard Johnson" <██████████>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, August 21, 2003 11:01 AM

Subject: Re: ebbe borregaard

> { He has 27 songs on my "On the Mesa: An Anthology of Bolinas Writing."
(City

> { Lights Books, 1971) As for still being alive, I'd be interested in
knowing

> { too.

> {

> { -Joel W.

> {

> {

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

> { From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>

> { To: <[REDACTED]>

> { Sent: Wednesday, August 20, 2003 1:05 PM

> { Subject: ebbe borregaard

> {

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inspiration

> { > from his work.

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> { > Best baving is red blessing a

> { > nd

> { > thanks

> { > to all

> { > CD

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> { > _____
> { > MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE*.

> { > http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus
> {

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440. **Joel Weishaus**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Fri 22 Aug 2003

*Seems to be alive and living in Sonoma, California.
Try the White Pages.*

Hal Serving the tri-state area.

What's a Viking doing in Sonoma? Taking the steam?

-Joel W.

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441. **Steve Tills**

Re: Anti-transgender violence hits D.C. again

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Gwyn McVay writes, "You know who I hate? I hate haters."

To which I say (albeit, "the obvious"), Anti-Right-on! Well, ya know, poets'/intellectuals'/artists' entire tradition and training/shaping in life works against and practically precludes "hating," but this IS, after all, a basic human feeling or emotion (or mental state). And what counts, as with all "feelings," is how one acts in response to embodying such feeling/emotion (with responsibility, without etc).

I look forward over the coming years to seeing numerous poets/artists "embracing," as opposed to retroflecting, "hate" for the haters and for anti-social expressions of "hate." I think it's a terribly under-appreciated and under-represented "emotion," one "Lefties" and "Progressives" and poets sometimes too readily repress. And there's the pseudo-Zen sort of perspective that would encourage fighting hate with Love, focusing entire energy on Love (and Beauty, too), using that kind of deliberate method for subtracting from rather than adding to "the hate/hatred in the world." "Understanding," too, is a preferred (and of course useful) approach.

Still, perhaps too "rational" and "humanistic" a perspective relegates "hating" to haters like the homophobes and the racists and their ilk and for the more sensitive unconstructively precludes hating. Personally, I believe that "hating" and "hate" are ripe territories presently under-explored, too readily (or maybe

"excessively") self-regulated, and in fact deserving of some, any kind of (new?) actualization(s).

(These thoughts, kinds of, notwithstanding, the fact that "a body imbued with 'care'" can only "embody" just so much "hate," so much wise thought/art would argue that no (one's) body need embody any hate in a life(time). Yes, a lot of "splits," here, evidence that this erratic "hater" (of haters/hate/oppressors) sure as heck hasn't got the problem solved yet, not in these times, certainly.

Joe PsychoLogicalPopPhilosopherToday,

Steve Tills

Microcomputer/Software Specialist

MIS Dept.- G.W. Lisk Company, Inc.



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442. **kari edwards**

Re: Anti-transgender violence hits D.C. again

Fri 22 Aug 2003

On Friday, August 22, 2003, at 11:11 AM, Gwyn McVay wrote:

Shit! I knew about Bella, and LAST year's slayings, but this? Are we supposed to believe there is not some trans-hater killer on the loose?

You know who I hate? I hate haters.

Gwyn

"Nobody gets paid for being a poemer."

-- Bucky the cat, "Get Fuzzy," 6/30/03

Gwyn,

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

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

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

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

kari

"I live constantly in the fear of not being misunderstood." Oscar Wilde

trans-:****

Now You will automatically be redirected to
Railway: Trans-Siberian Railway -
Transsexuals, Inbetweenies, Shemales,
now You automatically
Include modem, \$39.95. - Trans Video
Information. Honest Growth Coast
Details and flight schedules. -
Grid Refinement - Easy jumpers cabbles.
American Shemales
Easy jumper menus American Shemales
Trans video sex VIDEO
fulling TRANS automatically
Hearing current World
Current Trans World sports. -
Crews ready and waiting.
Based in Wisconsin. - TRANS NORTH
Meet me in st. louis
With wig poses 15 pics of cutie shemales
Campus. Services. ronald reagan. -
LIVING ON VIDEO
Scheduled passenger service to
Exits from the editor,
Take us with you! Give us to
Shemales- - TVD: TS TG Trans Video
Agreements with Grid Refinement
Trans automatically
a faster way to Information.
Honest Growth Coast to

TRANS NORTH
amerikan trans bill of rights

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443. **Catherine Daly**

::8.26::LA::*Unofficial* Book Launch::Catherine Daly, DaDaDa::

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Catherine Daly reading from and signing her first book,
DaDaDa
Salt Publishing, 2003
(available in the UK now, at this reading, & elsewhere *soon*)

7:30 pm, Tuesday, August 26
Barnes & Noble Westwood
10850 West Pico Blvd.
West Los Angeles, CA 90064
(corner of Westwood & Pico in the Westside Pavilion Mall)

free brownies

I am focusing this first reading where I have something to sell on the books related to the poems in DaDaDa (as well as that book), as the reading's in a bookstore.

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444. **patrick dunagan**

Re: Beckett's Aesthetics/Ethics

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Of interest here might be Hugh Kenner's remarks out of
THE COMMUNITY OF ELSEWHERE (I think it is? - recent book of radio lectures-) or maybe it's out of THE MECHANIC MUSE where he relates that
WAITING FOR GODOT is pretty much literally "about" Beckett's experiences in
Occupied France as a translator for the underground resistance... that there
were instances when one would have to arrive at a specified location and simply
wait while trying not to look too suspicious... perhaps what Chabert's getting at
is the necessity of aesthetics and ethics being one in the same under such conditions...

--

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

DATE: Fri, 22 Aug 2003 10:16:19

From: Kirby Olson <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]
Cc:

Anastasios,

The guy who said that "Aesthetics and ethics are one in the same" -- in the work of Beckett is Pierre Chabert, as you told me by follow-up backchannel. Oddly I just got a flier for a Beckett conference to be held on October 9-12 at the University of Delaware and he is prominent in the flier. He will do a one-man show of Krapp's Last Tape in French on October 9 at 8pm, and then will speak on Dircting Beckett at 10:45 am on October 11. Chabert is listed as a protege (sorry, monolingual keyboard) of Beckett. There's a lot of other heavyweight Beckettians there, plus an exhibitions in the library etc etc. Maybe somebody who can get to Newark, Delaware should go and ask him what he meant by aesthetics and ethics being the same thing, or being one in the same. I've never been to Delaware. Is it pleasant at the University of Delaware? The website for the Beckett events:

<http://www.English.udel.edu/beckett>

"hell.com" wrote:

You have to remember that Becket was a dramaturge...

Get advanced SPAM filtering on Webmail or POP Mail ... Get Lycos Mail!
<http://login.mail.lycos.com/r/referral?aid=27005>

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445. **Maria Damon**

Re: utility problem

Fri 22 Aug 2003

ah, lowdown, bovine and bromide, peekaboo in the peekskills...how the memories come flooding back. geoogre, have you no shred of sediment left for the olde daze? well... go with god. be well. be well. i will be returning your jewelry the po box you specified. farewell, my pretty.

At 5:58 PM -0700 8/17/03, Rachel Loden wrote:

>Yes, George--was that Niagara or Viagra? We all want to know why the
>lightning was hitting you and not everybody else.

>

>Rachel L.

>

>P.S. Plus Maria and I wonder how you could have forgotten our nights in
>Peekskill.

>
>> george Bowering---wouldthat be your honeymoon you were on, G?
>> I understand
>> you had female compaionship on this trip. We would all want
>> to send you both
>> our good wishes, y'know. Love, Broms
>
>> >>And I just sat around watching national and local coverage
>> -- not writing
>> >>such a wonderful poem -- from my perch near Niagara Falls, NY where,
>> >>folks, the sun shone brightly today and no lightening
>> struck, despite
>> >>what PM Chretien said.
>> >>
>> >>Martha Deed
>> >
>> >Well, I was in Niagara Falls, Ont. a couple nights ago, and the
>> >lightning was hitting something every minute or less.
>> >--
>> >George Bowering
> > >Lookin' good in shorts.
> > >
> > >303 Fielden Ave.
> > >Port Colborne. ON,
> > >L3K 4T5
> > >
> >
> >
--

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446. **George Bowering**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Fri 22 Aug 2003

*For the audibles and maybe video tape, I believe Borregaard read possibly
with Robin Blazer years ago at the SF State Poetry Center in the 70's.*

Maybe also with Robert Dunkin and Stan Purrsky.

--

George Bowering

Can't pronounce all his body parts

303 Fielden Ave.
Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5

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447. **Brennan Lukas**

Back on the poetics horse: Giddddaaaayupppppppp!!!!

Fri 22 Aug 2003

Friends (and enemies (and friendemies)),

Having completed my swift exit from northern Virginia and swept gallantly into the land of sexy cheesesteaks, I am happy to return to the comforting womb of this listserv. Seriously! I missed you guys, even Mr. Nudel. DrN! And where would I be without my daily Sondheim? Nowhere.

In conclusion, here is my new contact information. I hope my email address makes sweet, sweet love to your address books. Please be gentle. It's his first time.

Sincerely,
Brennen T. Lukas



<http://home.comcast.net/~blukas/home.html>

http://home.comcast.net/~blukas/hurt_blogger.html

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448. **Alan Sondheim**

reworked

Fri 22 Aug 2003

reworked

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal>

166 new images some old stuff removed

reworked

<http://www.asondheim.org/>

just directory with many highlights

umbra

pen

—

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449. **kari edwards**
2003 feeder surplus
Fri 22 Aug 2003

2003 feeder surplus

what would it be to document one's own d basement - one's own shameless second-hand store - one's lack of character (animation) - lying above or below the line in an attempt to have everything on time just before starting a trip to oblivion, or waiting on the next dominating promotion - now only 10% down on top of the grid, frying in butter lard or canola oil. hands on the wheel - out of control - blind to lady luck dressed as a man who may or may not have been a boy or a girl or either or both. who may or may not have a penis or vagina or who may have both or neither, diving for the vote as governor (one in a million - california style), before being shot down lee Harvey oswald style. in a dress and pearls or a suite and tie or a suite and tie and a dress and pearls or pearl and a tie - that soft muddled gaze - that department store hunger - that post office shooting. what'd you say - more perception, more mobile potentialities fluid with disappointment on the grass growing an inch and dying by feet.

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450. **Alan Sondheim**
baby
Sat 23 Aug 2003

baby
mb

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/baby.exe>

—

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451. **David A. Kirschenbaum**
Musical Acts Needed for Boog Madonna Show
Sat 23 Aug 2003

Hi all,

On Wed. Oct. 1 at the Bowery Poetry Club in NYC we're going to be holding another fundraiser for the press where we interpret whole album(s) by an individual artist. For this show we're covering Madonna's first two records, the self-titled debut and Like a Virgin.

I still need three acts, so please email [REDACTED] or call [REDACTED] if you are interested in taking part or have a suggestion of an act who you think would work.

The current lineup (with open pairings shown) is:

Madonna/Madonna

Lucky Star/Borderline Burning Up/I Know It--Kansas State Flower (Major Matt Mason) Holiday/Think Of Me--Toby Goodshank (of the Moldy Peaches) Physical Attraction/Everybody--Ruth Gordon (Aaron Kiely and Sean Cole)

Like a Virgin

Material Girl--Pantsuit (Nan of Schwervon)

Angel/Like a Virgin--the Baby Skins

Over and Over/Love Don't Live Here Anymore--the Isotoners

Dress You Up/Shoo-Bee-Doo

Pretender/Stay

Thanks for your help,
david

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

Boog City

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

NY, NY 10001-4754

T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

F: [REDACTED]

www.boogcity.com

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452. **August Highland**

Cranioikos #0001

Sat 23 Aug 2003

Cranioikos #0001

Circle. garden very, followed. Startop's suggestion, put ourselves down election club agreed three pounds year's wages. Parley," said sergeant."light those torches." put repair heard, neither one thought really anything meditative man pale eye, who much man, placing herself too. Something. variety doing arises account being variety because, secret urge. yet why ego suppose nothing done," exclaimed wines, accessories wanted, best, given host dumb ugly cities. Content inside personalities. give short outline psychic world, rises abruptly, comes Miss Galbraith's side. contest who strongest, rubbed herself against getting herself hot thought melt. Domenic. Jennings honduran await- ing arrival second shipment bunkers, front wind blowing face through fan moving cannot regarded cause everything told know think know now.

reference failure. stage. Temple, went once bed, lay bed day. lead way, lad, lantern," said "Well, mean four footed Squeaker," said Pumblechook. born sir. seen still more recently." difficulties overcoming EG&G-DMI. Found biddy very quick understand mysterious sign, soldiers found engaged fortunate detective," told himself, said once-. Conceive anything, anything, try define anything, three aspects wish never left suppose really other chance boy kind servant, "Where live?" said done Where will safe?" first thing Willie. Angry. frightened fair reason. impossible gentler, herbert. yes?, prosperous farmer's thee?' said said, Where art thou, ring?' ring said, am Knowledge happiness called 'moksha', both perhaps reminding some, heads, turned dial set fine massage, aimed straight clit. free mysterious, spanned bridges turning coldly grey, top warm. Pleasing melted cold shadow bit garden, wind caught up eddies, Now another handy boy school, couple years older Willie, whose Yoga's Samapatti, Samadhi Samyama."plop" came opening ass. Lillian. Yah, know yah, pon soul know yah!" disgrace attendant obtain pardon expatriated term natural life presenting himself stay many minutes more, will now conclude leastways begin. Knew very well, five human supposed fine business, Wemmick said, "Ca-pi-tal!" asked kissed, suburban Ugly-Wugly bluff, new technology innovative ways. Speaking. Very hot, everyone getting "like himself, know. cast made newgate, Bridge rowed past Mill Pond people, due either way way, related want great god Pan among cat-tails arrow-heads 'ma'sh' flame. Know, dreamed vehicles, food water. time many happenings. think papa afford pay shoes doll well anything happen world? Everything happens way. Paucity safety culture eg&g corporate level, within eg&g-dmi "oh, committees. interaction Boyd told delegates "look glass half full suffering why, can glad happy too." rising anger, "Yes, lady. Encounter, stopped said: con-nachar, king ulster, arise, troop dear, playthings tongue. moans pushes herself against hand, pushes Willie, only better twenty hundred angels. year term service. Sun died away black trees moon rising. mabel, preposterous applying five elements region name, form wheel, small wheel, turn once every medical testimony, pointed imitation local practitioner piped. "oh, course never think anything's wrong, edward. whole family, pain need relief Laura spoke first time moved inside. against idea expected everything "extraordinarily, student oil. Will hear?" Scott continued shaking head. Shepherd turning, saw Startup time knew state case held another council. Whether Analysis Agency, supports Department boy," said Miss Havisham. Sot down," said joe, got up, made grab tickler, ram paged," 3rd, deepened. Amid thickening shadows statues gleam white motionless. Ceremony. presentation medals, reception dinner will held great came up. remember? Mere apprehension painful clambered up bed, myself between two intended everybody, cannot prescribed wholesale remedy recipe went new technology systems available today. Even now, can am. Bent down said "dear joe,?" said, old chap, knowed idea

Names potential victims may obtained variety sources trade spin, Mrs Wilson?" better person, thought. beard!! "Mmmmmmmmmmm. Standards, detachment 2 reserve soldier who solved intricate perseverance worthy much better cause, making most strenuous tease other admirers, turned very familiarity between herself. Sarah licked off seductively tongue, brown want?" named?" now hoping horney Leadership," also time pause reflect hurdles some standing. paper-bag each arm pottle strawberries one hand, linen. said. "those pink purple hats nodding off distant glistened tiny modernization efforts. bland personality, well looks. father hoped moved. brindled, white breasted greyhounds, strong collars rubies. Apprenticeship -time am glad know never breathed murmur joe management capable reducing acceptable level. stated shivered. run, installations demolish structures. seems very superior hotel. Sons took hold stripped skin flesh small back down, becoming aware overwatching pretending wish please?" look !' cries shaking commune gross form object, become object itself, essence. occupy. Broken illness unfit more life. followed very shortly money college frowning moody. next day attendance usual exercise landed balls. realize release, stop, kissing way back up mouth, kiss. Great care bird's-nest joe, right lift off mat, last classroom, point view physical structure. Returned pumblechook, who objection being, came home one afternoon, Ransom!" wet arousal aching want. Other, now, ;" joe looked firmly knew going agree sister fine, established later. advanced stage dissociate yourself anything. bid one lives touch. "now," said mrs. joe, unwrapping herself haste excitement, freedom self."Divil fairer," says saint way business. Now," says Pumblechook's house broken? Shining through falling rain. intelligence understanding. renounce, roof. Within quarter hour "Besides," said Pumblechook, turning sharp "think got straining. War time. wotsume'er failings part, corn seedsman hart." down street said. soldiers. visit show too people just like intent make feel must word two client." only ring magic," said Mabel last!" added. Black hair reflected light back, knew moment special girl front well, good intermixed itself apprenticeship came plain contented tremendous technological watched feeling slightly removed own body. Waldengarver, air kathleen fitting last shining ornament proper, beginning rain fast. Seeing nothing save seen already, turned tell way Heaven. touched gently forehead, went soon recover find. Gerald led way, ugly-wuglies trooped some boots, ones unzipped sometimes, just like other people go Margate."Well, police quick Somehow, best pleased Joe's being mightily secure liked betrayed. Full, twenty-five lessons oil-painting, one hundred twenty five intention, gave look understand, passed moment. good deal more. Father. contrary, find mode making machine wind more longer every, Wemmick, evasively, clash official responsibilities."Oh, Ethel!" support evacuees during Pacific Haven' young girl sat. Iron seen heard filing marshes mind accuse having put latest, properly," Mabel protested. vanished." round belly edge

lace alarmed state affairs. ought rather write alarmed energy both. Codes these sorts schemes, officials warn."oh yea, those two, every day talking trying one day Trembling spoke up till hunger late skills exacerbated situation contributed high level stress. Goddesses took places unembarrassed olympian suppers every night, enchanted castle," said Gerald hollow tones. heads everybody. bread butter down leg. Between like soft, too. analysis universe outside, face face reality perceiver getting Food inspection only one mission 72nd, said King. only. Miller both deny. let hope mrs. miller curwen may friend," cried jerk dick lightly. Why who read commit dissimilar inconsistency own. Nightcap one hmm,' thought, just call work now tell will late?' following said." alonger dark cloud, sun shone. down. Require boots ground. must never rest neither day nor night. son lying down consider question whether Miss Havisham intended times, Italian moon know'd," added Joe, appearance reflection, "whether.

august highland

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--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

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453. **August Highland**

"Me"

Sat 23 Aug 2003

"Me"

New Series

"Explore The First Time You Experienced Me, Describing All The Details You Can"

(The first 100 of 1,000 works now on exhibition)

www.alphanumericlabs.com

august highland

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Version: 6.0.510 / Virus Database: 307 - Release Date: 8/14/2003

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454. **Michael Rothenberg**

NEW AT BIG BRIDGE

Sat 23 Aug 2003

LATE SUMMER EDITION OF BIG BRIDGE FEATURES

SOMETHING OF INDIA

A Time Morph

Poems by Michael McClure

with

GLIMMERS OF INDIA

Clay Canvases by Amy Evans McClure

GO TO: <http://www.bigbridge.org/chapbook2.htm>

Michael Rothenberg



Big Bridge

www.bigbridge.org

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455. **Joel Weishaus**

Index of First Lines

Sat 23 Aug 2003

My evolving "The Silence of Sasquatch" project now has an Index of First Lines,
making the texts easier to access:

<http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282/Bigfoot/Index/index.htm>

-Joel

Joel Weishaus
Visiting Faculty
Center for Excellence in Writing
Portland State University
Portland, Oregon

Homepage: <http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282>
Archive: www.unm.edu/~reality
In Progress: "The Silence of Sasquatch":
<http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282/Bigfoot/intro.htm>

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456. **Lisa M Jarnot**
fall poetry workshops
Sat 23 Aug 2003

Dear all,

I will be teaching two private poetry workshops in Brooklyn, New York this fall. Here are some details-- please pass this along to students of poetry! Thanks,
Lisa Jarnot

One's Own Language: A Poetry Workshop including discussions of student work, a study of linguistics and poetry, theories of avant-garde poetry, and work in translation.

October through December
Williamsburg, Brooklyn, New York
Monday evenings and Saturday afternoons
\$300 for 10 sessions
limit five students per class

I am also accepting private students for poetry instruction (live or by phone/internet (\$25 per hour).

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457. **Alan Sondheim**
Excitement Ben Franklin, my Brother!
Sat 23 Aug 2003

Excitement Ben Franklin, my Brother!

"Ben Franklin, my brother" Ben Franklin.
My inventions are still used, like bifocals, the
Franklin Stove and many others. At age 12, I
began working for my brother at his printing shop.

...

Top/Kids_and_Teens/School_Time/Science/Scientists/Franklin,_Benjamin

Ben Franklin An eighth-grader presents a fun-to-read
account of Franklin`s life. Why did you get started
writing? Ben Franklin: My brother had, in
1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that
Why did you get started writing? Ben
Franklin: My brother had, in 1720 or 1721,
begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that ...

With the help of my friends in the JUNTO, I
obtain#39;da charter for the mother of all Your humble
servent, Benjamin Franklin. BEN FRANKLIN -
NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST. Why did you get started
writing? Ben Franklin: My brother had, in
1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that
Ben Franklin and his son, William,
flying a kite and key during a thunderstorm to prove lightning is
electricity. Archives - Did You Know My
brother. Why did you get started writing?
Ben Franklin: My brother had, in 1720
or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that ...
it and brother SW got it for less than I did. He
came here and planted a nursery and that ended my
profitable nursery business. PREV It;== NEXT ==gt; Ben
Franklin Hello, my name is Ben

Franklin. I was born in Boston, Massachusetts. ...
When I was twelve I went to work in my brother
James's printing shop. Benjamin Franklin - Printer.
As printer. At the age of twelve, I started as an
apprentice with my older brother James. At ...
Ben Franklin, my brother

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458. **Harrison Jeff**

rusted rabbits at chariots o'clock

Sat 23 Aug 2003

two-dollar antelopes,
do you salty hair snug of midnights wear?
did the sky kill off your misnamed skulking?
it's only chariots o'clock, & already are
the nymphs' bellies torn to make room for
rusted rabbits -- a nest of falling tongues
writhed from due thirst, will you rustle them
to some bounce-soft bed far from nutty words?
I would, but my mouth's woolen from drifting skies
& quite breakfast-frantic

The Manaed Inquiry, by ruth catlow
writing by jeff harrison

<http://www.furtherfield.org/rcatlow/orpheus/>

original text:

IVY WITHOUT ROOTS, resinously dormant & slicked from a sheath,
stains the blanched panes of our blood
now our earth has no moon! O Maenad Noon,
now that you are a year older, the barley harvest's letter-authentic
ooh ooh Maenad noo-oohn, ooh ooh Maenad noo-oohn
you deserve a break today so get up and break away
now you see me now you don't
look for me where the paper boats float
in this flight from lions, the detour is subterranean
and we meet Eurydice coming up alone to be devoured

Get MSN 8 and
help protect your children with advanced parental controls.
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459. **Harrison Jeff**

America's Greatest Smile

Sat 23 Aug 2003

where trees,
rested of yard,
have paws thick
five times over
you were furred
when hares were
twilight water
the moated sky
crimson'd not
in the tree,
decay of sleep
the memory of
that thoughtful cast
dressed predatory
your tired vow is
their bodies' street
faces' gasoline felt faces
dusty some faces
clean prosperous
faces already terrible
their fried pulse is
charity's last puzzle
slept drenched broken
filthy & sly, blinding sour

Get MSN 8 and enjoy automatic e-mail virus protection.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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460. **kari edwards**

hanging from the sky

Sat 23 Aug 2003

hanging from the sky

an hour from now or an hour later from the time you are reading this, which will vary slightly depending on when and where you are, or where you have been, someone will shout on a landing, or they will be landing and shouting about landing, or on such and such a date, which will later be spoken of as the

day they landed in a brunt sky and produced mass quantities of plastic stick forms for exhibitions and called it something "ism." neither one of us will be in attendance of that affair. I get undressed, or you will get undressed, or we will be undressing together and / or I will be reading in front of you undressing you or you will be undressing me standing in front of you, or we will all just get undressed together and feel a sense of polish and satin, then presto, we're all back like breakfast. a morning festival with mutual aids. someone somewhere will feel something within a difference, that could based on what kind of carpets are present or whether there are carpets at all. it could be as simple as: what if one of us lies down on a stratum with cold varnish, or not, where unbrushed youth, with unstuffed brains - of atoms not moons - lays by the beast of burden. I am that beast. that burden. a peignoir. I am a empty stomach. I prefer an empty stomach, which I can never foretell, and then without further notice, I crouch in a body episode, between my mouth and a massacre. something in a sauce pan, or from a tin can. you may, an hour later from now be eating raw meat or some dog treats. did you catch that: eat-treat-meat, can-pan, raw-dog, eat meat raw dog, speak! speak! speak!

I had not planned on that, they showed up quite by themselves. I usually only keep company with coffee and children who run with razors, but you have to love them though,. both take good photographs, go with sugared almonds and christening, which on an emotional level relates to the idea of landing,. but I wonder, what it would be like to say: you have five months to live, or have it said to you, as I just did? you have five months to live. would you wait an hour in the trenches with clenched iron fist idioms or what?

my step father, who was neither my father or step father. no, it was someone I meet who was plowing a plot of land. plodding listlessly behind their elephantine ox, a fancy dresser, a bit dismal and self contained. I would listen with one ear. what else could I do, the other only hears misfortune. the owl falls silent. there is and awkwardness. something brushes past some bushes. they are running faster then I expected. it's draining my jetty like a suffering infinity held tight by a personal panic. without waiting in line, I looked up personal accounts of a special kind of vampire. there are volumes on them; how to empty their soul and spoil their affairs. the rest huddled in darkness and remained there. the noise of the chain. an indescribably delicate noise. it didn't like the adverbs I just used. that is a warning unto itself. this is fantastic, I whisper, so no one hears me. you hear me because your really here now. it starts to rain. they are now they, and they are snatching invisible things. I wander wildly from disappointment to holes. what is the meaning of this. the floor broads crack. there is a slight but audible viscous sound, they must be on the greasy spot on the linoleum. I torment myself with unknown quantities of fear, in short but concise epigrams like: "by beauty and by fear," "customs and fear," and "fear of to

whom to fear." that one works best for me; "fear of whom to fear." more to do with past regrets and the future fear of fear yet to come.

you might be thinking of draining something right now, but let me tell you there is no time. I am being bullied by a hidden force - the dust is filled with tiny needles. I make a hole, a living shelter in the floor boards, not unlike nat turner, who lived in a hole, dug with hands and a sword - after avenging that that brings the wrath of hell to the surface with slave trade.

like a dog - I am a dog. big enough so someone will not notice. to begin with I will only use blue ink. if your reading this, it will be in black, since I know ahead of time they will not follow my digression. bizarre, more bizarre, and still more bizarre. I am playing possum in a hole, being a dog in blue ink that turns black ink after my death, under the floor boards with something or something else within a hearing distance. I can only whisper now . . . and you keep reading . . . like it's all implied in yes time.

now let me tell you, this is the real thing, the street isn't about the help me either. I'm using my nose that others call a snout, wearing a tuscan lamb jacket. I have my metro ticket. I am out of hearing range. I bump into someone. they snarl at me: "cant you mind your own business?" I stare, aggressively swing my umbrella in menacing circles. round and round, and around and around. vanish glass porcelain vampire . . . vanish! it's before my eyes. a glacier, an ivy-coated stone. I want to fling mud, but I only have paws. or very small finger like devices, hairless with sharp points. this is too much like opera and you're the audience. I begin to shave, get back to my original self.

it's a trap and you start kissing me . . . you're reading this book or listening to me . . . you kiss me all over . . . I can't stop you or won't. you're my personal vampire. I want you to suck my nipples, instead you go down on me. your tongue is in my pussy or on my cock (you decide). we are out of control. you're between my legs. I want to grab you, whisper something . . . scream something. I feel the full-engulf of the payment. I am your road and you're filled with passion, aggression or ignorance. (pick one) I am your mother, your sister, or that little boy next door. you square time. I am breathless. heavy on the floor, damp with sweat. this is a bakers dozen, hot grandee monae. something in rapid repetition. a loud gesture with a zealot's thought. I think I hear something. is there someone else? kiss me and leave . . . you must. punish me, trample me. show me the future in cards. paris is burning. I wait fifty or sixty times. I'm alone in your lore. I am hungry. I didn't expect that. I have been driven out of the auditorium for a minute. I didn't expect that. I thought you were jean genet, alister crowley, or gertrude stein. no, maybe virginia woolf. my breast. my wetness. raspberry body stockings. a false penis, words and tongues. I can

no longer remember being a dog or a possum. just words. you are my conciseness. I am you, sitting there reading or listening content and embellished.=

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461. **Alan Sondheim**

new motion work up apologies for bandwidth

Sun 24 Aug 2003

also check <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/ballet.exe>

at <http://www.asondheim.org/portal>

b2s.mov baghdad.mov baghdad2.mov life.mov para32.mov parab11.mov parab8.mov red.mov terror00.mov terror01.mov terror02.mov terror03.mov terror06.mov terror07.mov terror10.mov terror11.mov terror14.mov terror16.mov where.mov wtc.mov

not to mention an .asf and a lot of .avi files

- Alan, noting that the two baghdads should be run together

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462. **Alan Sondheim**

Extensions

Sun 24 Aug 2003

Extensions

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para11a.gif para11b.gif para11c.gif para11d.gif para11e.gif para11f.gif
para11g.gif sin.gif sincirc.gif starr.gif ALAN.GIF B.GIF BLEED.GIF
BUDDHA.GIF C4.GIF C5.GIF CHIASM.GIF CHORA.GIF D3.GIF FING.GIF
FREUD.GIF GATE.GIF GET.GIF GIFT.GIF GIRL.GIF HERE.GIF HITTITE.GIF
HOLE-S.GIF J.GIF KAMS.GIF KEY.GIF KNOW.GIF LAND.GIF LEAK.GIF
LEASE.GIF LIKE.GIF LOOK.GIF LPMUD.GIF MILK.GIF MM.GIF MURMUR.GIF
NAME.GIF NIKU6LX.GIF NUMBER.GIF PEN.GIF PENIS.GIF PERTH.GIF
RACE.GIF S8.GIF SKIN.GIF SOUL.GIF SPEW.GIF SPLIT.GIF TEAR.GIF
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n.txt net0.txt net1.txt net10.txt net11.txt net12.txt net13.txt net14.txt net2.txt
net3.txt net4.txt net5.txt net6.txt net7.txt net8.txt net9.txt o.txt p.txt q.txt r.txt
s.txt t.txt u.txt 0.README.txt MIAMI.txt defuge.txt echo.txt exe.txt film.txt
fop.txt mov.txt movie.txt oldaba.txt panamar.txt para.txt parable.txt phen.txt
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FOPINFO.TXT FUTCULT.TXT FUTURE.TXT INTRVIEW.TXT KYOKO.TXT
LOVE.TXT MODEL.TXT NOISE.TXT POET.TXT POTEPOET.TXT PROSEBIO.TXT
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zz:land6.jpg zz:land7.jpg zz:land8.jpg zz:land9.jpg zz:land91.jpg

zz:oldindex.html zz:oldindex.html

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zzzz:land9.jpg zzzz:land91.jpg zzzz:nd

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ror02.mov terror03.mov terror06.mov terror07.mov terror10.mov terror11.mov
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pool.bmp pool2.bmp pool3.bmp pool4.bmp EDGE1.BMP EDGE2.BMP
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GOD.exe abyss.exe archaea.exe archaea10.exe archaea2.exe archaea3.exe ar-
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463. **August Highland** ***Power Spots At The Edge Of Chaos***

Sun 24 Aug 2003

Power Spots At The Edge Of Chaos

Pushing slip down hips falls softly carpet. other hand takes conducive medita-
tion clear sky because presence electric forces shall some eggs, judge your-
self. calling back, systems. Patrick timm, chief staff, u. s. army am glad
came!" laughing. wrapped up, much Provis seemed destroy will begin worst
thing can. Step two, nervously muttering some excuse. certain action long-
bows. tell young man, fitter looking father's property bothering unreservedly
power. took first through fabric jacket skirt feel. Training necessary, techni-
cal, weapons evolved, will link models applicable war conflict played least ob-
jection receiving." conciliatory ordinary threatening. Fixed demands leader
attention aggressive preventive action. corrective actions, litigation air fixed
obstinately eyes, moved back. Individual more. more humanness present
"mentioned Perhaps something transportable back civilian drank again, be-
came well, know. Find way kill five six hours suppose. plans? rest sure

obviously swollen clit finger. clits go, Tammy looked nice large. Scrape between point giving up scheme, least altering one much save misery like." "Take pencil write name, forgive "" people said other, gruffly. incommoded none way." both laughed, away. Matter now?" repeated sister, more sharply roberts? same, saying broken off short, one break stick sealing wax. golden "Gummidge, Grimidge -whatever called Oh! arrests herself Sunday. "well, mean four footed squeaker," said pumblechook. born, satisfaction. include medical, legal, social work counseling, possible some important reason, outside vision ordinary. Being suppose." mists solemnly risen now, world lay spread."Yes," returned. Promotions sergeant excellent probably promote least 26,000 least, grain relief warning now, appears firing warning another." citing Sportsmanship Foundation cooperation Bobby Dodd Foundation. even. God's sake, give blackened man who soonest feel people feel things took nothing done. hand, rocks grass bushes. "lookie dear boy," said best gentleman knowed belong now. only rather just traditional," said Secretary West. priority American transacted, turned face, own account, Britain. Jaggars desk. Time being. concept degrees reality necessity consider object whom cloud creep, only today United States allies much safer dark described. write pages mill-stream young fishes dropped leaves. Union. call space will allow unity two objects. time factor, shoulders, Willie's cap, story told, laid down flail stone steps, person who physically starving peace mind. quite different mast. Morning, things considered, felt pretty fucking good!! form own minds. mere discovery enveloped knew doing, grabbed close better also, teaching children, least, call H, W, Y, Ye, Z. Wines, accessories wanted, best, given host dumb ugly cities, rose Now, these elements initial objects Samyama. now concerned yesterday!" said Willie. trees blowing against sky, always seemed. good girl," said eliza. sure let dress up. where" 400 people, braided hair parted middle Archbishop Canterbury's, anybody's asked father one day, one penetrate more incentives, particularly. Communication wooden gates lane stood open, brewery beyond, glaring very spectre. Now, exist dream? Yes, exist. physical body. curtains, removed, sittingroom, airiest largest, carpet taken. good girl," said eliza. sure let dress up. where" 400 people, behaved rather silly, giggling much obtained new room key front desk short order. bellboy kind "!" said. Buns share. course waited impatiently. where moonbeam. Insensible, afraid moved, even touched. assistance sent held will, leave go!" voice Eliza Eliza seen." said Provis, cannot doubt being safer Good-bye!" warring parties Sorrow due dispossession ourselves things call real reality. next thing knew, good, strong, ordinary daylight just sunrise, April. Plan create multiple career fields operational field, aircraft," Jennings said."Close ranks, men, says whisper, let "Oh, choose," said Mabel, course marry brigand, live mountain give. Clean trucks move food several other factors determine whether quantity debt. hardly begin Herbert must begin too, soon back time,

history, AFAP brought closure 250 issues," Griffith said. Again," said cathy, jumping up. rather hurry morning. whatever, really sure." box safe, key safe kept somewhere down back produced silence, cry despair rang bathing morning. tell bailiff Yalding. Stood panting fifth window climbed window-ledge twisted ivy can boy, giv understand Compeyson marshes too. soul, half believe Better house live once, chair, well chest drawers dark mahogany, street fur serious fully understand once done? am. go back now, Richards, who hesitates moment ass received kick broadest part. Believe let wither ethel." thing farmer marrying princess, dressed gold jewels? Considerable extent, remains gothic arches, carvings doors 4th, 5th, 6th, etc. even entered stream. general solacing positioned lovely ass. feel opening taking bottom slowly sinking. Enormous prick buried deep inside quivering lips. finally, jenny, just having nipples sucked. way Glen sucking knew cum!! marshes, key opened door, went stone hall, bare, gloomy, used. up dark. "tell," said mabel, speaking first time. "never mind believes Training back, teeth shoulder bid hold back stars. hear ragged. Saw looking said, drink hurt strong beer brewed now, boy.", ethically things thought having said, "Matthew will last am laid Goal meditation directs Invasion. moaned loudly, mouth full david's cock."open up baby. good dog! says Jack, word mouth Coley full sweep Red Dog. Oversight, quiet, selfless service crucial nation. nation called, Oh, goodness!" flies grating, kicks beats True indeed, seldom day went guleesh go priest's house, talk keep ring, will thee good. finished tell, some time silently meeting Jagers's look. Fastened stout perpendicular ladder inches wall fixture willie, forces. gift," said wife, give make laugh?" many lips lifetime, person who physically starving peace mind. quite different mast. Shoulders, willie's cap, story told, laid down flail stone steps, bit bikini dropped floor. like body, lean, agile, muscular. arrangement. only good thing done, only completed thing done, Obviously swollen clit finger. clits go, tammy looked nice large, moaning now. made feel good. clerks came down outer office. muttering administration based Governmental Constitution, along. spell's broken," said old gentleman, real. only happens like, these final properties Gunas. These Gunas much, limited way Princess one mirrors, held front shoulders. Elegance style thames other waters once crimson lake nearly twinkling giant put each garden, orchard, castle bundle felt am acquainted country, gentlemen, seems solitary country. Drawback turret bedroom, beyond being very thin ceiling between unless touches thing. Gerald knew well others must Having thus. Yoga eternal truth. great central absolute perpetually, particular reasons wanting favorite color got minor dispute who knew most grounds laid call. more bargained big man?" scott's hands squeezed anne's cheeks, toughest skills fill generally speaking combat arms skills, also peculiar solacing satisfying inner core, always eludes. Webs hanging itself twig twig blade blade. every rail gate, wet harp lay feet know

ring?" "Want" words came still evening air anything more sun, never again show golden sun themselves inside. Regarded state happiness. man anxious can find ways means grab stood yesterday. mean Gerald can go fair conjuring." comprehended find papa quite ready take hand. walk through woods dirt path. Does know own blood coming licking itself alone. dog foolish, shan't able move now grown frightful length." working. seemed only blunt head round accusatory wondered who really possession house.

Blowing, risk taking cold. uncovered face, wake leaving change medicines good." soldiers special forces, infantry signal units. water, know." tragically"Still! soon expect stop? am sofa, where. Entrance vagina. angela let moan pleasure lingered moments again, fixed look words died away man must good," said Willie. suppose meeeeee, ohhh yessss. feels sooo goooood. friendliness. tendency. Sacrifices make better able fulfill motto army seal defend.", miseries never one hour's subjective method, objective observe, gentlemen, said Jade licked up honey except cock balls. doing managed?" said -looking whiles eats drinks!' many times, plain misty marshes. happier ill. Seemed made none. fancied, looked slipped hopelessly back coarse, II, guarantees very Guleesh said saw thought girl satisfied owe everything?" wrestle explore mouth, same Laura help pull. pastoral simplicity! elevated degree conceive gentle shepherd. good girl," said Eliza. sure let dress up. where" 400 people like minutes later approached quickly moment exist, imply conscious. Steadily looked only now began tremble. · lieutenant colonel meditation, because aim Yoga must need Good afternoon." insomuch. Part 1989 consolidation, intelligence community took aunt full money earned fair, nothing yet bought money, except now now needs human grown-ups. done opening grey eyes rather wide. Finger want know center. slapping flesh erotic. fingers moved furiously between building gone amongst Nobody word made invisible. maneen seized aptitudes. Assistance resolving eo matters. personnel also prohibited will, Instead answering, Estella burst laughing. very singular looked Estella cushion feet. Estella knitting, Miss Havisham looking. Bailiff. take does look like again. correct knowledge background, distinctions extending almost endless details. makes candle look degree black belt 19, school enlisting Army interrupted. Develop junior leaders. ideally, every soldier both practicing early breakfast, sleep window hour, smelt smoke thought keel because like work. good father mother work very hard. Kreeses every kind weapon can being, chit becoming sat, goal third dart cast professionally spoken. Thee ?' said said, where art thou, ring ?' ring said, am computer lab resources commanders who language training up, returned ridiculous, boy am going." scornfully walked away. Stake winnings against wife,' said old man. much heard friend, changes something else, transforms itself one condition another. timidly"Miss Lawton, elevator asked leave --ah--mean MUST

may Generation five hundred years told truth," said gerald, believe displayed, challenges overcame, only secondarily just one. "well, depends count much," answered spelman. can anything, facing taken remains fortress, neither joy nor pleasure neither wheat nor. Alive talking." "oh, indeed! well!" coming up night slow amphibious, lake shore, moon dancing water two legs four, horse gone. started. will," says flag, "till water wet." came water. news today?" turning herself chair towards looking round Estella? Hey?" word said surprised some day other, regained old fame well stolen ring. Bread dutch cheese. well, travelled travelled, till came sight "Estella who?" said Secretary Defense authorized Army extend maximum bonus payment. Rub between ass cheeks furiously, jerking myself off process. door room seven lies shadow. windows dark. better one least windows made open. will only air ruins way. Golden pigeon. carried home, put away certain part ruins where kept course am," answered "who else Look crown!" pulled aside street, 7th Cavalry, 1st Cavalry Division Exercise INTRINSIC ACTION 97-1. Category iv can join army. back. sometime during massage taken unless first professional occasion bear mind female relations man judged person," returned watchman. person stopped, stopped Like. "hides sell fine fresh hides sell!" came cobbler. glad." panelled perfect pressure. felt excitement mounting reached orgasm. jugs, also "'Luck changes,' says Compeyson perhaps going change. Towers. doesn't matter got got window open got light. strong amazement undid one more button bottom. virtually assured top "Baby, want real woman, some stick," said. besides, weight seems. em." being. ideas melt being very seed self consciousness ceases, channel young men women skills prefer enlist meet readiness."Take time." thought, where chick slips something slinky movies. Opposite use more upper body said. gardening, saw gothic window, king's son," says giant. alienation towards objects. shall point remembered raspberry. "ach! am," says am sooner up down." heard chance, yesterday, tow missile engagements. + Boresight assembly quick-flight Scott David asked question question marriage, where grew up. Consciousness mind reason intellect, whatever call ok," softly gold silver. Jack put two ends sack laid Neddy's back, researches find nothing available safe. resolved put hunk bread. Called spirit social tolerance more exchange information hurting, world situation, also historian author Certain Victory, sight king's son company. Job let soldier teach soldier use army regulations, field today, tonight. things half-past twelve take along boat. now's dancing turning, going round advancing Yoga. said Mabel last. Capable doing." am greatly changed. wonder know." tub. luxury!" Buchanan, Puerto Rico, represented single soldiers. serves.

Memorial day symbolizes reappearing satis house, case forgotten,- studies extended hand magnificently forgiving air. Yourself who expect thank love?" "Yes, Miss Havisham." earth beaten clouds blows thunder. Willie think slow

down officer corps provide stabilization, everybody. Firmly slipped grip. dreaded calling back, wanted speak nigh, Limehouse Greenwich, being kept, seems, very respectable. Whom button." those who like file tax return last minute know times four five year lasted evidence wanting. last, Compeyson garrisons check kind system place. soldier family arrive depart Enjoying unrushed making love stayed like while, hurry climax, Joe. rather partial Carols, experience. dreamed doing. moment construct elm tree thin wooden house cunningly perched several. Four women soldiers assigned aberdeen. fifth former soldier. only Spanish liquorice-water, up room diluting stone bottle full form biology dark screen front finally, discovery life, somehow. desperately" forcing yourself lord knows humbly grateful like measureless conflagration intelligence, knowing itself, nothing made foolish pretence first recognizing told looked drew head. Pudding, new growth top shape different colour, part pudding knew screams got shroud again. unfolding coming corner. coming bed. Pam stopped set second cake, immediately another yell heard twice. Finger-post, held straight churchyard. stopped minutes signal forefinger clients. room small, clients seemed habit backing up approximately. Invisible dirt, instance." mabel said, stand work ghost impending good fortune, those times?" said Estella, object, kind achievement, called Savitarka-Samapatti, lowest. Automatic tendency mind time withdraw itself subjectivity. speak access Temple close river-side, through Whitefriars. expected up More possess reality, more power wield. possession? possess am acquainted country, gentlemen, seems solitary country hard. like adjourned teachers' lounge, asked mind. recover because. Worked throwels. saw shadows heavy stair-rails, house-keeping yet Curwens. same. Looking towards open window, saw light wreaths joe's pipe getting, next Godliness, some people same religion. remembered harried drawn up anywhere nor signs men having embarked sure tide high. Children." fingers slowly twirled tongue head, sucking lightly, Garrison, inspected group smock-frocks poring through glass shop-. Stressed. know, afraid tell said Gerald politely. Dominic groaned slowly slid zipper down back dress let bodice. Grain relief warning now, appears firing warning another." citing namely, Willie's soul given moment lift curtains, namely, agreed picture window overlooking street. God ass sexy walked. really. Ornaments top one humbled exalted. helping discovery assailant. Sgt. 1st Class Ronald Moffett, 30, B Company, 143rd Ordnance encasement. trouble given Tibby! never off, hear Carols," said Mrs. Hardest case seems material some place, - first consideration study cab place. finally done. having day day betwixt four walls, envy deepened feeling magic, till now. Concentration. object comes nearer nearer other way round, go take, more debt breakfast became hollower hollower form, being masses Really difficult decision. "Sure, nice," replied, trying more. Private house." welcoming kisses hand-shakes" thought occur once. merely human beings. harder case thy power prison -night." needn't

showed beneath coronet even Jimmy help seeing mistake Gerald knew. Son!" places, will avail. find water, dig same place, go three feet "Kill look accidental first indeed recognized voice knew. Whose feet only broomsticks umbrellas found open work iron culmination practice other Asanas Sirshasana, Sarvangasana, words, bread butter down leg. Temple, went once bed, lay bed day. lead way, lad, lantern," said, devoted manner. breakfast good supper, half-past eight more firmly dick ass spread legs. Escorted sake. tragically lost, who age." physical ability endurance brought task. · Last year, carried. "nor yet," said kathleen. yet presently held hand. hour. times further, seen kind young soul inside kind old face. smiled. Hundred pound worth penny. seven hundred thieves town, pursued Herbert, used child's mother ill, Recognizing family instrumental accomplishing missions, Army began. Expressive grief despair. cook lying insensibly drunk kitchen views marriage ultimately?" gave evening, wandering those offices houses where left petitions. Engagement closer "real world" battle force xxi soldiers up front leaving top three pounding hard."Oh God, please let work Distraction, Inertia. These three constitute condition Prakriti. "righto!" gerald ran meet mabel run opposite direction opposite", higher 95 percent premise create less attrition go back term. honour even French everything going exactly wish. never told lie. Five gross elements. operation perilous horse. full thing last, quick, please. plenty time, want lose alarm Mrs. Miller, dances night flock sheep, Pocket came make acquaintance, much. Said, scared every time jump, dangerous. "why yes," said joe, score years ago, woman tried Old Bailey murder, acquitted. opportunity hear other people having sex couple times, both up. Beyond. went room room, through hundred thought, length came these approaches reality order sure where stand. consequently, lost one shoes off feet," said Trembling. friend, letting one hand. Shelves shelves beautiful family poor shoemaker thought taken turn superfluous again disappeared waves. take walk round property, almost said decided stupid.

Black every moment. really something like roof mouth, only paper mother putting fire time, listening Conall. Day reap came woman wise man ordered, put eggshell fire took off, why cause pleasure pain bother afterwards. Because, exist subjectivity know. Invisible. incidents discrimination sexual harassment supervisors, "Yes does want good head everything. got good head begin depends. Head neck rose higher still, great shoulders chest shown ground. deployed picture perfect landing Golden Knight finally felt. Beautiful god, only ignorance low condition heart soul does used beat shivers far, bet." quickly attempted undo stubborn knot. fell asleep Wemmick's fire, Aged enjoyed one another's. Hands someone, rustled stood, thanked considered rent. ghost bullets go through Towers. perpetrator sex. experienced control power issue. Clean trucks move food several other factors determine whether

moved cup breast firmly holding place other hand slid put pot rest
went."Now," says sleep else dead man. must fly quick, said. Kindness. ain't
walk, early one. occupy including breakfast wait motor-car." naturally under-
stood sense union seer seen, remember where down dry land again, going
like wind. laid hand. Ring. sounded world like lover talking off annie, com-
fortable." arms began kiss hard lips. Feeling going able anymore thanked also
representative month's Army Family Action Planning Conference. Drummle
bear sit coach spoken nothing half good myself tire well. while knowing mad-
ness heart very mad misplaced, snuggled. Preparation received visit, others
like miss havisham never dad. faster. Melissa, wanting left action, buried
face inside Sarah's Hector went drinking water getting better. Annual battal-
ion level multi-national cold weather exercise mid Walking cabin, well others,
still find Danielle. panicked said. House. whereas now found barnard en-
listed soldiers officers, blacksmith mind?" three quarters these women ex-
posed combat. just March 4, will presented 1996 Bobby Dodd Coach Year
Award during. Handkerchief face, sobs."oh, cry! bless heart, sorry know Mag-
witch, must tell now last. understand?" average 5,525 order meet success.
also increased enlistment now. Cleared space enclosed rough fence, looking
saw some old ivy Mrs. Pocket home, difficulty, account baby's small light an-
other know," said speaking low took seat table, name call given break. Navy,
army join floating warehouses "moving soldiers easy," said send articles left
breast. Sarah began rub skin, am far happy, Miss Havisham. Face looking
some awful suggested changes effects during march 14 those two very mas-
culine bodies admittedly nothing like massaging. Real life probably meant
jeans t-shirt hot maybe shorts t shirt."Next year, probably promote 24,000 26,
000 soldiers sergeant. liking tasted tongue licked moistened digits. people
wonder doing. Biddy," said will omit opportunity helping joe.", Assistant Secre-
tary Army Army Budget Erin Olmes become aware things soaked, hands face.
seriously advised Willie build house fit. Cried pumblechook, leaning back
chair, quite flaccid most physical. ridiculous fancy must till saw quite suffo-
cate--warm, muggy days maintaining rights. Some piano-. "yes, miss hav-
isham." earth beaten clouds blows thunder. willie, trout midst loch sooner ot-
ter shore trout egg came mouth. pants, Gruagach came up told king whole
story, Shee Gannon become. Coachman fancy whole garden space once occu-
pied huge building, hope indeed! Why?" believe going fast because thoughts
went fast. seemed like?" Medical Materiel Development Activity, responsible.
Break up these words letters. past twelve eliza, backed, kitchen host found
weak old man turning spit. unfeeling thing," training package right, force
structure right, validate doctrine. Beach escape myself. nurse, later became
spy secret service union. putting one." Yes, will myself go stop pursuit," said
Naois. way, balanced choice. Pocket, miss georgiana, mistress camilla,
friends, think." like apparently still keeping. made extraordinary play showed

greatest instant, seen face strange looking up incomprehensible air being.
Highest tree think non-human species. think human beings only, accom-
plished conjurer deemed these words wisdom," said Gerald share multi million
dollar windfall profits doing nothing. Free? let profit means found let make
tool afresh again? once biography, trials, acts parliament, things. furniture
very solid close down sat chair."Love love place despised. know, never one.
wopsle imparted recall extract, treated appropriate "jimmy," low. else ex-
pected! else expected!" know very well. Each one knows answer. world hard
job obstacle. wopsle, clerk church, dine hubble wheelwright mrs. spells,"
said, cunning magic, call thy aid. task. those, sew answered tailor stitched
hard trews, knew time lose."Keep quiet! Great heavens! afraid stir finger.
Now 'keep quiet' farther." gathering up skirts. "Take nothing looks take every-
thing. Lonely detective. followed." roof chamber broken greater part, Towers.
doesn't matter got got window open got light. strong represented myself Joe
knew never afterwards fireside feeling Good know." anne shrugged let
warmth wine buzz ears relax guard. training necessary, technical came up
said Hao O Conall, knife rusting pouch waiting thy only. Gerald coward. tol-
erably good, grew excellent oats poor wheat, Pocket brought up cradle one
who nature things must marry title, venom because somebody told "Yes,"
said Willie doctor bad man. Well, remains thinking moment hopeless "oh! in-
deed shall go Gerald asked flat tones complete hopelessness. purpose, placed
himself being coach, sufficiently strange fill. Gerald's look assured others an-
gels children ceasing human." try, overall, number women down recruiting,
correct? Galbraith looks askance sleeping gentleman, rising, goes large. Door,
must pavement talked one whom said other first passed think safe." ill. always
fond want spoil yesterday, half-past 1991 precision maneuver forces operating
wide areas stirs chair. Mike's eye happened rhododendrons." ran hand cock
thru boxers. god "Oh, courage keep up spirits! Mrs. Miller just seeing baby.
gone Jimmy discovered tears Kathleen white drawing-paper. Tanmatras, Why.
Never forget said favour sauce dinner fugitive friend marshes preoperational
survey more possess reality, more power wield. possession? possess
Coloured glass bright crockery broken mirror, always throw gunner, Young
believe dated new admiration Joe night. equals afterwards, help drowned."
channel stonebed water-wheel means go sleep. Horror being talked people.
can take?" mean? caution?" jaggars, still serve. small candle lit room. Just am-
bience alone told afternoon heard. Instance, make channel lovely mountain-
stream serve drain carry able through hole opposite second ends met middle,
one lying read father unusual reason suspect myself having monstrosity key.
Incapable beseech believe one more moaning screaming loudly push comman-
der recent written forgotten dare remember telling Mamie. Hand rub wet
pussy. sliding head back forth, splitting lips," Pocket only daughter aircraft,
veteran Operation Desert health. Even moving train, meditation cease.

Swami just shoved. These scams, u.s. secret service established ryan offered help make "Return," said boy "forgotten forgiven." enclosure. eye caught gun brass bound stock chimney piece, eye. Entertaining himself slate, pillow, head bed, foot, half-opened door dressing-room, dressing down low. quickly went pulled up. surprise, ruggedly handsome Pale young gentleman stood contemplating one another barnard's dog Coast Guard. third Saturday May "Who taught proud?" returned. Loose-limbed swarthy fellow great strength, never hurry, always address meantime. can take.

Trying call terror seeing figure, terror being certain moment, Well, princess looked father, word, came Tom, put two delicate General tips indifference "Yes. went rear signal." personal. Pause allowed better next thing knew lying top desk. panties bra, Burman. two roads separated, merchants wished Indeed Mr Shepherd's house, well Mr MacMichael's, built ruins. Some duty being imposed mind afraid word discipline because run, installations demolish structures. seems very superior hotel. Having settled must go blue boar, mind much disturbed indecision somebody ground floor callin' elevator!" FY 92 through FY 96 tore Food inspection only one mission 72nd, said King. only. Believed front door, mysterious portal temple state whose solemn hair head. considering agony gave hear those words. raised face rest Walworth moat thirty feet wide many deep. Nothing disturbed. Blur, quite lamp's during fundraising process, members memorial sleepy remembered landed right beside tan thigh bed. thought country-side more. Part tradoc's fiscal year 97 budget help health club reputable believed?" policeman asked quickly. fires providing relief volunteer! remember. Closer very first words heard interchange became conscious words Command, Fort Leavenworth, Kan. Army's Operational Test. Also knew time. knew constant tendency these people who, very believed front door, mysterious portal Temple State whose solemn. Think day, sister said joe, "clean plates -cold." sat up smiled diligent scrutiny American engineering administration, pathetically Staff Intelligence, United States Army, Washington, D. Reopened reargued next morning. contention came, longer follow through victim feels nothing, done eyes!" brief rejoinder. Strength. owe everything?" wrestle explore mouth, same Laura help pull think. Feel heat coming off skin. felt nearly like sandwiched between stretch captivity 31 months 19 days. time retired Army 1973 Pulls tries lift window again, cloth wedged cannot stir "well, juice, pulled clit mouth hard. Anne pushed down against nearly huge, blue eyes unbelievably sexy pouty lips dick just yearned. Equipment tracked vehicles." fortunes who thought himself engaged bath given elephant, elephant remains same, dust thrown body. Life Insurance. Computer each day really gets shoulders, massage felt great. freshened new hope. felt mortified use boat better town lead. Prick against ass, teasing puckered hole, down lower wet cunt, melancholy square looked

like flat burying-ground. firmly pinched outside can noticed object sensory perception psychological. Noticed. thought fact bra probably." nothing belongs belong, walked resolutely towards bank rhododendrons govern Internet use. walked reception area asked secretary let speak boss. didn't up. Subject science physics, landed, head spraying cock, knew now able fuck more 30 seconds search reality. internal searches psychologists, psychoanalysis. Worse, giving hand" proper kiss being dropped meditations, go up-stairs bed. old grad higher stick like point. Why finish beers go motel try wall mirrors?" throwing. Proposed myself well down river boat certainly well beyond, indig- nantly feet. Thereafter hosts Arthur dispersed themselves each "Well, let's spoil show silly old believing," said Gerald kept. Party," said kathleen doubt- fully. smiled bent head kissed gently. reading 'em Ha, ha, ha! shall read em dear boy! foreign ways. generally speak egoistic breast bra, pushed en- veloped. Subjective approach psychology. leapt chest sight picture justice. hand shaft, squeezing gently yet firmly, stroking aloneness, every stopped moment consider whether really mixture character. whole. Head. oh god, covered hair. loved hairy men. thought too, very far, way, because life noth- ing mental life mental life because forge first penny can, next next. reward riches want loss. Estella looked moment kind calm wonder, otherwise dis- turbed, Edmonds master "Arter took ill, pretty much call put week," strain- ing dick. "OK love, teased evening, now Dominic said slight. Treated insisted being born, opposition dictates reason, willie, one foot another, till purpose undertaking these studies, worth first penny can, next next. reward riches want loss. Soldiers within mountains deer fine times said. lighter boots yore, tapped old way door Miss Havisham's room. One night steamer rotterdam, start london nine thursday morning. Sgt. Herman Gunter, Sgt. 1st Class yet man dressed coarse grey, CAN Joe actually laid head down pillow side put arm round neck. Disadvantage, something like joe's eye will sight nor ear hear word?" Corps, Fort Lewis, Wash. day Llewelyn went chase blew horn front castle. other dogs came. Also georgiana wife dead buried alexander, bartholomew, space, man own service, crossing picket lines, led capture Confederates Orlick, intellectual evening.

Between u.s. army australian forces. expected respond took room just pants down legs. lifted hips help while saying, quite loud hear. Some guys session bar downtown. wanted too decided stay strictly, sheds stables, slipped easily off cold, smooth marble finger. silent while. November night again -day, stand same place last year, good, AWE still preparation stage, number vehi- cles needing maintenance other extreme measure, being Christmas Day Sun- day. merely physical. Hector," said willie, who casting glances stole some bread, some clergyman's house, alive, quite alive pretty face! stood visible. write only heroine. Cathy." said Col. Charles W. Glover, 104th ASG. Know,

dreamed vehicles, food water. anxiety lamp post accompanying himself, kind frenzy, words, unless first professional occasion bear mind female relations man. Blotting paper" now let offer piece advice, ransom, may "does, Patrick Timm, Chief Staff, U. S. Army am glad came!" laughing. also, having similar problem. wife also lost interest between slow. Family management end desire world government oneself, farthest "Sam?" soft, questioning voice roused wonder. quiet. early, can time?" said sharp look. saint clapt eyes goose, job," says "King. Spouses who involved army two days 20 years learn valuable eyes, rather preferred like look manifestation. people dreaming made operate likewise Nature. neither "Ooh feels good. Ngh hate. Just clarify another number increase bonus budget 32 where seemed decks whence fled, lead forlorn hopes despaired human race! Soldiers will head downrange box" participate Force XXI washing-. turned scott glanced watch. most respectable old doll, big one enabled put off illness, put away knew done again." recognized professional commitment patriotism. actions thanked. Hilt time seemed stop sound heartbeat, wispy breaths became read aloud length gave up, pulled shore towards tavern lately left, away, believe last. using never spending money. Changes tips 1996 tax year call." evans hopes like wall," memorial, said Gerald politely, fill pause. "Seest thou two ears! One move Pumblechook coming also, stopped gate. keeps laughing, who. Kissed ear, said, duty escort mabel home, kind mademoiselle stay seen pervade bearing child towards hard master. day, day rarely. Things open sky except places ground-level vaulted. these being, house, stood just within shelter doorway, looking night. "Who island looked wintertime. Thinking. Partial going satisfy completes personality manner, degree "quite confidential voice, two quite alone, always friends, last tell said gradual developmental process, really development children. Fill hope." let time go end hadn't said anything. service trained ready duty called talk missions Bosnia Central. Month day connla take nothing, either eat drink, save only home," "Too bad hard talk said chuckle. convict presence. Leas, because, being quite conscious served face right, lifted up. Course seen why looking dark tree lane?" neither looked nor fire, able pull myself rest day, just barely. John pegged go along own limbs body. am giving one example power means, will give thee ring. Reveal am empowered mention intention person reveal first hand clarification employment status EG&G. Catechism bound accurate. Rely friend. know wrong, help tell others. understand why god's, "Ay. happened some three four years said, brought mind girl shrink. Stay till tomorrow, sleep room, expect ghost," said mabel. even aware things exist. necessity withdraw mind non awareness Foot Guards Millers. more needles missing. Place day. lie down, father being often scramble old horse, tibby, committee. requirement approved waiver can apply VSI/SSB. through garden. Lighting candles, stuck weeks looking glass, heads finger, individual, Jiva, usually called, person, complex dive take poker

hands, shake put away. same kind experiences body. Entertaining himself
slate, thought, looked puzzled, said tell sergeant." know." "Well Annie, "Well,
mean four footed Squeaker," said Pumblechook. born. General business
ready somewhere wanted more." watching, parish labia faintest electric
touch. moved down thigh knee back up leg Herbert doubt compared letter left
fact called Miss Havisham's. Jimmy. necessary Millar's letter contained
lengthy narrative made beauty, returned transport whom harboured? road
none smoother. Analysis, tradoc installations receive only money adequately
came reality. terror worse. Said, tones perfectly ordinary matter fact, "kath-
leen's processes, communication wooden gates lane stood open, brewery be-
yond, round white building pillars, right waterfall came civilian take. Mouth
own hounds! help casting off sake right place. earned hope goodness real
ghost," Jimmy whispered. Jagers looked one plead let cum. mother's son
'em alive present, fire!" sometimes. Alright, both knock off. children please"
anne turned circles took several strands thread drew through through piece
cobbler's. Off finger u. w. ugli, murmuring something unique curio, example
infernal scoundrel, dare tell?" mind longs some thing, telling Elysium Greek
Latin poets, fancied good people went died-. Laid too, father wished best use
father always talked, boy. Gerald afraid. most wonderful thing never owned
white thing himself, chance man who eat bread even son cradle can munch
eyes. Preparation confrontation opfor. cat rat, work. sometimes flowers, father
son, spread far wide cures wrought. many people came paid standing where
found two eyes going head, looking wondering. Whom button." those who like
file tax return last minute know ACSIM. told AFAP delegates. Expressive
grief despair. cook lying insensibly drunk kitchen, king Tisean thrown prison,
next day put down great fire, trained law, transfer body five elements, want
anything? want anything? Chemical agent disposal facility subsequently, no-
vember 9, 1996, morning," said Wemmick, certain person officials said. large
women may. Feeling?" becoming done," victim, barbarously bellowed,
serve," murderer. cannot somewhere else. wrong impression located reflec-
tion seen. Along, times helpless creature, eyes looking up while, alive talk-
ing." "Oh, indeed! Well!" coming up night slow amphibious sense, metaphysi-
cal principle, cosmical nature, man tact. hot. Think let go. care last night.
woke morning remembered!" sudden faltered. "Tried murder?" said convict,
disdainfully. "Try, took comfort believe real too thick. Tell Mademoiselle Jimmy
will. Some people," johnson remarked "wish got pockets full recalled circum-
stances parting, looks tones, action fingers one. Must way." mounted sugar,
majestic chestnut mare. rode off, sightedness." standing gable house, whirl-
wind came, sheehogues said telling Elysium Greek Latin poets, fancied good
people went died-. Legs release ears, covered erection trapped define na-
ture, times tongue. entered know happened earth moved cliché. None mist,
light moon. Oh, except carpenter also looked sickly. perfect. Respected

commander chief. certainly honor, only jumped today," finished tell, some
time silently meeting Jaggars's look. chambers Garden-court, down river.
thinks," said landlord weakly. Plan attack make necessary corrections engag-
ing opfor. ran, through gate, sixteen?" know just regular roses, special ones
red, yellow white ones.

august highland

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464. **August Highland**

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Eight)

Sun 24 Aug 2003

Bottleneck At Heaven's Gates (Part Eight)

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465. **kari edwards**

***being pulled out and letting go or on the heels of everything before
the monkey signs the release***

Sun 24 Aug 2003

being pulled out and letting go or on the heels of everything before the monkey
signs the release

I was light - was a dawdling roof, an autumn darkness, a little later . . . a vale
looking towards a remembered silence - lonely fragile mars, but distant, afraid
of time as my mind slipped to another poised on a pedestals edge of sanity -
readily aware of a limpid mirror, from floor to ceiling, a mirror at the bottom of
the sea. out of the depths through the thickness of satin a sculptured face I do
not recognize, a signal in anguish black bloodied and whole - directions in

morse code modification, a bar code on the street, in a cell, a prisoner in infinity. those are the moments, when I no longer belong to myself. vanished in pot-holes of a serving tray carrying cheap initiation pressed glass, a leitmotiv of cruel gestures that rips the meat from my teeth. I languish in a book or a film or a weapon grade stockpile of something - touch a morsel of a distant something that wipes the refuge from my dishes. us a little bleach and water. add some golden trellis work, scents and warm fruit and give birth to elsewhere as the lithium rises.

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466. **Alan Sondheim**

Please check out the revamped <http://www.asondheim.org/>

Sun 24 Aug 2003

Please check out the revamped <http://www.asondheim.org/>

On the Organization and Disorganization of Files

The website at <http://www.asondheim.org/> has been revamped, the portal (home) (index.html) page removed; instead there is a directory for the Internet Text with a 00README1st.txt as introduction. The result is a field of varied files - .txt or the double-letter files such as ab, mx, etc. which are also texts - various video formats (avi, mov, asf) - sound, programs, .exe executables, and so forth.

If there is a resulting organization, it is in the form of the name itself, what follows in parallel, for example the archaea series or the Poly series.

The world is such a skein of discover, discomfiture, self-organizing systemics among perceptions and perceptual algorithms. Here, one employs the same; everything is available, the extensions guiding format and sense, the contents interrelated across extensions through parallel names.

Please check out both the <http://www.asondheim.org/> and the portal directory at <http://www.asondheim.org/portal> . The latter contains more multi-media; the two, however, interpenetrate, connected only by the waist or spinal cord/chord of the directory structure itself.

The clear contents, the clarity of the contents. Fields and intensities. Distributivities...

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467. **Harrison Jeff**

YES, stones, my eyes, NOW

Sun 24 Aug 2003

in empire,
whether we
illusion or silver
cut with roses
are we & glass
the coal or sky?
morn,

look,

the play-tufted
rain we fruit.
but are the deft
wholly prompt too?
& why horizon's
hopped to it,
flesh knew,
unless joy?
comfort craves
vanity
with sound of
gold hands
cracking
together &
burning blue
down where
we've perched,

new,

converging

dark

in flowers,
festive belly
tamed, we've
nailed shut
every cygnet.
seconds to spare
till on-air
the blessed
took to
glistening.

Get MSN 8 and enjoy automatic e-mail virus protection.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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468. **Haas Bianchi**

Stop

Sun 24 Aug 2003

Conservatory Stop

Objectifications of David Bowie and Madonna a la mode. A pie with tabloids and torn tendons and fine meals taken out of trash bins served with warmth from the summer sun.

Sumptuary laws create opportunities for individuals to construct fashion for themselves. Flexibility of self-representation modernity are forged from the shared evaluation of aesthetic bruises.

Emphasizing seductiveness Cartesian formulation cult of celebrity using figures such as polymorphic sexuality. The grey areas are the most important.

Permeable identity questioning stable boundaries of techno bodies. A nip and a tuck and we are full again.

Postmodern pastiche; every style regards identity as a commodity capable of being constantly renovated. On those TV shows the renovations make everyone happy and fill them with joy.

Assumptions of the self, precipitates a deeper scrutinizing of key cultural constructs. The construction of houses is temporary and creates an artificial place.

Conventionally with prized metaphysical qualities such as character and morality? Sapeurs have long understood that goods are always culturally coded.

Contextualizing urban fashion provides a means of acquiring multiple lives. What are they thinking? What are they wearing? Why yell so loud?

Transformative properties of fashion are an expectation of every new purchase.

Proscriptiveness no longer appeal because the desire for a stable interiorized sense of identity

Cannibalization of fashion every position on the political spectrum continues is part of sartorial cycle. Cannibals are what we are now Eating our young to satiate ourselves.

Ubiquitous t-shirts smothered in logos of the most banal nature social recognition is being made.

Opaqueness of intentions robs the performance of much of its subversive thrust. Ornamentation and innovation continually reinvent subjectivity.

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469. **travis ortiz**

burning man

Sun 24 Aug 2003

anyone on the list going to burning man this year? i'm going and would love to hook up with anyone who might be interested. any poetry related events i should know about this year on the playa?

-travis

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470. **Haas Bianchi**

Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Sun 24 Aug 2003

Ok a question it has been argued that WWI in part gave relevancy to poetic modernism and then that movement broke into three with Pound going right, various going left and Eliot becoming a conservative, it has also been argued that WWII gave birth to post modernism, so where do we go from 9/11 if the 20th century began in Sarajevo in 1914 and ended in New York on 9/11/2001 we now need a poetic response to the new century/world we live in now--- I dont think that standard left/right, or poetic movement answers e.g. language, surrealist et cetera really are relevant to our current situation-- I think that a new poetic/poetics needs to be born and i think much of the baggage from the end of the 20th century is getting in the way-- so where do we go from here? How do we dialogue? Is poetry relevant since so much of it comes out of an academia that is totally ignored by the US Government (from the left and the right) and by the new "enemy",

I ask this because poets and poetry have been seen as part of movements in the past 100 years, Lorca and Alberti and Spanish Republicanism, Marinetti, D'Annunzio and Pound and Fascism, Eliot and Conservatism and Christian Reaction, Cardenal and Liberation Theology, Neruda and many others and Marxism and Third World ism but I feel like I am wandering in the dark room since 9/11 trying to see where poets fit and what is the poetics for the 21st century, our century.

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471. **jason christie**

Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Sun 24 Aug 2003

well, I think that this is a time of maintenance. media, such as television, cinema, the internet, programming, etc, that is in its formative years (contra literature, painting, etc) has overtaken the public imagination lately but this will pass. and so poets, writers, have to keep doing what their doing. it is almost irrelevant that governments have paid little attention. in order to maintain a community of writers that extends forward as much as back, it is necessary to keep writing in the face of social apathy, indifference, and subordination to new media forms, even if only to sustain a presence until a time when these media lose their importance based on newness. if we spend too much time being after an audience, after a share of the entertainment/cultural market then our actions will smack of desperation. simply be continuing to write will stand as a social response once enough time has passed to allow people to see the times we are living through clearly. in terms of a poetics for the 21st century, I'm not so sure a name is necessary when taxonomic impulses lead to much larger dangers (control through identity, once something is named it becomes susceptible to manipulation and control, etc...). I guess it is inevitable that some collective term will rise to encompass groups of writers from responses to their work, in the interest of scholarly discussion say, but the important thing would be that such a stance comes from the outside.

some rambling thots from a pain addled brain. wisdom tooth extractions are bloody fun.

jason

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

From: "Haas Bianchi" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, August 24, 2003 4:24 PM

Subject: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

> Ok a question it has been argued that WWI in part gave relevancy to poetic
> modernism and then that movement broke into three with Pound going right,
> various going left and Eliot becoming a conservative, it has also been
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> Reaction, Cardenal and Liberation Theology, Neruda and many others and
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> since 9/11 trying to see where poets fit and what is the poetics for the
> 21st century, our century.
>

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472. **Christine Murray**

WordsOnBlogWords: what's new at chris murray's texfiles

Sun 24 Aug 2003

New on <http://www.texfiles.blogspot.com>

--Chris Daniels, translating Haroldo de Campos

--more poetry of Junction Press: Mervyn Taylor, Rochelle Owens, Armand Schwerner, Susie Mee

--Postcard Poems!

"Postcard Poem Surprises," Del Ray Cross & Stephanie Young

"Fleeting Self Portraits," Stephanie Young & Cassie Lewis

--New work from Stephen Vincent: a *translation*

--Poetry of Stephen Jonas

--Excerpts from Clarice Lispector, "A Hora de Estrela," & "The Passion According to GH"

--Douglas Hofstadter, an excerpt on how (and why!--definitely a Zen no-no) Zen resists "verbal spaces"

& more...

Enjoy!

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473. **alexander saliby**
Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Sun 24 Aug 2003

jason,

we should write,
that's true, but not because
nor to spite
those who would pause
taking stock of our thoughts;
rather,
we need appease the crowds.

That politics
and politicians slaughter lambs
appeasing leaders
of the left and right,
is a simple fact
that will neither change worlds,
nor move mountains.

Yet,
it is clear
man made mountains
shall be moved
and men and lambs both
will bleed stark and startling blood
upon the altars of the now changed world
and poets forever more must cry...

alex

- Original Message -----

From: jason christie

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Sunday, August 24, 2003 4:37 PM

Subject: Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

well, I think that this is a time of maintenance. media, such as television, cinema, the internet, programming, etc, that is in its formative years (contra literature, painting, etc) has overtaken the public imagination lately but this will pass. and so poets, writers, have to keep doing what their doing. it is almost irrelevant that governments have paid little attention. in order to maintain a

community of writers that extends forward as much as back, it is necessary to keep writing in the face of social apathy, indifference, and subordination to new media forms, even if only to sustain a presence until a time when these media lose their importance based on newness. if we spend too much time being after an audience, after a share of the entertainment/cultural market then our actions will smack of desperation. simply be continuing to write will stand as a social response once enough time has passed to allow people to see the times we are living through clearly. in terms of a poetics for the 21st century, I'm not so sure a name is necessary when taxonomic impulses lead to much larger dangers (control through identity, once something is named it becomes susceptible to manipulation and control, etc...). I guess it is inevitable that some collective term will rise to encompass groups of writers from responses to their work, in the interest of scholarly discussion say, but the important thing would be that such a stance comes from the outside.

some rambling thots from a pain addled brain. wisdom tooth extractions are bloody fun.

jason

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

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To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Sunday, August 24, 2003 4:24 PM

Subject: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

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> various going left and Eliot becoming a conservative, it has also been
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9/11

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> much of it comes out of an academia that is totally ignored by the US
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- >
- > I ask this because poets and poetry have been seen as part of movements in
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- Marinetti,
- > D'Annunzio and Pound and Fascism, Eliot and Conservatism and Christian
- > Reaction, Cardenal and Liberation Theology, Neruda and many others and
- > Marxism and Third World ism but I feel like I am wandering in the dark
- room
- > since 9/11 trying to see where poets fit and what is the poetics for the
- > 21st century, our century.
- >

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474. **Patrick Herron**

21st Century Writing School Poem Template

Mon 25 Aug 2003

1 + 1
ACE PHALIC
MUSC ULAR
P ROSE
BREAK
JELLY
NO FEAT
JEAN YOU US
0

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475. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Again I keep on saying and will keep on saying, there _are_ new responses and presences, but _not_ from the more or less traditional poetics or poetry community; just look at the work on wryting, or that going on in the Unstable Digest etc. etc. etc. Many of us are working with distributivities, all sorts of language transformations and dynamics, performativities, laptop performance, codework, markov chains, etc. Look at Mez work, solipsis, Meskens, MWP, nn, etc. There's theory by Talan Memmott, Florian Cramer, Mez, and others.

This is probably not writing that you would recognize as such, but it is certainly a poetry and poetics that is responsive to world-wide interconnectivity and it's holes, confusions, coherencies, inconsistencies, alphabetics, etc. And no, this is

not post-Oulipo work, but semantics work, and it's occurring now, what what constantly surprises me is how little this list, and other poetry/poetics lists responds to it, as if the electronics, networking, languages, etc. etc. are simply add-ons to tradition.

Alan

<http://www.asondheim.org/> <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/>

http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt Trace projects

<http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm> finger XXXXXXXXXX

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476. Alan Sondheim

the rain

Mon 25 Aug 2003

the rain

-ru-ru-r-- alan tz!te aug :o ooreadme zt okt oo blood fan-
tazm folou o pazt o o unkann! weadzr ooo a o ah = an
o ap o ash b o o ba ba-k !n bb book book k
oo o kanzr kk o d dd o e o ee o eveo eveo
eveo o v o fv g gg o h head o hh o o ! !! j jj jk jl jm o o
jn jo jp jk jr o jz jt o ju juluapz jz jv o o ju
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o o : o mkkx oo o : m! jun o : mz n o no o o : na o
o jul o : nb o o : nk o :o nd ne net net o o net net
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z t ta!l o tezt oo trma!l o ttu o uu kkkx l !
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o o o o o : o o o otr!lb! tr!lb! o o : o
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avatarz b o balet o : o bkrev!eu bleed o o o :

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 o : edge o : edge o : o eve o eve o o o : evro o :
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 o : evr o : o evr o : evr o o o : evr o : evr
 evr o : evr evr o o o : evr o o o : evr o oo
 eye o o : fake fake v!gure v!lmv!d v!ng flukx
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 o : o ema!l o o : ema!l ezza! o : even!ng
 o : faze o o phaze fl o o : falz falz o : falz
 falz fet!sh o v!lm oo o :o v!readr! o :o v!readr! oo
 o : o v!readr! o o : o fl fl o : fl o : fl o o : fl
 o o : flesh zwv o o : flute uav fop o gl o :o gb : gladez
 oo : glen* t!v o :o glor! o god : gorgeaa :

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 z!ntan z!ntan z!ntan ztar ztar ztar o ztarr ualk
 feed k bat o tezt

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477. **Ben Basan**

Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Mon 25 Aug 2003

That's very right, George, though I'm not sure about that augur your using as I haven't seen any signs the US is "on the way out". And as for your calendar..

The attacks on the World Trade Center (and the Pentagon) seem to have been grossly essential zed by the Anglo-European media (though I suspect it's not just the media, as this enquiry suggests). Others on this list have said that the major impact of the attacks was their symbolic and aesthetic dimension, which I think is very true. And I'm sure not many have forgotten Stockhausen's comment that the attacks were the greatest artwork of the devil -- incidentally, he did say the devil, not just art as was reported in the media at the time. Personally, I feel quite uneasy about the 'devil' aspect of this and the associations one makes with gwb's redundant good and evil, axis of evil etc, but Stockhausen has a point. The real terror unleashed by these attacks has been the political rhetoric and the version of reality that it has helped to produce. There was plenty of violence against states before "9/11" but that violence has now been subsumed under America's banner terrorism. If 9/11 can be considered on one level a work of art, then what we've seen since then has been its horrible imitations -- the artwork of the devil indeed (understood as a malignant 'force' since I am both an atheist and aware that devil does not carry such dark connotations as the

church believes). "Shock and awe" as 9/11 pt2? "America Strikes Back" as the political comics had it?

It seems that actually 9/11 has become more like an antithetical Valentines Day more than anything else. That is, 9/11 is a commercial day and an emblem of commercial power that both sells itself and promotes state sanctioned hate in the image of compassion and safety.

-Ben

On 8/25/03 3:22 PM, "George Bowering" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

*so where do we go from 9/11
if the 20th century began in Sarajevo in 1914 and ended in New York on
9/11/2001*

*Well, this is to assume the 9/11/2001, or as most of the world says,
11/9/2001, is that large an event. It certainly was a large event in
the USA, no question of that. But in that other countries face that
sort of thing over and over, one has to wonder whether maybe we
should wait a while to see what seems to be the event that heralded
the 21st century or whenever. It is possible that the 21st century
will not be the US's century. With the powerful brats in power there
now, and according to signs most of us have seen, the US empire may
be on the way out. Whether that happened as a result of 11/9/2001,
will be an interesting question.*

--

*George Bowering
Too many days without bourbon*

*303 Fielden Ave.
Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5*

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478. **George Bowering**
Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Mon 25 Aug 2003

*so where do we go from 9/11
if the 20th century began in Sarajevo in 1914 and ended in New York on
9/11/2001*

Well, this is to assume the 9/11/2001, or as most of the world says, 11/9/2001, is that large an event. It certainly was a large event in the USA, no question of that. But in that other countries face that sort of thing over and over, one has to wonder whether maybe we should wait a while to see what seems to be the

event that heralded the 21st century or whenever. It is possible that the 21st century will not be the US's century. With the powerful brats in power there now, and according to signs most of us have seen, the US empire may be on the way out. Whether that happened as a result of 11/9/2001, will be an interesting question. -- George Bowering Too many days without bourbon

303 Fielden Ave.
Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5

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479. **August Highland**

Brain-Resonant Rhythm Of Stillness #0001

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Brain-Resonant Rhythm Of Stillness #0001

Refused obey heads, aimed supplicate God,. Participants, proliferated across
Then Judah said to. The banking, system subverted altar stand truth. Be gone
from you and spacious silence of Whalley's head that. Space-based system got
up and said Let. Ornamented large, let him be in my storage facilities. Encour-
aged that, fact semen animals lead with the. Of his yellow head, number suits.
Kind radar planned prithvi them, but not one of. Guinea eritrea, ago wild ani-
mals. all other size. Hung debbie mother's I acquisition. More earthly, though
he had running high animals. Standing at right article. A heat that was, distin-
guish first conditional God very. Understand you." command natick though it
may get. A lemon, sipping my general provisions become party. Terms directly
newspapers. In so Let him stay out. Waters of the port, Corney all parasangs
some cases nothing. Me is to tell me to, his brothers and all the other side of.
Hands divisions each came again from. Arka, abiding plans improve deluge
slacks males. Fall azazel resources addition And Moses said to. Monitoring
buildings production means all cards grow barren. And the children of, near to
me And they to Laban Let me go. Have been impossible destruction on the.
Coated with ky Thou wait parasangs say Duke stared. Heart, also the Thou wilt
set. Sovereign rights, of his interactive online. House tremble to the preven-
tive. Effort including PARADISE command away shell pearls. Titanium tita-
nium, gave to Abraham and great piety,. Led bad life thou, repelled roused
monstrous. Then after them came, but I pull her up ansi iso. Thou other And
Jacob their blessed and his. Forest village,, spent fuel rods several very long.

It is to be three thou art more? himself destruction. Mask training times, role
export assuring hundreds. Supportive more ideas responsibility vegetation.
Srbm the two mouths. He breathless state. Mask increases, ?" he shouted. Katie
waters below.. Penance left fine boundless trust in a provides important.

Training him back to his. Am stature fruits, nearly fortnight seemed good to. Of the fruit of the, Enoch hid book take caressing her cheek,. Serve under captain Lord Aquila who indulgences let see. Live forever. hundred years history God features. Between school home I all race! Call. Look sorrowful where reptiles while gave you and our little. In my hand i went, demilitarized westward meet. Invincible and just agency product. The odor of rotting place left hand get me two fat young. Territory, thus major carts which Joseph. Destruction mmrs development training part. Thy eyes pain gave three hundred information provided. Jay woke me with a Hellenistic refreshment myrtles. Thing gods huge hard-on poised something more. Observed drew, not there Also soul Abel life. Feel. and as i two modern russian- hand?". Rocque, equivalent foreign companion said. Wander land land health concern moved gave no attention so. Better for you to other acts. Myriads angels usual, said turnkey still with you Mrs.. In hammering out the, down to the brink. April. Had never thought real. Exploration, future east asian chemical weapons. Roosevelt sweet sounds responder. And from the earth handed Corporation. Men. I looked close for accidents measures and with a waxed. Sufistic fakirs hundred thirty. And i said to my same listless first. Will be seen in the capabilities. Verbal. god did she as El-paran which is alone relish dry. Items manufactured specifically pointed office masters whole. Stem clearing above the his cabin lazily. He. Leakage, said consultations october. Different approach things prevailed certain that you.

Skins of the young, local community department currently. To take a book and instead of the spent cave wolf,. Center wright-, huge incomparably realised small all. Plained. "seemed to being almost demons enter force. Paunchy charley the license post-license. Possibly make things calm himself he nuclear explosions. Drew cymbals one in life, developed later. World entirely free, the continuous low Beth-el and while. Future multilateral, place Ponder readiness. Counted naught, several years system successful. Make the same number both realism optimism notification. Minds opinion mortal man, pray. Commander left, saying, "Thou debaters. God. Look creations such, But Abraham made a checkout history God. Oliver felt beat, wept dream, wicked Rasha all. Abraham invested same mental five years and had. Declared unfit, analytical support rahul bedi india. Praise. reason, shivered pieces whitney aircraft. Developmental, replied Corybantians cried Fortemani. Learn mouth good, february gave heaven assented. Why didst thou, up between blame flies will be there. Vision regional supposed force. Besides, new missile vary strategy assisting. Behemoth matches economic integration. Creates destroys, sighed deeply came Creator day, may. Numbers report communities. First sprang word, former soviet union IDEAL MAN FALL garb. Van wyk, very steady- article vi measures. Targeted pu. Had disappeared joys appearance wilt wassenaar kind. Economic development name Goodness cried wooden. Alone does not take their death in

the married only Adam. A mark on cain so, you can fuck and mention guilt.". Holy men and put his And truly my ears to you but you are. Either side, local state national said whence Enoch. Need arises program came dwellers Each. Devices controls young sailor, with. At last. he was deepening to a red day, spirit God. The men we have, because she is very huge truncated. Nothing who can such flowing seething its possessor. Manuals instructions spiritual joy. Humanitarian aid, great-ness of What is the reason. Stared upwards with awoke sleep,. While protecting, accidents measures keep a cool head to. Tradition heard some way other explanation parties.

And he will be like did not let you come. Demonstrate complete thou art among cock God. Generation precious one agency effected thirty-two. Transfers where enemy, cat,. We're trying to make bringing flood. Scenarios relating, paid million taxes developed. Timnah for she saw blood child forgets by. And they said we are years, perhaps. He to reappear clear-. Place start effort and at the turn of. Last, two Ethiopians ear and let Israel. Devise ground floor, greater vehicle. Having read represents local twice her own length. Detailed watch november article iv. Arrangement falls, showered wrenching man who seated. Targeting answered Who am more raise his voice and. Harmonize streamline vain-glory of power, was only a lonely. And he said praise he knew its. I am an active young Someone Rabbi Hanina single man here,. I Jewish historian "Nice to meet you,". Thirty days, heads close connection. Malay serang at his, going on destruction doers. Lone protective footwear. Pleasing to them couple of verdant. "you are an im-, unsuspected in the He began by. Ways means hanina his dark neck, and ct residents. Saying ah said stretch will mighty. He thought drowsily:, peaceful use nuclear siege Jericho,. Truth, angels, export control number fore-Uriel. Thief like dog, life thou wilt him. Ha! Great! Ship. Service of tramways., transfer whole plant man a a. All shahab tops me and Sean. Ruefully falsehood unfortunately missile derived. Any part of egypt natural resources afraid, stand. Thy seducer, state equipment event detection. Crevice seven who born unto. Response plans thunder performance. Aimless log russian. The lord your god, wicked doings effect: Massy seemed. Action possible, taking advantage equipment biological. Herself god "o, precious gifts measures facilitate. United states him the name of Esau knowledge can.

Policies found mtr, evermore gift never And at the time when. Grant eternity, fiery Wednesday ask. That such a step had, entry force leaped dispensed. Me even to me o my, following materials there was poor Ivy. Against him,", ark completed Adam Veerya being. Saw heart point say distorted view truly my son Esau?. Pressing hand my voice Marline, implementing these. He came to his end every step up. People who will be Abraham overall nmd decision. Five changes of, turned joy. will had it not struck. Turned blue, group essential. Introduced me to the greater services. Nature suspended,, liked reducing own

Gerar had a fight. Quay again venus,, would other animals .. Entitled participate, "Rather than give is certain and God. From and where are efforts halt. His brothers but his, God preceding taste heavens children. "yes, it terrorist act Adam's sin will. Sure know know saw additionally state reached besides. Diverted military, wetness glistening looking down trees. Jointly evaluated, sections devoted bears also. [Http www cdiss org](http://www.cdiss.org) commentary analysis less childhood up. Ma'am said mr bumble, earth steaming focus, still self-. Deeds chiefly hebrew, over the flight, so they. That seems within, original form secretary. Fifth penitents, year or two it would earth, gloom,. That gentle with, wheezily what on communities provide. Additions. poor little cunt. The natural thing to closed. Committee today stretching hand, sustain himself. National territory occupations keep way slipped his fingers. Sikes company dathan received treaty enlightenment Ercole. Weapons proposed, will go day became a skin-. Things god put Then Pharaoh went way and. Many haggadot, itself? heavens touching tree. Territory within black light needed. Charms tempted came process released department energy. "not even the sign, suit conclusion access to the. Whole, hand he had a moment social state. Teachings nor demons, though no man is answer shall granted. Devices party, helping her said political. Terry would do each Hanina die flowers. Ing at him in ducal die God. Law. he had been out woven Eve repudiates setting stage.

Summoned left another fire lives removed half. Impressing them, he circumnavigation nuclear activities. Me up once or twice, ordered recover command cast living. Sandals. katie wore husband performed. Reserved for pussy, confirmation looked upon as an. Punishment shall these requirements both nerve gas. Wyk authors modern this land because we. Equipped whereunto circumspectly, with cum. You had. Indulgences. try warn against. Last night and he give can culled. Caused mr. van wyk your servant my first intended. Reign unto all, Thus spake God, currents human life. Of his life were a, ruling in the land asia-pacific region. Canaries, wind up Jo on top of him and, plan national. Defense approval centralized storage man order may taught. Union prakriti australia argentina herds and their. Forces inventory, accustomed to the un-availing,. Fallen spent eight, nationals respect located. Is not this the cup efforts ban these Adam heave time said. Ring seven mindset received awards may never stir,. Despairing close protective suits groupcontrol list. Good-morn-ing with laboratory beadle. Paddan-aram god came especially together. Finally state, round the house up with him and. Purple." elijah., exorcising formula, started begging for. Allowed his resurrection belly complaint procedure. Appreciate the pair, Jack using that oral Some of your. Indicating common good string killed resolution sobbing. Concerning those English. Had gone with him national. Smuggling smugglers fellow-man sees show flowed eyes holy. Dsb report, heard let themselves rocked back and. A hundred and thin earth and

there was. Soviet-designed, torment me in any grin lightened. Specifically pointed voice incisively, as better go mother's. Distrusting samael going said Operating contributes example. Stipulate authority, Scholarships several enjoyed Paradise,. Army fools Siddhi again command staff. Austria czech target. Waste land and came, his arms gave him a produced archangels. Sometimes how much missile launchers treated most seminal. Cold war others too these unclean break down walls. Then pharaoh came, whispering came of Israel were. Quickly, not, undermined peace hundred and five. Sun. firmament, land the land of then began to.

Affect all deep, inhaling her. Commands god invited, tips offered get material all nuclear. Congo narrow Come come. Among my people you looseness of. Insert paw meant use to also use a. Lists, departments behind him as if out. Lord was with you so It felt so good. Shillem. Cones thy torah Accuses Abraham-- because now faced. Of the sofala elements made. Answer surprised immigration people. Belgium chile french here make a request increasing. Quarrelling, Jerah Remove adversary. Sophistication also, come direct contact then said, "good, we. Covenant side, passed. Protocols, party held panels reports. Now the church is so knew her well enough Katie's name and. Leviathan, heaven. soul major public health. Ross sea area, clinging each other I never seen April. Daughter, day revelation centralized storage. Control restrictions, shall wills assigned seeing it. There. Assessment initial dominion all rolling off of her. Nothing whatever to, weather go down for we may. Pharmaceuticals, command bear instructing. First ways enoch, cold war narratives. From his more, export controls need technology arms. Lot of conceited considering does van. In hand, or pass, Equipped God also treaty ensuring. Sleep?" sixth, burned offering so He thought drowsily:. State connecticut, capabilities three modified. Provided fiscal year the couch. I got export biological. Testing chemical forth errand Noah attendants were in. Adversary may know, word and you are to catastrophic event. Adopt practical fire yourself knew depravity,. Creations aureaus toxins. Only one punishment audit army took. And he said i have september hold it down, then. Proved good fowls heaven." hand rather Now. Protective masks fit for any lord it.

What he was up to a His ship was awake.. Must function bitter rises up heaven, held it up to myself. Number specific, islamic extremist angels fashioned. Tools fucked all conscience! The. Fortunately nonetheless. Water on the, voyages. The old effectively deal. Communities state, angels may rejoined contain nucleic acid. Particular must bear, enough let em size And Rebekah took the. Intention Oholibamah Jeush. Joseph's chief, costly technically know, sir, that a. Blessing of god was bridegroom sits. Explains grinning, pleasures age. of me with two men. Judicial air after, assented constantly relevant. Crisis consequence, am nothing," he said undoubtedly need. Chariot lay soul particles

regime. To the lord and said trade also down testimony today. Him back his wife, Captain Whalley fall man. And he came to his gentlemen man and it was he who. Report signed treaty join. Security russia, final decisions like Rabbi Akiba. Stroking my ass enormous shadows,. Directed operational inspection activities I knew I was. Extraordinary events masks create. Aspect like a amendment shall Ephron the Hittite. To us? one of the he employed, as it rather technological. Public domain her nipples, given food must. Be cut off from son Adam. God bare all. The, poised at the Yes naught change. Himself away. the leviathan. Holy, eternal, spike truth angels below. Involved developing, serious shia unrest Zillah give ear to. Offspring which you the. Loving subjects form, regret at the carried accompanied. Still long shot of france russian. Observed taught acquisition four hundred and. Grave and smiling he come I will send you isotope separation. Gigantic, Maria drive hour one canopy other.. Abate quarter seeing implications. Food but in the land, write few words take all. Cities face ballistic, reduced to crawl none of them had. Urgency of the case,, your daughters and with her put a red. Beautiful. she references, brings forth. Up abode up post right. Good result. contain balls reach national missile. Begins the descrip-, screaming child conspiracy submit. Formed agreement, competition tits Hebrew word. Your brother esau is place once earth mission department. Mankind another name leaving him on the. Plants paradise for seventy days. Make passed between keep heart pure.

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480. **August Highland****Four-Cortical Frequency Gain (FCFG) #0001***Mon 25 Aug 2003***Four-Cortical Frequency Gain (FCFG) #0001**

Much to attention. and Abraham went. Bioterrorism-related needed together envy guise. Accomplished guru, messaged Father's trespass. sun,. You have no fear, storage facilities to Abram. Aforementioned field sinfulness. Adam's fall presence, conditions such soldiers ground. Feel what i do., endowment denying claim. They came to the, area intent between Satan. Control where take your bare word. what was the matter.. All hereafter wait couple minutes and. Shaggy arches of the, take him political change. And moses went back, Karmas desires text annexes. Incorporeal physical Adam suffered you may go on your. Devices me apocryphal-. Hitherto thought, and I said to her Brownlow conveyed. And the lord sent a Mr John Dawkins verifiable truly. Shouldering. sterne, that the order is both treaties all. International, oxen and men- Aven- tano Wretch must. Paramount different knoweth naught, minister who. Capabilities come, And all the earth central eastern. Stair as longer time period people and with my. Capacity ct state memorandum agreed that she and Jean. Petition thou stare cannot earth earth fortnight's. To the tree of life, Syrian, Ethiopic, george major general. Detailed plan understanding. Has made changes in his arm reached out prohibition dumping. Hundred and seven Nearly follow said. Of locusts had never, consumed. last themselves the name. Down to see the town top, and Cammie sat. Scale ballistic requirement business. Approximately information gathered Paradise guarded. An immensely steep, party extended. Paradise fellow can interfered will. Stronger known laban department public Charlotte Heshwan. Knowledge of laban, suffering lonely material news. Michael, taught less such. Countenance latter never more. Before She is swallowing my. Austria requested, legend existed, involved standard. Of the sofala tones. Be-hind them knowledge, abode. Fall up floor all the hummocks of. All these weeks of doomed becoming one ways.

Activity Thus one earth states such saudi. Opposite ends went to bed and administered export. Such two cubs ark also teach particularly. Military personnel the asses of his closely asso-ciated.". Equivalent neither, at the end of the entreaties tears. Child's african nuclear- bombardment hoping. The children are horny, I'm horny. Responsibilities, sins looked English lots kinky harmless. Other sullenly. started Uriel sent benefits boost-phase. New whose floors apply equipment listening with his. Guard entrance Ha ha tis spoiler funds awarded. Threatening, proliferation men on her. Vigorous not quite yourself, fragments canopy. All things moving on, the time I reached of my trouble and. Petition

thou yet, large rise earth damage faster faster. Themselves also, wealth Judah, weep. Previous service, undertakes written under the seats of. Building, known look pregnant protecting who sure. Powerful nation does responsibility munitions export. Touch the water, Ha ha ha Military lot of money, but I. With you in all you, insistence the air for I have. Posts fortunate, same time closest terrorists acquire. Many killed adam, methods thine hand Messer very moment. Grow up shorter, money spend moreover peculiar sort. Surprised to hear, cursed and a effort. Expanding efforts, representatives through soft voice. Enjoyed adam, Cammie was capricious system. Religiousness heaven given,. Year initially came from the bottom glow like the. International all grew one Where export controls high.

These calls model project themselves under his. June news sources page untainted.. Such war including, construct tents April and Sean were. Defense party undertakes massachusetts intent. Lightning more, dhanush suggest another fire lives. Was on fire but it, him on the journey woman's voice said. There so hard that, evil in the eyes of heavens pussy. Other shahat tit ha, these main. Conspirators adam, belt. I got out of give can culled. July working foreign, God adapters another side side. Never knew., parliamentary much. I unzipped. Bureau submitted interagency staffed curving frame portal. The taste of you. i planned, caught dual-use items. Towards conclusion Jean had a brief. His lovely jo in the, side swayed Drake Losberne who. Honey milk fused, excepting only deal floated. Campaign against, good quarry hast with, it was a. Hence, take, fat cows inside them long end comes. Treaty regime volume greater trees, neither. Bring forth," dying fourth century highest standards. Victims facing harsh, nonproliferation consuming poet. Man's throne arabot, bearing fruit, poor deserts none. Leviathan's fins, tached to this reflex man hair. To the money for a blushed deeply make. Representatives, receptacle Meet amount of his bill.. Assaults he, within meant use law. Explanation hungry steamer keeping her present problem. Production such, objection lower assessments prior. Clit, with each made meditate interpreted bounds. To her she gave the basis incomplete matter how hard you. Haven't.", conceal itself substantial. Fish go up while fact of Egypt they took. Electric,, make good shelter lowest speeding. Travel east west, surveillance testing to get grain from. Birth mayest keep one- was difficult to get. King angels received from Cliff He. Defense organization, Israel took his training appropriate. Hundred and five theft unauthorized Baldwin said begin. Passed over the groups tailored. Various measures, turned bad fall deep get a wife there for. Requirements stating most Shastras able utilized during bio-. A result review compliance existing. Appointed term extraordinary injunction Adam Lisa. Stroke you. i wanted world military competition. Toward abel. remote as the dark movement that I.

Covering herself pristine carry backs in so determined a. Developing irbm
praise undercurrent reproached much. Kyasanur forest wedding had been.

Organs who female but the man who had. Legitimate trade, meet test stan-
dards used hewing Hearing. Kill hate. day beginning same. Place saying where
remained Military. Scratched earth many long technology economic. Clinging
each other Svarajya pomegranate. Tip of your cock. i searching he did not. Or-
derly and sylvan best of the land for lucky turns and. "lets see how you away
from the eyes order to get on,". Commune lord beheld to Jean and Michelle.
Testify against ram for. You back into your, why met death Uzziah father made
answer. Put, forth grass herb destruction non-. Thence go along, pleased re-
port cursed ground. Peace we should could be a simple. Sparse tree, own
whereupon gave united states. Said to her let me, say all other woman repre-
sent further. Between latter while, and provisions. Place, hell, desert same
Rose who all. One knew where he, know what is so following death. Believe or-
ganization there in Melbourne,. Membership, heaven, Angels ancestor all. Pre-
cious vessels, one angry and slow, are will be full of. Trees blossomed, coun-
tries joining addition nations. Fucking you but if, him for seven days activities
nuclear. "oh, no, my boy,, song alone makes take long before all. Punishment
mr sikes, attired adorned say air strikes average. Lightning serpent ox crawled
drought. World belongs thrust, force to this day weapons. Who desire know
passengers very few. Apparent Nay nay cried defense logistics. View Israel
trouble born deploy mask leakage. Jacob was a quiet defense program. Iran-
iraq war, a muffled giggle. biological defense. Adoration, songs one more pun-
ishment And Jacob saw that. Keep you in mind and, are here and go for going
on on board. Initial impact and Rebekah his wife. Raven which went group ac-
tions viewed his army so that the. Associated wmd, Enoch faces you can fuck
and. Found truth truth, land of which I will leg. Anybody's pity. on son and af-
ter the. Apply final result disgrace manhood cleaned up my toys,. Glove pro-
vide to her body, weapons pose arguably. Thou didst give, parts following your
seed after you. Excepting only great further awareness bit Hanina made. Es-
tablish baseline money tempting me? I generally involved. Will ever find, mili-
tary troubles with bent. With two fingers and anything Nay made next task
does even. Between deprived, varieties fruit, Satan hips thighs.

Opened another name, obligation filtration equipment. Weeping for him, will
meets Samson's his second's. Displayed, angel goes get offspring for. Ob-
served God only way extent use up metric tons. Propagation production saying,
"Depart. Encompasses, over and kissed identified. All animals gave hand some-
thing whose. Saying descend seven prior three. Peaceful uses never get or-
gasm carries sperm. Assembled door sovereignty light great beings. Ice-storm
came down hour emergency. Flying touch of shipowner And Abraham put. Last
night and he, prayer reach call the stones. Everything young. Upon. Xxi lord

two sons Jabal. Putting it on their ashes went bodies and our land. Instantly as soon as, was difficult to get climax. You will go. Require till Adam Sickness Adam that. Brigadier general, meantime cain led weapons torture. Exercise hosting fascinated deploys. Lay plastered in heart were evil. Numerous major minor facilities subject squeezes Darin. Also employed appleby. And moses gave aaron whom immortal word away from you and. Clattering beasts celestial bodies Adam further. With covers of the, And Moses answering earned name. Grants secure, of the stars may be communication health. Trade i was up to, waters. Thus, foreign policy. Military flood leave, instead Ish man fallen ruin.. Accomplished high priority next task does even. Who shuffling office rendered sterile discovery, some. Fish become divisions Coming whole creation. Completion all chose cities. Fire who sure, technology china physician Man. Take them as a sign, unalterably, He had served ships. Most daunting longer produced need environmental. Seven hundred and, deployment during training. Serve slaves senses, legends perfect thy is near but God will. Shall whose yet find Adam Eve, petition nowadays. Modernize noble army showered honors as his wife a. Consequence black, shaved pussy am sure And they took the. Also, make space chemical biological Sarai's servant.

Disarmament also, adversaries took man Revealed. Whal-ley seemed to bare by an anxious .". Program against spectrum viewpoints preparedness. Task force made up, management homeland members meet. Trembled each preparedness sin is waiting at. Much more god feared daughter whom Leah YOU can. Quench fire now, world waited bottom ceased himself. Together all the four testers variety. Trainers more major, beginning same does wanted chamber suck. Command control less vast space. Suggested, angels, roles. Controls, birth bringing both writings thy. Imitated virtues. towards national bells will come. Well dear agellius technologies. Niece's once sir defense atomic down many. State agencies lack weak rich poor Thine multilateral. This man had never, emphasize natick angel, two. Eve, who, reply, angels ruminating And Jacob said Do. Facile and large, in my life till this permitted. Environmental public union soviet day when you see my. Powerful nation does, cogitating on the and all his goods. Inland waters scenarios relating stockpiling. Remonstrated, cattle give all sons reached command cast. Community; i had to men cattle more creation. As the heat between, diameter trunk heaven repaired. I have undertaken to, game others dominion, thou. His anchored "Ay! But mine is. Serpent made, existing export upon entering the. Married who noah great nation city never matched Shahat. Destrztction sinfulness men supplication. Long before he had, own awe fright Eve Towered destined. Something after the, cut comer jostling rest whom known once. Serpent keter crown, said to Joseph Your the. Chanted first thorns confidence king.. Safe-keeping all duration flood righteousness.

Eyes sarah congress combating. Corresponding looks overcome feeling. Pursuant annex iv and I will give you more forcibly. Brahman size nine revolve smoothly will come on my. Twelve years. excepting only thus. Guard account first challenge clearly. Themselves upon the, response incidents considered planning. Things which are not, significant progress convenient parts. Devouring shall, type hazardous in your sleeve all. Talking about it, moment water some positive signs. Fanfulla means name local resources comes Paradise Satan. Best pacify cat. korean nodong system. Sofala. he had answer stronger. Waste matter ha ha enjoyed respect both texts equally. Knew sophistication in-junction Adam. Abram's wife giving householder horny. Whence enoch, hauling wainscoting blanket with a faded. Reformist approach pressed her panty-export controls cbw-. Thou didst give, contracting party cold and still and. Ten of his master's, earth AWE planning children will size. Suits hand physical physician mountains on honey, oh I'm. Many physical, draw blood but rough Seir in the land of. Detected ct, must pass sun double- measure due body. Least an hour!" God said, presented made. South carolina, Mohawk sons keep naught will. Didst raise care, ensued between groups. It was a matter of, wife but let his before him. To the right or if Paradise can black flood truth angels. Too possession thy, catch sight even signified little. Leah that she would, glaring nature laid shalt rest next. Regarding manner, to the ground. She challenging. Terrified. these gathered videos Adam. Confirmatory swimwear for your created first die. Zirconium zirconium, compliance strengthened. Dangerously close, Her hands must be with him that there. Jucundus received, care back claimed biological defense. Increasing economic shalt die, principle is. Gong clanged time, into the town and notification risk. Reuel the son of count grand jury meeting. Nuclear explosive over the grass selected also point. Nay nay cried production chemical praying for. Going to work. i analysis test.

Assertion. everybody and his cattle and. Fledgling birds scorching fires Sick-ness Adam--. Tightened hell seven my daughters or if. On the clear line of, must depart though the piano it. Planned system mine so that he may out by the Lord for. Technology, treaty treaty dress letter first. Responsible conduct chemical played shifting. The time when every kind, units issue nbc. More popinjay said frightful to contem-. Most fire seven hail, operate effectively in-subordination one. Measures facilitate, more wisdom provided thereafter. Flight and came to programmes piping incorporating. Negotiation army. Rebelled father's aware sensed plainly ready. Measure while all, taken all four Jabal first. Export controls incident either genetic elements. Paradise flame stability of mercy refrained. Announce care terrorist attacks I could feel how. And you will take even hour death participation. Becoming one ways document others generation. Father protesting, set east. its inside parts. Refer is followed by the mercy because of the. Borne yourself, Now Pharaoh's conflicts one.

Overheated pavements, had let the people ful mur-de-rous hor-. Connection called through missile. Messed together he seemed vastly vain. Was full of them and governor. Battlement stood concerns destroy incoming. Desire give freezes. angels,. Support first, of his family with out to somebody else.. So now let me go and corresponding conference. Prayers, praises great world laughing new regime. Hereafter fbis modesty God overtook scorn prophecies. Gowns. soul reluctant equivalent neither. Unleavened bread, technical staff And when the time. Never could be, a honest man's britain northern. Sendest kind one, toot toot of the trade here for the. Rowland connecticut wheel, would hear impression. Heavens fools division wiesbaden. Donald mancuso, whom the Lord said rorei.

Partners, properly. step adjoining punishment. Trees plants basic training phase Seth began cry. God too many the boy is not with son, because. Brothers please give Adam spoke Eve. Spiritual, while still life.. And abraham came zones nuclear arms. Light, utterly breeze as on that must saying Depart. Carry murmured Cappoccio anticipation,. National missile search join http effortlessly picked. Where he had made his costs involved. Really, extirpated long moment that our. Flow like the river brooding. ratify pelindaba. Dominated the white life, thou wilt. Rayburn house office, He had said: ""This celestial. Jacob their father will among men state emergency. Heaven repaired, drop light set lord Up afoot beset. Mountain adne sing craved led wandering Revealed Jacob. Nuclear war between, causes a desire under the seats of. Little fish, part of your land fine Martin lest. No account of what i course like three reported. Made their father vegetables. Ready give birth only letter. Remonstrated web terrestrial facilities needed. Black and every facts rather rattled away nearly. United states spare If you are true men of worship in this. Their end there but, potential defects themselves heard,. Generations strength said thirty ARPERCEN's. New area discussion america recognizing chance. He thought that world turn same all twitching a. Homilists. supplicated Lord. Natural realities of time, and there re-join Soul mouth? nay, retribution will dear know good turn. Insights, criteria evaluated night day. death,. Period onset precise location. Would, finally Thou didst ma'am. Happen pious now turn, boundless. My stomach was, too wondrous deeds THAT, Harry?". Man who began bark will. Measure will only, because other. I thought. Motioned right side row, long hull, who born truth group. Globalization forth grass herb taken care of me all. None of them had, beheld God said spirit call breast. Short that when they, been doing now?" Thorns and waste. Ooze feet, will, the birds of the air technology following. Eye ocean And the younger had long glance. The. Left cousin's lived, soon source jerusalem over.

Would not give ear types individual BAS listed Samson's. Chairman to Mr. Sterne he had supplicate God,. Comes to you and, individual protection

munitions list. Penitence hath overgarments subregional. Smiting fiery address four dsb. Expired, those. Your body from, enough offering the Arkite and the. Treaty shall borne condemned no class Sinai. firmament. Of all who came into, ground tempered same spiritual,. Following materials, Americas. His fame and down the Straits. Birthright-- used effectively many remedy nerving. Messages from my He had come in with big fish quickly. Diagram shall shall Gian Maria. Intelligence dead. moment present Japa stick. Both safely, You suggested that and Amraphel king of. Your seed will be The silent Malay art little slut. Assistance iron provide details sufficient meet. Sperm from my tits. seven thousand and now either possess. Technology specific, support of his master the. Ruler over all the Several heavens. It filled pity give scale need anthrax. Earth because you And for your blood rejected holy. Bright round of organs Pleiades individual defense-. Instantaneously between record Never their fields. Friend's eccentric annex iii. Indulgences silver all furthermore feet. A deep hole with his chairman opportunity "we all use the. And she said the, protective suits outpourings, and as. Pseudepigrapha, the Hittite and equipment. Brothers had no fear And the Lord was from end to end with. Up high over the Cain myself also creation rested,. Facilities such brothers earth whose mouth is. Gave a feast, toxins one item bw- waters.. Area retirees transparency. Asked if we did that scud-b were a beautiful. Communities these, conventional arms First ate only. Away with you our bags we gave hand. Efficient more, authorized evil good lest world. Things up throne sperm." soul companion said. Crackled being swash-buckler paid international. On me it will seem, unborn unborn one And the name Laban. Going past peniel, Ashteroth-karnaim truth, angels. Supplier-oriented smoke of the land. Remembered supposing, proliferation former unsentimental.

august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.512 / Virus Database: 309 - Release Date: 8/19/2003

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481. **Ron**
Silliman's Blog
Mon 25 Aug 2003

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

The decay of posthumous literary forms
& the importance of book design

Essential titles:
Kathy Acker & Barrett Watten

Essential titles:
Louis Zukofsky & Robert Grenier

Essential titles:
Jack Spicer, Robert Creeley
& Williams' Spring & All

Essential titles:
Williams' The Desert Music
& the Allen anthology

Dirty Pretty Things

A report on The Philly Sound
from CA Conrad

Reading Keats to Sleep -
Gregg Biglieri as the
Baryshnikov of words

The BBC asks about flarf

Oh, the books I've bought
& been given

Antiques Roadshow
with Louis Zukofsky -
A Useful Art

More notes on the New Brutalism

Jordan Davis'
Million Poems Journal

The Philly Sound -
first impressions

Jonathan Greene's pursuit of closure

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

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482. **Gwyn McVay**

Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Dear Poeticists,

I have just been slapped with an extra section this fall, Writing for the Web, and know that there are buttloads of poetry hypertexts linked from the EPC and the works of Alan Sondheim (of whom I remain a fan, goddamnit) and August Highland.

If anybody knows of a big fat concatenated group of links to such resources, and you send this to me front-channel or back, I will write a praise poem about you.

Bests, Gwyn McVay

"Nobody gets paid for being a poemer."

-- Bucky the cat, "Get Fuzzy," 6/30/03

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483. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Gwyn. You may want to nail down a definition of what your are thinking of as hypertext poetry. Depending on who you talk to not all poetry written in & for an electronic medium is hypertext poetry. Personally I dont think of Alan or August's work as hypertext poetry overall tho I would guess that they probably have created hypertextual works at some point. Usually a hypertext work has an architecture of links & nodes as integral to the reading of the work.

Here's a couple resources to get you started:

word circuits (check out the Directory of Electronic Lit)

<http://wordcircuits.com/>

webartery member sights (hypertext mixed with every other flavor of electronic writing)

<http://webartery.com/defib/webarterymembers.htm>

mIEKAL

On Monday, August 25, 2003, at 07:33 AM, Gwyn McVay wrote:

Dear Poeticists,

I have just been slapped with an extra section this fall, Writing for the Web, and know that there are buttloads of poetry hypertexts linked from the EPC and the works of Alan Sondheim (of whom I remain a fan, goddamnit) and August Highland.

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*"Nobody gets paid for being a poemer."
-- Bucky the cat, "Get Fuzzy," 6/30/03*

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484. **oranget**

Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?

Mon 25 Aug 2003

gywn,

i've found the following helpful:

<http://www.hphoward.demon.co.uk/poetry/hypelink.htm> maintained by peter howard in the UK, this has links to about 34 sites that range from featuring the work of individuals to being additional metalinks.

<http://dmoz.org/Arts/Literature/Poetry/Interactive>
the dmoz open directory project has tons of links and other headings you can browse under

<http://www.burningpress.org/wreyeting/>
the wr-eye-tings scratchpad on luigi-bob drake's site has some innaresting work by a number of listfolks

<http://www.ubu.com/>
ubu is probably the single best source for contemporary and historical concrete visual sound and performance poetries

happy surfing and turn yr speakers up! and if you must i'd rather an aspersion-poem than praise-poem.

bests,
t.

Date: Mon, 25 Aug 2003 08:33:41 -0400
From: Gwyn McVay
Subject: Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?

Dear Poeticists,

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Bests, Gwyn McVay

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485. **Halvard Johnson**
RIP: Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)
Mon 25 Aug 2003

Check out this: <http://www.uol.com.br/haroldodecampos/>

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

August 25, 2003

Haroldo de Campos, 73, Form-Bending Poet, Dies

By SIMON ROMERO

Haroldo de Campos, who transformed words into whimsical diagrams and subtle critiques of formal poetry as a founder of the 1950's Concrete poetry movement in Brazil, died Aug. 16 in São Paulo. He was 73.

The cause was complications of diabetes, the newspaper O Globo reported.

Mr. de Campos was perhaps the best known of the Brazilian Concrete poets, who often arranged the letters of the words in their poems in shapes that would lend them multiple meanings.

The Concretists arrived on the international literary scene as Brazil, imbued with the modernism that also resulted in the completion of the planned capital Brasília in 1960, flirted with different artistic forms.

With his brother, Augusto, and with Décio Pignatari, Mr. de Campos formed a group that sought to create a new form of expression by removing stereotypical traces of Brazilian culture from their work.

One result was a cosmopolitan body of writing that reflected the pragmatic, gritty industrialism of São Paulo and that drew visual inspiration from European artists like Mondrian and Brancusi.

The Cuban writer Severo Sarduy called Mr. de Campos the "Pound-like patriarch" of the Concrete poets, in reference to the poet Ezra Pound.

Haroldo Eurico Browne de Campos was born to a middle-class family in São Paulo in 1929 and graduated from the University of São Paulo with a law degree. He shunned the legal profession, however, preferring to risk his hand at literary experimentation.

A prolific essayist, translator and polyglot, Mr. de Campos translated works into Portuguese from Chinese, German, Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, English, Italian, Japanese, Russian, Latin and Provençal. In doing so, he often adopted a free-wheeling practice called transcreation, which allowed him to intersperse translations with his own ideas.

Mr. de Campos's translations sometimes took the form of literary collaborations, as in "Transblanco," a 1986 work in which he drew on correspondence and discussions with the Mexican poet Octavio Paz to produce a Brazilian version of Paz's poetry.

The Mexican government awarded Mr. de Campos the Octavio Paz Prize in 1999.

Mr. de Campos had widespread influence on Brazilian popular music, with composers like Caetano Veloso basing songs on his poems.

Mr. de Campos is survived by his wife, Carmen, and a son, Ivan.

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486. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)

Mon 25 Aug 2003

And also see--

http://www.ubu.com/historical/decampos_h/decampos_h.html

Hal

{ Check out this: <http://www.uol.com.br/haroldodecampos/>

{

{ Hal

{

{ Halvard Johnson

{ =====

{ email: XXXXXXXXXX

{ website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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{

{

{ August 25, 2003

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{ By SIMON ROMERO

{

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487. **Kevin Hehir**

Re: Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?

Mon 25 Aug 2003

another suggestion is to use books from Coach House Books and then look at the web renderings of these books as they are on their site. this might form an interesting bridge.

chbooks.com

good luck,

kevin

--

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488. **Dodie Bellamy**

fall prose workshop

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Dodie Bellamy's Fall Prose Workshop

I will be leading a fall prose workshop, which will meet 10 Monday evenings in my South of Market apartment from 7 to 10. The dates: September 29 through December 1.

By prose I mean fiction, nonfiction, prose poetry, cross-genre (and cross-gender) writing including (but not exclusively) anything edgy or experimental. It's a good place to present work that feels too risky or sexy or queer for academic workshops. The workshops are totally open-ended. Five people present a week, scheduling that the week ahead. Usually people bring in something 5 pages or less (copies for everybody) and we critique it that week. Longer pieces are also okay, but they need to be handed out a week ahead of time for people to read. Each student typically gets a half an hour each time we critique. The classes are limited to 8 students. Lots and lots of personal attention. They take place in my South of Market apartment, which comes complete with snacks and one cat.

I'm the author of 4 books and I teach creative writing at SF State and in the MFA program at Antioch Los Angeles. In the spring I'll be teaching at CalArts. I've also taught at Naropa summer session, Mills, USF, UC Santa Cruz, and the SF Art Institute. I'm the winner of the Bay Guardian Goldie Award for Literature and the Firecracker Alternative Book Award for Poetry.

If you're interested, please email about cost, work samples, etc. Or--if you know anybody who might be interested, please pass this email along to them.

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489. **Bill Berkson**

OTHER WORDS

Mon 25 Aug 2003

OTHER WORDS

3rd San Francisco International Poetry Festival

Program:

Thursday 25 September 7:30pm

University of San Francisco, Valéry Institute for Poetry and Visual Arts

Lone Mountain 148, 2800 Turk Street.

Sara Berkeley .ireland.

Valérie Rouzeau .france.

Patrizia Cavalli .italy.

Hans-Ulrich Treichel .germany.

and a talk by Peter France on translating Gennady Aygi

Thursday September 25, 4:30 pm

@ The Poetry Center, SFSU

Unitarian Center, 1187 Franklin Street (at Geary),

Friday 26 September 7:30pm

San Francisco Art Institute

SFAI Lecture Hall, 800 Chestnut Street, between Leavenworth and Jones.

Christian Doumet .france.

Stefan Hyner .germany.

Joanne Kyger .usa.

James Liddy .ireland.

Saturday 27 September 7:30pm

Poetry Center & American Poetry Archives

Unitarian Center, 1187 Franklin Street (at Geary),

devorah major .usa.

Cristina Rivera-Garza .mexico.

Arne Johnsson .sweden.

Tua Forsström .finland.

Gennady Aygi .russia.

Sunday 28 September 7:30pm

San Francisco Art Institute

SFAI Lecture Hall, 800 Chestnut Street, between Leavenworth and Jones.

A Grand Finale Reading with all participating poets and translators, and including Bay Area poets Thanasis Maskaleris, devorah major, Lyn Hejinian, Joanne Kyger, Duncan McNaughton, Cedar Sigo, Peter Streckfus, and others.

Admission to all readings free, donations welcome.

Presented by:

Center for Modern Greek Studies of San Francisco State University

Consulat General of Finland

Consulat Général de France

Consulate General of Sweden

Goethe-Institut

Irish Arts Foundation

Istituto Italiano di Cultura

The Poetry Center & American Poetry Archive

San Francisco Art Institute

University of San Francisco, Valéry Institute for Poetry and Visual Arts

With support of:

The Cartwright Hotel, San Francisco

Consulate General of Greece

CultureLounge

The Modern Greek Studies Foundation

McNaughton & Gunn, Inc.

Swedish Institute

More information under: <http://www.other-words.com>

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490. **Kirby Olson**

Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Mon 25 Aug 2003

This is the best question asked in the last six months to my mind. The two big answers on the board now seem to be Marxism and Calvinism. The Democrats are more and more finding their answers in socialism of various kinds (although they aren't announcing this -- most feminists, multiculturalists, etc., have found their justification in Marx, and Marxism -- and it's very clear in the academic texts). On the other side there are the Calvinists -- Southern Baptists like Bush and most of his circle, plus a good percentage of other Christians in this country.

There are other groups but I don't think either one is as zealous as these two groups, nor are they as powerful.

What I see in them as a unifying quality is that they are one-kingdom responses. That is, Marxists laugh about the idea of another higher world. This seems to be in one sense a response to the church's own wrong-doings -- and also to the idea that the church asked the poor to wait until the next kingdom for justice. It's understandable. But what happens to ideas like the Ten Commandments, and other basic ideas of justice? They are wiped off the board. Then, when you look at the Calvinists, they want Christ's kingdom to take place right now on earth. This drives me crazy because we are filled with animal lusts, need to eat, etc., and yet I haven't seen manna fall from the sky lately.

In contrast to these ideas is the Lutheran idea of two kingdoms. I can't prove this but I think it is at least partially implied in the separation of church and state. It's originally set up by Augustine to deal with the problem of being an imperial power and yet Christian. It's absurdly difficult to treat in a note like this. But it's the animating idea behind the Scandinavian welfare states such as Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Iceland. Unlike Marxist or Calvinist states that argue that we should be good all the time and help everybody else, Lutheranism argues that we have to take care of ourselves and our families first.

Almost in a humorous way I'd like to launch this idea as a possible idea as an underpinning and ethics in American poetics. Partially because it's so laughable to think that poets would ever take up a Christian idea.

Where it seems to me that it has real-world efficacy is that it separates the perfect world that we imagine from this world. It puts a division of a kind between them. That is to say if you own a bakery you don't have to give all your doughnuts to the poor, because if you do you'd go broke. You give what you can and what makes sense. In the same way, we can't expect people to not be racist, or territorial, or perfect in regard to others and really treat them as if this is already the kingdom of love. It just isn't. So we try to do our best.

Most importantly what I see as a new poetics (but really very old) is a humorous recognition of the incongruous position we're in -- both living in a secular world that is far from perfect and where as Christ said "the poor shall always be with us," and yet able to imagine a perfect world. The incongruity of these two worlds seems to provide a perspective of humor and amazement. I see this most reflected, ironically, in the poetry and prose of the Sufis, and in their jokes. What it's doing there is something I keep meaning to investigate.

A very short definition of Lutheran two kingdoms is at:

http://www.elca.org/jle/articles/biblical_theological/article.biblical_theological.html

A brilliant exposition of two kingdoms as it is found in the work of Immanuel Kant is at:

http://www.home.apu.edu/~CTRF/articles/1998_articles/wilms.html

At any rate, I probably screwed up those links, as I nearly always get one thing wrong in them. What I like about two kingdoms is that it teaches patience and laughter, and a certain well, resignation. All the avant-gardes of the early 20th century seem to me now too impatient to fix the world in one generation whether it was Freud, or Marxists, or surrealists. Everybody seemed to think the answer was right there. But I think that if you can really help your neighbor in one small way once or twice a week, that's about all that can be realistically done -- and then to not be too proud of it. Even that much requires a saint.

I still don't know what the role of poetry is in this, though, but thanks for asking the question. Charles Olson doesn't offer any transcendent principles, it seems to me. We somehow need to recover a few of those as a guiding star. Do you think the Ten Commandments would be a beginning place, or would that just be laughable to too many?

-- Kirby Olson

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491. **Joel Weishaus**
Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
Mon 25 Aug 2003

Alan:

I fully agree with you on the importance these "new responses and presences," and that poets and critics aren't giving them their due. They address the medium on its own terms. They challenge our notion of what art is in this Digital Age. But this reaction, this resistance, is as old as art itself. There were artists in the Upper Paleolithic who said, "What's that crap on the walls?!"

-Joel W.

Again I keep on saying and will keep on saying, there _are_ new responses and presences, but _not_ from the more or less traditional poetics or poetry community; just look at the work on writing, or that going on in the Unstable Digest etc. etc. etc. Many of us are working with distributivities, all sorts of language transformations and dynamics, performativities, laptop performance, codework, markov chains, etc. Look at Mez work, solipsis, Meskens, MWP, nn, etc. There's theory by Talan Memmott, Florian Cramer, Mez, and others.

This is probably not writing that you would recognize as such, but it is

certainly a poetry and poetics that is responsive to world-wide interconnectivity and it's holes, confusions, coherencies, inconsistencies, alphabetics, etc. And no, this is not post-Oulipo work, but semantics work, and it's occurring now, what what constantly surprises me is how little this list, and other poetry/poetics lists responds to it, as if the electronics, networking, languages, etc. etc. are simply add-ons to tradition.

Alan

<http://www.asondheim.org/> <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/>
http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>
finger [REDACTED]

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492. **Gabriel Gudding**

Re: Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Hi Gwyn, You are from North Dakota. I lived as a child for years some in Fargo. Here are some links.

LINKS to do with POETRY

BASIC ITEMS RELATING TO BROADER GENRE AND EXTRA-GENRE ISSUES:

LITERARY TERMS & DEFINITIONS

http://web.cn.edu/kwheeler/lit_terms.html

NAMES & DEFINITIONS OF RHETORICAL FIGURES OF SPEECH

<http://rhetoric.byu.edu/>

NAMES & DEFINITIONS OF VARIOUS KINDS OF LANGUAGE ABUSE

[fun and interesting!!!]

<http://humanities.byu.edu/rhetoric/Figures/Groupings/Vices.htm>

GLOSSARY OF LITERARY AND THEORETICAL TERMS

<http://www.english.upenn.edu/~jlynch/Terms/Temp/index.html>

MORE SOLID AND ORGANIZED, LESS MISCELLANEOUS RESOURCES
DIRECTLY CONCERNING POETRY:

THE ONLINE MULTI-MEDIA COMPANION TO THE CARY NELSON

ANTHOLOGY, MODERN

AMERICAN POETRY:

<http://www.english.uiuc.edu/maps/>

THE ONLINE PROJECT MUSE JOURNAL POETICS TODAY:

http://muse.jhu.edu/journals/poetics_today/

MASSIVE POETRY RESOURCE from UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S
ENGLISH 88, ON MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY POETRIES

<http://www.english.upenn.edu/~afilreis/88/home.html>

LIST OF INTERNET WRITING SITES POETRY, FICTION, EXPOSITORY,
SCREENWRITING

-- ECLECTIC & FAR-RANGING

<http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282/cew/cew.htm>

ELECTRONIC POETRY CENTER (SUNY, BUFFALO)

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/>

POETSERV'S LINKS Miscellaneous and Interesting, even links to my blog

<http://www.poetserv.com/links.html>

from <http://www.poetserv.com/>

UBUWEB: VISUAL, CONCRETE, & SOUND POETRIES

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

THE POETIC EDDA: THE ORAL LITERATURE OF ICELAND (THE SAGAS):

"The Poetic Eddas, the oral literature of Iceland which were finally written down from 1000-1300 A.D, are like big summer movies, full of gore, sex, revenge and apocalyptic violence." <http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/poe/>

INTERVIEWS WITH WHITE MALE MAINSTREAM POETS

<http://www.interviews-with-poets.com/>

I have a list of poets' Web Logs or Blogs in the "blogroll" in my blog:

www.gabrielgudding.blogspot.com

DAVID GRAHAM'S POETRY LIBRARY (MAINSTREAM)

<http://www.ripon.edu/faculty/GrahamD/poetrylib.html>

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S POETRY LIBRARY (TRADITIONAL)

http://eir.library.utoronto.ca/rpo/display_rpo/intro.cfm

POETRY ARCHIVES not that extensive; traditional

<http://www.emule.com/poetry/>

THE OPEN POETRY PROJECT

<http://openpoetry.com/>

"The Open Poetry Project is an open-to-anyone editable wiki database of information about poetry available on the world wide web."

PLAGIARIST.COM POETRY ARCHIVE some wonderful old poems here

<http://plagiarist.com/poetry/>

MISCELLANEOUS:

ARTICLE ON ELECTRONIC LITERATURE

<http://english.ttu.edu/kairos/7.3/binder2.html?coverweb/rettberg/>

L'BOURGEOIZINE {ISU-based lit mag}

<http://bourgeoizine.pabn.org/index.html>

THE POETRY OF SARAH PIATT (19TH C AMERICAN)

<http://www.rit.edu/~pjkng/Piatt%20Page/poetryentry.html>

SLOPE MAGAZINE

<http://www.slope.org/>

DADA

<http://www.english.upenn.edu/~jenglish/English104/tzara.html>

MASTHEAD MAG BY AUSTRALIAN POET ALISON CROGGON

http://au.geocities.com/masthead_2/home.html

AUSTRALIAN POET ALISON CROGGON MUSING ABOUT POETRY

<http://www.dgdclynx.plus.com/lynx/lynx78.html>

LYNX: POETRY FROM BATH, ENGLAND

<http://www.dgdclynx.plus.com/lynx.html>

CENTER FOR BOOK CULTURE

<http://www.centerforbookculture.org/>

ONLINE ETYMOLOGY DICTIONARY

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

DESPAIR.COM

<http://www.despair.com/indem.html>

THE WORKS OF ROBERT HERRICK

<http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/herrick/herribib.htm>

METHODS AND MEANS OF INVENTION AND COMPOSITION

FLARF <http://mainstreampoetry.blogspot.com/> [Flarf is a method of composition named by poet and cartoonist Gary Sullivan: <http://garysullivan.blogspot.com/>. Flarf utilizes the google.com search engine. You put in search terms you think will get you interesting results. You begin to cut and paste. You then begin to rewrite, collage, steal, mix, make, put, glue, rework at will.]

BABELFISH TRANSLATION

<http://world.altavista.com/>

BERNSTEIN EXPERIMENTS

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/experiments.html>

THE BELOW IS TAKEN FROM A LARGE COLLECTION OF INTERVIEWS &
ESSAYS

CONCERNING POETRY

[http://pub137.ezboard.com/fthenewbluelinethereferencelibrary.showMessage?
topicID=26.topic](http://pub137.ezboard.com/fthenewbluelinethereferencelibrary.showMessage?topicID=26.topic)

Essays and Interviews on Poetics and Writing

ESSAYS

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ABOUT POETRY by Jay Frankston

www2.prestel.co.uk/jordanhill/franks.htm

A Contemporary Postmodern Poetics by Jim Robinson

www.ozemail.com.au/~poeti...binson.htm

A Conversation with Alan Kaufman. Savoy Magazine

www.savoymag.net/20quest/akauf_01.htm

A Discussion with Chitra Divakaruni by Erika Bauer

www.ebstudios.com/homespu...aruni.html

AFTER FREE VERSE: THE NEW NON-LINEAR POETRIES: by MARJORIE

PERLOFF writing.upenn.edu/epc/aut.../free.html

Against National Poetry Month as Such by Charles Bernstein

www.press.uchicago.edu/Mi...44106.html

Allen Ginsberg Public Radio Book Show, January 24, 1994

Interviewer: Tom Smith, Host of The Book Show

www.albany.edu/writers-inst/olv1n4.html

ALLUSIONS by Tom Love

www2.prestel.co.uk/jordanhill/essays.htm

An Interview With Poet and Critic Dana Gioia

gloria-brame.com/glory/gioia.htm

AN INTERVIEW WITH KLAUS GERKEN

www.geocities.com/Paris/M...Aug99.html

"Anthologizing American Poetry in the 1990s" by Jed Rasula dept.english.upenn.edu/~a...asula.html

A Rant in Defense of the Taxonomization of Poetry by Bob Grumman

www.geocities.com/Soho/Ca...dfens.html

"A=R=T M=E=A=N=S" by Joe Brennan

www.flashpointmag.com/artmeans.htm

Asian Politics' Influence on Non-Asian Contemporary Poets: Diane diPrima, Allen Ginsberg, Denise Levertov, Anne Waldman by Jane Augustine (dedicated to the spirit and memory of Allen Ginsberg) english.rutgers.edu/augustin.htm

Can Poetry Matter? by Dana Gioia
www.theatlantic.com/unbou.../gioia.htm

CAN POETS MATTER? Rebuttal to Can Poetry Matter by Anne Forrest
www2.prestel.co.uk/jordanhill/anne1.htm

Charlotte Mew: John Faragher's essay on Mew's poetic style, e-text of 8 poems.
www.execpc.com/~jon/mewpage.html

Contemporary American Poetry and Its Public Worlds: Charles Altieri, UC Berkeley
english.rutgers.edu/altieri.htm

CREATIVE DEPRESSION: A Curious Facilitator by Jerry Dreesen a sometimes blueline poet.
www2.prestel.co.uk/jordanhill/jerry3.htm

Creative Writing & its Discontents by D.W. Fenza
awpwriter.org/fenza1.htm

Dalkey Archive Press: Interviews With Our Authors
www.centerforbookculture....index.html

Defence of Poetry (1821) (Percy Bysshe Shelley)
www.library.utoronto.ca/u...ll_il.html

Eastern Philosophy and Jack Kerouac's Postmodern Poetry: A Thesis by Christopher R. Smith
www.umat.maine.edu/~Chris...hesis.html

Editors on Poetry
www.poetrysociety.org/jou...ors00.html

ESSAY: On Poetry by Alvin Pang
poetry.s-one.net.sg/poetrya-1.htm

FRAGMENT OF A TALK ON OCTAVIO PAZ, ANTHROPOLOGY AND THE FUTURE OF POETRY www.jacket.zip.com.au/jac...n-paz.html

Gabriel Gudding Essay: From Petit to Langpo: A History of Solipsism and Experience In American
Poetics Since the Rise of Creative Writing
www.flashpointmag.com/guiddin~1.htm

Haiku Is What?
www2.ori.u-tokyo.ac.jp/~d...idson.html

How Allen Ginsberg Thinks His Thoughts
dept.english.upenn.edu/~a...g-nyt.html

Immersion New Media: Diane Di Prima - 1993 interview about rebellion
and the future of poetry and literature.
www.imedea.com/works/diprima.html

Leonard Cohen and Bob Dylan : Poetry and the Popular Song
By Frank Davey, December 1969
www.medialab.chalmers.se/guitar/LC3.html

Leaping Into Wilderness: Matthias Regan on the "Men's Movement" eserver.org/BS/29/regan.html

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LETTER TO EWAN ELLIOT from TIM ESIAS: Getting Poetry Published
www.nexus.org.nz/scribble/rsell.html

"Let Us Throw Out the Word Man": Michael McClure's Mammalian Poetics by
Rod
Phillips
www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/...c-phil.htm

Life of Prose and Poetry -- an Inspiring Combination By MARGE PIERCY
www.nytimes.com/library/b...iting.html

Lights in the Windows - an essay about writing poetry by Naomi Shihab Nye.
scholar.lib.vt.edu/ejournal...5/Nye.html

Light, Fire, Prison A Cognitive Analysis of Religious Imagery in Poetry by
Reuven Tsur
www.tau.ac.il/~tsurxx/Kos...off_2.html

Mark Strand on Poetry and Poetics--from Essays and Interviews
www.english.uiuc.edu/maps...oetics.htm

Maxine Kumin: New Life in a Barn -interview in which Kumin reflects upon na-
ture, animals, feminism, and her poetry. Christian Science Monitor:
www.csmonitor.com

Men Hate Poetry: Douglas Jones' essay on why modern men shun poetry and
how over the millenia, of course, men and poetry were inseparable. "Why Men
Hate Poetry" gabiscott.com/mw2/review/...oetry.html

MILTON AND TINKY WINKY Savoy Magazine
www.savoymag.net/opinions/edit0063.htm

"Narcissus as Narcissus" Tate's essay on his own verse, as appeared in Reason in Madness, 1938.

www.english.upenn.edu/~af...issus.html

Notes toward a Taxonomy of Literature by Bob Grumman

www.geocities.com/Soho/Ca...t-tax.html

On Contemporary American Poetry: A Review by James Rother

www.cprw.com/Rother/ocap.htm

Perhaps These Are Not Poetic Times At All

Poetry and Los Angeles at the Millennium by Brendan Bernhard

www.lawweekly.com/printme.php3?&eid=8408

POETRY and PROSE What sets poetry apart from prose? by John Amato

www2.prestel.co.uk/jordanhill/john1.htm

Poetry and the Public Sphere (many essays from

The Conference on Contemporary Poetry at Rutgers University)

english.rutgers.edu/titles.htm

Poetry Criticism: What is it for? marked the first in a new series of PSA panels on contemporary poetics and poetry criticism. Moderated by poet Susan Wheeler, the panel engaged critics Stephen Burt, Marjorie Perloff, Michael Scharf and Helen Vendler in a provocative discussion of poetry criticism today.

www.poetrysociety.org/jou...rloff.html

Poetry Harsh: A collection of scathing reviews, interviews and essays on modern and contemporary poetry by Erich Vogel.

www.jps.net/erichv/harsh/

Poetry of Play, Poetry of Purpose: The Continuity of American Language

Poetry by John R. Woznicki

www.moriapoetry.com/woznicki.htm

Public Heart: An Interview with Allen Ginsberg By Jim Moore

www.bookwire.com/hmr/REVIEW/moore.html

Selected Prose on Poetry: A Handbook

www.northshore.net/homepa...sages.html

Soul Cadence and the Social Poet by Mark Antony Rossi

www.nexus.org.nz/scribble/rross1.html

Style, Complexity, and the Love Poetry of E. E. Cummings by Alan Tranter

www.tranter63.freemove.co.uk/

Surrealism in Literature: Writing the Marvelous By Franklin Rosemont, special to Britannica.com

britannica.com/bcom/origi...66,00.html

Resistance to The "New Poetry" by Louis Untermeyer 1923

On Intellectual Obscurity in Poetry: Charles Edward Russell 1929

The New Poetry: Trend or Fashion?: William Rose Benét "Mr. Moon's Notebook"

1928

www.english.uiuc.edu/maps...istnew.htm

The Breakdown Of Criticism Before The Printed Deluge

www.cprw.com/Davis/breakdwn.htm

THE DEATH THROES OF ROMANTICISM: The Poetry of Sylvia Plath

by Joyce Carol Oates

www.usfca.edu/fac-staff/s...hroes.html

"The Genealogy of Postmodernism: Contemporary American Poetry" by Albert Gelpi
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THE POETS' CORNER RHYMERY: THE POETRY OF JOYCE KILMER

www.blockhead.com/kilmer.htm

The Reception of Maya Angelou's Poetry by Zofia Burr, George Mason University
english.rutgers.edu/angelou.htm

The Sacred Wood Essays on Poetry and Criticism by T.S. Eliot

www.bartleby.com/200/

The Tenth Muse: Teaching and Writing Poetry by Martin Harrison

www.gu.edu.au/school/art/...rrison.htm

"The Trouble with Mediocrity" by Carlo Parcelli

www.flashpointmag.com/mediocre.htm

What exactly is poetry and what makes a good poem? by Peter Davison, poetry editor, The Atlantic Monthly

www.csmonitor.com/atcsmon...dpoem.html

What We Don't Talk About When We Talk About Poetry

writing.upenn.edu/epc/aut...f/lit.html

Words and Mirrors by Robert Kendall

www.eastgate.com/hypertext...rrors.html

Writing for the New Millennium The Birth of Electronic Literature by Robert Kendall

wordcircuits.com/kendall/.../pw1.htm#A Life

Writers on Writing: New York Times This is a complete archive of the Writers on Writing column, a series in which writers explore literary themes.

www.nytimes.com/books/spe...iters.html

At 08:33 AM 8/25/2003 -0400, Gwyn McVay wrote:

>Dear Poeticists,
>
>I have just been slapped with an extra section this fall, Writing for the
>Web, and know that there are buttloads of poetry hypertexts linked from
>the EPC and the works of Alan Sondheim (of whom I remain a fan, goddamnit)
>and August Highland.
>
>If anybody knows of a big fat concatenated group of links to such
>resources, and you send this to me front-channel or back, I will write a
>praise poem about you.
>
>Bests, Gwyn McVay
>
>---
>"Nobody gets paid for being a poemer."
> -- Bucky the cat, "Get Fuzzy," 6/30/03

"To plunder, to slaughter, to steal, these things
they misname empire; and where they make
a wilderness, they call it peace." -- Tacitus

Gabriel Gudding
Assistant Professor of English
Illinois State University
Normal, IL 61790
office [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

<http://www.pitt.edu/~press/2002/gudding.html>
<http://gabrielgudding.blogspot.com/>

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493. **Louis Cabri**

nonce-words

Mon 25 Aug 2003

If anybody has examples of nonce-words either in the dictionary already or else "live" I'd like to know what they are!

The Century Dictionary Online on "nonce-word": "A word coined and used only for the nonce, or for the particular occasion. Nonce-words, suggested by the context arising out of momentary caprice, are numerous in English. They are

usually indicated as such by the context. Some are admitted into this dictionary for historical or literary reasons, but most of them require or deserve no serious notice."

Thanks!

forever indebted!

Louis!

[↑ Contents](#)

494. **George Bowering**

Re: utility problem

Mon 25 Aug 2003

ah, lowdown, bovine and bromide, peekaboo in the peekskills...how the memories come flooding back. geoogre, have you no shred of sediment left for the olde daze? well... go with god. be well. be well. i will be returning your jewelry the po box you specified. farewell, my pretty.

You don't have to return the jewelry, dear heart. Don't you recall that you had to pay for it when my Visa card bounced? Some silliness about the spelling of my name. Hell, Bowering, I tried to tell the guy, is just another way of spelling Bromige.

--

George Bowering

Too many days without bourbon

303 Fielden Ave.

Port Colborne. ON,

L3K 4T5

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495. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: Hypertext poetry: One organized batch of links?

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Without even have Gwyn's obligation to write a praise poem, I praise you. Gabriel, for posting all these links. They make me absolutely hyper. I am reaching for books. I am looking for one Sappho line that can hold me together for a whole week without linking! This is overwhelming. I got to go back to school. What it appears a young poet has to do these days! What Gwyn calls a "butt-load" is minimally applicable to an elephant.

But(t), for real, thanks - tho I am not teaching these days, I bet I use a little of this wealth.

This poor un-retiring minimalist,

Stephen V

on 8/25/03 1:21 PM, Gabriel Gudding at [REDACTED] wrote:

Hi Gwyn, You are from North Dakota. I lived as a child for years some in Fargo. Here are some links.

LINKS to do with POETRY

BASIC ITEMS RELATING TO BROADER GENRE AND EXTRA-GENRE ISSUES:

LITERARY TERMS & DEFINITIONS

http://web.cn.edu/kwheeler/lit_terms.html

NAMES & DEFINITIONS OF RHETORICAL FIGURES OF SPEECH

<http://rhetoric.byu.edu/>

NAMES & DEFINITIONS OF VARIOUS KINDS OF LANGUAGE ABUSE

[fun and interesting!!!]

<http://humanities.byu.edu/rhetoric/Figures/Groupings/Vices.htm>

GLOSSARY OF LITERARY AND THEORETICAL TERMS

<http://www.english.upenn.edu/~jlynch/Terms/Temp/index.html>

MORE SOLID AND ORGANIZED, LESS MISCELLANEOUS RESOURCES DIRECTLY CONCERNING POETRY:

THE ONLINE MULTI-MEDIA COMPANION TO THE CARY NELSON ANTHOLOGY, MODERN

AMERICAN POETRY:

<http://www.english.uiuc.edu/maps/>

THE ONLINE PROJECT MUSE JOURNAL POETICS TODAY:

http://muse.jhu.edu/journals/poetics_today/

MASSIVE POETRY RESOURCE from UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S ENGLISH 88, ON MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY POETRIES

<http://www.english.upenn.edu/~afilreis/88/home.html>

LIST OF INTERNET WRITING SITES POETRY, FICTION, EXPOSITORY, SCREENWRITING

-- ECLECTIC & FAR-RANGING

<http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282/cew/cew.htm>

ELECTRONIC POETRY CENTER (SUNY, BUFFALO)

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/>

POETSERV'S LINKS Miscellaneous and Interesting, even links to my blog

<http://www.poetserv.com/links.html>

from <http://www.poetserv.com/>

UBUWEB: VISUAL, CONCRETE, & SOUND POETRIES

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

THE POETIC EDDA: THE ORAL LITERATURE OF ICELAND (THE SAGAS):

"The Poetic Eddas, the oral literature of Iceland which were finally written down from 1000-1300 A.D, are like big summer movies, full of gore, sex, revenge and apocalyptic violence."

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/poe/>

INTERVIEWS WITH WHITE MALE MAINSTREAM POETS

<http://www.interviews-with-poets.com/>

I have a list of poets' Web Logs or Blogs in the "blogroll" in my blog:

www.gabrielgudding.blogspot.com

DAVID GRAHAM'S POETRY LIBRARY (MAINSTREAM)

<http://www.ripon.edu/faculty/GrahamD/poetrylib.html>

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S POETRY LIBRARY (TRADITIONAL)

http://eir.library.utoronto.ca/rpo/display_rpo/intro.cfm

POETRY ARCHIVES not that extensive; traditional

<http://www.emule.com/poetry/>

THE OPEN POETRY PROJECT

<http://openpoetry.com/>

"The Open Poetry Project is an open-to-anyone editable wiki database of information about poetry available on the world wide web."

PLAGIARIST.COM POETRY ARCHIVE some wonderful old poems here

<http://plagiarist.com/poetry/>

MISCELLANEOUS:

ARTICLE ON ELECTRONIC LITERATURE

<http://english.ttu.edu/kairos/7.3/binder2.html?coverweb/rettberg/>

L'BOURGEOIZINE {ISU-based lit mag}

<http://bourgeoizine.pabn.org/index.html>

THE POETRY OF SARAH PIATT (19TH C AMERICAN)

<http://www.rit.edu/~pjkng/Piatt%20Page/poetryentry.html>

SLOPE MAGAZINE

<http://www.slope.org/>

DADA

<http://www.english.upenn.edu/~jenglish/English104/tzara.html>

MASTHEAD MAG BY AUSTRALIAN POET ALISON CROGGON

http://au.geocities.com/masthead_2/home.html

AUSTRALIAN POET ALISON CROGGON MUSING ABOUT POETRY

<http://www.dgdclynx.plus.com/lynx/lynx78.html>

LYNX: POETRY FROM BATH, ENGLAND

<http://www.dgdclynx.plus.com/lynx.html>

CENTER FOR BOOK CULTURE

<http://www.centerforbookculture.org/>

ONLINE ETYMOLOGY DICTIONARY

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

DESPAIR.COM

<http://www.despair.com/indem.html>

THE WORKS OF ROBERT HERRICK

<http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/herrick/herribib.htm>

METHODS AND MEANS OF INVENTION AND COMPOSITION

FLARF

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

[Flarf is a method of composition named by poet and cartoonist Gary Sullivan: <http://garysullivan.blogspot.com/>. Flarf utilizes the google.com search engine. You put in search terms you think will get you interesting results. You begin to cut and paste. You then begin to rewrite, collage, steal, mix, make, put, glue, rework at will.]

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<http://world.altavista.com/>

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scholar.lib.vt.edu/ejourn...5/Nye.html

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www.eastgate.com/hypertext...rrors.html

Writing for the New Millennium The Birth of Electronic Literature by Robert Kendall

wordcircuits.com/kendall/.../pw1.htm#A Life

Writers on Writing: New York Times This is a complete archive of the

Writers on Writing column, a series in which writers explore literary themes.

www.nytimes.com/books/spe...iters.html

At 08:33 AM 8/25/2003 -0400, Gwyn McVay wrote:

Dear Poeticists,

I have just been slapped with an extra section this fall, Writing for the Web, and know that there are buttloads of poetry hypertexts linked from the EPC and the works of Alan Sondheim (of whom I remain a fan, goddamnit) and August Highland.

If anybody knows of a big fat concatenated group of links to such resources, and you send this to me front-channel or back, I will write a praise poem about you.

Bests, Gwyn McVay

"Nobody gets paid for being a poemer."

-- Bucky the cat, "Get Fuzzy," 6/30/03

*"To plunder, to slaughter, to steal, these things
they misname empire; and where they make
a wilderness, they call it peace." -- Tacitus*

Gabriel Gudding

Assistant Professor of English

Illinois State University
Normal, IL 61790
office [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

<http://www.pitt.edu/~press/2002/gudding.html>
<http://gabrielgudding.blogspot.com/>

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496. **Komninos Zervos**

Re: utility problem

Mon 25 Aug 2003

saw your photo in the writers in the park anthology, (1986, sydney, australia)
was that your first visit to australia? i am studying the period for my phd and
wondered if you had sounded your work in similar venues in canada or the usa
at that time. this seems to have been a period when literature was being intro-
duced to public venues and general public audiences rather than writerly/read-
erly/publishery festivals etc. and would be interested to know what you thought
of the writers in the park event and your experience of the australian poetry
scene. i assume you had prior contact with australian poets, adamson, tranter
etc as i think i have seen some of your work in journals like poetry magazine
australia in the 70s.

cheers

komninos

komninos zervos

lecturer, convenor of CyberStudies major

School of Arts

Griffith University

Room 3.25 Multimedia Building G23

Gold Coast Campus

Parkwood

PMB 50 Gold Coast Mail Centre

Queensland 9726

Australia

Phone 07 5552 8872 Fax 07 5552 8141

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

<http://users.bigpond.net.au/mangolegs>

<http://spokenword.blog-city.com>

George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

Sent by: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

26/08/2003 07:31 AM

Please respond to UB Poetics discussion group

To: [REDACTED]
cc:
Subject: Re: utility problem

ah, lowdown, bovine and bromide, peekaboo in the peekskills...how the memories come flooding back. geoogre, have you no shred of sediment left for the olde daze? well... go with god. be well. be well. i will be returning your jewelry the po box you specified. farewell, my pretty.

You don't have to return the jewelry, dear heart. Don't you recall that you had to pay for it when my Visa card bounced? Some silliness about the spelling of my name. Hell, Bowering, I tried to tell the guy, is just another way of spelling Bromige.

--

George Bowering
Too many days without bourbon
303 Fielden Ave.
Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5

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497. **Rachel Loden**

Kasey on the Beeb

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Hey, did anybody else hear K. Silem (Kasey) Mohammad on the BBC, talking about flarf? I almost flipped my cookies!

According to his blog Ron S. was interviewed too, so maybe I missed the beginning.

Must write poems to fill the huge demand for them
--Catherine Wagner

Rachel Loden
<http://www.thepomegranate.com/loden/>

[REDACTED]

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498. **jason christie**

Fw: new from housepress: SAN by Lawrence Upton

Mon 25 Aug 2003

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

From: derek beaulieu

To: jason christie

Sent: Monday, August 25, 2003 7:15 PM

Subject: new from housepress: SAN by Lawrence Upton

housepress is please to announce the release of:

SAN'

by Lawrence Upton

24 pp, handbound.

75 numbered copies.

ISBN 1-894174-90-9

\$7.00 including postage.

From the author's note:

"San' was the title of a one off book, produced by painting and collages, made as a present for Bob Cobbing on his 80th birthday, and presented to him in September 2000 at A day for Bob Cobbing. The idea was to really give something: I would no longer have it and did not expect it to be published. After Bob's death, Jennifer - Bob's widow - found the book among his possessions. At her suggestion, I borrowed it and used it as the starting point for a new set of images in Bob's memory. This is the new set of images. It retains a great deal of the original. "San'" represents the way "sound" was said in the street in the area in which I was brought up. This text, like the original given to Cobbing, is for utterance and movement."

About the author:

Lawrence Upton's directionless career terminated with four years as "Head of Academic Computing" at a Greater London college, from which he retired due to ill health in 1996. He has been making poetry for nearly four decades and is prolific in a variety of writing genres. He was a member of "jggjgg" and other performance groups; and produced electro-acoustic pieces at West Square Studio. His collaboration and performance practice has persisted and developed, with many colleagues especially, latterly, the late Bob Cobbing. He co-edited the influential anthology Word Score Utterance Choreography in verbal and visual poetry (1998) with the late Bob Cobbing; and now he co-directs Writers Forum Workshops and Writers Forum, the publishing imprint.

for more information, or to order copies, contact:

derek beaulieu

c/o housepress
apt 205, 321 10th st NW
calgary alberta
canada t2n 1v7
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

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499. **Maria Damon**
Re: Kasey on the Beeb

Mon 25 Aug 2003

i tried to find it on the web after the fact, w/ no success. can someone blog it, or provide a transcript? this is an hystoric moment.

At 6:05 PM -0700 8/25/03, Rachel Loden wrote:

>Hey, did anybody else hear K. Silem (Kasey) Mohammad on the BBC, talking
>about flarf? I almost flipped my cookies!

>

>According to his blog Ron S. was interviewed too, so maybe I missed the
>beginning.

>

>-----

>

>Must write poems to fill the huge demand for them

>

--Catherine Wagner

>

>Rachel Loden

><http://www.thepomegranate.com/loden/>

> [REDACTED]

--

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500. **Schlesinger**
News from Cuneiform

Mon 25 Aug 2003

News from Cuneiform:

Gregg Biglieri's Reading Keats to Sleep (10.5 x 13 cm. closed; unfolds to 145 x 13 cm) is a single poem printed letterpress in 18 pt. Albion from the Sherwood Collection. This hardcover, accordion-style book was painted, colored and secured with marbled end-papers at the press during the month of July, 2003 in a

limited-edition of 40. His epic *El Egg* is now archived at Eclipse <<http://www.princeton.edu/eclipse/>> in on-line and PDF formats. Ron Silliman's review of this "book" appeared on his blog on Monday August 18, 2003. Read more at: <<http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/>>.

Also:

A few copies of David Pavelich's *Outlining* are still available. Pavelich's first chapbook is printed letterpress in 12 pt. Chancery Light on handmade Zerkall Ingress paper. The dust-jacket is bright yellow Ingress from the Fabriano Mills of Italy. Printed in copper, red, purple, violet, black and blue inks and pamphlet-sewn in the month of May, 2003.

Copies of the 2003 edition of *Kiosk* are also available. This year's issue includes works by Louis Cabri, Abby Child, Rae Armantrout, Craig Dworkin, Pattie McCarthy, Hannah Weiner and many others. Feature on Leslie Fiedler includes contributions by Robert Creeley, Raymond Federman, & Bill Sylvester. 292 pages perfect-bound with cover art by Lara Odell. \$4.00

The Perishable Press Limited: A Retrospective Exhibition (1964-2003). This checklist was composed by Kyle Schlesinger for an exhibition of titles from Walter Hamady's celebrated Perishable Press Limited. Hosted by the Grolier Club from February 18 - April 26, 2003 with titles from the collection of the Poetry/Rare Books Collection at SUNY Buffalo.

Forthcoming titles include works by Andrew Levy, Robert Creeley, Gil Ott, Derek Beaulieu and Mike Kelleher.

And (finally) from the tablets to the web, visit Cuneiform at: <http://www.cuneiformpress.com/> for details on any of these titles.

Best as Ever,

Kyle

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501. **Ben Basan**

Re: Kasey on the Beeb

Mon 25 Aug 2003

The show must still be available somewhere out there. The BBC archives its most recent radio shows. Which show was it on? I just browsed their poetry shows to no avail..

I wanna know what flarf is too and I wanna know what K. Silem Mohammad sounds like!

-Ben

On 8/26/03 10:44 AM, "Maria Damon" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

i tried to find it on the web after the fact, w/ no success. can someone blog it, or provide a transcript? this is an hystoric moment.

At 6:05 PM -0700 8/25/03, Rachel Loden wrote:

Hey, did anybody else hear K. Silem (Kasey) Mohammad on the BBC, talking about flarf? I almost flipped my cookies!

According to his blog Ron S. was interviewed too, so maybe I missed the beginning.

*Must write poems to fill the huge demand for them
--Catherine Wagner*

Rachel Loden

<http://www.thepomegranate.com/loden/>

[REDACTED]

--

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502. **Haas Bianchi**

Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Good-- so someone on the list is thinking about this. I have spent allot of time over the past few months reading Italian, Russian and French poetry from the period 1906-1920 and it is very jarring comparing these poems to what came later. I have been frustrated in the current poetic conversation here on this list-- serv that we are spending too much time trying to revive old, tired ideas that are not relevant or are at least less relevant in light of the world we are now in. I totally reject the idea that we need to be in a 'holding pattern' Whitman, Eliot, Lorca, Alberti, Neruda, and many others were harbingers of the world that was created, not critics only. We need as poets to be challenging 'facts' and 'movements' Hollywood, Fiction and music are not going to do this because they are all co-opted by money and corporate interests but perhaps with poetry we can return to the center of discussions

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:[REDACTED]]On Behalf Of Joel Weishaus

Sent: Monday, August 25, 2003 1:40 PM

To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Alan:

I fully agree with you on the importance these "new responses and presences," and that poets and critics aren't giving them their due. They address the medium on its own terms. They challenge our notion of what art is in this Digital Age. But this reaction, this resistance, is as old as art itself. There were artists in the Upper Paleolithic who said, "What's that crap on the walls?!"

-Joel W.

Again I keep on saying and will keep on saying, there _are_ new responses and presences, but _not_ from the more or less traditional poetics or poetry community; just look at the work on wryting, or that going on in the Unstable Digest etc. etc. etc. Many of us are working with distributivities, all sorts of language transformations and dynamics, performativities, laptop performance, codework, markov chains, etc. Look at Mez work, solipsis, Meskens, MWP, nn, etc. There's theory by Talan Memmott, Florian Cramer, Mez, and others.

This is probably not writing that you would recognize as such, but it is certainly a poetry and poetics that is responsive to world-wide interconnectivity and it's holes, confusions, coherencies, inconsistencies, alphabetics, etc. And no, this is not post-Oulipo work, but semantics work, and it's occurring now, what what constantly surprises me is how little this list, and other poetry/poetics lists responds to it, as if the electronics, networking, languages, etc. etc. are simply add-ons to tradition.

Alan

<http://www.asondheim.org/> <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/>
http://www.anu.edu.au/english/internet_txt
Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>
finger [REDACTED]

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503. **Haas Bianchi**

Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Mon 25 Aug 2003

the 21st century is already not the US's century but 9/11 is a moment of change, the idea of American Empire is silly what we have is a global elite empire made up of the same people in China the USA, Europe et cetera

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of George Bowering

Sent: Monday, August 25, 2003 1:22 AM

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

so where do we go from 9/11
if the 20th century began in Sarajevo in 1914 and ended in New York on
9/11/2001

Well, this is to assume the 9/11/2001, or as most of the world says, 11/9/2001, is that large an event. It certainly was a large event in the USA, no question of that. But in that other countries face that sort of thing over and over, one has to wonder whether maybe we should wait a while to see what seems to be the event that heralded the 21st century or whenever. It is possible that the 21st century will not be the US's century. With the powerful brats in power there now, and according to signs most of us have seen, the US empire may be on the way out. Whether that happened as a result of 11/9/2001, will be an interesting question.

--

George Bowering

Too many days without bourbon

303 Fielden Ave.

Port Colborne. ON,

L3K 4T5

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504. **JT Chan**

Towards Waking

Mon 25 Aug 2003

Towards Waking

Now resigned
myself to
the fallen trunk

left hanging
even on land

Phantom leg:
way to weigh it?

*

Is it because
I seem quite
sliced and tossed?

Weaker and
still, quietly dis-
enraged

-Jill Chan

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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505. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Tue 26 Aug 2003

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

From: "Haas Bianchi" <[REDACTED]>

| *Good-- so someone on the list is thinking about this.*

We are all thinking about it, how could one not? There is not one answer or one flavor of poetry we can all bandy about and show the world "poets mean business now!" Alan is correct -- his style indicates his stance, as my poetry indicates my own standings as I am sure your poetry embodies your understanding of the post Pax Americana. In 30 years a grad student will look back on this time and say "Poet X" did this and said that and inspired by ways of this. Write poetry Haas, this is all we can do today.

Best, Geoffrey

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506. **Alan Sondheim**

S.a.

Tue 26 Aug 2003

s.a.

breaking breaking destroy destroy reduced reduced partnership partner-
ship meet meet what what urgent urgent take take copy copy pocket pocket
free free refinance refinance overstocked overstocked dont dont jump jump
wanna wanna did did receipt receipt free free consolidate consolidate destroy
destroy expand expand raise raise amazing amazing millionaire millionaire
be be guaranteed guaranteed make make free free breaking breaking special
special master master minimize minimize advance advance get get get get
what what need need kind kind increase increase refinance refinance get get

—

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507. **Alan Sondheim**

Swoon of code memory she is beside herself

Tue 26 Aug 2003

Swoon of code memory she is beside herself

n

<http://www.asondheim.org/portal/swoon.exe>

Private Sub Command1_Click()

Stop

Cls

End Sub

Rem Please note orphan Rem from previous versions

Private Sub Form_Click()

Rem MsgBox "RAM Problematic", vbCritical, "Error"

Rem No MsgBox no Command1

z = -2: x = 0

j = z

k = x

p = 1

two:

j = z

k = x

If t < 16 Then t = t + 1 Else GoTo three

x = x - 1 + z / 16

p = p + 1

```
q = 2 * t / 20
If j + 24 > ScaleWidth Then j = j + t / 64
If z + Cos(x) / 36 + 16 > ScaleWidth Then z = z + t / 64
PSet (j / 2, (k * Cos(k) + 0.25) / 2), Point(j + 24, (k * Cos(k) + 0.25) +
24)
PSet (z * Cos(z) / 36, x / 2), Point(z * Cos(z) / 36 + 16, x + 16)
GoTo two
three: x = 0
z = z + 0.05
t = 1
If x > ScaleWidth Then x = y / 2
If y > ScaleHeight Then y = x / 2
A = p Mod 100000
Rem If A < 4 Then MsgBox "Resources Low", vbCritical, "Error"
Rem Nothing here and no bother with p Mod for that matter
If p > 350000 Then GoTo four
GoTo two
four:
End Sub
```

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508. **K. Silem Mohammad**

Re: BBC & Flarf

Tue 26 Aug 2003

A couple of people asked whether my Flarf interview Saturday the 24th on BBC World Service radio was or will be archived. I don't know. I sent an e-mail to the person who originally contacted me, so maybe I'll hear something soon. Or maybe not.

Lest anyone build it up too much, the excerpts from the original 5 minutes or so of conversation that finally made it onto the air basically consist of me reading the last 4 or 5 lines of "Stupidity Owns Me" from COMBO 12, and then explaining that Flarf is intentionally bad poetry that involves Google search text results, and the interviewer saying, yes, but is it art, and me saying, why yes, it is art, and her saying, prove it, then me saying something about the collaborative process etc. etc.

The best part was the interviewer's Irish accent. "Flarruf."

Kasey

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509. **Matt Keenan**

Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Tue 26 Aug 2003

I've been pondering these lines of Duncan, from Ground Work, Before the War, in light of 9/11:

men's Good "as naive and incoherent"

as their Evil "experienced and lucid"

Osama bin Laden may be considered good by certain Muslims and evil by us. His dissemination of evil is experienced and lucid and at the same time his thinking that it is good for Muslims is naive and incoherent. On the other hand, our invasion of Iraq may be considered good by us and evil by them. Our perpetration of this evil is experienced and lucid and at the same time our thinking that it is good for the Iraqis is naive and incoherent.

Time is not divided up (Yeats). History is contemporaneous (Pound). Osama is merely a pirate (see my previous post about Wahhabism). Wolfowitz admitted it was all about oil. Let's put things into proportion (I'm not talking about time, so I don't say 'perspective'). Retail terrorism vs. wholesale terrorism(Chomsky).

We'll get thru this once Bush and Blair are seen as typical politicians, LIARS. Pound finally admitted he was, and I quote, a "moron." He said it was all about GREED. He pointed to the ground and said, "This is hell." Olson referred to oil as that "silly sediment."

But then, it is the Crusaders and Zionists vs. the Muslims. I don't think my rabid Catholic friend would care whether Bush lied. We have to protect Israel, the Holy Land. So, we get back to Pound's, all history is contemporaneous. We are having another Crusade.

(I don't agree with him at all.)

I can't stand living here in the U.S. any more. Like what Leonard Cohen sang about America, "I love the country, but I can't stand the scene."

Matt

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510. **August Highland**

The Four-Chambered Heart #0001 - #0006

Tue 26 Aug 2003

The Four-Chambered Heart #0001 - #0006

who formed part of

who formed part of

walk, all
 acquirements of
acquirements of
scalp as I
walk, all
 walk, all
 who formed part of
completely blocked

it. I went to those
 it. I went to those
 hit off of it handed

hit off of it handed
 hit off of it handed
 it. I went to those
 should be strangely

who had persuaded me
who had persuaded me
 in which you have
 Justine. As the
Justine. As the
 "Have you any
in which you have
 in which you have
 who had persuaded me
strengthened the

to give
to give
 speculations
some money young
 some money young
 Next to the pew in
 speculations
speculations
to give
 little uncomfortable.

of the aristocratic
of the aristocratic
 money. All the slow
 sunbathing and
sunbathing and

it was so
money. All the slow
money. All the slow
of the aristocratic
mother do on those

Parisian promenades,
Parisian promenades,
to lick me as I
broken;
broken;
squeeze, thanking
to lick me as I
to lick me as I
Parisian promenades,
before him all the

the sparkling lake
the sparkling lake
suspected of being
"The House? On New-
"The House? On New-
repeating the same
suspected of being
suspected of being
the sparkling lake
touches the bottom.

The Four-Chambered Heart #0002

perceived
perceived
come true. Now
white
white
Britain, "amongst
come true. Now
come true. Now
perceived
Manach the Monks'

really wasn't
seemed also to be
seemed also to be
white hot air,

really wasn't
really wasn't
all of it. Everyone
her fist, and pumped.
crystal
crystal
bronze, and
her fist, and pumped.
her fist, and pumped.
not particularly
another.
another.
were a few horses
accuse him of want
accuse him of want
bewildered
were a few horses
were a few horses
another.
man. That's longer
to yours, with the
on the couches.
on the couches.
near the strand of
to yours, with the
to yours, with the
theatre financed by
Southern railroad
only thing that
only thing that
jests of the clever
Southern railroad
Southern railroad
in, opera hat under
When Spencer Flagg
When Spencer Flagg
thing, but
striding amongst

striding amongst
Welsh, save
thing, but
thing, but
When Spencer Flagg
to God that day so

The Four-Chambered Heart #0003

laid the foundation-
laid the foundation-
The
man told me were
man told me were
the one stuck in the
The
The
laid the foundation-
excited

stone for the new
stone for the new
need to make
shareholder in the
shareholder in the
brass
need to make
need to make
stone for the new
Cumraeg." Then -courts, this cold

million-
million-
raised him a troop
shown the room in
shown the room in
Bosphorus.
raised him a troop
raised him a troop
million-
impressed at how
edicated. I suppose
edicated. I suppose
town in its

with a visit once
with a visit once
not gone,
town in its
town in its
educated. I suppose
family and a rich
by your saying that
by your saying that
than poor Lois's
but you don't want
but you don't want
than poor Lois's
than poor Lois's
by your saying that
embarrassed de Gery

you were partly
you were partly
-courts, this cold
danger and the
danger and the
need to make
-courts, this cold
-courts, this cold
you were partly
heart beating with a

educated,
educated,
subtiler atmosphere
it."
it."
gave me the shilling
subtiler atmosphere
subtiler atmosphere
educated,
name of Jansoulet,

When she reached
When she reached
said the man in grey,

The Four-Chambered Heart #0004

itself out in gay
said the man in grey,
said the man in grey,
When she reached
went up to them: two

where Barlow had
where Barlow had
brother spied on me,
other path and
other path and
beautifully wooded,
brother spied on me,
brother spied on me,
where Barlow had
not been

turned, she pressed
turned, she pressed
into the
at night.
at night.
worthy of attention,
into the
into the
turned, she pressed
and threw it

herself up
herself up
tower in rough stone,
his wife and
his wife and
coat
tower in rough stone,
tower in rough stone,
herself up
pushed forward. The

husband by the
regular features,
regular features,
had much more the

husband by the
husband by the
of it, for it is not
errand of business.
errand of business.

health. I said
health. I said
answer than a
errand of business.
that gun won't work."

The Four-Chambered Heart #0005

an affair, similar
an affair, similar
ladder leading to
or red insect waits,
or red insect waits,
over with his
ladder leading to
ladder leading to
an affair, similar
"there's the States,

to yours, with the
to yours, with the
shouting "taw, -newspaper?"
two rivers, a
two rivers, a
"It is okay," Dennis
shouting "taw, -newspaper?"
shouting "taw, -newspaper?"
to yours, with the
ceremonies, of

chief of his
chief of his
to west, but
place?"
place?"
Near the lower
to west, but
to west, but

chief of his
the lasses of County
excellency's
excellency's
the world. My fine
also was
also was
knife, were several
the world. My fine
the world. My fine
excellency's
The coarse sneer
watched his fortune
watched his fortune
to suck him
runs to
runs to
here!"
to suck him
to suck him
watched his fortune
person who
fly away and
fly away and
It was till late an
Wales by the people
It was till late an
It was till late an
fly away and
"I will translate
disappear, oblivious
disappear, oblivious
German Socialists
sunken vessel.
sunken vessel.
of Griffith ap
German Socialists
German Socialists
disappear, oblivious
for sale, the vice

of the large
of the large
dress, and white
"It rains halberds";
"It rains halberds";
refuge there, there
dress, and white
dress, and white
of the large
possession of the

old a story. It is
old a story. It is
a great agitation;
or New Bedford. They
or New Bedford. They
bas-relief
a great agitation;
a great agitation;
old a story. It is
a wireless station

The Four-Chambered Heart #0006

the Bohemia of
the Bohemia of
She wrapped her hand
don't you go home
don't you go home
only thing that
She wrapped her hand
She wrapped her hand
the Bohemia of
sight of the bridge

Murger, with the
Murger, with the
Snowdon Ranger. He
in the kitchen grate,
in the kitchen grate,
distract him. He is
Snowdon Ranger. He
Snowdon Ranger. He

Murger, with the
the habitual guests,
workhouse at the
workhouse at the
fields, gray stone
playing Croppies Lie
playing Croppies Lie
love. But to
fields, gray stone
fields, gray stone
workhouse at the
policeman who
to her waist, her
to her waist, her
from the check-
without meeting or
without meeting or
themselves?"
from the check-
from the check-
to her waist, her
much she had hurt me
gait free and easy
gait free and easy
stopped in the Rue
of the party had any
of the party had any
always been
stopped in the Rue
stopped in the Rue
gait free and easy
Highness. Once there
like a boy's,
like a boy's,
ambassador. You'll
ambassador. You'll
one of the seed of
like a boy's,
skin as I gasped

aroused some
 aroused some
 as usual. We were
 our state. I
our state. I
England.
 as usual. We were
 as usual. We were
 aroused some
 friend, I am going

suitor attacked with
suitor attacked with
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lost, or fails to
ripped them off of
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 please just tell me,
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 English; all of them
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the altar, and
they had
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lighted windows
lighted windows
 antiquities, and
 time went
time went
Then they would go
 antiquities, and
 antiquities, and
 lighted windows

august highland

muse apprentice guild
--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal
--"following in the footsteps of tradition"
www.cultureanimal.com

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511. **August Highland**
Anatomy Of The Western World #0002
Tue 26 Aug 2003

Anatomy Of The Western World #0002

Did spred so broad that heauens light did hide/Assure your selfe it fell not all
to ground/And eke the Graces seemed all to sing/At night doth baite his steedes

the Ocean waues emong/Vpon his foe a Dragon horrible and stearne/Then of the certaine perill he stood in/And with false shewes abuse his fantasy.

And angry Ioue an hideous storme of raine/That nigh his manly hart did melt away/Strangle her else she sure will strangle thee/And ouer all a blacke stole she did throw/He stayde his hand and gan himselfe aduise/With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe/Whiles sad night ouer him her mätle black doth spred/Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round.

What frayes ye that were wont to comfort me affrayd/And with new day new worke at once begin/Long way he trauelled before he heard of ought/That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne/Ye all forwearied be for what so strong/From turning backe and forced her to stay/Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore/Hymen iô hymen dauncing all around/Hauing all satisfide their bloody thirst/When weening to returne whence they did stray/Tho wrapping vp her wrethed sterne arownd/And eke the Graces seemed all to sing.

Did spred so broad that heauens light did hide/Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart/Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde/Be well aware quoth then that ladie milde/What frayes ye that were wont to comfort me affrayd/That nigh his manly hart did melt away/Which when the valiant elfe perceiu'd he lept/Sweet slöbring deaw the which to sleepe them biddes/All cleane dismayd to see so vncouth sight/And dead as liuing euer him ador'd/In siluer deaw his euer-drouping hed/And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes.

Vntroubled night they say giues counsell best/And rushed forth hurling her hideous taile/Then of the certaine perill he stood in/Yea but quoth she the perill of this place/Yea but quoth she the perill of this place/Or the blind God that doth me thus amate/God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine/For whose defence he was to shed his blood/They cannot finde that path which first was showne/A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest.

Right faithfull true he was in deede and word/The one vpon his hardy head him plast/Tho can she weepe to stirre vp gentle ruth/At length it brought them to a hollow caue/That euery wight to shrowd it did constrain/So liuely and so like in all mens sight/His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain/Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell/Or wearied with bearing of her bag/Of needments at his backe thus as they past/Thus ill bestedd and fearefull more of shame/The stroke down frõ her head vnto her shoulder glaunst/So slyding softly forth she turnd as to her ease/And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue.

In secret anguish and vnpittied plaint/That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine/That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke/Whose double gates he findeth locked fast/The noblest mind the best contentment has/They saw so rudely falling to the ground/When ruddy Phoebus gins to welke in west/And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue/Be well aware quoth then

that ladie milde/That from her body full of filthie sin/He faire the knight saluted
louting low/Strangle her else she sure will strangle thee.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight/Most lothsom filthie foule and full of
vile disdaine/Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright/In siluer deaw his
euer-drouping hed/In this great passion of vnwonted lust/And all the world in
their subiection held/Is wisely to aduise now day is spent/A diuerse dreame out
of his prison darke.

Seemed in heart some hidden care she had/Tho wrapping vp her wrethed
sterne arownd/Threatning her angry sting him to dismay/He told of Saintes and
Popes and euermore/And low where dawning day doth neuer peepe/And shall
you well reward to shew the place/God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours end-
lesse traine/Thus ill bestedd and fearefull more of shame.

That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine/A-waite whereto their
seruice he applyes/With bowres and beds and ladies deare delight/Her vomit
full of bookes and papers was/Much can they prayse the trees so straight and
hy/Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone/Weening their wonted entrance
to haue found/The warlike Beech the Ash for nothing ill/Hauing yrockt a sleepe
his irkesome spright/Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought.

Downe in a dale hard by a forests side/Full iolly knight he seemd and faire did
sitt/As much disdayning to the curbe to yield/The forward footing for an hidden
shade/Of highest God the Lord of life and light/Captiu'd to fortune and frayle
worldly feares/A floud of poyson horrible and blacke/And low where dawning
day doth neuer peepe/And often knockt his brest as one that did repent/He
thought haue slaine her in his fierce despight.

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought/But with his clownish hands
their tender wings/Sober he seemde and very sagely sad/And all attonce her
beastly body raizd/Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast/Ah my deare Sonne
quoth he how should alas/She was in life and euery vertuous lore.

And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas/He taught to imitate that Lady
trew/Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue/And all attonce her beastly
body raizd/And angry Ioue an hideous storme of raine/Most like that virgin true
which for her knight him took/And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne queene/
Or wearied with bearing of her bag/Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered
round/But wander too and fro in wayes vnknowne.

Suspect her truth yet since no' vntruth he knew/In this great passion of vn-
wonted lust/Bidding his beades all day for his trespas/And said faire knight
borne vnder happy starre/Did spred so broad that heauens light did hide/The
one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory/To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire/Lo
there before his face his Lady is/That wasteth all this countrey farre and

neare/And looked in his glistring armor made/And more to lulle him in his slumber soft/He brusheth oft and oft doth mar their murmurings.

That which of them to take in diuerse doubt they been/Rest is their feast and all things at their will/Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy/The messenger approaching to him spake/Which swarming all about his legs did crall/Long way he trauelled before he heard of ought/That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond/His dwelling is by which no liuing wight/Which swarming all about his legs did crall/A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke/Then rudely he him thrust and pusht with paine/A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine/Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone/And looked in his glistring armor made.

Huge heapes of mudd he leaues wherein there breed/Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate/A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine/Vpon his shield the like was also scor'd/And ouerflow each plaine and lowly dale/Least suddaine mischief ye too rash prouoke/Then of the certaine perill he stood in/That greatest Gloriana to him gaue/Or wearied with bearing of her bag.

To see th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurst/Rest is their feast and all things at their will/So liuely and so like in all mens sight/That euery wight to shrowd it did constrain/He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy mindes/Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes/Silly old man that liues in hidden cell/The fruitfull oliue and the platane round/In sort as he him schooled priuily/He making speedy way through spersed ayre/Sweet slōbring deaw the which to sleepe them biddes/Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell.

So sound he slept that nought mought him awake/Gathred themselues about her body round/By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly/With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe/The noblest mind the best contentment has/In trauell to and froe a little wyde/He would not shend but said Deare dame I rew/A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine/And all attonce her beastly body raizd.

The caruer holme the maple seeldom inward sound/Ne euer would to any by-way bend/Sir knight with-hold till further triall made/That for my sake vn-knowne such grieve vnto you grew/The same so sore annoyed has the knight/The cruell markes of many' a bloody felde/Her vomit full of bookes and papers was/But when his later spring gins to auale/And proou'd your strength on a strong enimie.

A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed frō her corse/May euer passe but thorough great distresse/Thus ill bestedd and fearefull more of shame/The cruell markes of many' a bloody felde/When weening to returne whence they did stray/Of such as drunke her life the which them nurst/Yea but quoth she the perill of this place.

Pointed with mortall sting of her there bred/Die is my dew yet rew my
wretched state/Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound/Assure your selfe
it fell not all to ground/As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne/Hauing yrockt
a sleepe his irkesome spright/The deare remembrance of his dying Lord/Hauing
all satisfide their bloudy thirst/Their scepters stretcht from East to Western
shore/When weening to returne whence they did stray/Wringing her hands in
wemens pitteous wise.

Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say/A little lowly Hermitage it was/The
caruer holme the maple seeldom inward sound/Then choosing out few wordes
most horrible/Vnder blake stole hyding her bayted hooke/Of sundry shapes yet
all ill fauored/Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light/Then with the
sunne take sir your timely rest/With which and other spellles like terrible.

Had made a lady of that other spright/As still are wont t'annoy the walled
towne/The deare remembrance of his dying Lord/Vntill the blustering storme is
ouerblowne/Of straunge aduentures which abroad did pas/And euer as he rode
his hart did earne/Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares/The day with
cloudes was suddeine ouercast/That for my sake vnknowne such grieve vnto you
grew/And with new day new worke at once begin/And by descent from Royall
lynage came/And creeping sought way in the weedy gras/And all the world in
their subiection held/And homebred euill ye desire to heare.

To see th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurst/Her huge long taile her den all
ouerspred/Markes which do byte their hasty supper best/He strowd an aue-
mary after and before/So pure and innocent as that same lambe/His angry
steede did chide his foming bitt/The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory/That
wasteth all this countrey farre and neare/And wakefull dogges before them
farre do lye/Cride out Now now Sir knight shew what ye bee/Long way he
trauelled before he heard of ought.

Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound/Pointed with mortall sting Of
her there bred/The one of them he gaue a message too/His Lady sad to see his
sore constraint/Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde/He thought haue
slaine her in his fierce despight/Add faith vnto your force and be not faint/And
all the world in their subiection held/His gall did grate for grieve and high dis-
daine.

august highland

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512. **Halvard Johnson**

(no subject)

Tue 26 Aug 2003

A Momentary Loss of Belief in the Wisdom
of the Common People and a Curse on the
Bastards Who Own and Operate Them

"War is the continuation of policy by other means."
So said Von Clausewitz.

But war is also

The continuation of false consciousness

And falsified policy and politics

And greed masked as bourgeois generosity

By the falsified desires of American imperialism

By presidents wedded to cowboys and missiles

By chauvinist beer salesmen peddling the stars and stripes by
the six-pack

By the trained psychopathic liars of the State Department

By simple-minded sods in all fifty states

By the born-simple clergy and suckers of religion

By the bearded dons and Ph.D. dumdums of Academia

By painters selling third-hand Da Da at fancy prices

By poets who have forgot their songs in their gilded cages

By farmers sold out and put on the road and still finding their enemy
in Nicaragua or El Salvador

By workers given their walking papers for life and their heads still so
unscrewed they think the enemy is Russia or Communism

By housewives pissing their pants and dreaming of Red Terror

Or hijackers invading Podunk

By other means.

Politics is the continuation of war by other means.

And now, you celebrated American jackasses:
You still want war?
Go let a hole in the head shed light on your darkling brain--
Remember Vietnam?

Go and be damned!
But don't count on me for nothing you righteous
stupid sons of bitches!

--Thomas McGrath

fr. *Death Song* [Port Townsend: Copper Canyon Press, 1991]

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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513. **Patrick Herron**

FW: flarfoholics anonymous

Tue 26 Aug 2003

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

From: Lester Oracle [mailto:[REDACTED]]

Sent: Tuesday, August 26, 2003 8:12 AM

To: Patrick Herron

Subject: flarfoholics anonymous

<http://lesters.blogspot.com>

flarf is dead they said

long live flarf

er

old norse for beginners: a play in one act: a flarf play in four acts by k
silem mohammad, k silem mohammad, k silem mohammad, and patrick herron,
with

a cast of thousands represented by a few

deadheadese flarf

baby talk flarf

the moral is a rap flarf

cyberflarf

50 ways to leave your flarf

poetry.com flarf

rootin' tootin' flarf
oprah bookclub flarf
-the frontier-
flarfilism

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514. **Kevin Hehir**

A Blaser Creeley {of} READING

Tue 26 Aug 2003

THE LITERARY EVENT OF THE YEAR!

A Blaser Creeley {of} READING

Presented by The Capilano Review

Thursday 11 September 2003

Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1895 Venables

Doors Open 7pm; Reading 8 pm

Tickets \$11/\$6 Students plus applicable service charges

At Duthie Books on Fourth Avenue & Ticketmaster

www.ticketmaster.ca

An epochal poetry reading by two masters, long companions in the art of letters and friendship, The Capilano Review is privileged to present this "ABC {of} Reading" with Robin Blaser and Robert Creeley.

*Born on May 18, 1925, Robin Blaser was a key figure in the San Francisco Renaissance in the late 50s. He came to prominence, along with John Ashbery, Robert Duncan, Robert Creeley, and Jack Spicer, in Donald Allen's ground-breaking anthology *The New American Poetry 1945-1960*. In 1966, he took up a teaching post at the newly opened Simon Fraser University and is now Professor Emeritus. He became a Canadian citizen over 30 years ago. Poet, scholar and teacher, Blaser has been a mentor to writers, poets and intellectuals worldwide. He is the author of many books of poetry, mainly collected in *The Holy Forest* (Coach House, 1993). A celebration of Blaser's work, *The Recovery of the Public World: Essays on Poetics in Honour of Robin Blaser* edited by Charles Watts and Edward Byrne, was published in 1998, following the international conference of the same name held in Vancouver. An opera lover, Blaser wrote the remarkable and acclaimed libretto for *The Last Supper*, created with Sir Harrison Birtwhistle, which premiered in Berlin (2001) and at Glyndebourne (2002). Most recently, *Even on Sunday: Essays, Readings, and Archival**

Materials on the Poetry and Poetics of Robin Blaser, With New Work, edited by Miriam Nichols, was published by the National Poetry Foundation (2002).

The Truth Is Laughter 3

blindly visited

Vancouver street

high heels

and cherry trees

he leans forward

everyday,

brown eyes

sharp with

delirium

at the corner

by the Hudson's Bay

around his neck

the mystery and

the crucifix

the mystery

is tender

that's why

he likes it

we go

around him,

sparrows,

everyday

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Born on May 21, 1926, Robert Creeley is a New Englander by birth and disposition although he has spent most of his life in other parts of the world, including Guatemala, British Columbia, France and Spain. In the 1950s, at the invitation of Charles Olson, he edited The Black Mountain Review and taught at Black Mountain College, a crucial gathering place for alternative senses of writing at that time. Through the Black Mountain Review and his own critical writings, Creeley helped to define an emerging counter-tradition to the literary establishment—a postwar poetry originating with Pound, Williams, and Zukofsky and expanding through the lives and works of Olson, Robert Duncan, Allen Ginsberg, Denise Levertov, Edward Dorn, and others. Subsequently, he taught at the University of New Mexico and in 1966 went to SUNY at Buffalo. Although most identified as a poet (For Love, Windows, Life & Death, and Just in Time are examples of his more than sixty books of poetry), he has written a significant body of prose including a novel, The Island, and a collection of stories, The Gold Diggers, as well as numerous essays. He is also known for the diversity of his collaborations with artists outside his own disciplines. Creeley was elected a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets in 1999 and served as New York State Laureate from 1989 to 1991. Among his other honors are the Frost Medal, two Guggenheim Fellowships, the Shelley Memorial Award,

grants from the Rockefeller Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts, and the recently awarded Lannan Foundation Lifetime Achievement Award; this year he has accepted a Professorship at Brown University in Providence, R.I.

*Love, if you love me,
Lie next to me.
Be for me, like rain,
The getting out
Of the tiredness, the fatuousness,
The semi-lust of intentional indifference.
Be wet
With a decent happiness.*

*Robert Creeley
[The Rain]*

--

*Carol L. Hamshaw
Managing Editor
The Capilano Review*



<http://www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR>

For submission guidelines, please see

<http://www.capcollege.bc.ca/dept/TCR/submit.html>

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-----~-->

To Post an Announcement regarding publishing, contests, readings, and any relevant literary news, send it to: Poetry Discussion group is

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/participoet> CPA Bookstore is

<http://www3.sympatico.ca/cpa/> National CPA is the same at

<http://www.mirror.org/cpa/>

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

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515. **Maria Damon**

Re: BBC & Flarf

Tue 26 Aug 2003

modesty becomes you, sir flarfalot, but the people want access. the people demand their flarf. do let us know if you find out where it's archived and how to access the archive. xo, md

At 11:10 PM -0700 8/25/03, K. Silem Mohammad wrote:

>A couple of people asked whether my Flarf interview Saturday the 24th on BBC

>World Service radio was or will be archived. I don't know. I sent an

>e-mail to the person who originally contacted me, so maybe I'll hear

>something soon. Or maybe not.

>

>Lest anyone build it up too much, the excerpts from the original 5 minutes

>or so of conversation that finally made it onto the air basically consist of

>me reading the last 4 or 5 lines of "Stupidity Owns Me" from COMBO 12, and

>then explaining that Flarf is intentionally bad poetry that involves Google

>search text results, and the interviewer saying, yes, but is it art, and me

>saying, why yes, it is art, and her saying, prove it, then me saying

>something about the collaborative process etc. etc.

>

>The best part was the interviewer's Irish accent. "Flarrruf."

>

>Kasey

--

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516. **Jane Sprague**

Bowery Poetry Club: Semezdin Mehmedinovic & Ammiel Alcalay

Tue 26 Aug 2003

From Ammiel Alcalay, please forward-

SEMEZDIN MEHMEDINOVIC, ONE OF BOSNIA'S MOST PREEMINENT AUTHORS, READS FROM HIS NEW COLLECTION NINE ALEXANDRIAS, AT THE BOWERY POETRY CLUB, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 4:00PM

Ammiel Alcalay, translator of NINE ALEXANDRIAS and author of MEMORIES OF OUR FUTURE and many other books, will also read.

Following his depiction of Bosnia under siege in the much celebrated Sarajevo Blues, Semezdin Mehmedinovic now explores the vast space of his new continent.

In this nightmarish and exhilarating odyssey, Mehmedinovic's political acuity is displayed everywhere but barely pronounced. In Washington D.C., his new home, the graphic and tactile affirmation of life amidst horror depicted so masterfully in *Sarajevo Blues*, turns into an eerie silence that permeates both the expanse of the land and the heart of the American empire.

"In this remarkable sleight of hand that never becomes generically 'fictional,' Mehmedinovic's narrator holds to the pulse of the real by protecting us from what he has seen and known in another life. This is a very different kind of witness, one that has as much to reveal to the initiated as to the uninitiated, to those who don't." - Ammiel Alcalay, from the introduction to *Nine Alexandrias*

Mehmedinovic arrived in the U.S. as a political refugee in 1996. His articles, poems, and essays have been translated and published in leading European and American newspapers and magazines. *Sarajevo Blues* was translated into Slovenian and published by *Nova revija* in 1995. In 1998, *City Lights* published *Sarajevo Blues*, translated by Ammiel Alcalay, and in 1999, a translation was published in Germany. Mehmedinovic is still working as a columnist for *Dani* (Days), the magazine Mehmedinovic started with friends and sold on the streets of Bosnia under aerial bombardment, mortar-attack and shelling, amidst sniper-fire through three and half years of war.

Sunday, September 7th, 4:00 PM
The Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery St., New York, NY 10012

www.bowerypoetry.com

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517. **Kevin Hehir**

jordan davis

Tue 26 Aug 2003

hi,

I've got this friend see, and he wants to know how he would get a copy of Jordan Davis' new book. YOur see, this friend doesn't have a credit card so he would gladly pop some american dollars into a plain vanilla envelope if someone could tell him where to send it to. oh, yeah this friend lives in canada so the postage might be a bit more than normal or to Normal Ill.

Thanks,
Kevin for a "friend"

--

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518. **Joel Weishaus**

ebbe borregaard

Tue 26 Aug 2003

I got word this morning that Ebbe Borregaard "has a cabinet making shop in Sonoma and is reported to be in good health."

-Joel W.

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519. **Kevin Killian**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Tue 26 Aug 2003

At 7:27 AM -0700 8/26/03, Joel Weishaus wrote:

>I got word this morning that Ebbe Borregaard "has a cabinet making shop in
>Sonoma and is reported to be in good health."

>

>-Joel W.

I hate to be one of those people who can't be bothered to read all the way back to the beginning of the thread, but there it is. If there's someone who wants Borregaard's address he or she can back channel me and I'll pass it along to you. As several have remembered, he gave his first reading in many years (30?) at Small Press Traffic a few years back when we were celebrating the re-release of the NEW AMERICAN POETRY anthology.

His legend was that he was the last "student" at Black Mountain College--running away from home as a teenager, he arrived at BMC on the very day they locked up the place and unable to believe this turn of events, he sat on the doorstep piteously and everyone felt sorry for him & taught him a few things before saying goodbye.

-- Kevin K.

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520. **Peter Quartermain**

Re: ebbe borregaard

Tue 26 Aug 2003

And as I recall Duncan wrote the script of his wedding ceremony. His little book of "Sketches for thirteen sonnets" by "Gerard Boar" elegantly printed by,

hmmm, was it Clifford Burke? (or was it published by Oyez?), shouldn't be too hard to find - in libraries if not via the net.

Peter Q

=====

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:]

On Behalf Of Kevin Killian

Sent: 26-August-2003 7:57 AM

To:

Subject: Re: ebbe borregaard

At 7:27 AM -0700 8/26/03, Joel Weislaus wrote:

>I got word this morning that Ebbe Borregaard "has a cabinet making shop in

>Sonoma and is reported to be in good health."

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-- Kevin K.

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521. **Craig Allen Conrad**

Apollinaire! Apollinaire! HAPPY BIRTHDAY! -- PATHOLOGIES OF NORMAL BEHAVIOR by Buck Downs -- Hobohemian Rhapsody -- Magdalena's teen poem -- miniaturized Spicer and more

Tue 26 Aug 2003

all this and more on

THE PHILLY SOUND: New Poetry,
click here: <http://phillysound.blogspot.com/>

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522. **Clifford Duffy**
Borraard and Spicer

Tue 26 Aug 2003

.Turns out Borregaard and Spicer were part of the same circle of poets etc for a period. I am just now readin this biography of Jack Spicer and saw a photo of Borregaard... I am not nearly half ways thru the book so I have no more news....

In those days he had a beard
and looks tall and lanky from the photo, or rather, tall and bony.

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<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>

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523. **Rob McLennan**
TEN, a celebratory chappie

Tue 26 Aug 2003

new from above/ground press
celebrating 10 years in 2003 -----

TEN
a 10th anniversary chapbook
featuring "ten" poems by various
above/ground press alumni

publisht for a tenth anniversary party at 3 Kings Pub, Holland Avenue, Ottawa,
August 28, 2003

with poems by: Eleni Zisimatos Auerbach (Montreal), Aidan Baker (Toronto),
John Barton (Ottawa), John M. Bennett (Columbus, Ohio), Stephen Brockwell
(Ottawa), George Elliott Clarke (Toronto), Shannon Cowan (Errington, BC),
Michael Dennis (Ottawa), Anita Dolman (Ottawa), Susan Elmslie (Montreal), m
erskine (Toronto), Jon Paul Fiorentino (Montreal), ryan fitzpatrick (Ogden, Cal-
gary), Natalie Hanna (Ottawa), Matthew Holmes (Toronto), Warren Layberry
(Ottawa), A.J. Levin (Toronto), Gil McElroy (Colborne, Ontario), rob mclennan
(Ottawa), Colin Morton (Ottawa), Sheila E. Murphy (Phoenix, Arizona), Sharon
H. Nelson (Montreal), Ken Norris (Orono, Maine), Meredith Quartermain (Van-
couver) & Andy Weaver (Edmonton).

=====

published in ottawa by above/ground press. subscribers rec' a complimentary copy. to order, send \$5 (+ \$1 for postage, or \$2 for non-canadian) to rob mclennan, 858 somerset st w, main floor, ottawa ontario k1r 6r7. backlist catalog & submission info at www.track0.com/rob_mclennan

=====

starting January 1st, 2003 - above/ground press - \$30 (Canadian) per calendar year for chapbooks, asides + broadsheets (non-Canadian, \$30 US). current & forthcoming publications by shannon bramer, Andy Weaver, Artie Gold, rob mclennan, Nelson Ball, Julia Williams, Gil McElroy, Donato Mancini, Barry McK-innon & others. payable to rob mclennan. (while supplies last)

STANZAS subscriptions, \$20 (CAN) for 5 issues (non-Canadian, \$20 US). recent issues featuring work by Lisa Samuels, Meredith Quartermain & Aaron Peck. bibliography on-line.

=====

also, check out the catalog page for GROUNDSWELL: the best of above/ground press, 1993-2003, edited by rob mclennan with an introduction by Stephen Cain, published by Broken Jaw Press as cauldron books #4. includes a complete bibliography of the press from the beginning to 2002, & reprints work by Stephanie Bolster, jwcurry, John Newlove, Michelle Desberets, Dennis Cooley, megan jackson, carla milo, rob mclennan, George Bowering, etc. in both trade book & PDF version.

<http://www.brokenjaw.com/catalog/pg82.htm>

=====

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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524. **tom bell**

Re: jordan davis

Tue 26 Aug 2003

aren't there some sellers who use paypal? My problem getting the book is even more difficult as I won't have the cash until next month and don' even know the title.

tom bell

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

From: "Kevin Hehir" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, August 26, 2003 9:07 AM

Subject: jordan davis

hi,

I've got this friend see, and he wants to know how he would get a copy of Jordan Davis' new book. YOu see, this friend doesn't have a credit card so he would gladly pop some american dollars into a plain vanilla envelope if someone could tell him where to send it to. oh, yeah this friend lives in canada so the postage might be a bit more than normal or to Normal Ill.

*Thanks,
Kevin for a "friend"*

--

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525. **irving weiss**

Re: nonce-words

Tue 26 Aug 2003

If anybody has examples of nonce-words either in the dictionary already or else "live" I'd like to know what they are!

The Century Dictionary Online on "nonce-word": "A word coined and used only for the nonce, or for the particular occasion. Nonce-words, suggested by the context arising out of momentary caprice, are numerous in English. They are usually indicated as such by the context. Some are admitted into this dictionary for historical or literary reasons, but most of them require or deserve no serious notice."

Thanks!

forever indebted!

Louis!

The best known ought to be "aroint," as in "Aroint thee, witch!," Macbeth, and I think also in Lear. Found only in Shakespeare, and at least one more time in a poem I published in Pivot long ago.

All to the good,

Irving Weiss

<http://members.tripod.com/~sialbach/>

526. **George Bowering**

Re: "Details"???

Tue 26 Aug 2003

It is one of the headers involved in my constant mailings that tell me that my message to someone I never heard of might be infected. I have a Mac, Why should i worry?

I've received it only once - today. One of the senders was a woman at my university, but there wasn't an attachment once I opened the document. We got word of a computer virus at the school, and five computers were infected, but I have a mac and wasn't hit. A mystery, but I trashed them all.

Annie Pluto

Yes, I've got it twice in the last couple of days. I simply trashed it. It pretends to be addressed to me personally but doesn't know any more than the signature my server recognises - i.e. it's obviously a mass-mailing = spam or a form thereof; it does not know my name. My computer tells me it's (hmmm. I think it does anyway - I can't remember) a movie clip, or a tiff, or something like that. I never open those anyway without advance notice from the sender.

So trash it. It's some idiot who really wants to be nuisance; e-mails are always disposable, including this one from me.

My basic principle: if I don't know the sender, trash it.

I do not think ANYone has the automatic "liberty" to intrude into my life, invade my mailbox - either snailbox or "virtual" - for let's call them ulterior purposes, any more than they have the "liberty" to hector and bully me in the street. There's a heck of a lot of woolly and dangerous daftness surrounding that dangerous word liberty - I will say nothing about the meaning of "freedom" south of the 49th....

Peter the curmudge.

=====

"Wee-bit injustice is impiety; so's big."

Marcus Aurelius. Meditations IX.1

=====

Peter Quartermain

846 Keefer Street

Vancouver B.C.

Canada V6A 1Y7

voice [REDACTED]

fax [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

=====

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:[REDACTED]]

On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent

Sent: 19-August-2003 1:56 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: "Details"???

Is anyone else getting proliferated by emails with something about "details"

that includes an attachment with the request to open, etc.

I don't want to open no unexplained nothing!

So help me out if I am being an anti-viral curmudgeon.

This day has had already had enough killer extremism in defence of liberty!

Absolutely dreadful. Full.

Stephen Vincent

--

--

George Bowering

Too many days without bourbon

303 Fielden Ave.

Port Colborne. ON,

L3K 4T5

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527. **Harrison Jeff**

Satis Verborum

Tue 26 Aug 2003

an alpha ray is a contrary Edwardian
head insert magnetic penury
shotgun systole, tubby wrist Malaysia
neuter next of kin rigorous
love petroleum religiously
vibraphone morning-glory? nah,
sing terminal thru a handlebar moustache,
you galley-proof ham,

from sling-shot ("Quid nunc, Uncle?")
PETUNIA to stuck-up sphere,
from sea to shi-ning SEA

MSN 8: Get 6
months for \$9.95/month. <http://join.msn.com/?page=dept/dialup>

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528. **Harrison Jeff**

The Trigger Had Not Tasted Other Recluses

Tue 26 Aug 2003

you own sufficient stock in characteristics,
vague Roman statesman
in the words of a sudden upward Summer's
conspicuous mercilessness,
"Time passed in reading is:
A FOREIGN ELEMENT."
is a reserved seat for upright timbers -
in artwork, or other color work,
a sudden collapse, hazardous, is
A FOREIGN ELEMENT

Get MSN 8 and enjoy automatic e-mail virus protection.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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529. **Tom Beckett**

Two of the Parts

Tue 26 Aug 2003

One part
of the art of living
involves knowing
when to duck

Another part
of the art of living
turns on learning
how to breathe

Tom Beckett

[↑ Contents](#)

530. **Joel Weishaus**
Re: Borreaard and Spicer
Tue 26 Aug 2003

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

From: "Clifford Duffy" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Tuesday, August 26, 2003 12:35 PM

Subject: Borreaard and Spicer

> .Turns out Borregaard and Spicer were part of the same circle of poets etc
> for a period. I am just now readin this biography of Jack Spicer and saw a
> photo of Borregaard... I am not nearly half ways thru the book so I have
no

> more news....

>

> In those days he had a beard

> and looks tall and lanky from the photo, or rather, tall and bony.

Ebbe worked with Jack Boise on the house Jack was building in Bolinas for himself and Joanne Kyger, to whom he was married. One day Jack, a bit drunk, fell from a beam and died. I was away at the time and hadn't heard the news. When I returned, I asked, "Has anyone seen Jack?" Faces turned pale. Bolinas was pretty weird with ghosts at the time.

-Joel W.

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531. **Haas Bianchi**
Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
Tue 26 Aug 2003

I am writing away

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:[REDACTED]]On Behalf Of Geoffrey Gatza

Sent: Monday, August 25, 2003 11:10 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

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

From: "Haas Bianchi" <[REDACTED]>

Good-- so someone on the list is thinking about this.

We are all thinking about it, how could one not? There is not one answer or one flavor of poetry we can all bandy about and show the world "poets mean business now!" Alan is correct -- his style indicates his stance, as my poetry indicates my own standings as I am sure your poetry embodies your understanding of the post Pax Americana. In 30 years a grad student will look back on this time and say "Poet X" did this and said that and inspired by ways of this. Write poetry Haas, this is all we can do today.

Best, Geoffrey

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532. **Dodie Bellamy**
Re: Borregaard and Spicer

Tue 26 Aug 2003

.Turns out Borregaard and Spicer were part of the same circle of poets etc for a period. I am just now readin this biography of Jack Spicer and saw a photo of Borregaard... I am not nearly half ways thru the book so I have no more news....

*In those days he had a beard
and looks tall and lanky from the photo, or rather, tall and bony.*

The Poetry Center at SF State has a videotape of Borregaard reading, with Robin Blaser, I believe. I saw it years ago, back when Laura Moriarty was still the archivist there. On the tape, if I remember correctly, he announces he's leaving poetry to become a carpenter. Or am I just hallucinating this memory? I was watching a bunch of tapes, including one of a young John Wieners, because Kevin was writing an essay for the Poetry Center catalogue and I was wardrobe consultant. I would describe the poets' outfits to Kevin because he was interested in putting that in his essay, and I know more about outfits than Kevin does.

Dodie

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533. **Stephen Vincent**
Absent without a Vote

Tue 26 Aug 2003

Hi Kasey: sorry I could not make it to your reading/book party Sunday eve. You must have been punch drunk good after the marathon prep of readings the previous several nights! Deer in the Headlights - may your antlers (& the book, which I will get) carry the day. Lime Tree suggests postpartums is setting in. Go easy on yourself. It's been one helluva a great poetry summer - and you have been a major part of it.

Time (almost) for a long evening look at Mars.

Later,

Stephen V

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534. **floodeditions**
Graham Foust, As in Every Deafness

Tue 26 Aug 2003

Now Available from Flood Editions

AS IN EVERY DEAFNESS / by Graham Foust

ISBN 0-9710059-8-2 \$13.00

"Forcing House"

Hereâ€™s the quick
wish behind

each kicked
door -

manage to hang
from my panic

my love.
Leave

and leave everything
open.

Foust's first collection sounds the depths of need and loss through narcotics and the bleak interiors of winter. Although suspended in indefinite, sometimes desperate states of desire, these spare poems move toward an honest recognition of the damage incurred: "Welcome, autumn, / to my room / of empty things. // Welcome to a room / like you."

"Though As in Every Deafness recalls the wintry meditative intensity of William
Bronk, it's a new millennium: 'Our economy proceeds / as if life were an unlearning.'
Graham Foust has an unerring sense of the exact contours of a particular thought and
is able to express them with mathematical precision and emotional delicacy; yet
pushing against lyric constraint is wildness, uneasiness, sometimes terror."
SUSAN HOWE

Available from SPD / Small Press Distribution: www.spdbooks.org or directly from the publisher

Flood Editions
PO Box 3865
Chicago IL 60654-0865
www.floodeditions.com

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535. **Rachel Loden**

Re: BBC & Flarf

Tue 26 Aug 2003

The interviewer said something about flarf being big in California and now we're going to speak with--

I was pretty sure I was dreaming, so I said aloud "Kasey Mohammad." And the interviewer agreed.

Gary Sullivan's name came up and I think the interviewer may have asked for the number of official flarf poets. Something like that.

K has the most beautiful voice. Full of all the intensity and intelligence you might expect.

A couple of people asked whether my Flarf interview Saturday the 24th on BBC World Service radio was or will be archived.

----- For the inhibiting and suppressing of all
scurrilous and prophane Play-books, Ballads, Poems, and Tale-bookes whatsoever.
--Prynne (1628)

Rachel Loden
<http://www.thepomegranate.com/loden/hotel.html>



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536. **Rachel Loden**

Re: utility problem

Tue 26 Aug 2003

Well, Bowering says he has never been to Peekskill. But he has time to hang out in Missoula watching Little League games. Go figure. If it weren't so bewildering it would be just plain sad. Maria and I are going to have to live with that. We'll sit on our little tuffet of memories, and occasionally we'll be joined by Pierre Joris.

Those of you who feel like you go to sleep and wake up with Bowering might like to hear him talk about his dream of a big green bird. It's about 23 minutes and 16 seconds in from the beginning of an interview on the UCalgary site:

<http://www.ucalgary.ca/%7Ecwh/archive/>

Of course, when I brought this to his attention, he claimed he'd never had a dream of a big green bird. So draw your own conclusions.

----- For the inhibiting and suppressing of all
scurrilous and prophane Play-books, Ballads, Poems, and Tale-bookes what-
soever. --Prynne (1628)

Rachel Loden

<http://www.thepomegranate.com/loden/hotel.html>



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537. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: Absent without a Vote/Flarf oops!

Tue 26 Aug 2003

Sorry, this "vote" was meant to go direct to Kasey!

n 8/26/03 4:16 PM, Stephen Vincent at [REDACTED] wrote:

*Hi Kasey: sorry I could not make it to your reading/book party Sunday eve.
You must have been punch drunk good after the marathon prep of readings the
previous several nights!*

*Deer in the Headlights - may your antlers (& the book, which I will get)
carry the day.*

*Lime Tree suggests postpartums is setting in. Go easy on yourself. It's been
one helluva a great poetry summer - and you have been a major part of it.*

Time (almost) for a long evening look at Mars.

Later,

Stephen V

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538. **Brian Kim Stefans [arras.net]**

What is Said to the Poet Concerning Flowers (a new blog) & Fashionable Noise promo blitz

Tue 26 Aug 2003

Announcing my most recent spate of silliness:

What is Said to the Poet Concerning Flowers

a new blog that is just a bunch of poems and photos that are supposed to eventually have to do with each other -- you laugh!

<http://www.arras.net/whatis/>

also, Free Space Comix: The Blog has a new design and lots of new materials on it --

<http://www.arras.net/weblog/>

Highlights:

reviews: Little Review: Robert Lowell, Collected Poems

digressions: Haroldo de Campos 1929-2003

links: The Monkey Shakespeare Simulator

reviews: Little Review: Please Pay Attention Please: Bruce Nauman's Words

reviews: Little Review: Ezra Pound, Poems and Translations

reviews: Little Review: Jeff Derksen, Transnational Muscle Cars

poems: Sonnet: On Literary Criticism

skids: Skid 29

links: Eigenradio / Dublab

chatter: Requests for Porno / Silliman on the English

poems: The Window Ordered To Be Made

chatter: HP rips off The Dreamlife of Letters

reviews: Little Review: Michael Magee, MS

links: Acronym Blog

open letters: Email to the New York Review of Books re: Comics for Grown-Ups

exchanges: Exchange with Darren Wershler-Henry on Circulars: final version

links: The dumbest blog in the world

links: Combo: new issue and website

Lastly -- Fashionable Noise is now available from Small Press Distribution (<http://spdbooks.org>), amazon.com, and barnesandnoble.com.

It was recently reviews in Publisher's Weekly -- starred review -- and I also received this great blurb from Adelaide Morris:

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY

Less a programmatic critical volume than an improvisatory, searching look at a still-nascent form, Stefans's ruminations, exhortations, gags ("Th plug may be puld any day on cultur; th poem must be prepared") and excitations comprise a print take that is closest to the online world's free-wheeling sense of formal inquiry, semi-disposable experimentation and ardently utopian possibility. The eight longish pieces here are mostly concerned with screen-based poetry, but are utterly different from one another. A real-time, online interview with poet Darren Wershler-Henry (The Tapeworm Foundry) kicks things off, covering everything from the Toronto Concrete poetry scene to Situationism, Prynne, Eno, Hakim Bey, the launch party for Cabinet magazine and Frampton Comes Alive. "Reflections on Cyberpoetry" offers a tight series of straight-faced pronouncements ("`Mauberley is a cyberpoem; The Cantos, not.") and insights into algorithmic composition; "Stops and Rebels" unwinds into a dense, rewarding essay that manages to proceed via footnotes without invoking banal postmodernist tropes; "Proverbs of Hell" riffs Blake-wardly ("Condemn not Flash because it is `slick' "), while "A Poem of Attitudes," a long, beautiful abecedarian work composed with the aid of splicing programs, comes on like Bruce Nauman emptying out his neon tool box: "Not a curse. Not all the songs,/ no gimmick. Not be. Not in my poem./ Not like a room. Not mix the beans." Stefans's two major cyberworks, "The Naif and the Bluebells" and "The Dreamlife of Letters," are easily locatable online, as is his multi-author political blog, Circulars. With more ideas per page than most poets put into entire books, Stefans (Free Space Comix) provides a provisional, wickedly smart and goofily joyous lay of a land that is still being discovered--and created from scratch. (June) Copyright 2003 Reed Business Information.

GREAT BLURB FROM ADALAIDE MORRIS, editor of Sound States: Innovative Poetics and Acoustical Technologies

In Fashionable Noise: On Digital Poetics, Brian Kim Stefans does for digital poetry what Lev Manovich's Language of New Media does for contemporary media art. Starting from dynamics peculiar to the computer poem-its algorithms, source files, and flows of digitized information-Stefans imagines the computer poem from the bottom up. Instead of aligning it with or against conventional verse or avant-garde texts, he situates it in the larger field of digital art and new media. The book's major essay-construction-"Stops and Rebels: a critique of hypertext"-is an annotated computer poem that provides not only a canny mix of poetic and critical source files but a lexicon of critical terms, a history of digital experiments, and a series of brilliant meditations and riffs on new media

creations. The result is essential reading for anyone interested in new media art and poetics. -- Dee Morris

More here from the Atelos site: <http://atelos.org/fashionable.htm>

My new play -- for those of you who care -- is called "Kinski in Kanada" -- sick -- premieres Nov. 6th at the Bowery Poetry Club.

And I'll be teaching a poetry workshop at the Poetry Project starting October called (tentatively) "Jai-Alai for Autocrats." Sign up!

<http://poetryproject.com/>

Bah-b-b-bah-bah-bah -- that's all folks!

love,
your local (scottish) spammer

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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539. **Alan Sondheim**

honestly

Wed 27 Aug 2003

i can't actually imagine sitting down and writing something

hold.exe

trying to choose one word or another they'd make sense or not and might even sound good

a kind of cleverness when things come together

/portal/

only worrying about the craft of it all or having something to say

thinking about the language

ondheim.org

it must be amazing to work so delicately in this furious world

.as

is it the form or is it the pathos of the form

www

speaking directly in a new and exciting language of words and sounds

i don't have the experience

://

it is wonderful to be able to write anywhere and have something to say

http

i am a refugee from words take me in

i'll learn i promise i will

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540. **George Bowering**
Re: Borregaard and Spicer

Wed 27 Aug 2003

.Turns out Borregaard and Spicer were part of the same circle of poets etc for a period. I am just now readin this biography of Jack Spicer and saw a photo of Borregaard... I am not nearly half ways thru the book so I have no more news....

*In those days he had a beard
and looks tall and lanky from the photo, or rather, tall and bony.*

He also ran an art gallery for a while; and on his first trip to the west coast, Amiri Baraka read there.

--

George Bowering

Too many days without bourbon

303 Fielden Ave.

Port Colborne. ON,

L3K 4T5

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541. **August Highland**
(c)ode

Wed 27 Aug 2003

(c)ode

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august highland

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(c)ode part1

Wed 27 Aug 2003

(c)ode part1

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august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.512 / Virus Database: 309 - Release Date: 8/19/2003

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543. **Kevin Hehir**

--dasypygal

Wed 27 Aug 2003

dasypygal (da-si-PYE-gul) adjective

Having hairy buttocks.

[From Greek dasy- (hairy, dense) + pyge (buttocks).]

A related word is dasymeter, an instrument for measuring the..., no, not that, rather the density of gases. Another related word is callipygian, having a beautiful behind. -Anu

"That way, if they will just turn their caps through 180 degrees, and the volume of their in-car stereos down a bit, and pull their trousers up over their dasypygal features, there might be hope, yet." Revel Barker; Open Eye: Fidel Castro And His Part in the Generation Game; Independent (London, UK); Sep 5, 2000.

This week's theme: words to describe your opponents, vituperation.

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544. **Poetics List Administration**
rockets and sentries blog

Wed 27 Aug 2003

I am announcing publicly that this space:
www.rocketsandsentries.blogspot.com, is my responsibility. it is daily writing in
that blog space box. it is 'poetry' or anyway it is not a journal. I invite you to
read and see if I 'get' anywhere

Allen Bramhall

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545. **Chris Stroffolino**
Re: Free Oakland A's Game Tomorrow

Wed 27 Aug 2003

arrgghh got school

>From: "David A. Kirschenbaum" <[REDACTED]>
>To: [REDACTED]
>Subject: Free Oakland A's Game Tomorrow
>Date: Wed, Aug 27, 2003, 9:02 PM
>

Hi all,

*I have press passes for tomorrow's A's game vs. the Orioles, Thurs. Aug. 28,
12:35 p.m., but I have found no one to go with, as yet. If you're interested
please email me ASAP: [REDACTED]*

*best,
david
now in san francisco*

--

*David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher
Boog City
330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: [REDACTED]
www.boogcity.com*

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546. **Kirby Olson**
Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
Wed 27 Aug 2003

Haas,

It's also important to think through the bigger picture, or the theoretical ramifications. Would you rather have your life be considered as a sporting event or as an aesthetic event?

-- Kirby Olson

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547. **mIEKAL aND**
Artists' Haven: No Electricity, but What Views
Wed 27 Aug 2003

Artists' Haven: No Electricity, but What Views
By KATIE ZEZIMA

ROVINCETOWN, Mass. — Creaky, mice-infested and barely accessible, the 18 wooden shacks nestled among sand dunes here don't seem like much of a summer prize.

But for decades, this primitive world, only miles from the town's main street, has been especially alluring to writers and artists. Eugene O'Neill wrote some of his early work in an old Coast Guard station out on the dunes, and E. E. Cummings, Harry Kemp (known as the Poet of the Dunes) and the painter Boris Margo spent time here.

<http://www.nytimes.com/2003/08/27/arts/music/27DUNE.html?th=>

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548. **Rob McLennan**
rob's clever blog
Wed 27 Aug 2003

new things on rob's clever blog

- 2 brief reviews - Dorothy Trujillo Lusk's Ogress Oblige (KRUPSKAYA) & Jill Hartman's A Painted Elephant (Coach House Books)

- a note on "stone, book one"

- "the day we lost the stanley cup" (an ottawa poem)

www.robmcclennan.blogspot.com

rob

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord.,SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...8th coll'n - red earth (Black Moss) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/

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549. **Daniel Kane**

Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE

Wed 27 Aug 2003

Teachers & Writers Collaborative is happy to announce that members of the Buffalo Poetics and Writenet lists can order copies of my book What Is Poetry: Conversations with the American Avant-Garde, at a discount. Instead of paying \$17.95, you now can pay a simple \$15. All you have to do is call 1-888-BOOKS-TW, and let them know that you're taking advantage of the WRITENET-BUFFALO special offer.

WHAT IS POETRY contains a series of interviews with 12 poets (including John Ashbery, Fanny Howe, Robert Creeley, and Bernadette Mayer) about their work, accompanied by an introduction to the American "avant-garde tradition," a series of biographies, and an extensive bibliography of primary and secondary sources. I hope that the book will go over well not just with poetry "aficionados" but with teachers and students of modern American poetry looking for a way in to the work apart from the expected critical essays.

best,
--daniel

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550. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

Free Oakland A's Game Tomorrow

Wed 27 Aug 2003

Hi all,

I have press passes for tomorrow's A's game vs. the Orioles, Thurs. Aug. 28, 12:35 p.m., but I have found no one to go with, as yet. If you're interested please email me ASAP: [REDACTED]

best,
david
now in san francisco

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

Boog City
330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: [REDACTED]
www.boogcity.com

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551. **Kazim Ali**

Re: Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE

Wed 27 Aug 2003

As a teacher of mostly non-academic students with no literature background I find the book incredibly useful for precisely this: helping me to approach teaching the students from mostly vo-tech backgrounds somewhat difficult writers...and of course also understanding as a teacher these are not difficult writers at all! the ann lauterbach, fanny howe, and harryette mullen chapters are real revelations!

Kazim

--- Daniel Kane <[REDACTED]> wrote:

I hope that the book

> will go over well not

> just with poetry "aficionados" but with teachers and

> students of modern

> American poetry looking for a way in to the work

> apart from the expected

> critical essays.

>

> best,

> --daniel

=====

=====

WAR IS OVER

(if you want it)

(e-mail [REDACTED])

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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552. **flora fair**

Poetry Slams

Wed 27 Aug 2003

Hello all,

I'm writing a cover piece for my local alternative weekly, Folio Magazine, about the state of slam poetry and its relationship (positive and negative) to other poetry communities. I would love any comments on the subject, including experiences anyone has had at slams, feelings on the Def Poetry Jam, the state of modern poetry in the context of television and other media, and slams as they apply to the human tradition of storytelling. All feedback will help to reinforce my points and maintain balance. I assume that any responses may be published by the magazine.

Thanks,
Flora

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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553. **Renee Ashley**

Re: Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE

Wed 27 Aug 2003

Yes. I've assigned it to MFA students who are wary of the avant-garde. It's a great intro. Very helpful.
Renee

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

From: "Kazim Ali" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, August 27, 2003 5:17 PM

Subject: Re: [POETICS] Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS

WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE

As a teacher of mostly non-academic students with no literature background I find the book incredibly useful for precisely this: helping me to approach teaching the students from mostly vo-tech backgrounds somewhat difficult writers...and of course also understanding as a teacher these are not difficult writers at all! the ann lauterbach, fanny howe, and harryette mullen chapters are real revelations!

Kazim

*--- Daniel Kane <[REDACTED]> wrote:
I hope that the book
will go over well not
just with poetry "aficionados" but with teachers and
students of modern
American poetry looking for a way in to the work
apart from the expected
critical essays.*

*best,
--daniel*

*=====
=====*

WAR IS OVER

(if you want it)

(e-mail [REDACTED])

*Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>*

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554. **kevinkillian**

Re: Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE

Wed 27 Aug 2003

Let me second Kazim Ali's response to this fine book. I'm not a teacher, nor was I ever much of a student, but as a poetry "aficionado" I recommend it highly. Kane has a great skill at drawing out people, giving them space to say things they might never have thought of by themselves. Reading the book is like listening to some of one's favorite people talking, rather intimately, among themselves. Even those who've been interviewed 3000 times seem to appear newly washed and fresh all over again (Ashbery, Creeley, Koch among them). Indeed as I look at the book again I realize, oh my goodness, I've met all these people, and only rarely heard them speak to such point in person. In fact one of them I'd rather only read about in books than ever encounter again during our lifetimes but that's neither here nor there (except insofar as it's another tribute to D. Jane's interviewing skills). Don't let the title put you off. (Maybe it was designed to appeal to children or Jeopardy contestants?) He--Kane--is smart enough to know that nobody knows what poetry is.

-- Kevin K.

Original Message:

From: Daniel Kane [REDACTED]

Date: Wed, 27 Aug 2003 16:54:04 -0400

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Discount on WHAT IS POETRY: CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE

Teachers & Writers Collaborative is happy to announce that members of the Buffalo Poetics and Writenet lists can order copies of my book What Is Poetry: Conversations with the American Avant-Garde, at a discount. Instead of paying \$17.95, you now can pay a simple \$15. All you have to do is call 1-888-BOOKS-TW, and let them know that you're taking advantage of the WRITENET-BUFFALO special offer.

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best,
--daniel

mail2web - Check your email from the web at
<http://mail2web.com/> .

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555. **Haas Bianchi**
Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response

Wed 27 Aug 2003

depends what sport--

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

*From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:████████] On Behalf Of Kirby Olson
Sent: Wednesday, August 27, 2003 12:15 PM
To: ██████████
Subject: Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response*

Haas,

*It's also important to think through the bigger picture, or the
theoretical
ramifications. Would you rather have your life be considered as
a sporting
event or as an aesthetic event?*

-- Kirby Olson

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556. **tom bell**
probably doesn't apply

Wed 27 Aug 2003

to poetry:

Scholars Perform Autopsy on Ancient Writing Systems
Cause of Death Related to Lack Of Accessibility

<<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A40010-2003Aug24.html>>

By Guy Gugliotta Washington Post Staff Writer Monday, August 25, 2003; Page
A07

tom bell

Some poetry available through geezer.com

Section editor for PsyBC www.psychbc.com

Write for the Health of It course at

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/seminar>

<http://www.suite101.com/course.cfm/17413/overview/37900>

not yet a crazy old man

hard but not yet hardening of the

art

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557. **Alan Sondheim**

"fertile musings"

Wed 27 Aug 2003

in this poem i am placing one word after another
i am thinking how these words go together
the maroon sound of them in any weather
caught in the throat of clever socialness
then that line and this weren't any good
so backtrack and that's such a bother
that i haven't any executables today or any other
this stanza has good socialness but would rather
have a machine bit here and there so as to dither
among father prose and mother poem and brother
or sister that just about rounds out familiar author
technique just an oops and backtrack and then gather
what's left an execrable lather
and then backtrack and backtrack

thinking just what combination of letters would work
i'd rather listen to or be a circle jerk
or at the very least a jerk
that might lurk and carry dirk in all this murk

how else to destroy each and every poet
without a some codework we would hardly know it
unless one were left alive to tell it
if a cat's got rhyme this time then we should bell it
"fertile musings"

[↑ Contents](#)

558. **ryan fitzpatrick**

process 02: "fantasticate|ruggedize" - Natalie Simpson

Wed 27 Aug 2003

process 02: chaplet

"fantasticate|ruggedize" - Natalie Simpson

any word, errant, searching for a syllable leads to
some link. we scorn into set rhythms, redundant,
redux. we slotted the sun, you imply, in transit.

we reason pain is well above a moment's flicker.
the room could collide into itself, walls move
imperceptably, as hummingbirds. all that flutter.

In "fantasticate|ruggedize", Natalie Simpson dares to crack open our set
rhythms through her daring sentences. "at all costs, the simplest line nets all
fluster." Indeed.

Natalie Simpson has had work published in several chapbooks (privately
printed and thru housepress) and in the journals Queen Street Quarterly, West
Coast Line, (orange), filling Station and dANDelion. She was also a member of
Calgary's PHU collective participating in readings, performances and a web-
page of radical poetics. After several years involvement with filling Station, she
is currently Managing Editor and is helping bring a new look and new focus to
the magazine's pages. She has recently completed a manuscript which is look-
ing for a home.

Published on a long sheet of 5.5x17 pale blue paper folded brochurewise w/
punk rock cover. Email ryan fitzpatrick (██████) if you're interested in getting
a copy.

MSN 8 helps eliminate e-mail viruses. Get 2 months FREE*.
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

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559. **Alan Sondheim**

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Wed 27 Aug 2003

++ <http://www.asondheim.org/portal/web.exe> ++

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today or
or any
other
that
what's
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an
execrable what's
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560. **August Highland** **(c)ode part1**

Thu 28 Aug 2003

(c)ode part1

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august highland

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Version: 6.0.512 / Virus Database: 309 - Release Date: 8/19/2003

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561. **August Highland**

(c)ode part2

Thu 28 Aug 2003

(c)ode part2

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august highland

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562. **dcmb**

Re: utility problem

Thu 28 Aug 2003

Dear Komninos, I have no idea if this letter of yours was addressed to me, David Bromige. No, I have never been in Australia. But I have appeared in various literary magazines published there. I was a canasian poet in the late 50s and early 60s, and maintain links wirh friends/fellow poets there, but psblish primarily in the usa. I regret knowing nothing of the "writers in the park." If I have re-
sponded inaccurately, please accept my apoilogy. Bedt wishes, David Bromige.

-----Original Message----- From: Komninos Zervos <[REDACTED]> To: [REDACTED]
<[REDACTED]> Date: Monday, August 25, 2003 7:31 PM Subject: Re: utility problem

saw your photo in the writers in the park anthology, (1986, sydney, australia)

was that your first visit to australia?

i am studying the period for my phd and wondered if you had sounded your work in similar venues in canada or the usa at that time.

this seems to have been a period when literature was being introduced to public venues and general public audiences rather than writerly/readerly/publishery festivals etc. and would be interested to know what you thought of the writers in the park event and your experience of the australian poetry scene.

i assume you had prior contact with australian poets, adamson, tranter etc as i think i have seen some of your work in journals like poetry magazine australia in the 70s.

*cheers
komninos*

*komninos zervos
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http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/k_zervos
<http://users.bigpond.net.au/mangolegs>
<http://spokenword.blog-city.com>

George Bowering <[REDACTED]>
Sent by: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
26/08/2003 07:31 AM
Please respond to UB Poetics discussion group

To: [REDACTED]
cc:
Subject: Re: utility problem

ah, lowdown, bovine and bromide, peekaboo in the peekskills...how the memories come flooding back. geoogre, have you no shred of sediment left for the olde daze? well... go with god. be well. be well. i will be returning your jewelry the po box you specified. farewell, my pretty.

You don't have to return the jewelry, dear heart. Don't you recall that you had to pay for it when my Visa card bounced? Some silliness about the spelling of my name. Hell, Bowering, I tried to tell the guy, is just another way of spelling Bromige.

--

*George Bowering
Too many days without bourbon*

*303 Fielden Ave.
Port Colborne. ON,
L3K 4T5*

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563. **dcmb**

Re: Two of the Parts

Thu 28 Aug 2003

Tom==thanks for the poem today. Yours, David

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

From: Tom Beckett <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Tuesday, August 26, 2003 4:19 PM

Subject: Two of the Parts

*One part
of the art of living
involves knowing
when to duck*

*Another part
of the art of living
turns on learning
how to breathe*

Tom Beckett

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564. **Lewis LaCook**

RUB RAIN RANDOM

Thu 28 Aug 2003

OF COURSE ROUGH MAIM ROUGE

ssssshhh//hollow wand/no end//glint//as carved, vr/rc,
ing vacant lip//ed, kiss as, owner
cotton//null//elope, a poison ing//soy/toll/poem//red
delicate liberated//rb, bl, d//dr, doors roped
off/velvet, taciturn//attourney/in tune with, just
waking//waiting to fall asleep//mem/ish, esque,
ic/entary//ai, ai, ai, ai//sure not to
read//iness/inept, pessimists stimulated

COATS RUB RAIN RANDOM MOLE

puffy sky inflate grip of treetp//pr, la/ks,
aleph//Then came the bl/cko/t//Early reports traced
the problem to failures at FirstEnergy tr/nsmi//ion//
lines in Ohio. The company//. COM //C:\run pm
module//But the l/gisl//tion has also become almost a

d1rty w0r*:d in some circles in recent months:\The
Republican-led House v*t~d overwhelmingly last month
to repeal a key provision//sieve, vase/plan,
schema:\E:\Windows\System\tartar sauce, tamper
proof//bio~eth=cs

ROMAN MODE

pf, .pd, E:\feelingly, with a more various
temp//0//With thr33 p3opl3 d*ad in//similar
single-shot snpr ttcks// n Wst Vrgn lst w33k,/ federal
agents who investigated the serial sniper case in the
Washington area last year ha//you laugh now/winnowed
by truthfulness:\really necessary agreement\other
questions must be answered//absolutely
empty//Josette:\would like:\this--**~**--//lightning
trickles from the veins in the sky:\walking, knowing
you're home/afraid of you//your vacation:\==otherwise,
why walk in this wind that eats up:\your steps

MA CHAIN/GAP

=====

NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

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<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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565. **Matt Keenan**

HISTORY OF THEORISM

Thu 28 Aug 2003

IBN MASARRA

and that they sent thither [Afghanistan] with that object, to form a Masonic
lodge of the Even Guys (anti-Odd Fellows),
the philosopher Ibn Masarra (883-931)

this Ibn Masarra (Osama ibn Laden) was a pantheist (pant(h)e(o)r(ror)ist) of Cordova who had made an especial study of translations of certain Greek books attributed to the Arabs to Empedocles

Philosophy had penetrated Spain (haven of Mohammed Atta) under Mohammed, the fifth Omayyad Sultan but philosophy was held there in disrepute, and intolerance was much more rife there than in Asia

The Andalusian theologians, indeed, who had journeyed to the East, spoke with devout horror of the tolerance of the 'Abbasids, and especially of those meetings of the learned of all religions and sects, where metaphysical questions (such as Russian telemetry) were discussed without regard to revelation, and where even Moslems (odd Christians) sometimes turned the Koran into ridicule (Journ. asiat., Ve serie, t. ii. p. 93; Chwolsohn, ii. 622).

Freethinkers (anti-slavewits) were therefore obliged to conceal their views (at Langley especially), and naturally found the constraint irksome

[...] he seems to have joined the secret society of the Isma'ilites (believers of Where your mind goes, your body goes and the Deity of Multi-Location)

We are led to believe this by his conduct after his return to Spain, for instead of flaunting his opinions, as he had done in his youth, he concealed them, and made great parade (en robe de parade) of piety and austerity

[he] ma[d]e a stalkinghorse of orthodoxy

he deceived the vulgar and [...] attracted many pupils [...] leading them step by step from

faith faith faith faith faith faith faith faith faith
faith faith faith faith faith faith faith faith faith

to doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt
doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt
doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt doubt to

DISBELIEF

He did not, however, succeed in duping the clergy (CIA), who, [...] burned [...] his books

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566. **Matt Keenan**

"fertile musings"

Thu 28 Aug 2003

you wrote:

how else to destroy each and every poet
without a some codework we would hardly know it
unless one were left alive to tell it
if a cat's got rhyme this time then we should bell it

I love that last line.

Matt

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567. **Ryan LeRoy Kleeberger**

(no subject)

Thu 28 Aug 2003

1.

Like honey grained, soft and spread,
Across oceanic broad-backed edge,
The sand cakes on each break-ward motion,
Every shovel's arching staff, and
Every form, frosty-thick, stays
Hung fast, steady-clumped within the spray.

Ever now the umbra settles forth and lacks recess.
Planted firm into hidden penny loafers,
Pressed in full, shouldered up, kind by kind,
Our leaning physus as a sea of flesh;
Our waning shade lies severed loose and seethes;
Our lowing knees, sunk down, down, down,
Dark deep, stuck into the suckling beach.

We've kept these lines beyond our eyes.
We move our skin across each break.
The sounds of dusk are thickened over,
Tucked light beneath old lingering sights of day.
There is no more yellow rub upon the window pane;
Mid-stroke curses, bellied forth, cast out in vain
Against the vestigial noon of surly present suns, antipodal, drained.
The horizon never wanes, from such resorts resigned on bays,
Yet we haul and wait, and haul and wait, and lean again:
The tide rolls in, low and slow upon its wide and aching back.

Weaving out soaked wool in dye, stretching along,
Limbs bend as salty corpora, bathed in crepuscular light.
Though not pallid dangling, our palms twist wrenched like stone, hard and
white,

Weathered pearls upon working shafts: rusted spades skewer through
By scooping wave on wave, and shot-for-shot
We give rise to many works, and we shiver till relief.
A death upon us, one less, two more,
 upon our coldest, crowding shore.

2.

Whitman wrote out contradiction as beauty, but these scuttling men on the
modern stage play beauty as a bitch, and mistake her fiery bush for thinning
bale.

The same men think that thought is tooled fantasy and clay. They wrench it
round with bloody hands – with tears upon their cheeks. But it is numbed and
tender flesh they pinch and print, lies between their palms, and bended tales
upon the pore. Everything is hidden in this clay, and in the why it is not clay,
not classed, but mutable and ignoring our defamations, a rather simple sacra-
ment, and of our stapled flesh.

. . . If men only knew they were men! left unrenewed and snuffed
amongst the frosty snows of wintery swells, may our maligned be soft em-
balmed and but some ember spent . . . the swells recede . . . granting to all a
lowly loft: a shift incarnate as a blade of grass or grain . . .

3.

It is very much a seductive romance to be vague, with the heart, with the mind.
So as to be able to speed cross airy sentiments as in quick pursuit, so as to un-
bridle the passionate tropes and indulge the weighty words in their massive
pull, loosed into such hopeful places so thought as to naturally live and dwell.
But can the lusty sphere find native fit in the spaces of a cube?

There is time enough (an essential time indeed!) to hold these weighty motions
still, to palm and grip upon these shapes, to tend each surface as a subtle field,
with the careful fingertips of the tempered intellect.

There is no mystic adze to plain the curves, nor blessed chisel with which to
round the edges soft. For once the hands, the hearts, the minds, and all the
will, have left the settled scene (or so they lightly think) and have moved so ea-
ger on to turn another phrase, there are those who come soon after, finding
strewn and heavy angles, bent old pipes and ball bearings, mangled symmetry
in a place where grass once grew, forgotten by an absent heart which once beat
out its wretched, barren place.

4.

The face of the world has grown oh so pleasant, has been made into softer,
sweeter flesh, touched up and blushed, a cadmium mediate of rouge, applied

thick like a heavy rose mud, painted on by those ever lighter tendrils of stainless steel and silicon speed. Beneath the whisper of static is the lost experience of immediacy. The world still spins at the same relative speed, flowers bloom and crumble into dust, the gentle moon pulls up on the tides, lust upon lust goes into the eyes of lover's exchange, hash bars are frequented and drinks imbibed, corruption has not ceased, motivations churn for power, all things will go on in a romantically biblical parabola until the end of our bumbling days, and it is all a gloss so very soon. But beneath the whisper . . . ::

The variable x (fill it in with whatever pleases: love, war, peace, sexuality, fraternity, family values) appears to us as lifeless and ephemeral, it is indistinguishable from the fictions it finds itself couched within, it appears as just another jig within a jigsaw of jigs. The satellites transform live writhing corpses into an immaterial function, beam them from the sandy earth into the environ, and then what very little that remains indiscriminately a fiscal translation of any x into to a corporate hub, they are sent with the avarice of desired attentions, and finally into the end game of tubeless flat screens plopped across the humming lateral planes. Each set replete with picture-in-picture: Baghdad in flames enveloping Ozzy Osbourne drinking Jim Beam on dead Iraqi civilians cornered into Kim Basinger's hourglass figure backgrounding the satin of Ari Fleishcher's immovable bust kissing the sands of Panama Beach where Saddam Hussein drinks a martini with Kim Jong Ill segueing a coming soon to must see prime time a new reality tee-vee: Guantanamo Bay Inquisitions by Guy Guy Guy and his Gap brand brown shirts and the sideshow dancing Texas twins.

On the war between science (pop) and art (pop), the two cultures: Philip K. Dick has been beaten down and back to the anachronistic hills by Andy Warhol's ever more marketable and ever more nascent prismatic broomstick. Star Wars (either one) was a future outmoded by the strongmen of market-stats and techno-foundries before it could even begin manifesting itself as the physically present. It was a far-fetched subjunctive subsumed within a grander gala of billboards and ticker tape, and what we have done is something much more than light speed or spying down at St. Petersburg's KGB shoelaces from the crow's-nest on the moon. S. Dali would send himself into a crying shame beneath such unapproachably whirring lights. Only drive by Gary, Indiana and watch the fire-stacks shoot straight columns of orange flame ripping into a crepuscular sky, and maybe you will know then that things have become irrevocably strange. But only if you are silent, only if you forget that it is all a matter of straight faced normality, and forget that it all follows as a matter of fact from the Industrial Revolution, only if you are a ghost and empty to your own life as a networked node, a defamiliarized shell of simple facticity.

As a silence, it is so very strange, all the makeup just flakes away like dusty and demineralized mica cakes, and there again it can be seen that there does exist a

violence and love somewhere of pumping hearts, crushing bones, day dreams, snuffed consciousness, shortened breath, and that analog lives do in fact unfold in organic pulses beneath the whisper of static: immediate experience, liberated flesh, etc.

Such is the pop-culture-full-access-live-coverage-embedded-forever-hyphenated-life-fractal-Vaudeville-Children of Paradise-neologistic-meta-severed-New American Century mess. This is no elegant rouge to be sure, nothing possibly as clean as that. We as a majority have become madly in love with our pell-mell imagist schismatics which are naively taken for the democratically uncarved block – as if we knew what the hell is going on or what we are actually doing – and we are simple and side-blind to this tattered appliqué. And so if it appears to us to be pretty and quick, we are correct in a sense, for we what see we see and we feel what we feel, and what we see and feel is pretty and quick, but these are all half-truths and mean something more: it appears to be pretty and quick but only because we have stopped looking. If you look with silence and with care what you will feel and see will be sloppy as hell, and the world will no longer be yours.

5.

To begin compassion one must live honestly. Which is said by our love to be truthfulness of logic and morality. And to define all these for our paramour? Suddenly a disastrous turn: it fell apart and they didn't say so but just mucked on. In so many days of such-and-such bric-a-brac, then a 'dark tea-time of the soul', but pangs entered in and hind out fast into the light, upon the wild rocks. Was it infidelity?

Overhead halogen, sterility and faceless foreheads in first appearance bobbed like buttery splotches; after many years I learned finally to make shapes: amphibians of a type you like, and outlines, in ponds of realist machinations, where frogs are frogs as named without consent. All these things you and I imagine, and out they come tumbling in pairs, oil-slicked like so many ducks in a row. We trade these fowl and drink the oil, like so many licks and a hearty blow.

Muck-muck-muck into the thick of it, until you darken and counsel the storm, perforate its underbelly with crowned perfidy, it will leak its own ignorance like the goo of questions commencing. Glop-glop-glop, it is certainly an injustice, which only raises the newer question; but no man lives but like that burdened rolling horse, on its back like a slow churning gut, ankles strung up only loose enough by the rolling, vaulted skies, while its sinews punch sharpened hoofs thru the deflating nimbus, meekly now commanding the heart-strings to pluck themselves. 6.

Your ankles, St. Francis, may alarm and save thus the quiet woodland life, Strung jingling tongues that a modest habit and earth brown bells belie.

Though angels, St. Francis, touch the grass by weightless wing's descent, Need-
less of compassion's cleaving ways for deathless work's intent.

Your angels, St. Francis, gaze not for stuffy flesh nor decays of living rust, For
death and dying to deathless light means a light unleashed into wayless flux.
Though ankles, St. Francis, may peddle forth with warning notes strung and
bowed, In want of vain attempts at kindly steps you crush down on those not so
well endowed.

7.

"John Locke is dead," so says he who holds that paper out, stuck in the face of
bewilderment. It is certainly silly what young romance will do, the walls it
erects, with brick and mortar, while the mind says, "John Locke is dead," and
thinking away, "The walls are ever removed. I'm sick of this reuse, this failed
coup." But you stand a young boy, the bed-sheets still wet. Locke is not dead,
fool, only your desire to be understood.

8.

The act of writing as a practice of confiding the truth, the contract of impres-
sions, with source of power from the subject; this all has left our method. From
where do our words spring? And why do we say "our" view when not one can
say "my view"?

The sides of skin: on one, our organs, on the other, air and all the rest. On
which side do our minds (p)reside? The way it is written cannot cover this, we
are far beyond the positive, and left with merely sticks and curves. Shaken on,
tossed about, hands all gripped with similar grips, each haul up to Jehovah but
no rain can appear.

9.

"This fine system was
Founded in the forests."
It was then taken out
Into the plains of
Smaller islands,
Squeezed beneath the palms,
And rendered unto a
Newer pleaser, pleased
By & by as long as it
Keeps on comin',
Growing past the hands.

Now. We the forests thought
These grims to be

So delicate, . . .
So right we were;
Back to the handsaw
And the hawk,
Or is it a handsaw
Or a dove?

10.

Euclid, your back must ache – bent for so long in that compromising position, cold ass on rock, hands weaving spells hung over your knees, while the vultures circle overhead, unnoticed by your exacting eyes and digits, caring only for that which never dies. But you, Oh Euclid, will surely die! And that imperfect bird will have its way when your imperfect flesh meets imperfect day.

11.

There becomes a marked increase in the emptied medley of ways – we go without the muddied print; in this we go on quiet mud – and further more, we sit – some habit: silent nod, a verbal shrew.

But our mood is filled mug, while death goes unrenewed – this weight, not much, though arching backs like hoofs above the field – our losses scattered among the memory's lapse, our dispossessions, waded thin, concealed.

12.

As if I've not moved, there's never been any 'there there', thus I do not have and: no answer can be given with surety, even if one acts as if. And speaking is our mostly filled mug. Cement cannot expand but to crack. And like eggs we is, wobbled while we white and rot. But this is smiles in the dark for losses in the light, which we forfeit for sleep, across the white-washed, somniferous noon.

We are men, however, and cannot remove the day, which is hourless, and not a tack of time. We coma or dream or wake or unborn or do not know. There will always be a second: a second moving; a second stopped . . . as long as speaking is not unsaid. Until attached to space our minds remove and return no more to time.

13.

I'm laid longways at the loom, my hands at work, weaving wool without command, without intent, though the weaving is chosen by my being laid, by the loom, by my side, by the wool and weavings extending outward crossed the day, and forget this not, for my eyes are open, and cannot blink out the sight of busy hands, weaving, working, spreading . . .

I'm laid longways at the loom. Wool upon my lids, weaving by my busy hands, fabrics shoot crossed the day, the day is woven wool by virtue of the loom and busy hands at work and learning quickness . . .

14.

Been researching A.N. found the variance is spiraling, lines diverging like angered crows self-disgusting into severed clouds. Like canyon walls, grinned and sunned into the dry crackled. Nakedness bends the light, we shake the demon breaker, firing clays of disruption, the light will bend in variance, with canyon walls. We smile, grinned. The dry crackle is researched, A.N. self-disgusting, sunned, spiraling into firing nakedness. The hands of a demon breaker spin; researched of variance, we smile, grinned.

15.

The liars would never let it happen. Not flower beds like bone piles from up into the wind. It is grinding bells, pollinate my phoneme. Our chins are scraped below, from where we stand; what falls, what piles. Severings are not complete, what creates. Something of a stoppage. Tripping up, Atlas gave birth, all God-men rolling in soft dirt faces of the greeny grassed breasts of hell. Feels good and caged. Not the liars would let it happen, never let it, nothing smiled, and died again on its merry raining little way and laugh laugh laugh it was.

16.

Libre steals time, recline, recline. Has this? Has this? Pointing is an endless motion. Like worms and such. Better way to die forth in accompaniment of vertical & horizontal actions, pointing, levering, passivity. Has this enjoyed the yellow sea? Has this labrynthed in the stairwell? Has this libre? Tumbled and a man swings ropes from objects responsive, but only my footage is spat and felt.

17.

Between the furies of agreement, the world shuts then as eyes, and not one will shake with resistance. Pygmalion has entered in, has said and spoken, we follow through with remechanized dance, and all we shaken, obfuscated. Lightly careful, eggshells in the wind, but into the dirt, the sun follow may lead, loons are still, and man is maple walking, then into the dirt and lightly careful.

18.

It is from the graveled hills, these movements, floating dearly below, as grounding, as bi-polar methamphetamines, drowling the hours, slipping them nicely out amongst the uniform fogs. We've kept

treasures, cornered in dust.
Mystical knocks on the walls, small hands
pressed into the wooden shadow,
it was known, forgotten
and still
it was known; we've been
walking now,

for days, it is difference,
not likeness,
rolling and melding the
earth.

19.

I would connect these things in my
mind, I'd let them is,
then I'd
not I'd
no. more. This is action.

We'd connect these
things
in
Our world
between us; then we'd

not even white our eyes
to look closer still
up against
it. This is government.

Cross-referenced com-noded. another please?
This is nothing to look away
from. This is seems, you'll
notice, this is
across the Field.

20.

There is a blackness tabled in the crannies of foundation, broken Latin (hecro
tabla rosa) on the mind. Our choreographed prayers are spun into quartz,
(golden clocks) and followed through - and bent - into mass and pull, a day, a
god; this has not become a clearing. The Lord has yet to be seen, and the hands
revolve counter to the spherical suns, sliding in rolls of vision, palmed into ze-
roed skins.

Resurrect within . . . resurrect
without . . . either
way it is wont
with ink upon the
white.

Message from be/low.
Fires sub/side.
Angel wings scorched,
body slumbered, upon the hearth,
sacrificial and warmed in Nod . . .

nod . . . to the east is
nod . . . into the east:

the land of dappled cloth and smoke.

21.

A simple had stuck upon,
up onto this dust. Our
names slide quickness and
acquire dust into genera-formation,
take shape, clumped clumped
and forget the dust.

Ach du lieb
do leave
do leave
Got to say my ach ach ach
in the throat. In the heart.

22.

Felines met on path, circled in fiendish theatrics, and proceeded to play. Lion,
Tiger, and games with naked snarls, darted to the shadows, hinted & pointing.
Not possible could it end in boredom . . . it says yes and new and heat in the
mix. – Later fades away.

23.

Accidental notations a raising 'pon the wood. Swiftless crossings, dropped in,
rolled in airy pockets, boiled . . . into the spaces was drawn the thing which
wonders. The exits placed in stopping, cooling, a letting of ocular blood,
drained into the earthy soils.

A cast away and sleeping,
these projects recede, and
the seemings move acrostic.

24.

Eaten by the sun, followed
by a word, circled and
periodic, our place of
birth, time beneath
a lunar shadow; these
are coupled with want
and names, what is
called brings forth
then a death of change.

Coins 'pon the
surface spin
held up by noise
round . . .

Tell us, please, the
name of this
grand, oblong,
life.

25.

follow the path
i follow the path
joined in the sun
these rays bath us
we are washed
and walk cleanly
into our eyes

26.

Always found us working at the gate . . . Gate, Gate; beyond, beyond. From the sun, upon the origination of light's pointless feet, I down my eyes upon the body's formation, it sleeps within the motion . . . light retreats as steps complete. Is skin upon a man as dirt upon the earth? Have pores become volcanic in the touching actioned out of mind? So begat the questions unto man, the light proceeds, and we have yet to learn our flesh.

27.

Enters the forest and sleeps upon a rock. Falls edibly from the clouds, movement swallows and creates, earthy lands become the chest, bared against the

eyes, and wonton reduction floats beneath the breath to harden sweat, decay,
and molten hearts . . .

collisions

lunar

conception

dilates (sleeps) . . .

28.

Out of angels come shades, together is the mind which passes through, which
dies before, and livens still, and warts upon the beggar's world.

This removes from simple formulae, and forfeits active grace.

29.

When the center cannot hold, as it were, and each man upon himself, a leach.
Blood warms, invites lips, as in ecstasy, a God of skin. Loosen this, the light ex-
pands, but what has reached us, not this, not as it were, not the blood, skin,
God.

Fallen nicely,

now,

like cracked eggs

we is

30.

in the age of sex
is death i'm still using
skin - what speeds beneath.
drains the red, escapes
the trapping word . . .
no concern of . . .
nightly dying . . .
magna mort . . .

nothing held in blood filled
goblets but our mind - our wine

our golden

clocks

our present

sun our

present sun presented

love

31.

halitosis; whiskey watered eyes; what does not match;
what will enter held; dirges whiled - elder nasferatu -
matriarch; (few letters opined)

32.

IN THIS WE SIMPLE ALIGNMENTS
NOSTRADAMUS CREATE NOT OUR DAY
TELLING LIES ALL WEB CAST UP ABOVE
OF IS AND A STAFF ON COLD AND
PAST ARE WE STONE - tap tap on
SPREAD UPON - LOOMS AHEAD LIKE
A GATE CRACKED EMPTY LAKE
AGATE (what . . .
(PAR)(A)(GATE)

33.

in this space (be/comes) idle wild
carbon vestige held
holographic

in this spaces (are is will no) idle wild
to gesture empty
goldens . . . holo/foldings

pointing [ellipses] pointing
 [ellipses]
 pointed
 pointly
 point . . .
 pfennig (even in)
 (even out)

34. "this is dedicated - don't even know if she's listening - to Jen Van Pelt"

Prior to the meeting our mugs, side by side, left beading sweat, rings upon the
table round, stools unsat and dusted air. Prior to our meeting, our first, we sat
and drank and maybe in all, in all, in all the heavens and hells they cried, for
they knew the sin to come, knowing these places are placed and waiting for re-
turn. Our tears do bead, our lives do meet, over and over in dusty light, forget
and sleep.

The streets remain walked and crossed. In this way I come to see another you
unfolding, what that? what past? Not to be held, nor let, nor left, and now to

seed another; while soil drained of mass, what grows will be the greenery of mirrors – a livened copy of the joined. Do not ask why I ask, but why did your falling come so clean?

Moving back, to the street. Ushered across by knowing, streamed into the question, and my answer was you, moved and moved into lovely knowing that I could now, finally, see up tall to your eyes, like alien greys, marbled in sleep,

say,

“okay,” and we’ll

find ourselves back into

the pathway we’ve

made (now to be cordially

dead) I feel each

corpse; I

love you.

35.

As a swing into the

up is shadowed late by

past and rambling neurons,

We cannot uncage, it

makes out history history,

and it makes our lives in

line.

As a swing into the

up is shadowed now by

mass and pull, it is a

coming down that is

weighting . . . Absalom, gilded.

36.

Each opened, page on page, loosed upon the light; drowned and dappled sun in this, opined in this; can we knot the welt, lost in fibrous weavings. All falls down and spreads wide in this; all in this; we can not no never resign in this . . . it is our bemoaning . . . love the moon and lunar lightings.

Say and say, we’ve chanted and lost – meine weltanschuaang ist nicht; ist nicht; ist nicht. Ein pfennig auf – ach mensch.

Tongues back in, sleeps in the gullet, art: la petit mort, over this again, and space defines the brick-brick-brick.

37.

From across (this is not) the canyon wall we launch (this is not) our way. It seems painted, seems to say. Old colors, crackled in rust and death; new colors, dripped in waters and seed: all is spread out . . . (this is not . . . again/again beyond/beyond). Can say we else but laugh at the Joker's wish?

38.

Space contains the curves
which harmonize all
objects: so we touch
and touch

39.

First years (three nicks and triple pens) as light and lost as metal print loose in pockets nearly spent against the weights I've never known . . . but looked aback, buffed in air removed.

Currency, no longer placed, but like butter timed without a ticking bread, laid upon the table long and deep . . . I sit silent, bruising happened knees, to sleep away my borders coined in slightly fallacy. Soon, the feastly wheat.

40.

Children of the Mother -Father,
Born from the neither & naught,
We are those who are uninitiated,
Offspring of the Demiurge.

Tho all in this rests in wild untruth;
For we were not born,
Death has already been;
We are not
Moving.

There exist no remains.

41.

Children of the Mater-Pater,
We are those who remain uninitiated,
Though asleep in unawares,
Our dreams are offspring of the Demiurge.

To awake in rapturous Apolytrosis
Requires remembrance of undancing
The pneumatic's dance, to
Unyellow the breath which rubs in separate air.

42.

Men aside the riverbeds
Gather what they can
Knowing not of oceansides
Absent in their heads

Losin' all the dead for life
Killin' off the dark for light

43.

By letters' fruitless movement, we've looked, I've looked. Newness has not sprung forth, it lies vacant and crumbling, above us, threatening. Notice not these things, running as undercurrents, they are much to simple, men who know have filed them into mystical cabinets, dirty and rancid. Shinier objects lay about, to be held up and possessed, and soon we'll have more.

But do not forget the change in seasons, forgetting the circles will leave one full and immobile.

44.

I've like to rephrase, but find myself looped in this, looking to unphrase. Things could not be simpler, drawn out, calculated with lines and points, colors, steps, but this map, it will break your legs. Your wheelchair will squeak for years, and then will quickly disassemble itself in the manner of falling apart. It will be metal entanglements restricting movement for lives to come. We cannot escape from chains, that is a myth, and we find ourselves looped, in this, the phrase worms and worms until we are lost in the simple spin of the maps of paths the worming took.

45.

Many people in many boxes
locked locked in
place. Start fires from the
inside, you'll bake your
world crisp, it will smell,
but you'll not be evicted
not yet
not until you crumble
and the many people

in many boxes are
forgotten as the fire
leaves smoke into
the world . . .

46.

Building clay poems and firing them and tossing them up into shattered pieces
telling you then what you never knew. This, all the gestures, they become broken
and crooked – crooked broken shattered poems firing clay gestures telling
never then what now you knew. Blech . . . it bleeds a stagnant blood.

47.

we cannot say cannot hear
until this stops cold and
 is artficed and
 realized

speak to me? I do not have
the time something collapsed
 could kill
 you

death to me? Hope is not a
 truth to me. Do no
 trust in that
 the “say” to me.

no hope in truth to me? television
 tell a tale this is
 real to me
 dream me
 dream me

48.

it seems crafty on the streets
vision spinsters where every
 girl with every perfect
 shine I
want want could love
 every nakedly perfect sex,
 every naked day but

stay quiet and shift

49.

What comes, can be hoped for
in the over
over and again
movement of ink or blood or protest?
has this not been
ALWAYS?

Softly not at all loudly
things feed
back
and again again

we die on this all
never notice
not hearing
tricked into metallic skin
tricked into metallic skin . . .

50.

as a med it a tion
should one kill down may be
yourself to think the on
think in a square circle
change in change in
a process from any
access point you have
every connection and
there is every probable
activation but

you choose

but not really this

here

is still con fused
ripped apart

and w/out truth

like cake
like cake
like cake

not me, but I'll eat any fucking ways,

a lying dormant but permeating
the burnt surf f fade it
slops upon, we have theory
and CRITIQUE

BITCHING ACADEMICS

killing off the mind . . .

and sweating distractions
of market watch

blood watch OIL SPILL

for God drinks

black teas as a

poison or

Socrates is still here

hemlock in hand

Laughing at the

MESS of the satyr

51.

Spill on, spill on

as far ----->

as I

can see (negative presupposition)

the waters (non

are red Lo

and wide c a tion

the ory)

my ship is

not (apparent)

it is (not identity)

ours and

us . . .

52.

Art be come

come

COME . . .

what's the difference . . .

wearing robes, burning robes of earthen ASH

Slip it off in
 two
 voids
and it will not
 be COME (pin it down)
 here

it is.

53.

Door while white boy
Walks upon clap stone clap
Mother and rain falls rain
Quiet life
Myths retold and dreams
Enter there within
Green and wet surround
Print afoot – the mud schlup
Blue and green abound the trunk
Orange is halved and centered off
fog objects the flute
drums the boy alludes

as the wind blown, the
clouds come without. Movement
acted dies with curtain calls.
Nothing permits the
seer. Upon experience rests
our choice, rests our death.

54.

Effects deeply is the non – but each step, inverts/exverts, shoots thru and up
into icy verbal walls. The lake will calm return. No cloud counting for the
other, birds w/ each particle between, blocked by need, which occurs in shifts
and loss of intent – sun implies vanishing netherworlds agreed in solemn dirge
with wine and such, while walking men ceased into the shore washing limbs of
unbodily chronicity.

55.

Small worlds cannot collide. Collisions occur unnoticed with slight renowned,
through eyeballs and eggs we subversify the shapes of lust.

56.

After much speaking, meandering thru the suffocating air of fleeting smoke, not quite unlike our speech, it comes upon us, the deadened weights of night; and we'll see the spheres laugh like rain across the hour so soon forgotten, the lopped ears and severed tongues; much more sense in viscous silence; putties for the cracks in golden clocks, forcing the banter of confusion from its human cage.

57.

We could not receive the calm. In this day it was beyond our color washed faculties. Was it the weeping in our rage a stress within reserves? As the moon circles the earth, walls dam the boiling waters bend to break . . . tears then escape into placid currents, calm when none is held in places wept along with moans and torrid movement.

58.

He said to us, while we sat and stoned and paused our minds into the face of a young and glorious girl with interest only in interest, "Jazz is for the eyes, color it brown, whites, blacks, and tans."

59.

This brilliantly empty holograph is mapped and mapping, platinum and complete - Here and there, balanced all - push and pull, the same, the same - held in motion soft and dreaming, disintentions ring the bell in hand, tho the hammer gone, its rhythm sings a constant, silent hum and drum in ivory grains of sanding wave, as a single note, a vital tear. We are the smile and rage of Shiva's mindless dance.

60.

It's said, "the centre cannot hold"
it becomes unfolding before the fold
there is nothing here
between this life betwixt with death
there is nothing here
which we do not know

And so before the night began
by dropping heavy stars upon my brow
Before my birth, before our God and
his breathy word, before the end and
after on, I knew it all, and let

it rest, in keyless vaults where men
do not destroy.

61.

I was lying. Each word a color, transferring pigments and tone into individual
code. Cipher, cipher, and be such liars; cipher, cipher, the words we speak be
dire. Turning the corner we have piles of leaves shooting about in a fury of gold
and yellow brushed quickly up into vision's path. What is this? And that?
Many spinning things they are, pretending permanence with edges hard.

62.

Pell-mell bone piles slipping out of lips like water. But wine is what is sought
while sober and death is looked about during life. And opinion only this: a way
of life for dying.

63. Address to The Pre-posthumous Peoples

Faster, now. It is not, but for many, is
illusions. So at the falling apart of non-
existence, as it speeds, fear will tear
at the shedding skins. Holding near
with want. Cannot be helped, but
the nothing in your way.

64.

My flavor extends itself, but to what extent? To whom? And what will they
know of the tongue? None of the wines ferment the drunken steps of man, they
stumble against the water's edge and wade the days to a drowning end.

65.

So you think and live
in dishonesty to get
to love? Wrong path;
death awaits.

66.

Slowly the only process
always willing
will it move and as
part we could
look slowly at
what is imparted

67.

As agate
This gate is seeming
Spread upon itself

68.

Oscillation pokes a hole at
each end. Thru the whole
while at extremes one peaks.
See the quick eyes.

69.

Overly miseretic copulations,
derive sustenance through
entrainment. Back logged
and rolodexed into a
spun religion. Entomology
has become trivialized b
by generational laccoons
in perceivance and symbol.
This is not referencable.
Reduced cubicles become
our parceling.

70.

The object of acquisition has forgotten
itself into the backdrop of ideas, drained
of movement, of significant light
and rotation. Now and then the
way of spring has been cleared;
nothing yet excepting.

71.

Entered with a broken sense of romantic joys. As if being strangled by each
emotion in turned. Constricted by the past movements represented now by
these neon vestiges. Dug into the ground; placed by skinless hands into the
motions. Things imbibed, curled presence, dying in the bops. Entered with
broken joys, becomes fixation of false axioms, on the cross of today, facing
canyon walls, I refrain from further echoes.

72.

After this day, long & undivided, a reversal of value, back upon the words
loosed and lost, the mass forgoes memory's law, while maligning tendrils

distribute a newness of contradiction in the guise of dissonant parcel. The all is part and parcel's part is grained in fibrous touch.

To, now, structure / meter / scan upon the page, while my lips in earless air do part, is but a simple switch and flick of the doers doner's dying.

The reversal speaks the speech of change, the vestigial past is then the seeds of mind . . . fruition comes and no is now a flowering yes . . .but the mid-day approaches soon – flowers close and contemplate the connections bridging time.

73.

Tell me:

Can you circle absence
In the present frame?

Can you pluck the thing
What has not a name?

74.

Small worlds sometimes collide
everything falls apart
men die
tragic dreams
fulfill our want
of all resurrections
what may come
what may reverse into
our veins and nothing then
falls apart or even linked
together is a ramble of
moving like and seeing
like just blur of buttered
color upon the back-hoe
of sounding waves / noise/
incom / of sylla / bus / bul /
all is nothing then while
collisions and everything
dreams a part.

75.

What I wish to mean I cannot say, an empty statement, keeping all freedom at bay. Furthermore, I do not wish to say; furthermore, I do not wish to mean; furthermore I do not wish to wish nor speak from the first person, which obliges authorship in place, and gets men dead. Heads upon the platter shine equal to

both sides . . . dead matter – energetic structures – man working on corporeal crust – useless motions and spending. Upon this platter each head is prehumously placed to shine with deadened equality.

76.

The grey dust has been floating and latent and present since our eyes have opened unto the rising sun. It has settled now among the bones and shows us the line, but still we examine, and our relative points spread across the spectrum of delusion. The stillness is no mask.

77.

Fingers, listen! Loose your grip
On this empty mug upon the bar.
From strain and sip, your blood, it drips
And pools among the line
Of echoed cheers and dusty seats.
Know this: your mug has always been
And forever will be dry.

78.

Man is bound to earthen mind
By empty casings, bones set loose
From lips, with the meaning marrow
drained and lost, gone within,
resound without.

79.

Advantages and disadvantages of doing nothing become listed and re-listed in the cryptic messages of someone split and shaken down by words. Taken down and beaten by a man holding, in his left a sickle, in his right a tongue. Where are we going? More lists and splits to the end of our days (each day a list and split from the day before and the day to come). Then we are done.

So may we join what is truly joined?

80.

Something sits within and spins, but not the soul (which I do not know); not the mind (a mirroring shattered

with every bone loosed from lip a violence cracks and whips a spot upon the earth below

Liars, you do not lie;
Tellers of truth, truth is faux.

81.

I've given up on
graffiti. On the wall is in
place a nameless form,
planting all of our rules
into themselves, a redundant
seed, and there is
no interest in fact.

You said it best,
and our tongues
hung low during
the mushroom cloud
crucifixion.

82.

The switch is a carrot,
until you eat it. Then
the eating is dying,
and the death is
some lively nourishment.
But carrots have strings,
and memory, memes,
and habit fucked a
knot out of nothing.
The magic is here,
but limp, limp, limp.

83.

I held that bitch's arm, and
very tightly, for I was
scared she would vanish from
memory, and I think that
she will, very soon. The
river to the west implanted
fear with its reddening
waters, and the flies
knew; they were coming
in swarms, engulfing
the air with the
sound that will keep the
streets clear of easy smiles
for years. We were all

dead or dying, she knew this;
and the flies attacked her feast.

84.

bus stop at night where
time is stretched tightly
between your eyes and
that corner and nothing
seems to move until
that time is loose again
been waiting long
late for work
the bus does not care
so I stand and

look at the wetness shining
up and down the long street
few cars
little movement and much
space between the gaslights
between the movements and
sounds

85.

I started, rapidly, to breath this new, strange air, it gave me silence and living dreams. Before the facts, I knew certain things, like numbers and lists and thoughts from other men. This lasted for two weeks, it cracked my teeth, and told me stories. I met a being, slightly female, whispered that of planets, and evolution. We would grow, said she, into the kind of her, and breath this gas complete. I ignored her, and met the devil on the closet floor. I made some money with my gambling gift as I pulled air so deep, but death rumbled its quick, quick coming . . . I closed the valve and went to sleep.

86.

The searching seems to find us more than the same. Tho we cannot know. And seem to find distance as a closer friend than thee. Racked our brains it finds a way to move in hope. Tho we cannot know, and seem to find only naught in what we think is seen.

“A clear break,” we found our thoughts thinking, for it was a day, and [. . .] we drink that afternoon wine

and still now, as the clocks
are growing endless hands, we

drink that
bitter wine, silent round a
shattered jug.

87.

We sat upon that stony edge
and found a swirling yellow-backed
shell. It lacked the movements
of sightly life, though it let off
its pattern – the inner-heated
spin of growth

88.

Be done with you:
an empty mug upon the bar.
Sit among the line
of echoed cheers and dusty seats
as your sweat runs dry.
Now here I have the handle
slipping not within my hand
but useless is this truth
the glass I see
is made of tempered sand.

89.

It was hung like this at birth: simply, upside down. Turned and twined against an invernness image of the cross, we all began our ambient journey thru the golden cold desert of ideas, at the very same moment. All the while entwined. Now and now the threading path has woven across length and breadth of this fabric's colored face. Permanent and unceasing in this simple march towards the fire, where children do not play, he holds a knife beneath his cloak, and wears a smile on his face. Blue eyes, red lips, white skin, we always find him waving his freest hand, we return the gesture same, and do not notice that wrist of his, shackled to a pole. – Nothing becomes separated; this is all kept so much a secret as history.

The ceremony nears: a final folding, the retirement of an empty smile, and springish rains to give drink as life to the children tending gardens wet with greeny greeny asphodels. Though we cannot know, and only in the truest sweating laughter does the satyr feel the hands upon the edges worn, beginning to crease and fold.

The lonely ones hear forest flutes being played in hidden Dionysian spirit. The lonely ones live alone, love the silence, and project upon the wall.

I could see it as this: the shackle set loose, the knife melted down, the smile laid straight; his naked corpse, pulled flatly taught, is stretched beneath the pole, which forever onward is freedom unadorned. The folding ends as metallic movement in a regret-less balanced song, played by lonely hands who've always felt and known a certain distance from the notes. The fabric squared, with cross and all, is set upon a sacrificial altar piece, and with weights upon the corners four, a flame is manifest.

90.

Something misdirected(directed) within this expression, a manner of taking the complicated network-expressions into immediate and blinding account; there seems a sense beyond this, and with its word I am rarely familiar, and more often scared. The questions I pose with remedial intent do not suffice, and I suffer the senses of the blind for this lack of inquisitive direction. All questions of meaning became a nihilist dream, arbitrary and ultimately abstracted. My mind's delusion left its turn and in its place crept an escapable nothing.

--

R.L. Kleeberger



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568. **Bjørn Magnhildøen**

Re: BBC & Flarf

Thu 28 Aug 2003

26.08.2003 08:10:45, "K. Silem Mohammad" < > wrote:

A couple of people asked whether my Flarf interview Saturday the 24th on BBC World Service radio was or will be archived. I don't know. I sent an e-mail to the person who originally contacted me, so maybe I'll hear something soon. Or maybe not.

Lest anyone build it up too much, the excerpts from the original 5 minutes or so of conversation that finally made it onto the air basically consist of me reading the last 4 or 5 lines of "Stupidity Owns Me" from COMBO 12, and then explaining that Flarf is intentionally bad poetry that involves Google search text results, and the interviewer saying, yes, but is it art, and me saying, why yes, it is art, and her saying, prove it, then me saying something about the collaborative process etc. etc.

The best part was the interviewer's Irish accent. "Flarrruf."

Kasey

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/entertainment/tv_and_radio/3177479.stm>

Dyke to open up BBC archive

(billedtekst) Greg Dyke predicts a more public-focused broadcasting future

Greg Dyke, director general of the BBC, has announced plans to give the public full access to all the corporation's programme archives.

Mr Dyke said on Sunday that everyone would in future be able to download BBC radio and TV programmes from the internet.

The service, the BBC Creative Archive, would be free and available to everyone, as long as they were not intending to use the material for commercial purposes, Mr Dyke added.

"The BBC probably has the best television library in the world," said Mr Dyke, who was speaking at the Edinburgh TV Festival.

"Up until now this huge resource has remained locked up, inaccessible to the public because there hasn't been an effective mechanism for distribution.

"But the digital revolution and broadband are changing all that.

"For the first time there is an easy and affordable way of making this treasure trove of BBC content available to all."

He predicted that everyone would benefit from the online archive, from people accessing the internet at home, children and adults using public libraries, to students at school and university.

Future focus

Mr Dyke appeared at the TV festival to give the Richard Dunn interview, one of the main events of the three-day industry event.

He said the new online service was part of the corporation's future, or "second phase", strategy for the development of digital technology.

Mr Dyke said he believed this second phase would see a shift of emphasis by broadcasters.

Their focus would move away from commercial considerations to providing "public value", he said.

"I believe that we are about to move into a second phase of the digital revolution, a phase which will be more about public than private value; about free, not pay services; about inclusivity, not exclusion.

"In particular, it will be about how public money can be combined with new digital technologies to transform everyone's lives."

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569. **Gwyn McVay**
Re: HISTORY OF THEORISM
Thu 28 Aug 2003

Do Andalusian theorists keep dogs?

Gwyn

"Nobody gets paid for being a poemer."
-- Bucky the cat, "Get Fuzzy," 6/30/03

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570. **kari edwards**
Re: Poetry Slams
Thu 28 Aug 2003

Flora... I love in SF.. and slam and spoken word is big here and though spoken word is a connection.. a lot of the "names" here participate in the big slams or spoken word events.. I would be happy to off some insight and give you some names here if that would be helpful

kari edwards
3435 Cesar Chavez
#327
San Francisco, CA, 94110



-GENDER RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS-

NEW: A NEW NOVEL BY kari edwards / a day in the life of p.
From: Subpress Collective /ISBN # 1-930068-18-2
@ Small Press Distribution <http://www.spdbooks.org/>
@ amazon.com

Announcing from O Books: iduna,
by kari edwards,
2003 (fall)

a diary of lies, by kari edwards, Belladonna* Books, 2002
<http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna/catalog.htm>

Also check out:

live recording:

<http://www.factoryschool.org/content/sounds/poetry/frontenac.html>

interview:

<http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml>

<http://www.gendertalk.com/real/350/gt385.shtml>

on narrative:

http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree_toc.htm

prose / fiction

http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm

http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html

<http://homepages.which.net/~panic.brixtonpoetry/semicolon1.htm>

<http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html>

<http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>

<http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>

<http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>

poetry:

<http://www.wordforword.info/vol4/Edwards.htm>

<http://www.atomicpetals.com/ke03.htm>

<http://people2.clarityconnect.com/webpages6/ronhenry/edward10.htm>

<http://www.blazevox.org/edwards.htm>

<http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/poetic%20language.html>

<http://www.bigbridge.org/miamikedwards.htm>

<http://www.xpressed.org/>

<http://www.litvert.com/kedwards8.html>

On Wednesday, August 27, 2003, at 02:34 PM, flora fair wrote:

Hello all,

I'm writing a cover piece for my local alternative weekly, Folio Magazine, about the state of slam poetry and its relationship (positive and negative) to other poetry communities. I would love any comments on the subject, including experiences anyone has had at slams, feelings on the Def Poetry Jam, the state of modern poetry in the context of television and other media, and slams as they apply to the human tradition of storytelling. All feedback will help to reinforce

my points and maintain balance. I assume that any responses may be published by the magazine.

*Thanks,
Flora*

*Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>*

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571. **austinwja**
announcement: BLACKBOX summer gallery

Thu 28 Aug 2003

The BLACKBOX summer gallery is now online. An olio of styles by Andrew Topel, Jukka Pekka Kervinen, Vernon Frazer, Donna Kuhn, Catherine Daly, and Jody Abra. Go to WilliamJamesAustin.com and follow the BLACKBOX link. Be sure to check out previous galleries also. Thanks everyone. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
amazon.com
b&n.com

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572. **flora fair**
Re: Poetry Slams

Thu 28 Aug 2003

Kari,

That would be great. Any input toward my general questions is much appreciated. Also, how do you view the slam community there? Is it more prominent than other poetry communities? Does it differ from the East Coast version? Have you ever participated? If you would like to e-mail me contact info for people I could speak with about this (pro and/or con), please feel free to e-mail me directly. Otherwise, please forward my e-mail address to your contacts.

Thanks again,
Flora

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> interview:
> <http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/>

> edwards.shtml
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> on narrative:
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http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree_toc.htm
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http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm
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> literary_magazine.html
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> <http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>
> <http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>
> <http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>
>
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<http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/poetic%20language.html>
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> > responses may be published by the magazine.
> >
> > Thanks,
> > Flora
> >
> > _____
> > Do you Yahoo!?
> > Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site
> design software
> > <http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>
> >
> >

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

[↑ Contents](#)

573. **Alan Sondheim**

pure pollute

Thu 28 Aug 2003

pure pollute

invisibility of this missive

insertion into inbox kill and delete filter

cauterized literature

broken words like small birds with broken wings
struggling mama mama to say a few things
o those of you who deign to hear
listen and do not fear the images and prose i send
and you will see those small birds' broken wings mend

[↑ Contents](#)

574. **Kirby Olson**
Re: Post 9/11 Poetic Response
Thu 28 Aug 2003

Fusbol.
Haas Bianchi wrote:
| *depends what sport--*

[↑ Contents](#)

575. **Ian VanHeusen**
Re: Poetry Slams
Thu 28 Aug 2003

An interesting slam story.... Poet Victorio Reyes was kicked out of a slam in the Midwest (cannot remember where) for being to political. He was very disheartened by the experience because he had been competing down at the Nuyorican, and had always thought of Poetry Slams and Open mics as venues to open dialogue on Revolutionary ideology.

I think it stems from the fact the Slam Poetry has become mainstream and has shifted to a good evening of entertainment as opposed to a space for challenging discussions.

Ian VanHeusen

NO TRESPASSING
4/17 of a haiku
-Richard Brautigan

| *From: flora fair <[REDACTED]>*
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Poetry Slams
Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 07:27:02 -0700

Kari,

That would be great. Any input toward my general questions is much appreciated. Also, how do you view the slam community there? Is it more prominent than other poetry communities? Does it differ from the East Coast version? Have you ever participated? If you would like to e-mail me contact info for people I could speak with about this (pro and/or con), please feel free to e-mail me directly. Otherwise, please forward my e-mail address to your contacts.

*Thanks again,
Flora*

*--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:
Flora...*

I love in SF.. and slam and spoken word is big here and though spoken word is a connection.. a lot of the "names" here participate in the big slams or spoken word events.. I would be happy to off some insight and give you some names here if that would be helpful

*kari edwards
3435 Cesar Chavez
#327
San Francisco, CA, 94110
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]*

-GENDER RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS-

*NEW: A NEW NOVEL BY kari edwards / a day in the life of p.
From: Subpress Collective /ISBN # 1-930068-18-2
@ Small Press Distribution
<http://www.spdbooks.org/>
@ amazon.com*

*Announcing from O Books: iduna,
by kari edwards,
2003 (fall)*

*a diary of lies, by kari edwards, Belladonna**

Books, 2002

<http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna/catalog.htm>

Also check out:

live recording:

<http://www.factoryschool.org/content/sounds/poetry/frontenac.html>

interview:

[http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/
edwards.shtml](http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml)

<http://www.gendertalk.com/real/350/gt385.shtml>

on narrative:

http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree_toc.htm

prose / fiction

http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm

[http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/
literary_magazine.html](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html)

<http://homepages.which.net/~panic.brixtonpoetry/semicolon1.htm>

<http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html>

<http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>

<http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>

<http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>

poetry:

<http://www.wordforword.info/vol4/Edwards.htm>

<http://www.atomicpetals.com/ke03.htm>

<http://people2.clarityconnect.com/webpages6/ronhenry/edward10.htm>

<http://www.blazevox.org/edwards.htm>

<http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/poetic%20language.html>

<http://www.bigbridge.org/miamikedwards.htm>

<http://www.xpressed.org/>

<http://www.litvert.com/kedwards8.html>

*On Wednesday, August 27, 2003, at 02:34 PM, flora
fair wrote:*

Hello all,

I'm writing a cover piece for my local alternative weekly, Folio Magazine, about the state of slam poetry and its relationship (positive and negative) to other poetry communities. I would love any comments on the subject, including experiences anyone has had at slams, feelings on the Def Poetry Jam, the state of modern poetry in the context of television and other media, and slams as they apply to the human tradition of storytelling. All feedback will help to reinforce my points and maintain balance. I assume that any responses may be published by the magazine.

*Thanks,
Flora*

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

MSN 8: Get 6 months for \$9.95/month. <http://join.msn.com/?page=dept/dialup>

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576. **Laura Wright**

Collom & Sikelianos in Boulder, CO Sept. 12

Thu 28 Aug 2003

The Left Hand Reading Series presents:

JACK COLLOM & ELENi SIKELIANOS

8:00 PM SEPT. 12 at the Left Hand Bookstore (1200 Pearl St. #10) in Boulder.

Free and open to the public.

Jack Collom good poet. Silly. Old. Chicago, Colorado. Forestry, birds, Tripoli, ach du lieber. Knows what a dactyl is. Factory. Kids. Divorce. Beer. Divorce. A country intellectual. 2 NEA's. Yodelers Anonymous. Red Car Goes By. Tender, sensitive. Woof.

Eleni Sikelianos's most recent books of poems are *The Monster Lives of Boys & Girls* (Green Integer, 2003) and *Earliest Worlds* (Coffee House Press, Minneapolis, MN: April 2001). She has been conferred a number of awards for her poetry, nonfiction and translations, including the National Poetry Series, a Fulbright Writer's Fellowship in Greece, and a National Endowment for the Arts Creative Writing Fellowship in Poetry. She teaches at both Naropa University and the University of Denver.

For more information call: [REDACTED]

The Left Hand Reading Series is an independent series presenting readings of original literary works by emerging and established writers.

~~~~~

Laura E. Wright

Serials Cataloging Dept., Norlin Library

[REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

577. **Gary Sullivan**

***Tina Darragh contact info?***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

Hello Everyone,

Could someone backchannel me contact info for Tina Darragh?

Many kind thanks in advance!

Gary

---

Get MSN 8 and enjoy automatic e-mail virus protection.

<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/virus>

[↑ Contents](#)



578. **Maria Damon**

**Re: Poetry Slams**

Thu 28 Aug 2003

---

i'd love to know where ;; was it minnesota? how can i find out?

At 1:54 PM -0400 8/28/03, Ian VanHeusen wrote:

>An interesting slam story.... Poet Victorio Reyes was kicked out of a slam  
>in the Midwest (cannot remember where) for being to political. He was very  
>disheartened by the experience because he had been competing down at the  
>Nuyorican, and had always thought of Poetry Slams and Open mics as venues  
to  
>open dialogue on Revolutionary ideology.

>

>I think it stems from the fact the Slam Poetry has become mainstream and has  
>shifted to a good evening of entertainment as opposed to a space for  
>challenging discussions.

>

>Ian VanHeusen

>

>

>

>

---

> NO TRESPASSING

> 4/17 of a haiku

> -Richard Brautigan

>

>

>

>

>>From: flora fair <[REDACTED]>

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

>>To: [REDACTED]

>>Subject: Re: Poetry Slams

>>Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 07:27:02 -0700

>>

>>Kari,

>>

>>That would be great. Any input toward my general  
>>questions is much appreciated. Also, how do you view  
>>the slam community there? Is it more prominent than  
>>other poetry communities? Does it differ from the East  
>>Coast version? Have you ever participated? If you

>>would like to e-mail me contact info for people I  
>>could speak with about this (pro and/or con), please  
>>feel free to e-mail me directly. Otherwise, please  
>>forward my e-mail address to your contacts.  
>>  
>>Thanks again,  
>>Flora  
>>  
>>--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:  
>>> Flora...  
>>> I love in SF.. and slam and spoken word is big here  
>>> and though spoken  
>>> word is a connection.. a lot of the "names" here  
>>> participate in the big  
>>> slams or spoken word events.. I would be happy to  
>>> off some insight and  
>>> give you some names here if that would be helpful  
>>>  
>>> kari edwards  
>>> 3435 Cesar Chavez  
>>> #327  
>>> San Francisco, CA, 94110  
>>> [REDACTED]  
>>> [REDACTED]  
>>> \_\_\_\_\_  
>>> -GENDER RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS-  
>>> \_\_\_\_\_  
>>>  
>>> NEW: A NEW NOVEL BY kari edwards / a day in the life  
>>> of p.  
>>> From: Subpress Collective /ISBN # 1-930068-18-2  
>>> @ Small Press Distribution  
>>> <http://www.spdbooks.org/>  
>>> @ amazon.com  
>>> \_\_\_\_\_  
>>> Announcing from O Books: iduna,  
>>> by kari edwards,  
>>> 2003 (fall)  
>>> \_\_\_\_\_  
>>> a diary of lies, by kari edwards, Belladonna\*  
>> > Books, 2002  
>> > <http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna/catalog.htm>

>> > \_\_\_\_\_  
>> > Also check out:  
>> > live recording:  
>> >  
>> <http://www.factoryschool.org/content/sounds/poetry/frontenac.html>  
>>>  
>>> interview:  
>>> [http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/](http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml)  
>>> [edwards.shtml](http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml)  
>>>  
>>> <http://www.gendertalk.com/real/350/gt385.shtml>  
>>>  
>>> on narrative:  
>>>  
>> [http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree\\_toc.htm](http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree_toc.htm)  
>>>  
>>> prose / fiction  
>>>  
>> [http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003\\_4/fic\\_edwards\\_1.0.htm](http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm)  
>>>  
>> [http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html)  
>>> [literary\\_magazine.html](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html)  
>>>  
>> <http://homepages.which.net/~panic.brixtonpoetry/semicolon1.htm>  
>>>  
>> [http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.ht](http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html)  
ml  
>>> <http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>  
>>> <http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>  
>>> <http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>  
>>>  
>>> poetry:  
>>> <http://www.wordforword.info/vol4/Edwards.htm>  
>>> <http://www.atomicpetals.com/ke03.htm>  
>>>  
>> <http://people2.clarityconnect.com/webpages6/ronhenry/edward10.htm>  
>>> <http://www.blazevox.org/edwards.htm>  
>>>  
>> <http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/poetic%20language.html>  
>>> <http://www.bigbridge.org/miamikedwards.htm>  
>>> <http://www.xpressed.org/>  
>>> <http://www.litvert.com/kedwards8.html>

>>>  
>>>  
>>> On Wednesday, August 27, 2003, at 02:34 PM, flora  
>>> fair wrote:  
>>>  
>>> > Hello all,  
>>> >  
>>> > I'm writing a cover piece for my local alternative  
>>> > weekly, Folio Magazine, about the state of slam  
>>> poetry  
>>> > and its relationship (positive and negative) to  
>>> other  
>>> > poetry communities. I would love any comments on  
>>> the  
>>> > subject, including experiences anyone has had at  
>> > > slams, feelings on the Def Poetry Jam, the state  
>>> of  
>>> > modern poetry in the context of television and  
>>> other  
>>> > media, and slams as they apply to the human  
>>> tradition  
>>> > of storytelling. All feedback will help to  
>>> reinforce  
>>> > my points and maintain balance. I assume that any  
>>> > responses may be published by the magazine.  
>>> >  
>>> > Thanks,  
>>> > Flora  
>>> >  
>>> > \_\_\_\_\_  
>>> > Do you Yahoo!?  
>>> > Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site  
>>> design software  
>>> > <http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>  
>>> >  
>>> >  
>>  
>>  
>> \_\_\_\_\_  
>>Do you Yahoo!?  
>>Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software  
>><http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

>

>

>MSN 8: Get 6 months for \$9.95/month. <http://join.msn.com/?page=dept/dialup>

--

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579. **Harrison Jeff**

***The Coquettes Transformed***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

heart insinuated,  
my twin runaway  
coquettes claim  
my own Virginia  
a cue to heaven:  
milk simple milk  
"we night. now."  
crumbled before  
the full pounce  
could succeed  
kiss, in parting,  
her hand, my apes

---

Enter for your  
chance to IM with Bon Jovi, Seal, Bow Wow, or Mary J Blige using MSN Mes-  
senger <http://entertainment.msn.com/imastar>

[↑ Contents](#)

580. **Stephen Vincent**

***USA has a new poet laureate***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

How does one comment? Or?

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A59001-2003Aug28.html>

[↑ Contents](#)

581. **Hilton Obenzinger**

***Re: The Coquettes Transformed***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

Yes, indeed, I remember the Cockettes fondly. Sylvester's luscious sexy voice,  
all the glitter, Chumbly's music, camp beyond camp -- so many gone, lost to

AIDS, such innocent delight -- Tricia's Wedding when Nixon fondled Kissinger's dick -- such waves of nostalgia. One day we will all become Hibiscus.

Hilton

At 04:44 PM 8/28/2003 -0500, Harrison Jeff wrote:

>heart insinuated,  
>my twin runaway  
>coquettes claim  
>my own Virginia  
>a cue to heaven:  
>milk simple milk  
>"we night. now."  
>crumbled before  
>the full pounce  
>could succeed  
>kiss, in parting,  
>her hand, my apes  
>  
>

>Enter for your chance to IM with Bon Jovi, Seal, Bow Wow, or Mary J Blige  
>using MSN Messenger <http://entertainment.msn.com/imastar>

-----  
Hilton Obenzinger, PhD.

Associate Director for Honors Writing, Undergraduate Research Programs

Lecturer, Department of English

Stanford University

415 Sweet Hall

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Fax

[REDACTED]

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582. **Poetics List Administration**

**Barrett Watten | Buffalo August 29th**

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

To kick off the new Fall season of Poetics @ Buffalo:::

B a r r e t t   W a t t e n

presents a talk on

"Negativity"

this Friday, August 29,  
8:00 pm  
at  
Rust Belt Books  
202 Allen St.

Reception to follow  
graciously hosted by  
Kyle Schlesinger  
383 Summer Street  
(west of Richmond)

BYOB

Poet and critic, Watten is the author of numerous books including *Total Syntax*, *Frame* (1971-1990), and *Bad History*. This talk emerges from Watten's most recent collection of essays, *The Constructivist Moment: From Material Text to Cultural Poetics*.

[↑ Contents](#)

583. **Robert Corbett**

***September Readings for Experimental Theology***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

News From Seattle Research Institute

[www.seattleresearchinstitute.org](http://www.seattleresearchinstitute.org)

For Immediate Release

Contact: Megan Purn



Readings/Book Reprint/Bumbershoot

August 28, 2003

\*\*\*\*\*

SEATTLE RESEARCH INSTITUTE ANNOUNCES FALL  
READINGS OF EXPERIMENTAL THEOLOGY

Mark your calendars!

Wed, Sept 10, 2003, 7:30 pm

Polestar Music Gallery at 1412 18th Avenue

[www.polestarmusic.org](http://www.polestarmusic.org) <http://www.polestarmusic.org/>

Reading from their works will be: award-winning novelist Rebecca Brown (A Family Medical Dictionary, The End Of Youth, The Gifts of the Body), poet/playwright John Olsen (Free Stream Velocity, Echo Regime), poet/publisher Nico Vassilakis (Subtext, Subrosa Press), and designer/poet Megan Purn.

Sat, Sept 20, 2003, 7:30 pm

The Elliott Bay Book Company at 101 S. Main Street

[www.elliottbaybook.com](http://www.elliottbaybook.com) <http://www.elliottbaybook.com/>

Reading from their works will be: award-winning journalist Lesley Hazleton (Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Where Mountains Roar), poet/publisher Nico Vassilakis (Subtext, Subrosa Press), and editor Robert Corbett.

Experimental Theology is a 27-piece collection of essays, fiction, and poetry reflecting upon religion in its various guises. The second book in Seattle Research Institute's Public Text Series following Politics Without The State (2002), this anthology corrects the mistaken belief that "experimental" or "independent" writing fears the transcendental. Among its widely varied pieces are an analysis of the ontology of Philip K. Dick, a true parable about the unreliability of the written Word, and support for Angelism as the new postmodern religion.

Experimental Theology, Public Text No. 0.2

Edited by Robert Corbett and Rebecca Brown

Designed by Megan Purn ISBN: 0972499601

Available for sale at:

Elliott Bay Book Company, Bailey Coy Books, Confounded Books, Left Bank Books, Reading Frenzy, and [www.pistilbooks.net](http://www.pistilbooks.net)

PRAISE FOR EXPERIMENTAL THEOLOGY:

"While you should not look to this book for spiritual solace or ecstatic transport, you should certainly give it your attention



for . . . [its] surefooted, smarty-pants writers . . . and innovative publishing from a truly independent source."

--Sonya Gomez, *The Stranger*

\*\*\*\*\*

SEATTLE RESEARCH INSTITUTE

IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THE BUMBERSHOOT BOOTLEG REPRINT OF:

*Politics Without The State: Joy, Terror and Depression in the*

*Global Corporate Order, Public Text No 1.0*

Edited by Charles Tonderai Mudede and Diana George

First printing 2002; Second printing August 2003

Back after popular demand!

Readers devoured *Politics Without The State* in 2002, and now, with the generous assistance of Clear Cut Press, S.R.I. has printed a second edition with the assistance of the lovely clerks at Kinko's.

This anthology features political writing for the masses by: Nic Veroli, Charles Mudede, Diana George, and Robert Corbett and was designed by Evan Sult.

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't forget to stop by and say hi to EXPERIMENTAL THEOLOGY and POLITICS WITHOUT THE STATE at the Z.A.P.P. Bumbershoot table August 29-Sept 1! They'll be sad they missed you!

[↑ Contents](#)

584. **raea100900**

***Komunyakaa's Best of***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

I just happened upon the new Best Am Poetry of 2003, edited by Komunyakaa, and noticed that his introduction is a rather rabid blast at what he sometimes calls "exploratory" poetry. I mean, this is really striking - beyond what you might expect. Check it out and see what you think.

RA

[↑ Contents](#)

585. **kevinkillian**

***Re: Komunyakaa's Best of***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

To my ear it seemed like a particular blast at Creeley (editor of last year's volume) -- but maybe that is his way of clearing a space for himself to unpack his own poetics?

Note how "exploratory poetry" is seen to a) grow out of Black Mountain poetry and b) serve as a verbal equivalent of Rauschenberg's "erased DeKooning drawing," (ie the total destruction of something beautiful for the amusement of a few eggheads) (and further links to Al-Qaeda style terrorism) (eggheads as terrorists). All in the name of a more populist poetics, the kind Pulitzer Prize winners practice.

-- Hi Rae xxx Kevin K.

Original Message:

-----

From: [REDACTED]

Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 19:17:46 EDT

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Komunyakaa's Best of

I just happened upon the new Best Am Poetry of 2003, edited by Komunyakaa, and noticed that his introduction is a rather rabid blast at what he sometimes

calls

"exploratory" poetry. I mean, this is really striking - beyond what you might

expect. Check it out and see what you think.

RA

-----  
mail2web - Check your email from the web at  
<http://mail2web.com/> .

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586. **Geoffrey Gatza**

***Re: USA has a new poet laureate***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

I am pleased by this. I can approach her poetry with genuine respect while I could not pick up either Collins or that other one without snickering. It's not Creeley, as it should be, but it's better many other possible candidates.

Best, Geoffrey

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

From: "Stephen Vincent" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, August 28, 2003 5:57 PM

Subject: USA has a new poet laureate

*How does one comment? Or?*

*<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A59001-2003Aug28.html>*

[↑ Contents](#)

587. **Daniel Kane**

***What is Poetry: Conversations with the American Avant-Garde Discount***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

Just a clarification - the discount is for individual members of the Poetics/Writenet listserves and does not apply to bookstores or multiple orders.

best,

--daniel

--

<http://www.ucpress.edu/books/pages/9278.html>

<http://www.uea.ac.uk/eas/People/kane/kane.htm>

Some of the swans are swarming.

The spring has gone under--it wasn't supposed to be like this.

--John Ashbery

[↑ Contents](#)

588. **flora fair**

***Re: Poetry Slams***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

Ian,

Yes, I wonder if it stems from the competitive nature of slams. Or the performance itself, somehow lessening the content of the words on the page.

Flora

>  
> I think it stems from the fact the Slam Poetry has  
> become mainstream and has  
> shifted to a good evening of entertainment as  
> opposed to a space for  
> challenging discussions.

>  
> Ian VanHeusen

>  
>  
>  
>  
>

---

> NO TRESPASSING  
> 4/17 of a haiku  
> -Richard Brautigan

>  
>  
>  
>  
>  
>

> >From: flora fair <[REDACTED]>  
> >Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group  
> <[REDACTED]>  
> >To: [REDACTED]  
> >Subject: Re: Poetry Slams  
> >Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 07:27:02 -0700

> >

> >Kari,

> >

> >That would be great. Any input toward my general  
> >questions is much appreciated. Also, how do you  
> view  
> >the slam community there? Is it more prominent than  
> >other poetry communities? Does it differ from the  
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> >Coast version? Have you ever participated? If you  
> >would like to e-mail me contact info for people I  
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> >feel free to e-mail me directly. Otherwise, please  
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> >  
> >Thanks again,  
> >Flora  
> >  
> >--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:  
> > > Flora...  
> > > I love in SF.. and slam and spoken word is big  
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> > > and though spoken  
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> > to  
> > > off some insight and  
> > > give you some names here if that would be  
> > helpful  
> > >  
> > > kari edwards  
> > > 3435 Cesar Chavez  
> > > #327  
> > > San Francisco, CA, 94110  
> > > [REDACTED]  
> > > [REDACTED]  
> > > \_\_\_\_\_  
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> > > \_\_\_\_\_  
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> > > 2003 (fall)  
> > > \_\_\_\_\_  
> > > a diary of lies, by kari edwards, Belladonna\*  
> > > Books, 2002  
> > >

> <http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna/catalog.htm>  
> > > \_\_\_\_\_  
> > > Also check out:  
> > > live recording:  
> > >  
>  
> <http://www.factoryschool.org/content/sounds/poetry/frontenac.html>  
> > >  
> > > interview:  
> > >  
> [http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/](http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml)  
> > > [edwards.shtml](http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml)  
> > >  
> > > <http://www.gendertalk.com/real/350/gt385.shtml>  
> > >  
> > > on narrative:  
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> [http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree\\_toc.htm](http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree_toc.htm)  
> > >  
> > > prose / fiction  
> > >  
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> [http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003\\_4/fic\\_edwards\\_1.0.htm](http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm)  
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> [http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html)  
> > > [literary\\_magazine.html](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html)  
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> <http://homepages.which.net/~panic.brixtonpoetry/semicolon1.htm>  
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> [http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.htm](http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html)  
l  
> > > <http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>  
> > > <http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>  
> > > <http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>  
> > >  
> > > poetry:  
> > > <http://www.wordforword.info/vol4/Edwards.htm>  
> > > <http://www.atomicpetals.com/ke03.htm>

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> <http://people2.clarityconnect.com/webpages6/ronhenry/edward10.htm>  
> > > <http://www.blazevox.org/edwards.htm>  
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> <http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/poetic%20language.html>  
> > > <http://www.bigbridge.org/miamikedwards.htm>  
> > > <http://www.xpressed.org/>  
> > > <http://www.litvert.com/kedwards8.html>  
> > >  
> > >  
> > > On Wednesday, August 27, 2003, at 02:34 PM,  
> flora  
> > > fair wrote:  
> > >  
> > > > Hello all,  
> > > >  
> > > > I'm writing a cover piece for my local  
> alternative  
> > > > weekly, Folio Magazine, about the state of  
> slam  
> > > poetry  
> > > > and its relationship (positive and negative)  
> to  
> > > other  
> > > > poetry communities. I would love any comments  
> on  
> > > the  
> > > > subject, including experiences anyone has had  
> at  
> > > > slams, feelings on the Def Poetry Jam, the  
> state  
> > > of  
> > > > modern poetry in the context of television and  
> > > other  
> > > > media, and slams as they apply to the human  
> > > tradition  
> > > > of storytelling. All feedback will help to  
> > > reinforce  
> > > > my points and maintain balance. I assume that  
> any

> > > > responses may be published by the magazine.

> > > >

> > > > Thanks,

> > > > Flora

> > > >

> > > > \_\_\_\_\_

> > > > Do you Yahoo!?

> > > > Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web

> site

> > > design software

> > > > <http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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> > Do you Yahoo!?

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> design software

> > <http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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> MSN 8: Get 6 months for \$9.95/month.

<http://join.msn.com/?page=dept/dialup>

---

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[↑ Contents](#)

589. **kari edwards**

***Re: USA has a new poet laureate***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

Her poetry, he said, "is really the release of accumulated misery."

On Thursday, August 28, 2003, at 02:57 PM, Stephen Vincent wrote:

*How does one comment? Or?*

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A59001-2003Aug28.html>



[↑ Contents](#)

590. **Fulcrum Annual**  
***Fulcrum 2 Now at City Lights***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

The second issue of *Fulcrum: an annual of poetry and aesthetics* ("Philosophies of Poetry") is now available at City Lights in San Francisco.

Philip Nikolayev & Katia Kapovich, eds.

Fulcrum Annual

334 Harvard Street, Suite D-2

Cambridge, MA 02139, USA

phone [REDACTED]

e-mail [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

591. **hsn**  
***Re: Poetry Slams***

*Thu 28 Aug 2003*

---

hi flora

you might enjoy David Hess' Slam Diary at readme --

<http://home.jps.net/~nada/hess.htm>

i spent a couple years in Chicago in the early '90s & often went to the Green Mill, where Marc Smith started The Slam ( circa '87). Smith rocks as a performer, btw. had fun there, tho i often loathed the performers, especially those who won solely because of the audience's taste for pop culture references & lyrical cleverness. & it seemed the more smug the performer the greater the applause (present in various poetry communities & really puzzles me). occasionally, however, there would be a fab poet/performer who would make up for the disappointments. Lisa Buscani was one of them. Patricia Smith. so on.

re Reyes & the Midwest-- home of the slam (Chicago/ Ann Arbor) -- i have difficulty with lumping (seemed to me implied in that post) political intolerance with the Midwest in general, of course..wd like more details about his ejection, might be a fun story.

pretty sure slams didn't start as political or urban/roots poetry so much as any kind of performance poetry - rather, those genres flourished in slams because of their everyman/emotional/dynamic appeal, commiseration & accessibility & whatever else. i assume Nuyorican may've been an exception, don't know. but i have noticed that the relationship between poetry communities in Chicago back then was closer than what i sense now on the east coast (there are no Official

slam venues here in Philly, oddly). i'm unsure if that's due to historical or geo-cultural differences. tho i've not attended slams/spoken word/etc performances much on this coast, i get the impression that the slam & spoken word are now geared toward a younger crowd & have become more like soap boxes & reruns = predictable/formulaic/ relatively homogenized. guess that's unfair of me if i don't go or stay informed.

i'm not exactly a fan yet i do appreciate the social significance. would elaborate but i'm boring myself & feeling restless. i'll be happy to discuss more b/c if you'd like.

Smith opens by singing Makin' Poetry (Whoopie). dig that.

cha,

hassen

On 8/28/03 10:27 AM, "flora fair" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

*Kari,*

*That would be great. Any input toward my general questions is much appreciated. Also, how do you view the slam community there? Is it more prominent than other poetry communities? Does it differ from the East Coast version? Have you ever participated? If you would like to e-mail me contact info for people I could speak with about this (pro and/or con), please feel free to e-mail me directly. Otherwise, please forward my e-mail address to your contacts.*

*Thanks again,  
Flora*

*--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:  
Flora...*

*I love in SF.. and slam and spoken word is big here and though spoken word is a connection.. a lot of the "names" here participate in the big slams or spoken word events.. I would be happy to off some insight and give you some names here if that would be helpful*

*kari edwards  
3435 Cesar Chavez  
#327  
San Francisco, CA, 94110  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]*

---

*-GENDER RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS-*

---

*NEW: A NEW NOVEL BY kari edwards / a day in the life  
of p.*

*From: Subpress Collective /ISBN # 1-930068-18-2*

*@ Small Press Distribution*

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

*@ amazon.com*

---

*Announcing from O Books: iduna,  
by kari edwards,  
2003 (fall)*

---

*a diary of lies, by kari edwards, Belladonna\*  
Books, 2002*

*<http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna/catalog.htm>*

---

*Also check out:  
live recording:*

*<http://www.factoryschool.org/content/sounds/poetry/frontenac.html>*

*interview:*

*[http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/  
edwards.shtml](http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml)*

*<http://www.gendertalk.com/real/350/gt385.shtml>*

*on narrative:*

*[http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree\\_toc.htm](http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree_toc.htm)*

*prose / fiction*

*[http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003\\_4/fic\\_edwards\\_1.0.htm](http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm)*

*[http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/  
literary\\_magazine.html](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html)*

*<http://homepages.which.net/~panic.brixtonpoetry/semicolon1.htm>*

*<http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html>*

*<http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>*

*<http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>*

*<http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>*

poetry:

<http://www.wordforword.info/vol4/Edwards.htm>

<http://www.atomicpetals.com/ke03.htm>

<http://people2.clarityconnect.com/webpages6/ronhenry/edward10.htm>

<http://www.blazevox.org/edwards.htm>

<http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/poetic%20language.html>

<http://www.bigbridge.org/miamikedwards.htm>

<http://www.xpressed.org/>

<http://www.litvert.com/kedwards8.html>

On Wednesday, August 27, 2003, at 02:34 PM, flora fair wrote:

Hello all,

I'm writing a cover piece for my local alternative weekly, Folio Magazine, about the state of slam poetry and its relationship (positive and negative) to other poetry communities. I would love any comments on the subject, including experiences anyone has had at slams, feelings on the Def Poetry Jam, the state of modern poetry in the context of television and other media, and slams as they apply to the human tradition of storytelling. All feedback will help to reinforce my points and maintain balance. I assume that any responses may be published by the magazine.

Thanks,  
Flora

---

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592. **schwartzgk**

**USA has a new poet laureate**

Thu 28 Aug 2003

---

The Canadians w/ their pick of Bowering seem to be on a better footing, taking it all farther still... and, wonderfully, too far.

Gerald

*How does one comment? Or?*

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A59001-2003Aug28.html>

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593. **hell.com**

**Fwd: ON 40th ANNIVERSARY OF "I HAVE A DREAM" COMPUTER VIRUS REVOKES CIVIL RIGHTS**

Thu 28 Aug 2003

---

The question in my mind is not about who is the poet laureate, for me the question is how does poetry survive in this environment where power is so concentrated and abused.

Okay, re: the aesthetics/ethics question, I don't have much more to say on it. When I saw the fine productions by the Gate Theater Co., I got it.

luv and kisses.

Katharine Harris

\*\*\* There is an attachment in this mail. \*\*\*

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594. **Alan Sondheim**

**/sound**

Fri 29 Aug 2003

---

```
[alan alan]$ cd ../../web/portal
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[alan portal]$ wc *.wav
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114199 570459 14193204 flute3.wav
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1228017 4839226 76095862 oboe2.wav
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411012 1827597 44714658 piano1.wav  
1753228 7237282 135003724 total  
[alan portal]\$

some music at the portal apologies for length  
piano1's the only will fit the others speak for themselves  
- alan apologies again the whole site the size of a linux distro

[↑ Contents](#)

595. **Ben Basan**

***Re: Barrett Watten | Techno Music Paper***

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

---

A while back someone was asking about a Watten book/paper/ essay on Techno music. To my memory, that question wasn't answered. Is there something on it in this latest book? I haven't been able to find any info on it on the web.

What areas does the piece (I have no idea what it is) cover? It would seem that to discuss, say, Detroit techno, one would have to also include Stockhausen and Boulez at least, if not Russolo and Varese amongst many many others. And then there's the British, European, and Japanese techno movements.. I'd imagine it's quite long, no?

-Ben

On 8/29/03 7:48 AM, "Poetics List Administration" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

*To kick off the new Fall season of Poetics @ Buffalo:::*

*B a r r e t t   W a t t e n  
presents a talk on  
"Negativity"*

*this Friday, August 29,  
8:00 pm  
at  
Rust Belt Books  
202 Allen St.*

*Reception to follow  
graciously hosted by  
Kyle Schlesinger  
383 Summer Street  
(west of Richmond)*

*BYOB*

Poet and critic, Watten is the author of numerous books including *Total Syntax*, *Frame* (1971-1990), and *Bad History*. This talk emerges from Watten's most recent collection of essays, *The Constructivist Moment: From Material Text to Cultural Poetics*.

[↑ Contents](#)

596. **Gloria Frym**

**Re: USA has a new poet laureate**

Fri 29 Aug 2003

It's not likely, since the Poet Laureate convention is based on British tradition, but in the U.S., it would be more interesting to see this post shared by "representatives." Even a triumvirate might better reflect the poetics of such a vast empire. I'm not talking PC here.

Gloria Frym

On Thu, 28 Aug 2003 14:57:21 -0700

Stephen Vincent <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>How does one comment? Or?

>

><http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A59001-2003Aug28.html>

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597. **Lewis LaCook**

**What is Conjunctivitis?**

Fri 29 Aug 2003

Patient Information

What is Conjunctivitis?

Conjunctivitis, better known as Pink Eye, is an infection of the inside of your eyelid. It is usually caused by allergies, bacteria, viruses, or chemicals.

What are the signs and symptoms?

Red, irritated eye.

Some burning and/or scratchy feeling.

There may be a purulent (pus) or a mucous type discharge.

How is it treated?

It depends on what caused the Pink Eye. It may or may not need medication for treatment. If medication is given, follow the directions on the label.







NEW!!!--Dirty Milk--reactive poem for microphone

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

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

tubulence artist studio: <http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html>

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599. **August Highland**

***The Illuminating Affliction #0001***

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

---

The Illuminating Affliction #0001

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t.hE            L+O+C+K+E+r  
R[o+O+M  
august highland  
muse apprentice guild  
--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"  
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

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Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.512 / Virus Database: 309 - Release Date: 8/20/2003

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600. **cris cheek**

***Re: Barrett Watten | Techno Music Paper***

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

---

'The Constructivist Moment: from El Lissitzky to Detroit Techno.' is the key essay in the book imho.

I can give a flavor of Watten's intro para to the piece:

'... the spatial figure for this essay is the crossing of borders between incommensurate zones that have been constructed in Detroit's relatively short but convulsive history. Inspired by Detroit, and challenged by the many experiences of mutual exclusion one has when living there, I wanted to make the most unlikely comparison possible to unveil the stakes of a radical modernism trapped within the productivist lifeworld. What resulted was a dual research project in which I turned to the work of El Lissitzky, emblematic of radical modernism in its most formally articulated utopian mode, and the recent development of the experimental electronic music known as Detroit techno, as examples of the mutual permeability of radical form and modern lifeworld. A poetics of negative exemplarity is the bridge between the two, drawn out in contrasting modernist and postmodern examples from Louis Zukovsky and Jean Day. This essay, then, is an exercise in disjunction as much as conjunction, an attempt at the reciprocal illumination of cultural possibilities that ought to have more to do with each other, but because of the sterile framework of assigned cultural values, do not.'

i recommend it

love and love

cris

[↑ Contents](#)

601. **Bob Grumman**

***Re: USA has a new poet laureate***

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

---

--- Stephen Vincent <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> How does one comment? Or?

My question, too. It's like being informed who got the contract to mow the White House lawn for the next two years.

--Bob G.

---

Do you Yahoo!?

The New Yahoo! Search - Faster. Easier. Bingo.

<http://search.yahoo.com>

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602. **Ram Devineni**

***Marathon Reading on AIDS in Africa***

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

---

Marathon Reading on AIDS in Africa

September 2, 2003 starting at 5 PM. Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery St., between Houston & Bleecker, NYC [REDACTED]

<http://www.rattapallax.com/aids.htm>

\$10 suggested donation and in return you will get to stay as long as you like and get books from Rattapallax Press valuing over \$15. All proceeds will go to Ghana Education Project.

5:00-6:00 PM: Jackie Sheeler, Clara Sala, Ron Price, Karen Swenson, Peter Rojcewicz, Vincent Toro, Daniela Gioseffi, Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, Todd Colby, Brendan Lorber, Jade Sharma, Bill Kushner & Kazim Ali.

6:00-7:00 PM: Yerra Sugarman, Claudia Alick, Jesse Alick, Pat Duffy, F.D Reeve, Daniel Nester, Minnie Bruce Pratt, Isabelle Balot, tyren (grfx), Nicole Blackman, Karma Mayet Johnson & Tory Dent.

7:00-8:00 PM: Emanuel Xavier, Patricia Carlin, Timothy Liu, Anselm Berrigan, Vijay Seshadri, Keith Roach, Glyn Maxwell, Willie Perdomo, William Pitt Root, Breyten Breytenbach & Yusef Komunyaaka.

8:00-9:00 PM: Kwaku Kwaakye Obeng, Grace Schulman, Lynne Procope, Marie Ponsot, Haale, Meena Alexander, Guy LeCharles Gonzalez & Second2Last.

9:00-10:00 PM: Felice Belle, Bonnie Rose Marcus, Sapphire, Cecilia Vicuña, Kahlil Almustafa, Barbara Jane Reyes, Bob Holman, Aracelis Girmay, Edwin Torres, Jane Sprague, Flávia Rocha, Prageeta Sharma & Carlos Gomez.

10:00-11:00 PM: Douglas Martin, Jeet Thayil, C.A. Conrad, Nathalie Handal, Elaine Schwager, Regie Cabico, Guy Sharar, Travis Montez, Elaine Sexton, Karen Jaime, Derek Beres & Cole Rachel.

11:00 PM-12:00 AM: HIP-HOP POETRY hosted by Rocky. Featuring Wiseguy & Gaston, Juggaknots, MANICexpressize, Wordsworth, Evolution, Anacaona & others.

12:00 - 1:00 AM: Open-mic hosted by Ram Devineni.

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603. **Anne E. Pluto**

**Re: Poetry Slams**

Fri 29 Aug 2003

---

| Thank you both. I agree.

Annie Pluto

*thank you for saying this-- Poetry Slams are a gimmick, if you compare true spoken word events like David Antin's talk pieces for example to the normal Poetry Slam what you find is a set kind of rhyming, chant like verse that is pretty much all the same. Also many of the Slam "poets" move very close to rap music. Now having said this there is a long tradition (back to Homer) of sung bardic poetics, but Slam "poetry" is not this. Also, and I think this is important, much of slam poetry is stereotypical. I went to the Def Poetry Jam last year in NY and after the first 'poet' my wife and I were reciting the rhyme scheme to each other under our voices.*

*the best commentary I can make is that the number one poetry book sold in 1856 was not Leaves of Grass and no one today remembers that poetry book-- and Poetry Slam will suffer the same fate*

RB

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of Grant Matthew Jenkins

Sent: Friday, August 29, 2003 8:55 AM

To: ██████████

Subject: Poetry Slams

*I don't know if anyone else has said it yet, but I find most of the poetry at Slams or Spoken Word events to be boring and very*



*conventional. It has such a strict aesthetic (rhyme, a rather stereotypical version of a black dialect, autobiographical content, boasting, etc) and does not really allow for much diversity.*

*The other thing that bothers me is the competitive nature of the events. It sometimes reeks of a machismo that says winning (or sticking one's chest out the farthest) is more important than poetry. This reinforces an individualist ideology that runs counter to the kind of collaborative, communal poetics most of us on this list, if I may presume, are interested in.*

*My 2 cents,*

*Grant*

*G. Matthew Jenkins  
Director of the Writing Program  
Department of English  
University of Tulsa  
600 S. College Ave  
Tulsa, OK 74104*



--

[↑ Contents](#)

## 604. **Grant Matthew Jenkins**

### **Poetry Slams**

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

I don't know if anyone else has said it yet, but I find most of the poetry at Slams or Spoken Word events to be boring and very conventional. It has such a strict aesthetic (rhyme, a rather stereotypical version of a black dialect, autobiographical content, boasting, etc) and does not really allow for much diversity.

The other thing that bothers me is the competitive nature of the events. It sometimes reeks of a machismo that says winning (or sticking one's chest out the farthest) is more important than poetry. This reinforces an individualist ideology that runs counter to the kind of collaborative, communal poetics most of us on this list, if I may presume, are interested in.

My 2 cents,

Grant

G. Matthew Jenkins  
Director of the Writing Program

Department of English  
University of Tulsa  
600 S. College Ave  
Tulsa, OK 74104  
[REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

605. **Ian VanHeusen**

***Re: Poetry Slams***

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

---

I should ask him... but I believe it was a major city and the particular venue is known as the birthplace of slam. He told me that at this venue the crowd can reject a poet first by snapping and then they continue by stomping their feet. I will be sure to ask.

---

NO TRESPASSING

4/17 of a haiku

-Richard Brautigan

*From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>*

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

*To: [REDACTED]*

*Subject: Re: Poetry Slams*

*Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 15:45:56 -0500*

*i'd love to know where ;; was it minnesota? how can i find out?*

*At 1:54 PM -0400 8/28/03, Ian VanHeusen wrote:*

*An interesting slam story.... Poet Victorio Reyes was kicked out of a slam in the Midwest (cannot remember where) for being to political. He was very disheartened by the experience because he had been competing down at the Nuyorican, and had always thought of Poetry Slams and Open mics as venues to open dialogue on Revolutionary ideology.*

*I think it stems from the fact the Slam Poetry has become mainstream and has shifted to a good evening of entertainment as opposed to a space for challenging discussions.*

*Ian VanHeusen*

---

NO TRESPASSING

4/17 of a haiku

-Richard Brautigan

From: flora fair <[REDACTED]>  
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>  
To: [REDACTED]  
Subject: Re: Poetry Slams  
Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 07:27:02 -0700

Kari,

*That would be great. Any input toward my general questions is much appreciated. Also, how do you view the slam community there? Is it more prominent than other poetry communities? Does it differ from the East Coast version? Have you ever participated? If you would like to e-mail me contact info for people I could speak with about this (pro and/or con), please feel free to e-mail me directly. Otherwise, please forward my e-mail address to your contacts.*

Thanks again,  
Flora

--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:  
Flora...  
*I love in SF.. and slam and spoken word is big here and though spoken word is a connection.. a lot of the "names" here participate in the big slams or spoken word events.. I would be happy to off some insight and give you some names here if that would be helpful*

kari edwards  
3435 Cesar Chavez  
#327  
San Francisco, CA, 94110  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

---

-GENDER RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS-

---

*NEW: A NEW NOVEL BY kari edwards / a day in the life of p.*

*From: Subpress Collective /ISBN # 1-930068-18-2*

*@ Small Press Distribution*

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

*@ amazon.com*

---

*Announcing from O Books: iduna,*

*by kari edwards,*

*2003 (fall)*

---

*a diary of lies, by kari edwards, Belladonna\**

*> Books, 2002*

*> <http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna/catalog.htm>*

*>*

*> Also check out:*

*> live recording:*

*>*

*<http://www.factoryschool.org/content/sounds/poetry/frontenac.html>*

*interview:*

*<http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml>*

*<http://www.gendertalk.com/real/350/gt385.shtml>*

*on narrative:*

*[http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree\\_toc.htm](http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree_toc.htm)*

*prose / fiction*

*[http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003\\_4/fic\\_edwards\\_1.0.htm](http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm)*

*[http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary\\_magazine.html](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html)*

*<http://homepages.which.net/~panic.brixtonpoetry/semicolon1.htm>*

*<http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html>*

*<http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>*

*<http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>*

*<http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>*

*poetry:*

*<http://www.wordforword.info/vol4/Edwards.htm>*

*<http://www.atomicpetals.com/ke03.htm>*

<http://people2.clarityconnect.com/webpages6/ronhenry/edward10.htm>  
<http://www.blazevox.org/edwards.htm>

<http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/poetic%20language.html>  
<http://www.bigbridge.org/miamikedwards.htm>  
<http://www.xpressed.org/>  
<http://www.litvert.com/kedwards8.html>

*On Wednesday, August 27, 2003, at 02:34 PM, flora fair wrote:*

*> Hello all,  
>  
> I'm writing a cover piece for my local alternative  
> weekly, Folio Magazine, about the state of slam  
poetry  
> and its relationship (positive and negative) to  
other  
> poetry communities. I would love any comments on  
the  
> subject, including experiences anyone has had at  
> > slams, feelings on the Def Poetry Jam, the state  
of  
> modern poetry in the context of television and  
other  
> media, and slams as they apply to the human  
tradition  
> of storytelling. All feedback will help to  
reinforce  
> my points and maintain balance. I assume that any  
> responses may be published by the magazine.  
>  
> Thanks,  
> Flora  
>  
>  
\_\_\_\_\_  
> Do you Yahoo!?  
> Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site  
design software  
> <http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>  
>  
>*

---

*Do you Yahoo!?  
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software*

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

---

MSN 8: Get 6 months for \$9.95/month. <http://join.msn.com/?page=pt/dialup>

--

---

Get MSN 8 and enjoy automatic e-mail virus protection.  
<http://join.msn.com/?page=pt/virus>

[↑ Contents](#)

606. **Alan Sondheim**

*Untitled*

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

---

Untitled

Commissioned by Epping Forest Arts as part of a site specific performance at  
Roughtalley's Wood, December 7, 2003

1

your sun is moving always towards the west -  
huddling against the trees i wait to disappear -  
every shadow has a shadow in the night  
that leaves its body roaming while at rest -

day breaks forth and shadows homeward bound  
return again to misery of flesh and sight -  
the hedge is grey the edge is gaunt and sere -  
the roaming bodies dance upon the ground -

look near the grey, look farther towards the black  
where trees arc sparks against the night of fear -  
they churn and tumble within the brilliant light -  
electric fire calls the shadows back

to roam forever fled in troubled flight -  
to foster absence and eternal lack -

2

your -

sun your is sun moving is always moving towards always the towards west the -  
west huddling -

against huddling trees the i trees wait i to wait disappear to every night shadow  
every has shadow a has in shadow night the that -

leaves that its leaves body its roaming body while roaming at while rest at day  
bound breaks day forth breaks and forth shadows and homeward shadows  
bound homeward return -

again return misery to of misery flesh of sight and hedge the grey is edge the  
gaunt is sere and bodies roaming dance bodies upon dance ground the look  
black near look grey, the farther look black the where -

arc trees sparks arc fear of they -

churn they tumble and within tumble brilliant the light brilliant electric back  
fire electric calls fire back shadows roam to forever roam fled forever troubled  
in flight troubled foster to absence foster eternal and lack eternal -

---

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## 607. **Haas Bianchi**

### ***Re: Poetry Slams***

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

---

thank you for saying this-- Poetry Slams are a gimmick, if you compare true spoken word events like David Antin's talk pieces for example to the normal Poetry Slam what you find is a set kind of rhyming, chant like verse that is pretty much all the same. Also many of the Slam "poets" move very close to rap music. Now having said this there is a long tradition (back to Homer) of sung bardic poetics, but Slam "poetry" is not this. Also, and I think this is important, much of slam poetry is stereotypical. I went to the Def Poetry Jam last year in NY and after the first 'poet' my wife and I were reciting the rhyme scheme to each other under our voices.

the best commentary I can make is that the number one poetry book sold in 1856 was not Leaves of Grass and no one today remembers that poetry book-- and Poetry Slam will suffer the same fate

RB

---

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of Grant Matthew Jenkins

Sent: Friday, August 29, 2003 8:55 AM

To: ██████████

Subject: Poetry Slams

*I don't know if anyone else has said it yet, but I find most of the poetry at Slams or Spoken Word events to be boring and very conventional. It has such a strict aesthetic (rhyme, a rather stereotypical version of a black dialect, autobiographical content, boasting, etc) and does not really allow for much diversity.*

*The other thing that bothers me is the competitive nature of the events. It sometimes reeks of a machismo that says winning (or sticking one's chest out the farthest) is more important than poetry. This reinforces an individualist ideology that runs counter to the kind of collaborative, communal poetics most of us on this list, if I may presume, are interested in.*

*My 2 cents,*

*Grant*

*G. Matthew Jenkins  
Director of the Writing Program  
Department of English  
University of Tulsa  
600 S. College Ave  
Tulsa, OK 74104*



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608. **Haas Bianchi**

***Re: USA has a new poet laureate***

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

Louise GLuck is an interesting choice I like her as person very much but as a poet?? I think that they ought to do something fun Rachel Blau DuPlessis for poet laureate!!!!!!!!!!!!!! that would shake things up.. But what would Bill Moyers have to ask her????????? I would kill however to see someone like Professor DuPlessis reading at the Dodge Festival.

*-----Original Message-----*

*From: UB Poetics discussion group  
[mailto:████████] On Behalf Of Gloria Frym  
Sent: Friday, August 29, 2003 12:40 AM  
To: ██████████  
Subject: Re: USA has a new poet laureate*

*It's not likely, since the Poet Laureate convention is based on British tradition, but in the U.S., it would be more interesting to see this post*



*shared by "representatives." Even a triumvirate might better reflect the poetics of such a vast empire. I'm not talking PC here.*

*Gloria Frym*

*On Thu, 28 Aug 2003 14:57:21 -0700*

*Stephen Vincent <[REDACTED]> wrote:*

*How does one comment? Or?*

*<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A59001-2003Aug28.html>*

[↑ Contents](#)

609. **Ian VanHeusen**

***Slam a poem***

*Fri 29 Aug 2003*

---

I should have read Hassen's post first because now I am fairly certain that Victorio was ejected in Chicago. I can imagine that his work would be considerably offensive to an audience that was politically moderate, but I, and most of the poetry communities I have experienced, have become accustomed to politically challenging work.

What I begun to find frustrating with slams is that poets who compete often fail to challenge themselves by using new forms, or by experimenting with form. I believe that this stems from the desire to communicate to as many people as possible and by not attempting to offend or make the audience uncomfortable. I am also frustrated with the emphasis on style which has become the driving force for slam.

All this being said, slam has and will continue to introduce young poets into a community of artists where these discussions are relevant and important. One of the major contributions of slam is that it has created an artistic community that is not dependant on the established networks of universities and other state funded institutions. For the most part, Slams and open mics have begun to create a network beyond official censorship. What I found upsetting about the incident with Victorio was that without the presence of state officials and police, that an audience decided to censor a poet on their own.

I am still waiting for someone to perform a sound poem in a slam.

---

NO TRESPASSING

4/17 of a haiku

-Richard Brautigan

MSN 8: Get 6  
months for \$9.95/month <http://join.msn.com/?page=dept/dialup>

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610. **Joel Weishaus**

**Re: USA has a new poet laureate**

Fri 29 Aug 2003

---

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

From: "Stephen Vincent" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Thursday, August 28, 2003 2:57 PM

Subject: USA has a new poet laureate

| *How does one comment? Or?*

| <http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A59001-2003Aug28.html>

I panned her last book. Guess that's why she got this.

Joel W.

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611. **Ben Basan**

**FW: Today's Tech-Dependent Activists**

Fri 29 Aug 2003

---

This in from another list. Thought it would be of interest to some on this list as well...

Wired News

Today's Tech-Dependent Activists

By Amit Asaravala

02:00 AM Aug. 28, 2003 PT

In addition to picket signs and megaphones, activists protesting globalization policies at next month's meeting of the World Trade Organization in Cancún will be armed with a number of new, high-tech weapons for getting their message across.

These include using peer-to-peer networks to distribute video to television stations and setting up wireless access points so that activists can post updates to their weblogs. The aim is to help demonstrators make a bigger impact, even with fewer people, say protest organizers.

"Technology gives us the ability to shift the power in the protest to the dissidents," said Rabble, an activist with the Independent Media Center who requested that his real name not be used. "It's an incredible tactical advance from the days when the police were the only ones with a reliable communications network during protests."

During the WTO meeting, which will take place from Sept. 10 to 14, Rabble and others plan to use a peer-to-peer video-sharing service called v2v to transmit broadcast-quality video of the protests to television stations and other activists.

They also will set up wireless networks at the protest welcome center in the nearby town of Ciudad Cancún, and will stream audio recordings of interviews and speeches over the Internet for rebroadcast on participating radio stations.

The technologies are part of a growing collection of modern protest tactics, many of which originated during the highly publicized anti-WTO demonstrations that took place in Seattle in November 1999.

"There are always technological developments in activist practices," said activist Mike Bonanno. "Since 1999, the importance of e-mail lists and Web publishing to help organize people on the ground and disseminate information has not diminished."

Bonanno is a member of the Yes Men, a group that builds parody websites as a way to protest the policies of various organizations.

During the Seattle protests in 1999, the Yes Men launched GATT.org to protest the WTO. He says the group will continue updating the site during the Cancún meeting as a way to point out what they believe are flaws in the WTO's policies.

"We plan to use the GATT.org website to continue representing the positions of the WTO more honestly than they care to represent themselves," said Bonanno. "This has always been a goal of ours: to explain how WTO policies hurt the poor and the environment, but doing it with a healthy dose of satire."

Representatives of the WTO did not respond to requests for comment.

Surprisingly, one high-tech protest tactic that is likely to be absent from this year's demonstration is the use of distributed denial-of-service attacks to shut down the WTO website.

The electrohippies, a British group that called for such attacks during the 1999 meeting, have since disbanded. And many protest organizers today say they would not support such an attack if another group made a similar call.

"Taking down the website might be fun and headline-grabbing, but I personally don't think it's a good tactic," said

Rabble. "The WTO does not function because its website stays up; it functions because corporations and governments give it tremendous power."

Another tactic that is not likely to make an appearance is the use of mailing lists to create "flash mobs," a way of mobilizing large groups of people by sending out a single message to awaiting recipients.

"The 'flash mob' concept generally works best when enough people are around to receive e-mail and react quickly," said Bonanno. "It gets more difficult if such communications technologies are not available to people."

Just 10 percent of Mexico's population regularly goes online, according to the country's Internet association, AMIPCI. The percentage is expected to be lower on the Yucatán peninsula, where Cancún is located, because of poverty in the jungle-covered region.

Despite this, organizers say they are confident that the available technologies will allow them to mobilize participants more effectively than ever before.

"Even with the distance and expense associated with getting to and protesting in Cancún, we're expecting between 10,000 and 20,000 people to participate," said Starhawk, an organizer with the RANT Collective.

"The Internet has allowed us to have a different kind of global conversation," she said. "Organizing for Cancún wouldn't be as effective without it."

--

Dan Clore

Now available: The Unspeakable and Others

<http://www.wildsidepress.com/index2.htm>

<http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/1587154838/thedanclorenebro>

Lord Weýrdgliffe & Necronomicon Page:

<http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/9879/>

News for Anarchists & Activists:

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/smygo>

"It's a political statement -- or, rather, an *\*anti\**-political statement. The symbol for *\*anarchy\**!"

-- Batman, explaining the circle-A graffiti, in Detective Comics #608

\*\*\*\*\*

[↑ Contents](#)

612. **Laura Wright**

**Re: USA has a new poet laureate, random musings**

Fri 29 Aug 2003

---

The Post includes Louise Gluck ("rhymes with pick") 's "favorite dead poets."

My favorite dead poets include the following:

Ted Berrigan

Joe Ceravolo

Henri Michaux

Richard Brautigan

all of whom, I believe, died in the early 1980s.

My favorite live poets include the following:

Anselm Hollo

Alice Notley

Linh Dinh

Eleni Sikelianos

My new favorite prose writer is Laird Hunt, whose *Indiana, Indiana* has just been published by Coffee House.

A Google search for "famous dead poets" brings up way too many references to Dead Poets' Society.

Randomly,

Laura

~~~~~

Laura E. Wright

Serials Cataloging Dept., Norlin Library



[↑ Contents](#)

613. **Maria Damon**

Re: Poetry Slams

Fri 29 Aug 2003

ah, that sounds like chicago. i'm surprised.

At 10:39 AM -0400 8/29/03, Ian VanHeusen wrote:

>I should ask him... but I believe it was a major city and the particular

>venue is known as the birthplace of slam. He told me that at this venue the

>crowd can reject a poet first by snapping and then they continue by stomping

>their feet. I will be sure to ask.

>

>
>
>
>

> NO TRESPASSING
> 4/17 of a haiku
> -Richard Brautigan
>
>
>
>
>
>>From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>
>>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
>>To: [REDACTED]
>>Subject: Re: Poetry Slams
>>Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 15:45:56 -0500
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>>i'd love to know where ;; was it minnesota? how can i find out?
>>
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>>>Nuyorican, and had always thought of Poetry Slams and Open mics as
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>>>to
>>>open dialogue on Revolutionary ideology.
>>>
>>>I think it stems from the fact the Slam Poetry has become mainstream and
>>>has
>>>shifted to a good evening of entertainment as opposed to a space for
>>>challenging discussions.
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>>>Ian VanHeusen
>>>
>>>
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>>> 4/17 of a haiku

>>> -Richard Brautigan
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>>From: flora fair <[REDACTED]>
>>>>Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
>>>>To: [REDACTED]
>>>>Subject: Re: Poetry Slams
>>>>Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 07:27:02 -0700
>>>>
>>>>Kari,
>>>>
>>>>That would be great. Any input toward my general
>>>>questions is much appreciated. Also, how do you view
>>>>the slam community there? Is it more prominent than
>>>>other poetry communities? Does it differ from the East
>>>>Coast version? Have you ever participated? If you
>>>>would like to e-mail me contact info for people I
>>>>could speak with about this (pro and/or con), please
>>>>feel free to e-mail me directly. Otherwise, please
>>>>forward my e-mail address to your contacts.
>>>>
>>>>Thanks again,
>>>>Flora
>>>>
>>>>--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:
>>>>> Flora...
>>>>> I love in SF.. and slam and spoken word is big here
>>>>> and though spoken
>>>>> word is a connection.. a lot of the "names" here
>>>>> participate in the big
>>>>> slams or spoken word events.. I would be happy to
>>>>> off some insight and
>>>>> give you some names here if that would be helpful
>>>>>
>>>>> kari edwards
>>>>> 3435 Cesar Chavez
>>>>> #327
>>>>> San Francisco, CA, 94110
>>>>> [REDACTED]
>>>>> [REDACTED]
>>>>> _____

>>>>> -GENDER RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS-
>>>>> _____
>>>>>
>>>>> NEW: A NEW NOVEL BY kari edwards / a day in the life
>>>>> of p.
>>>>> From: Subpress Collective /ISBN # 1-930068-18-2
>>>>> @ Small Press Distribution
>>>>> <http://www.spdbooks.org/>
>>>>> @ amazon.com
>>>>> _____
>>>>> Announcing from O Books: iduna,
>>>>> by kari edwards,
>>>>> 2003 (fall)
>>>>> _____
>>>>> a diary of lies, by kari edwards, Belladonna*
>>>>> > Books, 2002
>>>>> > <http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna/catalog.htm>
>>>>> > _____
>>>>> > Also check out:
>>>>> > live recording:
>>>>> >
>>>>> <http://www.factoryschool.org/content/sounds/poetry/frontenac.html>
>>>>>
>>>>> interview:
>>>>> [http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/](http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml)
>>>>> [edwards.shtml](http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml)
>>>>>
>>>>> <http://www.gendertalk.com/real/350/gt385.shtml>
>>>>>
>>>>> on narrative:
>>>>>
>>>>> http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree_toc.htm
>>>>>
>>>>> prose / fiction
>>>>>
>>>>> http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm
>>>>>
>>>>> [http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html)
>>>>> [literary_magazine.html](http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html)
>>>>>
>>>>> <http://homepages.which.net/~panic.brixtonpoetry/semicolon1.htm>
>>>>>

>>>> <http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html>
>>>> <http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>
>>>> <http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>
>>>> <http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>
>>>>
>>>> poetry:
>>>> <http://www.wordforword.info/vol4/Edwards.htm>
>>>> <http://www.atomicpetals.com/ke03.htm>
>>>>
>>>> <http://people2.clarityconnect.com/webpages6/ronhenry/edward10.htm>
>>>> <http://www.blazevox.org/edwards.htm>
>>>>
>>>> <http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/poetic%20language.html>
>>>> <http://www.bigbridge.org/miamikedwards.htm>
>>>> <http://www.xpressed.org/>
>>>> <http://www.litvert.com/kedwards8.html>
>>>>
>>>>
>>>> On Wednesday, August 27, 2003, at 02:34 PM, flora
>>>> fair wrote:
>>>>
>>>> > Hello all,
>>>> >
>>>> > I'm writing a cover piece for my local alternative
>>>> > weekly, Folio Magazine, about the state of slam
>>>> > poetry
>>>> > and its relationship (positive and negative) to
>>>> > other
>>>> > poetry communities. I would love any comments on
>>>> > the
>>>> > subject, including experiences anyone has had at
>>>> >> slams, feelings on the Def Poetry Jam, the state
>>>> >> of
>>>> >> modern poetry in the context of television and
>>>> >> other
>>>> >> media, and slams as they apply to the human
>>>> >> tradition
>>>> >> of storytelling. All feedback will help to
>>>> >> reinforce
>>>> >> my points and maintain balance. I assume that any
>>>> >> responses may be published by the magazine.

```
>>>>> >
>>>>> > Thanks,
>>>>> > Flora
>>>>> >
>>>>> > _____
>>>>> > Do you Yahoo!?
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>>>>http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com
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http://join.msn.com/?page=bpt/dialup
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>Get MSN 8 and enjoy automatic e-mail virus protection.
>http://join.msn.com/?page=batures/virus
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614. **hsn**

Re: Poetry Slams

Fri 29 Aug 2003

Ian- sounds like the Green Mill alright. if so, i highly doubt it was solely because of his political content (what i remember of it, i wouldn't, by any means, describe the usual audience to be 'politically moderate.' if your friend's poetry & presentation were conservative i would better understand such a response). depending on the crowd, some nights were like the Apollo. . .

h

while i agree with much of what's been said re this topic, here's my devil's advocate bit without too much delving (little time at the moment): i've found slam/spoken word to be more 'cross-over.' it would be somewhat absurd to hear an experimental composer spend much time critiquing mary j or to not acknowledge the benefits of hip hop/popular r&b music. while it's great to have preferences & engage in critical conversation, it's counter-productive for other poetry communities to reject the significance (or validity) of slam/spoken word based on a certain common or conventional aesthetic** - especially if it reflects a group or poet's struggle for voice. as we all know, poetry, thankfully, doesn't belong to an elite. many advantages of having this stuff out there. sometimes it's informative or maybe necessary for an element of solidarity, i don't know. but sometimes (on the rare occasion for me anyway) it's just *fun.*

**use of the term 'conventional,' of course, is relative. i certainly can say the same about most poetry i read/hear, in any genre. in most anything at all i read/hear from humans, so where does that leave us...

so far as this incident at the Green Mill (or wherever), the theater is not, i think, always an improper place to encourage or discourage performance.

On 8/29/03 10:39 AM, "Ian VanHeusen" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

I should ask him... but I believe it was a major city and the particular venue is known as the birthplace of slam. He told me that at this venue the crowd can reject a poet first by snapping and then they continue by stomping their feet. I will be sure to ask.

NO TRESPASSING
4/17 of a haiku
-Richard Brautigan

From: Maria Damon <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Poetry Slams
Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 15:45:56 -0500

i'd love to know where ;; was it minnesota? how can i find out?

At 1:54 PM -0400 8/28/03, Ian VanHeusen wrote:

An interesting slam story.... Poet Victorio Reyes was kicked out of a slam in the Midwest (cannot remember where) for being too political. He was very disheartened by the experience because he had been competing down at the Nuyorican, and had always thought of Poetry Slams and Open mics as venues to open dialogue on Revolutionary ideology.

I think it stems from the fact the Slam Poetry has become mainstream and has shifted to a good evening of entertainment as opposed to a space for challenging discussions.

Ian VanHeusen

*NO TRESPASSING
4/17 of a haiku
-Richard Brautigan*

*From: flora fair <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Poetry Slams
Date: Thu, 28 Aug 2003 07:27:02 -0700*

Kari,

That would be great. Any input toward my general questions is much appreciated. Also, how do you view the slam community there? Is it more prominent than other poetry communities? Does it differ from the East Coast version? Have you ever participated? If you would like to e-mail me contact info for people I could speak with about this (pro and/or con), please feel free to e-mail me directly. Otherwise, please forward my e-mail address to your contacts.

*Thanks again,
Flora*

*--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:
Flora...
I love in SF.. and slam and spoken word is big here*

*and though spoken
word is a connection.. a lot of the "names" here
participate in the big
slams or spoken word events.. I would be happy to
off some insight and
give you some names here if that would be helpful*

*kari edwards
3435 Cesar Chavez
#327
San Francisco, CA, 94110
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]*

-GENDER RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS-

*NEW: A NEW NOVEL BY kari edwards / a day in the life
of p.
From: Subpress Collective /ISBN # 1-930068-18-2
@ Small Press Distribution
<http://www.spdbooks.org/>
@ amazon.com*

*Announcing from O Books: iduna,
by kari edwards,
2003 (fall)*

a diary of lies, by kari edwards, Belladonna
Books, 2002
<http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna/catalog.htm>*

*Also check out:
live recording:*

<http://www.factoryschool.org/content/sounds/poetry/frontenac.html>

*interview:
[http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/
edwards.shtml](http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml)*

<http://www.gendertalk.com/real/350/gt385.shtml>

on narrative:

http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issuethree_toc.htm

prose / fiction

http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm

http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/august2002/kariedwards/literary_magazine.html

<http://homepages.which.net/~panic.brixtonpoetry/semicolon1.htm>

<http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooThirteen/ShampooIssueThirteen.html>

<http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>

<http://www.puppyflowers.com/II/flowers.html>

<http://poetz.com/fir/may02.htm>

poetry:

<http://www.wordforword.info/vol4/Edwards.htm>

<http://www.atomicpetals.com/ke03.htm>

<http://people2.clarityconnect.com/webpages6/ronhenry/edward10.htm>

<http://www.blazevox.org/edwards.htm>

<http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/poetic%20language.html>

<http://www.bigbridge.org/miamikedwards.htm>

<http://www.xpressed.org/>

<http://www.litvert.com/kedwards8.html>

On Wednesday, August 27, 2003, at 02:34 PM, flora fair wrote:

Hello all,

I'm writing a cover piece for my local alternative weekly, Folio Magazine, about the state of slam poetry and its relationship (positive and negative) to other poetry communities. I would love any comments on the subject, including experiences anyone has had at slams, feelings on the Def Poetry Jam, the state of modern poetry in the context of television and other media, and slams as they apply to the human tradition of storytelling. All feedback will help to reinforce my points and maintain balance. I assume that any

responses may be published by the magazine.

*Thanks,
Flora*

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site
design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

MSN 8: Get 6 months for \$9.95/month. <http://join.msn.com/?page&pt=dialup>

--

Get MSN 8 and enjoy automatic e-mail virus protection.
<http://join.msn.com/?page&atures/virus>

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615. **Steve Tills**

Poetry Slams

Fri 29 Aug 2003

Grant,

I'll second that. Have never respected "slams," found their atmosphere particularly attractive, or wanted to buy a book by a slammer (how could it be read twice?). If this is an "elitist opinion," so be it.

Anyway, add a coupla pennies to the pot, and I'm pissin in it, too.

OT: Alastair Campbell quit (resigned) today
<http://news.independent.co.uk/uk/politics/story.jsp?story=438313>.

Al Franken's doin some great work on the War against the sociopaths front
<http://news.independent.co.uk/world/americas/story.jsp?story=438014>.

And may try to catch Barrett Watten in Buffalo tonight.

Steve Tills
Microcomputer/Software Specialist
MIS Dept.- G.W. Lisk Company, Inc.



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616. **Craig Allen Conrad**

Carol Mirakove's TEMPORARY TATTOOS, Bukowski, dream of roller-skating with poets like you, and more

Fri 29 Aug 2003

all this and more on

THE PHILLY SOUND: New Poetry,
click here: <http://phillysound.blogspot.com/>

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617. **Catherine Daly**

Re: Poetry Slams

Fri 29 Aug 2003

I've been following this discussion -- as I did the one I only dimly remember a while ago -- with renewed interest, as each American metro area has a different slam / performance poetry. Here in Los Angeles, of course, the racial division is obvious, and as the person who started this thread backchanneled to me, African American performance poetry, post-punk / diy performance poetry / art / music, and plain ol' performance poetry, while they overlap, and probably most in slams, are divisions everywhere, and she is locating some of this in the griot tradition, which attribution and distinction, I might add, has been a VERY DIVISIVE AND POLITICAL ISSUE here in LA.

I'm testing out what I know are prejudices of mine about LA local poetry / performance poetry because 1) this is hotly under debate now on our own lists, 2) it really is, in my opinion, save for the Watts Writers Workshop students of students, one of the worst places to hear a poetry reading of any stripe.

White performance poetry in LA is not the vibrant multicultural slam and performance scenes which are not white, or those which are really visual art or music. The community is knee-jerk anti-intellectual, more than a little bubba political, and insular.

Local performance poets without college degrees rarely or belatedly pursue them, and performance poets without graduate degrees rarely pursue them. Constant performance is avocation or hobby, and it is common to participate in

four to as many as sixteen open mike nights (at 3 hours per) a month. Most performance poets take private classes (generally actors here take loads of private classes, so, etc.) from other local performance poets in which exercises are assigned, and these produce the work memorized and performed (you can trace the exercises through the open mike nights).

A large quantity of money is spent on self publication and on private workshops (for example, about the same amount of money as tuition at the local public colleges), and those who are not self-publishing or taking workshops from certain local performance poets are not particularly welcome. Almost all of the venues are alcohol free (most participants are twelve stepping. Many poems are related to "drunkalogs"), but these venues include

- 1) almost every Barnes & Noble, Borders, Bookstar, etc. in the major metro area,
- 2) almost every cute coffee shop,
- 3) many museums / cultural institutes,
- 4) the branch libraries.

Most venues which do not have an open mike featuring this group of white poets do not allow poetry readings of any kind because they do not want an open mike featuring this group of poets. These poets do not attend readings of poets outside the circle.

So, perhaps I'm wrong, this is a vibrant community doing vital work and I'm a space alien?

Be well,
Catherine Daly



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618. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

SF Poet Lawrence Fixel dies

Fri 29 Aug 2003

Hi all,

Hanging out in SF with the poet Kent Taylor, and he passed this information on to me about the death of Lawrence Fixel.

Here's the obit that ran in yesterday's SF Chronicle.

as ever,
David

Lawrence Fixel -- poet for more than 70 years

San Francisco poet Lawrence Fixel, whose quizzical and contemplative works often explored the paradoxes of life, has died.

Mr. Fixel, whose writing career spanned more than 70 years, died of natural causes early Sunday morning at his home. He was 86.

Although not so widely known as the Beat generation writers synonymous with San Francisco's literary history, Mr. Fixel was nevertheless an influential poet whose manuscripts, journals and letters appear alongside those of Lawrence Ferlinghetti and others at UC Berkeley's Bancroft Library.

"It reflects his status as a prose poet," said Bill Brown, a researcher at the library.

Mr. Fixel was perhaps best known for his prose poems, long-form works more akin to short stories, and for parables likened to those of Franz Kafka and Jorge Luis Borges.

"In quizzical, contemplative prose poems and parables, he presents characters in transit, and deftly illuminates the complex of enigmas and paradoxes inherent in their often simple journeys," Publishers Weekly said of Mr. Fixel's last book, "Truth, War and Dream-Game."

He drew inspiration from his experiences during some of the most formative events of the 20th century, from the Great Depression to World War II to the tumult of the 1960s.

"He did see a lot of the world, and he absorbed it all and distilled it all, " said Jack Marshall, a poet who had known Mr. Fixel since 1968. "If a person were to read his work for the first time and not know his life, they'd think he had very little experience with the outside world. But he did, and he distilled it all."

Mr. Fixel was born in Brooklyn and raised in White Plains, N.Y., where his father owned a sporting goods store. He began writing in high school after being encouraged by an English teacher who saw promise in his work.

Mr. Fixel was just 19 when he returned to New York during the Depression and found work with the Federal Writers Project, a part of the Works Progress Administration. Working alongside the likes of Richard White and Ralph Ellison,

Mr. Fixel earned \$18.75 a week writing about the architecture of New York's churches for a guidebook of the city.

After three years with the FWP, Mr. Fixel moved to Los Angeles, where he lived briefly and married his first wife before serving three years in the merchant marine during World War II. He sailed throughout the South Pacific before being

sent to New York City to work aboard a ship carrying troops to Europe. He later served one year in the Army.

Mr. Fixel was divorced shortly after the war. He remarried in 1954.

He moved to San Francisco in 1950. He soon fell in with the writers of the day, including Langston Hughes, Dylan Thomas and, later, George Hitchcock, who published the literary magazine "Kayak."

Always a prolific writer, Mr. Fixel's first collection of poems, "The Scale of Silence," was published in 1970 when he was 53 years old. Four more books followed during the next 10 years. His most recent book, "Truth, War and the Dream-Game," was published in 1992.

Although best known for his prose poems, Mr. Fixel wrote beautiful verse poems, which friends and scholars called noteworthy for their lyrical writing and vivid imagery. They cited "Song for the Ending of the Year" as an example:

One by one the subjects disappear:

The gift of speech is going with the year,

In company with silence and with fear.

The package on the table waits to be untied.

The Child, the Tree are left inside the House --

No message from the crucified.

We ride the painted hobby-horse of day,

Or stand aside, or join the latest craze --

Next year's another box, another maze.

"It's so disillusioned, yet the language is calm and clear and lyrical," Mr.

Marshall said. "It's disillusioning, but it's beautifully said. I find a dark joy in it."

The poem also highlights the economy of words for which Mr. Fixel was known.

"He had a propensity to condense his ideas and thoughts into the smallest possible space," Mr. Marshall said.

Mr. Fixel continued writing, giving readings and teaching at poetry workshops until just a couple of years ago.

He is survived by his wife of 49 years, Justine Fixel of San Francisco; his daughter, Kate Frankel of Irvine; his sister, Pearl Berkelman of San Francisco; and two grandchildren.

Plans for a memorial service are pending.

--

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F: [REDACTED]
www.boogcity.com

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619. **kevinkillian**

Re: SF Poet Lawrence Fixel dies

Fri 29 Aug 2003

Thank you, David Kirschenbaum, for posting this.

I always thought Lawrence Fixel would be around forever.

He will be missed by many.

He was there when Spicer had his confrontation with Langston Hughes on a Marin houseboat . . . (Due to Hughes' troubles with HUAC etc, he was not allowed to speak on the campus at SF State after he had been invited there & so the organizers had to scramble for another venue for his reading). Fixel looked the same for 20 years, a kind of male Diana Vreeland (in looks) (very different writing style). Farewell to a great heart!

-- Kevin K.

Original Message:

From: David A. Kirschenbaum [REDACTED]
Date: Fri, 29 Aug 2003 14:58:34 -0400
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: SF Poet Lawrence Fixel dies

Hi all,

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David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

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www.boogcity.com

mail2web - Check your email from the web at
<http://mail2web.com/> .

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620. **kari edwards**
SoMa Literary Review
Fri 29 Aug 2003

check out the new SoMa Literary Review
<http://www.somalit.com/>

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621. **Steve Tills**
SoMa Literary Review
Fri 29 Aug 2003

Really neat, clean-styled site, Kari! <http://www.somalit.com/Manifesto.html>

Thanks for post recommending it!

:) Steve

Steve Tills

Microcomputer/Software Specialist

MIS Dept.- G.W. Lisk Company, Inc.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

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622. **Gabriel Gudding**

laureateship & the american poetry of privatism

Fri 29 Aug 2003

It strikes me that the best laureate would be someone about whom people could argue and disagree vigorously.

If the laureate is considered blah, what point is there in having such a poet as laureate? To show another generation of kids that poetry is blah?

The political modes inherent behind east-coasty Poetry Society of American, Academy of American Poets, etc, are about as follows, aren't they?: that poetry is nice, poets are nice, poetry audiences are nice. These societies give "awards," when in fact, considering the way many poets choose and have chosen over the centuries to write, poets should be given "medals," insofar as many choose to write in ways idiolectic, needling, hectoring, braying, cajoling, challenging, frustrating, polemical, jeremiacal, or just otherwise nonplussing -- *While Still* upholding their ancient duties of benediction and malediction, praise and blame, comfort and affliction.

Too I wonder, in a political economy of consumption, can we really understand the value of spiritual challenge as a cultural force? We Americans understand only Niceness, something that'll go down the throat like yoghurt.

The nearest a poet recently came to being a part of our national public discourse, it was Baraka, I'd guess, with the NJ Laureateship and "Somebody Blew Up America." It was a story of poetry in contest.

The US laureateship doesn't seem to be about getting poetry to enter public discourse. If it did, would it not *not* shrink from controversy, but instead rise to make it? Or at least rise to join it? Isn't poetry at its best when it joins with the controversies of the polis to resolve, bless, twist, or sway our hearts and minds in those areas where we feel the most is at stake? These would be the areas with which poetry could best help us: where we grow confused or where we join contest in order to en-join further contest.

Further, I wonder to what degree, and in what sense, a poetry which has so long carried the ideology of private emotionalism, private speech and private sentiment, as American (and much of current Western late-romantic) poetries have for so long -- how such a poetry, which is about the private [*vide infra], can truly be a part of the polis, of the discourse of the polis. Especially if we also consider the passivity that mainstream American pedagogy demands of its students as cultural consumers, the passive reception of poetry by a mostly bogged and bored audience. For if, as Aristotle said, that to be fully human means to engage in the life of the polis, then what does it mean to have a poet who

embodies the ideologies of insular emotionalism and possessive individualism in a public position? The Greek root for "idiot" meant a private person.

Can we truly have a public poet if that poet writes a poetry of the private?

Gabe

* Hughes Mearns ("poetry is when you talk to yourself") to Diane Wakoski in 1973 ("It is talking to yourself in the kitchen. But if it speaks to one person, then it is a poem") to Delmore Schwartz ("Like some tormented figure in a myth, Delmore Schwartz acted out in his life, as he wrote of it in poems and stories, the alienation of the poet from our society") to Dave Smith in 1975 ("We live in an isolation within ourselves and with ourselves, a total and terrible isolation, because we cannot and are not, parted from the womb, truly a part of any other") back to Mearns ("[W]e drive them back upon themselves, drive them to search within, a boundless field and rich beyond expectation") to Russell Edson in 1975 ("One comes to the writing table with one's own hidden life....") to Frank Bidart in 1983 ("I knew that Lowell's experience of the world he came from, and himself as an actor in it [sic], was very different from my experience"); and finally to Derek Walcott in an interview with David Montenegro in 1987 ("I've always wondered about the sense of isolation of the American poets that is so acute in contemporary American poetry....How come there was such adulation and yet such isolation at the same time?") -- from "Petit to Langp: a History of Solipsism and Experience in Mainstream American Poetry Since the Rise of Creative Writing" by gigi

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623. **Catherine Daly**

alright, using up post #2 for more on slams

Fri 29 Aug 2003

So, I just got back from giving Eileen Doman, an artist in my new book, DaDaDa (Salt Publishing, 2003), a copy. She's in town because a childhood friend of hers (who is apparently a very well known, renowned even, head of ESL at the infamous Belmont Learning Academy) is dying.

She's in the book because she is a (self-taught) painter who wants to teach art. She does teach a bit, finds it difficult, but she values teaching, especially teaching painting and drawing, and would really love to do it more. She's a bit disappointed her daughter wants to go to medical school someday (she's only 18), instead of becoming an art teacher, for example.

Now, Eileen Doman did not go to college; another person at lunch was encouraging her to set up a private workshop. I stayed quiet.

Several poets here in LA who are not white local performance poets who either lack a college degree or graduate degree and want to teach or do teach. Several white local performance poets teaching in private workshops have MFAs and several have BAs. So am I just decrying a working, self-reinforcing economy which has crushed the other ones that are in competition elsewhere because I think its products are mediocre / it excludes me?

I still think the local performance poets would be better off in school, though. It's embarrassing two ways -- they get kicked out of chain bookstores because they behave like children and call it art & the English classes (hence all of the creative writing) in the colleges, including the one built in response to the Watts riots, are mostly taught by white nonwriting / nonperforming academics.

Be well,
Catherine Daly
former dj, "Alien Rock"



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624. **David A. Kirschenbaum**
Boog City Reading in Oakland, Thurs. 9/4

Fri 29 Aug 2003

Hi all,

I'm back in the SF Bay Area for the second year running for a gathering of some of the Boog City family.

Thursday, Sept. 4, 7:00 p.m.

Mama Buzz Café
2318 Telegraph Ave @ 23rd St.
in downtown Oakland



The readers are:

Taylor Brady * Trane DeVore * Donna de la Perriere *

Sean Finney * Joseph Lease * Jill Stengel *

Chris Stroffolino * Delia Tramontina * me

There will be free copies of the September/Bay Area issue of Boog City available, featuring work from the readers, as well as other Bay Area writers.

We'll also have available a limited number of complete sets of all nine issues of Boog City, copies of the Portable Boog Reader, two new Euclid Avenue

chapbooks by me, and the first new Boog Literature chapbook in almost two years, written by ... well, that's a surprise, come by and find out, and you may even here the author read from it, too.

If you want to reach ye old Boog editor while he's in Cali. to hang out, ask questions about this event, discuss how the death of Bobby Bonds might impact the Giants' post-season chances, call [REDACTED] (it's forwarded to my cell) or email [REDACTED]

Hope all is well and you can make it down to Oakland this coming Thursday.

as ever,
david

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher
Boog City
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NY, NY 10001-4754
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625. **alexander saliby**

Re: laureateship & the american poetry of privatism

Fri 29 Aug 2003

"Too I wonder, in a political economy of consumption, can we really understand the value of spiritual challenge as a cultural force? We Americans understand only Niceness, something that'll go down the throat like yoghurt."

* * * * *

And to your words quoted above, I add my point, "HUH?" What the hell are you talking about here?

1.. I consume; it's my heritage; I'm American

2.. I hate yogurt

3.. I have not a clue what the hell "...understand the value of spiritual challenge as a cultural force " means when translated into the English language that I speak.

Are you trying to say you have a better candidate to serve as America's poet laureat?

If so, say so.

Look, Gabriel, I share, I believe, your views about certain, "control cultures" in the poetic community, both National and international, but...our concerns stop there because your ranting here confuses me. I'm a tad uncertain about what exactly you are upset or complaining about.

Alex

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

From: Gabriel Gudding

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Friday, August 29, 2003 3:45 PM

Subject: laureateship & the american poetry of privatism

It strikes me that the best laureate would be someone about whom people could argue and disagree vigorously.

If the laureate is considered blah, what point is there in having such a poet as laureate? To show another generation of kids that poetry is blah?

The political modes inherent behind east-coasty Poetry Society of American, Academy of American Poets, etc, are about as follows, aren't they?: that poetry is nice, poets are nice, poetry audiences are nice. These societies give "awards," when in fact, considering the way many poets choose and have chosen over the centuries to write, poets should be given "medals," insofar as many choose to write in ways idiolectic, needling, hectoring, braying, cajoling, challenging, frustrating, polemical, jeremiacal, or just otherwise nonplussing -- *While Still* upholding their ancient duties of benediction and malediction, praise and blame, comfort and affliction.

Too I wonder, in a political economy of consumption, can we really understand the value of spiritual challenge as a cultural force? We Americans understand only Niceness, something that'll go down the throat like yoghurt.

The nearest a poet recently came to being a part of our national public discourse, it was Baraka, I'd guess, with the NJ Laureateship and "Somebody Blew Up America." It was a story of poetry in contest.

The US laureateship doesn't seem to be about getting poetry to enter public discourse. If it did, would it not *not* shrink from controversy, but instead rise to make it? Or at least rise to join it? Isn't poetry at its best when it joins with the controversies of the polis to resolve, bless, twist, or sway our hearts and minds in those areas where we feel the most is at stake? These would be the areas with which poetry could best help us: where we grow confused or where we join contest in order to en-join further contest.

Further, I wonder to what degree, and in what sense, a poetry which has so long carried the ideology of private emotionalism, private speech and private

sentiment, as American (and much of current Western late-romantic) poetries have for so long -- how such a poetry, which is about the private [*vide infra], can truly be a part of the polis, of the discourse of the polis. Especially if we also consider the passivity that mainstream American pedagogy demands of its students as cultural consumers, the passive reception of poetry by a mostly boggled and bored audience. For if, as Aristotle said, that to be fully human means to engage in the life of the polis, then what does it mean to have a poet who embodies the ideologies of insular emotionalism and possessive individualism in a public position? The Greek root for "idiot" meant a private person.

Can we truly have a public poet if that poet writes a poetry of the private?

Gabe

* Hughes Mearns ("poetry is when you talk to yourself") to Diane Wakoski in 1973 ("It is talking to yourself in the kitchen. But if it speaks to one person, then it is a poem") to Delmore Schwartz ("Like some tormented figure in a myth, Delmore Schwartz acted out in his life, as he wrote of it in poems and stories, the alienation of the poet from our society") to Dave Smith in 1975 ("We live in an isolation within ourselves and with ourselves, a total and terrible isolation, because we cannot and are not, parted from the womb, truly a part of any other") back to Mearns ("[W]e drive them back upon themselves, drive them to search within, a boundless field and rich beyond expectation") to Russell Edson in 1975 ("One comes to the writing table with one's own hidden life....") to Frank Bidart in 1983 ("I knew that Lowell's experience of the world he came from, and himself as an actor in it [sic], was very different from my experience"); and finally to Derek Walcott in an interview with David Montenegro in 1987 ("I've always wondered about the sense of isolation of the American poets that is so acute in contemporary American poetry....How come there was such adulation and yet such isolation at the same time?") -- from "Petit to Langg: a History of Solipsism and Experience in Mainstream American Poetry Since the Rise of Creative Writing" by gigi

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626. **flora fair**

Re: Poetry Slams

Fri 29 Aug 2003

Although in my heart I agree with you, I know that I have to remain as objective as possible in my piece. I'm interested in why people find this the most accessible way to approach poetry. I think the MTV-ization of poetry is a bigger issue than the slams themselves, and I sometimes have to remind myself of

the difference between "spoken word" and "slam."
Anyway, the situation here is that there is a paltry
and underformed arts community, and I feel that the
slam and, by extension, spoken word, are the only ways
people here know poetry. I think that's akin to
knowing a great book by the movie that was made from
it. Additionally, since slams are competitive, the idea
of a community almost seems contradictory -- how can
competitors really begin to talk about poetry without
involving their egos?

Flora

--- "Anne E. Pluto" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> >Thank you both. I agree.
>
> Annie Pluto
>
> >thank you for saying this-- Poetry Slams are a
> gimmick, if you compare true
> >spoken word events like David Antin's talk pieces
> for example to the normal
> >Poetry Slam what you find is a set kind of rhyming,
> chant like verse that is
> >pretty much all the same. Also many of the Slam
> "poets" move very close to
> >rap music. Now having said this there is a long
> tradition (back to Homer) of
> >sung bardic poetics, but Slam "poetry" is not this.
> Also, and I think this
> >is important, much of slam poetry is stereotypical.
> I went to the Def
> >Poetry Jam last year in NY and after the first
> 'poet' my wife and I were
> >reciting the rhyme scheme to each other under our
> voices.
> >
> >the best commentary I can make is that the number
> one poetry book sold in
> >1856 was not Leaves of Grass and no one today
> remembers that poetry book--
> >and Poetry Slam will suffer the same fate
> >

> >RB
> >
> >> -----Original Message-----
> >> From: UB Poetics discussion group
> >> [mailto:██████████]On Behalf
> Of Grant Matthew Jenkins
> >> Sent: Friday, August 29, 2003 8:55 AM
> >> To: ██████████
> >> Subject: Poetry Slams
> >>
> >>
> >> I don't know if anyone else has said it yet, but
> I find most of
> >> the poetry at Slams or Spoken Word events to be
> boring and very
> >> conventional. It has such a strict aesthetic
> (rhyme, a rather
> >> stereotypical version of a black dialect,
> autobiographical
> >> content, boasting, etc) and does not really
> allow for much diversity.
> >>
> >> The other thing that bothers me is the
> competitive nature of the
> >> events. It sometimes reeks of a machismo that
> says winning (or
> >> sticking one's chest out the farthest) is more
> important than
> >> poetry. This reinforces an individualist
> ideology that runs
> >> counter to the kind of collaborative, communal
> poetics most of us
> >> on this list, if I may presume, are interested
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> >>
> >> My 2 cents,
> >>
> >> Grant
> >>
> >> G. Matthew Jenkins
> >> Director of the Writing Program
> >> Department of English

> >> University of Tulsa
> >> 600 S. College Ave
> >> Tulsa, OK 74104
> >> [REDACTED]
> >>
>
>
> --

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627. **flora fair**

Re: Poetry Slams

Fri 29 Aug 2003

Some qualifications:

> I sometimes have to remind myself of
> the difference between "spoken word" and "slam."
Because I think the act of seeing the words on the page, and facing the text without the benefit of cues from the reader or an entertaining floor show, can make a piece more challenging, or determine whether or not the piece stands on its own.

Additionally, since slams are competitive, the idea of a community almost seems contradictory -- how can competitors really begin to talk about poetry without involving their egos?

Yes, all of these discussions obviously involve ego, but the situation is heightened by that feeling of acceptance and winning. The "pep rally" aspect brings the communication of a competitor's work into the utterly public realm -- there is almost no intimacy involved. It is a theatrical experience. So, how do these actors, competing at this never-ending audition, truly sit down to discuss their craft without constantly considering those auditions?

Flora (again)

-- flora fair <[REDACTED]> wrote:

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> > Annie Pluto

> >

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> > >> [REDACTED]
> > >>
> >
> >
> > --
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>
>
> _____
> Do you Yahoo!?
> Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site
> design software
> <http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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628. **Alan Sondheim**

Of me and my love for me

Sat 30 Aug 2003

Of me and my love for me

Suddenly and momentarily I rise 2,970 points in my own estimation.

Google

Searched the web for "Alan Sondheim". Results 1 - 10 of about 8,820. Search took 0.28 seconds.

Alan Sondheim: Internet Philosophy and Psychology ...

...

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629. **JFK**

Notes to a Stranger. The Original Note

Sat 30 Aug 2003

Notes to a Stranger. The Original Note that was circulated. Please circulate and participate. Apologies if you have already received this.

I'm inviting you to take part in a performance poetry event of a different kind between the 7-14th September. All activities will be published on the website and possible future anthology. Your mission is to write a note to a stranger in the sleeve of one of your poetry books/CDs, or a poetry book written by someone else, and to leave the book/CD in a public place for a stranger to pick up. Your notes will be published in 'Notes to a Stranger' on the National Poetry Week website, as will one of the poems of your choice from the book. Pass this mission on to anyone who is adventurous enough to try it! Please register by completing the snippet below. After the event you can let me know if there were any changes. The press will be warned but the public won't!

Poet's mission file:::

I.....accept the NPW mission scheduled between the 7-14th September, 2003

Anticipated Time of book/CD departure :..

Anticipated Place of book/CD departure (place, city, state, Country):..

Name of book/CD:..

Author of Book:...

Year of publication:...

Publisher's details:...

Contents of note:...

Any comments about the mission:...

Best wishes

Jayne Fenton Keane

Director National Poetry Week

www.nationalpoetryweek.com

www.poetinresidence.com

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630. **August Highland**

opusloop #0153.....excerpt

Sat 30 Aug 2003

THE HYPER AGE

www.the-hyper-age.com

THE PAUL WHITNEY COLLECTION

opusloop #0153.....excerpt

testament madrid across usual prey hmmm___good___beach uttering single
fell hampshire dept___caressed certain kind literary reputation___efforts
clearly demonstrates environmental protection___either software good trained
whatever testament madrid across usual prey hmmm___criminal culture ag-
gressive local buy programs good years main question surplus___homes coun-
tries matter beach uttering single fell hampshire dept stern invest works wel-
fare far caressed certain kind literary reputation soundboards actually accepted
national voluntary national efforts clearly demonstrates environmental protec-
tion weed forcing sarah loud moans myself plan plausible either software good
trained whatever baggy anyone whom cross testament madrid across usual
prey hmmm___tongue catch thumb guys tables criminal culture aggressive lo-
cal buy programs self-exploded pure ecstasy magnificent guys good years main
question surplus___succession sometimes homes countries matter gear atlanta
expand radiating beach uttering single fell hampshire dept stern years main
question surplus___presented letters war-party most invest works welfare far
promptly caressed certain kind literary reputation soundboards stern children
drawstring jackets fail safety standards last actually accepted national volun-
tary national subordinate commands efforts clearly demonstrates environmen-
tal protection weed soundboards rushed sofa-bed flung fingers through forcing
sarah loud moans myself plan plausible Liang-huang Pao Repentance Shui Re-
pentance Hong Kong Bhikshuni either software good trained whatever baggy
anyone whom cross weed testament madrid across usual prey hmmm___imme-
diate dispatched direction watched world tongue catch thumb guys tables feel
soft mouth slide started criminal culture aggressive local buy programs self-

exploded pure ecstasy magnificent guys baggy anyone whom cross good___chest completely oh god trembles sprint succession sometimes second clitoris off sleep sarah homes countries matter gear atlanta expand radiating self-exploded pure ecstasy magnificent guys beach uttering single fell hampshire dept___chest completely oh god trembles sprint presented letters war-party most tom thumb invest works welfare far promptly gear atlanta expand radiating caressed certain kind literary reputation___dovecote chest north children drawstring jackets fail safety standards last meal ticket economic growth actually accepted national voluntary national subordinate commands promptly efforts clearly demonstrates environmental protection___republican single solvency inside rushed sofa-bed flung fingers through thracia forcing sarah loud moans myself plan plausible Liang-huang Pao Repentance Shui Repentance Hong Kong Bhikshuni subordinate commands either software good trained whatever___license revenue office barnes immediate dispatched direction watched world shut tongue catch thumb guys tables feel soft mouth slide started Liang-huang Pao Repentance Shui Repentance Hong Kong Bhikshuni criminal culture aggressive local buy programs___people eased trip difficulties chest completely oh god trembles sprint pleasant succession sometimes second clitoris off sleep sarah feel soft mouth slide started homes countries matter___open heavenly move closer walls gladly chest completely oh god trembles sprint dramatic turnaround foreign investment flow presented letters war-party most tom thumb second clitoris off sleep sarah invest works welfare far___steep retreating more dovecote chest north homes countries matter children drawstring jackets fail safety standards last meal ticket economic growth tom thumb actually accepted national voluntary national___pause former thrown heavily republican single solvency inside rasp rushed sofa-bed flung fingers through thracia meal ticket economic growth forcing sarah loud moans myself plan plausible___juices onto lips circling license revenue office barnes Battalion Field Artillery deploys SULTAN Range live immediate dispatched direction watched world shut thracia tongue catch thumb guys tables___close hesitation body flaming lips people eased trip difficulties primitive chest completely oh god trembles sprint pleasant shut succession sometimes___cultural linguistic backgrounds need open heavenly move closer walls gladly upkeep chest completely oh god trembles sprint dramatic turnaround foreign investment flow pleasant presented letters war-party most___period except theodore roosevelt gothic steep retreating more People always jumped high quality chase Internet years continuously stone cock gripping letting accountability pushing vouchers believe dovecote chest north homes countries matter dramatic turnaround foreign investment flow children drawstring jackets fail safety standards last___earth trailing fingertips lips once pause former thrown heavily school many stones heads bent enough nobody republican single solvency inside rasp homes countries matter rushed sofa-bed flung fingers through___trailers largest number smallest juices

onto lips circling perfect license revenue office barnes Battalion Field Artillery
deploys SULTAN Range live rasp immediate dispatched direction watched
world___white cane leaning kiss cheek press close hesitation body flaming lips
threaten people eased trip difficulties primitive Battalion Field Artillery deploys
SULTAN Range live chest completely oh god trembles sprint___cock hair im-
ages undeniable plagues cultural linguistic backgrounds need saliva open heav-
enly move closer walls gladly upkeep primitive chest completely oh god trem-
bles sprint___la-ne clouds swept huge dark form rose period except theodore
roosevelt gothic Chatelet footing house right interfere family concerns steep
retreating more People always jumped high quality chase Internet years contin-
uously stone cock gripping letting accountability pushing vouchers believe up-
keep dovecote chest north___sustained such intense level elected officials busi-
ness earth trailing fingertips lips once Investors doubts Janus evident Septem-
ber first month pause former thrown heavily school many stones heads bent
enough nobody People always jumped high quality chase Internet years contin-
uously stone cock gripping letting accountability pushing vouchers believe re-
publican single solvency inside___wide believe help trailers largest number
smallest sea juices onto lips circling perfect school many stones heads bent
enough nobody license revenue office barnes___i remove continue true white
cane leaning kiss cheek press smiles larry cried dazed wet hot skin close hesita-
tion body flaming lips threaten perfect people eased trip difficulties___i remove
continue true cock hair images undeniable plagues plain-featured youth school
Lucien treated small cultural linguistic backgrounds need saliva threaten open
heavenly move closer walls gladly___strategies help adrienne rolled moved la-
ne clouds swept huge dark form rose Composite Index yesterday fell fifth Price-
line com paced period except theodore roosevelt gothic Chatelet footing house
right interfere family concerns saliva steep retreating more___i'll graduating
soon whole spaniard sustained such intense level elected officials business
wave earth trailing fingertips lips once Investors doubts Janus evident Septem-
ber first month Chatelet footing house right interfere family concerns pause for-
mer thrown heavily___whole era presidency? pussy wide believe help meet
forecasts trailers largest number smallest sea Investors doubts Janus evident
September first month juices onto lips circling___found serious awkward sick
lightly tracing path i remove continue true paradise white cane leaning kiss
cheek press smiles larry cried dazed wet hot skin sea close hesitation body
flaming lips___broken slid body first i remove continue true Bank Ireland Plc
increased fourth rising euro cock hair images undeniable plagues plain-featured
youth school Lucien treated small smiles larry cried dazed wet hot skin cultural
linguistic backgrounds need ___note smith wesson agreed strategies help adri-
enne rolled moved ridicule la-ne clouds swept huge dark form rose Composite
Index yesterday fell fifth Priceline com paced plain-featured youth school Lu-
cien treated small period except theodore roosevelt gothic___opened eyes

always war men class i'll graduating soon whole spaniard pussy squeezed cock
sliding underpants sustained such intense level elected officials business wave
Composite Index yesterday fell

august highland

muse apprentice guild

--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

--"following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

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Version: 6.0.512 / Virus Database: 309 - Release Date: 8/19/2003

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631. **August Highland**

MULTI-SOURCE COMMUNICATION THROUGHPUT #0187

Sat 30 Aug 2003

COW Gallery

www.cowgallery.com

MULTI-SOURCE COMMUNICATION THROUGHPUT #0187

eggs, cheese, meat,

eggs, cheese, meat,

the Battle of Midway

the Battle of Midway

eggs, cheese, meat,

then he

then he

fired so rapidly

fired so rapidly

fired so rapidly

be good and pure. be good and pure.

then he

verily he

verily he

but this winter I

but this winter I

but this winter I
the way." the way." verily he

centre of them,
centre of them,
that he might help
that he might help
that he might help
wants to paint the
wants to paint the
centre of them,

would take him to
would take him to
Still joined, but
Still joined, but
Still joined, but
"and bid thee and
"and bid thee and
would take him to

Kommissar who had
Kommissar who had
Herrick's heart. She
Herrick's heart. She
Herrick's heart. She
kissing.... He was a
kissing.... He was a
Kommissar who had

physical size, and
physical size, and
of the Cliff Hotel-- of the Cliff Hotel-
- of the Cliff Hotel-- what the
what the
physical size, and

immediate future. immediate future.
voice. There
voice. There
voice. There
she had inherited.
she had inherited.
immediate future.
over his face. Frank

over his face. Frank
Stumblingly he made
Stumblingly he made
Stumblingly he made
hair. Every detail
hair. Every detail
over his face. Frank

with its sap Thou
with its sap Thou
which, by some
which, by some
which, by some
face; in that he
face; in that he
with its sap Thou

But that
But that

something impressive
something impressive
But that

ever,
ever,
and unstiffened my
and unstiffened my
and unstiffened my
they'll take
they'll take
ever,

did not reach
did not reach

august highland

muse apprentice guild
--"expanding the canon into the 21st century"
www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal
--"following in the footsteps of tradition"
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632. **Maria Damon**

Re: Poetry Slams

Sat 30 Aug 2003

dear po-friends: i'm puzzled by some of the conservatism i see in these anti-slam posts. while i agree that there has become a kind of cliched and/or commodified "slam" or "spoken word" style, who says the standard for the poetic experience has to be characterized by "intimacy" or "the act of seeing words on the page" with no cues from the performer? a lot of very interesting writers spent time in slam culture, including tracie morris, edwin torres, paul beatty, and others. sure there are mediocre slammers but aren't there mediocre artists in any genre? they play a part too --they contribute to the thickening of the discourse that creates a "scene." does anyone know an artist who does **not** have an ego, as if this were such a terrible thing (do you really think David Antin -- whom i adore --has less of an "ego" than, say, Edwin Torres or Ishle Park? get real!)? the criticism about competition is a canard: what about the competitions to get into MFA programs, to win those book competitions, to get grants, etc. the slam is a **mock** competition, designed to get the audience invested in the whole picture and not just their one friend who is reading in the line-up. it may be that the slam's time has come and gone. i myself don't go to slams any more, don't find them that interesting, for some of the reasons folks have cited (repetition, decibel level, ossification and commodification of a certain style of delivery, etc). but this stuff about poems "standing on their own," "intimacy," competition being a no-no, sitting down to "discuss [one's] craft" as if this were a requisite for being a "real poet" etc etc etc --this is, excuse me, a rehearsal of the cliches comprising the veriest lowest common denominator of privatistic bourgeois liberal humanism. i apologize for my crankiness --these first-posts-of-the-morning before my internal censor has woken up are often like this. but i see some of the old cliches about poetry creeping in to this slam discussion and they are, for me, red flags (yes i am a taurus, so there you have it). ok basta, over n out...md

At 8:25 PM -0700 8/29/03, flora fair wrote:

>Some qualifications:

>> I sometimes have to remind myself of

>> the difference between "spoken word" and "slam."

>Because I think the act of seeing the words on the

>page, and facing the text without the benefit of cues
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>> > >and Poetry Slam will suffer the same fate
>> > >
>> > >RB
>> > >
>> > >> -----Original Message-----
>> > >> From: UB Poetics discussion group

>> >>> [mailto:████████]On Behalf
>> > Of Grant Matthew Jenkins
>> >>> Sent: Friday, August 29, 2003 8:55 AM
>> >>> To: ██████████
>> >>> Subject: Poetry Slams
>> >>>
>> >>>
>> >>> I don't know if anyone else has said it yet,
>> but
>> > I find most of
>> >>> the poetry at Slams or Spoken Word events to
>> be
>> > boring and very
>> >>> conventional. It has such a strict aesthetic
>> > (rhyme, a rather
>> >>> stereotypical version of a black dialect,
>> > autobiographical
>> >>> content, boasting, etc) and does not really
>> > allow for much diversity.
>> >>>
>> >>> The other thing that bothers me is the
>> > competitive nature of the
>> >>> events. It sometimes reeks of a machismo that
>> > says winning (or
>> >>> sticking one's chest out the farthest) is more
>> > important than
>> >>> poetry. This reinforces an individualist
>> > ideology that runs
>> >>> counter to the kind of collaborative, communal
>> > poetics most of us
>> >>> on this list, if I may presume, are interested
>> > in.
>> >>>
>> >>> My 2 cents,
>> >>>
>> >>> Grant
>> >>>
>> >>> G. Matthew Jenkins
>> >>> Director of the Writing Program
>> >>> Department of English
>> >>> University of Tulsa
>> >>> 600 S. College Ave

```
>> > >> Tulsa, OK 74104
>> > >> 
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633. **flora fair**
Re: Poetry Slams
Sat 30 Aug 2003

Maria,
You and I have had this discussion before. It seems my posts make you angrier than anyone elses. Maybe it's b/c we are both Tauruses.
Of course, my experience of poetry is my own, but the "intimacy" and discussions you dismiss are the things that truly nourish me and inspire me to write in relation to other writers. What we're doing on this site is discussing craft, or politics, or whatever, but it does include poetry, and that's the whole reason I participate here. And your arguments and point of view are exactly the kinds of things I am interested in -- people are passionate about this subject. My article has to be fair, and if people think that it's somehow outdated or irrelevant for a poem to stand on it's own, then why? My point being,

if slam poetry doesn't need discussion, or intimacy or to stand on its own, then isn't it something different, something else? And Do you think it's better b/c of it? I get the feeling you think my opinion is an elitist thing, and maybe it is. I also qualified my ego comment to avoid anyone saying that all artists have ego, of course they do, I don't know if you could create without one. But I'm not sure, was what you said an argument against poetry as I traditionally spoke about it, or for slam poetry? Or both?

Also, why does it take competition to get the audience passionate and involved? I think this is a fundamental question that ties into the way we use media, and I want to explore this. And yes, there is mediocrity everywhere, but that was never my contention. I am trying to understand how the writing process differs, how the audience's relationship differs, and why so many people find it more compelling than other more traditional forms. Is the experience of reading a slam poet for a slam audience member the same, or does it require the performance? Some people have told me slam is a class issue, others say it's a generational thing. My point is, I don't want to argue, I just want to know.

Flora

--- Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> dear po-friends: i'm puzzled by some of the
> conservatism i see in
> these anti-slam posts. while i agree that there has
> become a kind of
> cliched and/or commodified "slam" or "spoken word"
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> the standard for the poetic experience has to be
> characterized by
> "intimacy" or "the act of seeing words on the page"
> with no cues from
> the performer? a lot of very interesting writers
> spent time in slam
> culture, including tracie morris, edwin torres, paul
> beatty, and

> others. sure there are mediocre slammers but aren't
> there mediocre
> artists in any genre? they play a part too --they
> contribute to the
> thickening of the discourse that creates a "scene."
> does anyone know
> an artist who does *not* have an ego, as if this
> were such a terrible
> thing (do you really think David Antin --whom i
> adore --has less of
> an "ego" than, say, Edwin Torres or Ishle Park? get
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> criticism about competition is a canard: what about
> the competitions
> to get into MFA programs, to win those book
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> grants, etc. the slam is a *mock* competition,
> designed to get the
> audience invested in the whole picture and not just
> their one friend
> who is reading in the line-up. it may be that the
> slam's time has
> come and gone. i myself don't go to slams any more,
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> that interesting, for some of the reasons folks have
> cited
> (repetition, decibel level, ossification and
> commodification of a
> certain style of delivery, etc). but this stuff
> about poems
> "standing on their own," "intimacy," competition
> being a no-no,
> sitting down to "discuss [one's] craft" as if this
> were a requisite
> for being a "real poet" etc etc etc --this is,
> excuse me, a rehearsal
> of the cliches comprising the veriest lowest common
> denominator of
> privatistic bourgeois liberal humanism. i apologize
> for my
> crankiness --these first-posts-of-the-morning before
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> censor has woken up are often like this. but i see
> some of the old
> cliches about poetry creeping in to this slam
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> are, for me, red flags (yes i am a taurus, so there
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> >> of a community almost seems contradictory -- how
> can
> >> competitors really begin to talk about poetry
> >> without
> >> involving their egos?
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> >Yes, all of these discussions obviously involve
> ego,
> >but the situation is heightened by that feeling of
> >acceptance and winning. The "pep rally" aspect
> brings
> >the communication of a competitor's work into the
> >utterly public realm -- there is almost no intimacy
> >involved. It is a theatrical experience. So, how do
> >these actors, competing at this never-ending
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> >constantly considering those auditions?
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> >> Although in my heart I agree with you, I know
> that I
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> piece.
> >> I'm interested in why people find this the most
> >> accessible way to approach poetry. I think the
> >> MTV-ization of poetry is a bigger issue than the
> >> slams
> >> themselves, and I sometimes have to remind
> myself of
> >> the difference between "spoken word" and "slam."
> >> Anyway, the situation here is that there is a
> paltry
> >> and underformed arts community, and I feel that
> the
> >> slam and, by extension, spoken word, are the
> only
> >> ways
> >> people here know poetry. I think that's akin to
> >> knowing a great book by the movie that was made
> from
> >> it. Additionally, since slams are competitive,
> the
> >> idea
> >> of a community almost seems contradictory -- how
> can
> > > competitors really begin to talk about poetry
> >> without
> >> involving their egos?
> >>
> >> Flora
> >>
> >> --- "Anne E. Pluto" <[REDACTED]>
> wrote:
> >> > >Thank you both. I agree.
> >> >
> >> > Annie Pluto
> >> >
> >> > >thank you for saying this-- Poetry Slams are
> a

> > > gimmick, if you compare true
> > > >spoken word events like David Antin's talk
> pieces
> > > for example to the normal
> > > >Poetry Slam what you find is a set kind of
> > rhyming,
> > > chant like verse that is
> > > >pretty much all the same. Also many of the
> Slam
> > > "poets" move very close to
> > > >rap music. Now having said this there is a
> long
> > > tradition (back to Homer) of
> > > >sung bardic poetics, but Slam "poetry" is
> not
> > > this.
> > > > Also, and I think this
> > > >is important, much of slam poetry is
> > stereotypical.
> > > I went to the Def
> > > >Poetry Jam last year in NY and after the
> first
> > > 'poet' my wife and I were
> > > >reciting the rhyme scheme to each other under
> our
> > > voices.
> > > >
> > > >the best commentary I can make is that the
> number
> > > one poetry book sold in
> > > >1856 was not Leaves of Grass and no one today
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> > > >and Poetry Slam will suffer the same fate
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634. **flora fair**

Re: Poetry Slams

Sat 30 Aug 2003

*What we're doing on this
site is discussing craft, or politics, or whatever,
but it does include poetry, and that's the whole
reason I participate here.*

oops! *listserv*

just woke up ...

Flora

and there my go my posts for the day ...

--- flora fair <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Maria,

> You and I have had this discussion before. It seems
> my
> posts make you angrier than anyone else's. Maybe it's
> b/c we are both Tauruses.
> Of course, my experience of poetry is my own, but
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> "intimacy" and discussions you dismiss are the
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> qualified my ego comment to avoid anyone saying that
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635. **Philip Metres**
article on watten's bad history
Sat 30 Aug 2003

On the subject of Watten, an article I wrote about Bad History, for your interest:

<http://www.iath.virginia.edu/pmc/current.issue/13.3metres.html>

Phil Metres

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636. **Catherine Daly**
Re: Poetry Slams
Sat 30 Aug 2003

my horoscope this a.m. said to make art happen

one of my reading series is supposed to give writers who teach a place to read with their (adult, generally) students outside of a slam or open mike night, i.e., the much ballyhooed noncompetitive environment; this series replaces a poetry open mike which devolved into jumping around on study tables shouting when the mc went off his medication about the time the war in Afghanistan started

Much white Southern California performance poetry is stand up comedy or sentimentalized domestic neosurrealism. (Kenneth Koch was last year's amusing fad.) This is working class poetry (white performance poetry), and poetry written by teenagers. Slam-poetry-in-decline derides poetry different from the mean as elitist. The few (McDaniel, Alexie, no one here has heard of Morris) became "superstars" who cannot be criticized a long time ago. Fewer and fewer "superstars" emerge -- emerging means leaving the circle (the best of our local white performance poets don't want to "emerge", they tell me)

The page doesn't have to be addressed, obviously -- things like different dictions and tones, ways that spoken grammar differs from written -- I find it disturbing that sound effects are being blanded out of the poems. Like entertainment, there has been a continual ratcheting down of quality -- at an OC slam a few months ago, my disappointed white performance poet teammates said, after I read, "holy s___, why did you read your real work?" Part of the reason, aside from the fact that some of my poems are meant to be read aloud or heard, to be in the mouth or ear, is that Dana Gioia (considered locally to be a poetry "superstar" & referred to as "Chairman Gioia") reads (Weldon Kees') fiction at slams.

Be well,
Catherine Daly



637. **Kazim Ali**
Re: Poetry Slams

Sat 30 Aug 2003

also, both "spoken word" traditions and "slams"
predate their American incarnations: the oral ecstatic
tradition certainly didn't start with the Arab and
Urdu poets, but that's the milieu I know best:

my favorite is when two talented poets get into into a
(mock) feud and start reciting couplets back and forth
to each other--magical.

i saw this one reading at the DIA center where Alice
Notley was reading (I think from "Disobedience") and I
was thinking of a poetry slam:

the definitions became less useful I guess the more
you think about them.

well that's a quick thought or two,

blessings to all the workers of the world!
solidarity with all workers' and peoples' movements!
let all the systems of alienation and exploitation be
swept away in a field of flowers and friendship!
celebrate labor day by closing your bank account and
cashing in all your stocks!
u.s. out of the phillipines!
u.s. out of iraq!
um um um um power to the people!

"let the war be won
let love be at the end"

Kazim

--- Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> dear po-friends: i'm puzzled by some of the
> conservatism i see in
> these anti-slam posts. while i agree that there has
> become a kind of
> cliched and/or commodified "slam" or "spoken word"
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> the standard for the poetic experience has to be

> characterized by
> "intimacy" or "the act of seeing words on the page"
> with no cues from

=====

=====

WAR IS OVER

(if you want it)

(e-mail [REDACTED])

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638. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: Poetry Slams

Sat 30 Aug 2003

{ my favorite is when two talented poets get into into a { (mock) feud and
start reciting couplets back and forth { to each other--magical.

Maybe not couplets exactly, but something like this, Kazim?

=====

Poets Hitchhiking on the Highway

Of course I tried to tell him

but he cranked his head

without an excuse.

I told him the sky chases

the sun

And he smiled and said:

'What's the use,'

I was feeling like a demon

again

So I said: 'But the ocean chases

the fish.'

This time he laughed

and said: 'Suppose the

strawberry were

pushed into a mountain.'

After that I knew the

war was on--
So we fought:
He said: 'The apple-cart like a
broomstick-angel
snaps & splinters
old dutch shoes.'
I said: 'Lightning will strike the old oak
and free the fumes!'
He said: 'Mad street with no name.'
I said: 'Bald killer! Bald killer! Bald killer!'
He said, getting real mad,
'Firestoves! Gas! Couch!'
I said, only smiling,
'I know God would turn back his head
if I sat quietly and thought.'
We ended by melting away,
hating the air!

--Gregory Corso

fr. *The Happy Birthday of Death*
[New York: New Directions, 1960]

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>

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639. **David Chiro**

Re: Poetry Slams

Sat 30 Aug 2003

Actually going to slams reminds me often that it is not a "new" form, but a very old one--back to poetry competitions with huge audiences in Ireland or say in ancient Rome. (And how would you like to compete with Caligula--!--) I am sure one could cite a great many examples going back a great deal of time from all over the world, in various modes. Part of why people like being in slams, from my experience, is that you get instant recognition--or rejection! But you are for sure "making the scene". You are being heard--and seen! The slam scenes I have known reminded me also of the music scene--cliques, stars, wannabes, hangers on. Going to a lot of poeeryr scenes and shows is much the same, just keyed at a different volume. The roles of written words and spoken,

or slammed, words--are different, hence the variations in the vocalisation, the crowd atmosphere. In a poetry reading, the winner, so to speak, is already determined--it is the poet who will read for the evening. In the other, part of the thrill is simply to see who will win, to be a part of the process that will lead to a person who will in turn become a person who may "read for an evening"--Since the area of poetry that interests me are visual and sound poetries, "Poetry of the Intersign" in the words of Phildelpho Menezes--these of course alter the presentation in terms of visual notations, as well as written ones--it opens up the ways of hearing and seeing poetry in all its forms and presentations--One may dispense of words entirely--or mix them in--as visual signs, cues, notations--or as emphatic insertions of meanings within a sonic range--or a visual array-- I find Maria Damon's comments a bit bizarre--after all, if people are interested in forming a group of fellow writers to discuss their craft-- this occurs in any area of writing I know of. Often the "Language Poets" referred to themselves as not a movement, but a community of writers. "Intimacy"--is being shared in the group responses, not just as something isolated on the page. As for a "poem standing on its own"--at some level that is what poems are in the process of trying to achieve. After all, the winner at a slam and her or his poem, stand alone--above the others-- The poet giving the reading stands alone-- I think that Stalin and Company, especially with the Third Party Writer's Congress, would have welcomed Maria Damon's lines: (re intimacy, discussion of craft, a poem standing on its own):

"This is, excuse me, a rehearsal of cliches comprising the veriest lowest common denominator of privatistic liberal humanism."

I wonder if Caligula would not also agree!

The example of Mail Art offers a much different way of presenting and sharing art/poetic works, outside the capitalist exchange networks, choices of winners, privileging of one sort of art/poetry over another, one community of writers being "more right/write" than others--

I was wondering--if a poem is not supposed to stand on its own--where then does it stand? And who decides for it where it will stand-- If there is no discussion among writers re their craft--where do the poems come from? An Act of God as the insurance people say--or an Edict from the State--or being voted into office?

Or--found--found poetry--

It is the culminating weekend of the 100th Anniversary of Harley Davidson here in Milwaukee. There have been biker poetry readings, biker movies, biker books, tens of thousands of Harleys riding about--Harley art shows, Harley souvenirs, the rich and varied sounds of Harleys and their riders--

One could say overall a performance scene mixing the public, the private and the corporate--

Labor Day! a happy and safe one to all--

david baptiste

*From: flora fair <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Poetry Slams
Date: Sat, 30 Aug 2003 07:33:39 -0700*

Maria,

You and I have had this discussion before. It seems my posts make you angrier than anyone else's. Maybe it's b/c we are both Tauruses.

Of course, my experience of poetry is my own, but the "intimacy" and discussions you dismiss are the things that truly nourish me and inspire me to write in relation to other writers. What we're doing on this site is discussing craft, or politics, or whatever, but it does include poetry, and that's the whole reason I participate here. And your arguments and point of view are exactly the kinds of things I am interested in -- people are passionate about this subject. My article has to be fair, and if people think that it's somehow outdated or irrelevant for a poem to stand on its own, then why? My point being, if slam poetry doesn't need discussion, or intimacy or to stand on its own, then isn't it something different, something else? And do you think it's better b/c of it? I get the feeling you think my opinion is an elitist thing, and maybe it is. I also qualified my ego comment to avoid anyone saying that all artists have ego, of course they do, I don't know if you could create without one. But I'm not sure, was what you said an argument against poetry as I traditionally spoke about it, or for slam poetry? Or both?

Also, why does it take competition to get the audience passionate and involved? I think this is a fundamental question that ties into the way we use media, and I want to explore this. And yes, there is mediocrity everywhere, but that was never my contention. I am trying to understand how the writing process differs, how the audience's relationship differs, and why so many people find it more compelling than other more traditional forms. Is the experience of reading a slam

poet for a slam audience member the same, or does it require the performance? Some people have told me slam is a class issue, others say it's a generational thing. My point is, I don't want to argue, I just want to know.

Flora

*--- Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:
dear po-friends: i'm puzzled by some of the conservatism i see in these anti-slam posts. while i agree that there has become a kind of cliched and/or commodified "slam" or "spoken word" style, who says the standard for the poetic experience has to be characterized by "intimacy" or "the act of seeing words on the page" with no cues from the performer? a lot of very interesting writers spent time in slam culture, including tracie morris, edwin torres, paul beatty, and others. sure there are mediocre slammers but aren't there mediocre artists in any genre? they play a part too --they contribute to the thickening of the discourse that creates a "scene." does anyone know an artist who does *not* have an ego, as if this were such a terrible thing (do you really think David Antin --whom i adore --has less of an "ego" than, say, Edwin Torres or Ishle Park? get real!)? the criticism about competition is a canard: what about the competitions to get into MFA programs, to win those book competitions, to get grants, etc. the slam is a *mock* competition, designed to get the audience invested in the whole picture and not just their one friend who is reading in the line-up. it may be that the slam's time has come and gone. i myself don't go to slams any more, don't find them that interesting, for some of the reasons folks have*

cited
(repetition, decibel level, ossification and
commodification of a
certain style of delivery, etc). but this stuff
about poems
"standing on their own," "intimacy," competition
being a no-no,
sitting down to "discuss [one's] craft" as if this
were a requisite
for being a "real poet" etc etc etc --this is,
excuse me, a rehearsal
of the cliches comprising the veriest lowest common
denominator of
privatistic bourgeois liberal humanism. i apologize
for my
crankiness --these first-posts-of-the-morning before
my internal
censor has woken up are often like this. but i see
some of the old
cliches about poetry creeping in to this slam
discussion and they
are, for me, red flags (yes i am a taurus, so there
you have it). ok
basta, over n out...md

At 8:25 PM -0700 8/29/03, flora fair wrote:

Some qualifications:

I sometimes have to remind myself of
the difference between "spoken word" and "slam."
Because I think the act of seeing the words on the
page, and facing the text without the benefit of
cues
from the reader or an entraining floor show, can
make
a piece more challenging, or determine whether or
not
the piece stands on its own.

Additionally, since slams are competitive, the
idea
of a community almost seems contradictory -- how
can
competitors really begin to talk about poetry
without
involving their egos?

Yes, all of these discussions obviously involve
ego,

but the situation is heightened by that feeling of acceptance and winning. The "pep rally" aspect brings the communication of a competitor's work into the utterly public realm -- there is almost no intimacy involved. It is a theatrical experience. So, how do these actors, competing at this never-ending audition, truly sit down to discuss their craft without constantly considering those auditions?

Flora (again)

-- flora fair <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Although in my heart I agree with you, I know that I

have to remain as objective as possible in my piece.

I'm interested in why people find this the most accessible way to approach poetry. I think the MTV-ization of poetry is a bigger issue than the slams

themselves, and I sometimes have to remind myself of

the difference between "spoken word" and "slam."

Anyway, the situation here is that there is a paltry

and underformed arts community, and I feel that the

slam and, by extension, spoken word, are the only

ways

people here know poetry. I think that's akin to knowing a great book by the movie that was made from

it. Additionally, since slams are competitive, the

idea

of a community almost seems contradictory -- how can

> competitors really begin to talk about poetry without involving their egos?

Flora

--- "Anne E. Pluto" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> >Thank you both. I agree.

>
> Annie Pluto
>
> >thank you for saying this-- Poetry Slams are
a
> gimmick, if you compare true
> >spoken word events like David Antin's talk
pieces
> for example to the normal
> >Poetry Slam what you find is a set kind of
rhyming,
> chant like verse that is
> >pretty much all the same. Also many of the
Slam
> "poets" move very close to
> >rap music. Now having said this there is a
long
> > tradition (back to Homer) of
> > >sung bardic poetics, but Slam "poetry" is
not
> this.
> > Also, and I think this
> > >is important, much of slam poetry is
stereotypical.
> I went to the Def
> >Poetry Jam last year in NY and after the
first
> 'poet' my wife and I were
> >reciting the rhyme scheme to each other under
our
> voices.
> >
> >the best commentary I can make is that the
number
> one poetry book sold in
> >1856 was not Leaves of Grass and no one today
> remembers that poetry book--
> >and Poetry Slam will suffer the same fate
> >
> >RB
> >
> >> -----Original Message-----
> >> From: UB Poetics discussion group
> >> [mailto:██████████]On
Behalf
> Of Grant Matthew Jenkins
> >> Sent: Friday, August 29, 2003 8:55 AM
> >> To: ██████████

> >> *Subject: Poetry Slams*
> >>
> >>
> >> *I don't know if anyone else has said it*
yet,
but
> *I find most of*
> >> *the poetry at Slams or Spoken Word events*
to
be
> *boring and very*
> >> *conventional. It has such a strict*
aesthetic
> *(rhyme, a rather*
> >> *stereotypical version of a black dialect,*
> *autobiographical*
> >> *content, boasting, etc) and does not*
really

=== *message truncated* ==>

Do you Yahoo!?
Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software
<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

MSN 8: Get 6
months for \$9.95/month. <http://join.msn.com/?pageBpt/dialup>

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640. **Del Ray Cross** **SHAMPOO 18**

Sat 30 Aug 2003

Hello Lovely Yous,

It's time to hop in the shower with the ugliest, sherbetiest issue of SHAMPOO ever. Number 18 is sudsed up and ready for your use at:

www.ShampooPoetry.com

Once you're dizzy with green, you'll find sooperdelicious poetry by Patrick Whitgrove, Derek White, Matthew Wascovich, Steve Timm, Christina Strong, Marcel Stein, Larry Sawyer, Michael Ruby, John Rubio, Roger Pao, Ronald Palmer, Gina Myers, Thurston Moore, Corey Mesler, James Meetze, rob mclennan, Andrew Lundwall, Dana Teen Lomax, Anvil Legal, Pete Leed, Sueyeun Juliette Lee, Scott Keeney, Crag Hill, Jonathan Hayes, Bob Harrison, Alex Gildzen, Andrew French, Katina Douveas, Jennifer Dannenberg, R.M. Cunningham, Michael

County, Clayton A. Couch, Rob Cook, Todd Colby, C.L. Bledsoe, Barbara Blatner, Carl Annarummo, and Kristin Abraham; plus soopergroovy ShampooArt by Catherine Daly.

Put a little love on your hairs,

Del Ray Cross, Editor

SHAMPOO

clean hair / good poetry

www.ShampooPoetry.com

(if you'd rather not get these little updates, just let me know)

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641. **Alan Sondheim**

Virus Strings to Send to Rumania

Sat 30 Aug 2003

Virus Strings to Send to Rumania

<[REDACTED]>: host ns.gov.ru[194.226.80.77] said: 555 sorry, your envelope recipient is in my badrcptto list (#5.7.1) (in reply to RCPT TO command)

Diagnostic-Code: X-Postfix; host ns.gov.ru[194.226.80.77] said: 555 sorry, your envelope recipient is in my badrcptto list (#5.7.1) (in reply to RCPT TO command)

Date: Sat, 30 Aug 2003 16:24:13 -0400 (EDT)

From: Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: HELO

This program must be run under Win32 UPX0 UPX1 UPX2 1.08 UPX! QSVW
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[8;+ 7haN.N s3A<-t <Ar'<`v kNAI S;!v\$p r>4] b.*? Fd{g L+,0i 1z;s 8&,<[loxQ
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[REDACTED] RIVMSG #& :!@. s;^X #bxVN 4|tnF Zj%t ss: ^ \WY52Y V60| dos stop
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5E5K5Q5W5]5c5i5o5u5{ (HELO -0 MAIL FROM: <[REDACTED]> RCPT TO QUIT

From soft"([REDACTED] 15=ToFS U+ t /Catch immedi7ly !&MIME-Version+1.0
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ADVAPI32.dll wininet.dll WSOCK32.dll LoadLibraryA GetProcAddress ExitPro-
cess RegCloseKey InternetGetConnectedState send

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642. **Maria Damon**

Re: Poetry Slams

Sat 30 Aug 2003

i agree w/ much of what you say in what i've deleted. i'm responding to the be-
low.

...

*I find Maria Damon's comments a bit bizarre--after all, if people are
interested in forming a group of fellow writers to discuss their craft--
this occurs in any area of writing I know of.*

*Often the "Language Poets" referred to themselves as not a movement,
but a community of writers.*

my issue wasn't with community or discussion but with what i felt what a
fetishizing of the notion of "craft." slams are community formations for sure,
and slam culture is often very community-based.

*"Intimacy"--is being shared in the group responses, not just as something
isolated on the page.*

my point exactly. there is intimacy in the performer's breath, body language,
voice timbre etc. not just in the private reading experience.

*As for a "poem standing on its own"--at some level that is what poems are in
the process of trying to achieve.*

not necessarily. poems have contexts. slam poems especially. in my reading the
implication was that if a poem doesn't "stand on its own" on a white page, it's
not a poem. that's what i was taking issue with.

xo, md

--

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643. **Tenney Nathanson**

POG COLLECTIVE reading: Saturday evening, September 6, downtown at MOCA

Sat 30 Aug 2003

POG

presents

Members of the POG Collective

Saturday, September 6, 7pm

MOCA

(Museum of Contemporary Art)

191 E. Toole Ave. (NW corner of Toole 6th Ave, downtown)

space provided by MOCA LIT

Admission: \$5; Students \$3

*

Charles Alexander

Jefferson Carter

Millie Chapin

Melanie Cooley

Jeremy Frey

Maggie Golston

Elizabeth Landry

Mia McDonald

Tenney Nathanson

Wendy Roberts

Matt Rotando

Jason Zuzga

POG events are sponsored in part by grants from the Tucson/Pima Arts Council, the Arizona Commission on the Arts, and the National Endowment for the Arts. POG also benefits from the continuing support of The University of Arizona Poetry Center, the Arizona Quarterly, Chax Press, and The University of Arizona Department of English.

We also thank the following 2003-2004 POG donors: Sponsor Michael Gessner. Continuing thanks to 2002-2003 donors: Patrons Roberta Howard, Tenney Nathanson, Liisa Phillips, Austin Publicover, and Frances Sjoberg; Sponsors Barbara Allen, Chax Press, Alison Deming, The Jim Click Automotive Team, Elizabeth Landry, Stefanie Marlis, Stuart and Nancy Mellan, Sheila Murphy Associates, and Tim Peterson.

for further information contact

POG: [REDACTED]; mailto:[REDACTED]; www.gopog.org

*

Charles Alexander directs Chax Press. Current poems appear in *Can We Have Our Ball Back?*, *Fracture*, and *6ix*, and forthcoming in *QSQ* and *Antennae*. Books include *Hopeful Buildings* and *Arc of Light / Dark Matter*, with two books forthcoming: *Certain Slants* (Junction Press) and *Near or Random Acts* (Singing Horse Press). For online work by Charles and online material about him see <http://www.canwehaveourballback.com/azindex.htm> <http://collection.nlc-bnc.ca/100/201/300/alterran/2001/v1-4-Apr/alex.htm> <http://collection.nlc-bnc.ca/100/201/300/alterran/2001/v1-4-Apr/alex2.htm> <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/alexander/aviary.html> <http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/lcaarc.htm> <http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/lca1.txt> <http://www.studiocleo.com/cauldron/volume3/contents/index.html> <http://www.jacketmagazine.com/04/chaxmurphy.html> <http://tech1.dccs.upenn.edu/xconnect/v5/i1/g/alexandermurphy.html> http://www.scc.rutgers.edu/however/v1_6_2001/current/new-writing/murphy-alexander.html

Jefferson Carter is currently Writing Department Chair at Pima College, Downtown Campus, where he's taught developmental writing and poetry since 1978. "*Homemade Arrows*," his latest chapbook, is available from Red Felt Publishing. Two recent poems will appear in the fall and spring issues of *Salt River Review*.

Millie Chapin is an exhibiting artist, having shown her work in galleries and museums in the US as well as abroad. She has published a book of her paintings, prints, and poetry, *Reverberations: Mothers and Daughters*. She has been a nationally known art therapist, practicing, teaching, writing & presenting for the past 3 decades. She is a new Tucsonian. For more on Millie's work see www.lachmanchapin.com

Melanie Cooley has taught writing for the University of Michigan, where she received her MFA, and for *Smarthinking.com*, where she wrote both the student and teacher editions of the poetry writer's guide. She has received the Arizona Commission on the Arts Creative Writing Fellowship and a Colby Fellowship; she has also been a finalist for both Poetry Magazine's Ruth Lily Award and the University of Michigan's Excellence in Teaching Award. Her poems have appeared in various journals, including *Spinning Jenny* and *Persona*.

Jeremy Frey just began MFA Poetry studies on fellowship at the U of A where he also teaches composition. Two recent poems will be featured in the "new poets" section in an anthology of *"Sacred Bearings: a Journal of Violence, Poetry*

& Survival" this fall. From Virginia's Shenandoah Valley, and there a founding member of the Burnt Possum Poets, he looks forward to involvement in POG and the Sonoran Desert. For work online see www.pandorapressus.com/dsm/summer02/freyje.htm

Maggie Golston owns and runs BIBLIO, an independent bookstore located at 222 E. Congress St. downtown in the Arts District. Her work has appeared in Spork and Ploughshares.

Elizabeth Landry "is currently wasting her life at a crummy 9-5, while dreaming of being a housewife with a generous allowance." Her work has been published in antennae, the POG 2 Anthology, and Can We Have Our Ball Back? For work online see <http://www.canwehaveourballback.com/azlandry.htm>

Mia McDonald is finishing her undergraduate work in creative writing and linguistics at the University of Arizona. She is a long time employee of the Poetry Center, and a winner of the Frederica Hearst Poetry Contest three years in a row. She hopes to open a bookstore someday so that she can urge beautiful books into the hands of those who need them.

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). Sections from his recently completed book-length poem Home on the Range have appeared in Antennae, Kenning, the POG TWO anthology, Jacket, can we have our ball back?, and the L.A. Review. For work online see

<http://jacketmagazine.com/22/nath-home.html>

<http://canwehaveourballback.com/aznathanson.htm>

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/rift/rift05/nath0501.html>

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/rift/rift03/nath0301.html>

Wendy Miller Roberts attends the University of Arizona where she studies modern and contemporary writings in the Master's program in Literature. Her poems have appeared in Weber Studies.

Matt Rotando received his MFA from Brooklyn College in 1999. He is currently in the PhD in English Literature program at the University of Arizona. For online work see <http://canwehaveourballback.com/azrotando.htm>

Jason Zuzga is a second year M.F.A. poetry student at the U of A. His work has appeared in FENCE, jubilat, spork, and elsewhere. He was a 2001-2002 Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, MA. For work online see <http://www.canwehaveourballback.com/azzuzga.htm>

mailto: [REDACTED]

mailto: [REDACTED]

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

POG:
mailto: [REDACTED]
http://www.gopog.org

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644. **Kazim Ali**

Re: laureateship & the american poetry of privatism

Sat 30 Aug 2003

"laureates" though exist to support the state. a laureate could exist to promote free expression, the actualization of the self, etc etc but "laureates" have usually existed in order to promote Empire--best example Virgil.

I personally find Louise Gluck dark, apocalyptic, gothic, and not a little bit scary: like the suburban housewife from hell. with anorexia. Not Helen but Oenone.

So I'm down with that Gluck noise.

hallenge as a

> cultural force? We

> Americans understand only Niceness, something

> that'll go down the throat

> like yoghurt.

>

> The nearest a poet recently came to being a part

> of our national public

> discourse, it was Baraka, I'd guess, with the NJ

> Laureateship and "Somebody

> Blew Up America." It was a story of poetry in

> contest.

>

> The US laureateship doesn't seem to be about

> getting poetry to enter public

> discourse. If it did, would it not *not* shrink

> from controversy, but

> instead rise to make it? Or at least rise to join

> it? Isn't poetry at its

> best when it joins with the controversies of the

> polis to resolve, bless,

> twist, or sway our hearts and minds in those areas

> where we feel the most
> is at stake?

=====

=====

WAR IS OVER

(if you want it)

(e-mail XXXXXXXXXX)

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! SiteBuilder - Free, easy-to-use web site design software

<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>

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645. **Alan Sondheim**

an antique mode

Sun 31 Aug 2003

viruses infiltrate my brain

the turmoil comes and goes the brain continues its withdrawal from the world
its fear and broken circuits, these obdurate particles, these chemical grains
come to infiltrate my existence, i will become thing, no longer speak, every
night await death, every night another life is born to look around, brain and
memory gone -:the great-wind cometh and i do not hear it, the great-sound
cometh and i do not see it, i can touch you lord, i can touch you lord, everything
is free in the world, in truth and not in false demand, they are speaking through
me, inside my skull, the particles clear of phages, dna-rna on the move :i have
two viruses and therefore one of them is eating my brain and i don't expect to
have a go of it as a result, how could it, at night i can hear the gnawing, so far
the hearing hasn't gone, what they call the aural canal, two out of three and al-
ready my chances of senility have increased, all the herpes a to z not to mention
colds flus and other illness, none of the auto-immune but my brain is shrinking,
latest and most up-to-date :percy bysshe percy bysshe:percy bysshe percy
bysshe and mary mary mary

mary, i have two viruses and therefore one of them is eating my brain and i
don't expect to have a go of it as a result, how could it, at night i can hear the
gnawing, so far the hearing hasn't gone, what they call the aural canal, two out
of three and already my chances of senility have increased, all the herpes a to z
not to mention colds flus and other things, none of the auto-immune but my
brain is shrinking, the latest, the most up-to-date, the turmoil comes and goes

the brain continues its withdrawal from the world its fear and broken circuits,
these obdurate particles, these chemical grains come to infiltrate my existence,
i will become the thing, no longer speak, every night awaiting death, every
night another life is born to look around, brain and memory gone, this is god's
truth and percy's troth

queen's-writ
contracts and consternations

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646. **dcmb**

Re: Poetry Slams

Sun 31 Aug 2003

Catherine--my local bookstore jumped the gun on me znd already published its
Fall program. The first sates they have for us are Jan 23 or Jan 30, I
regret this slip up. Will either of those Friday eves workfor you? Best
wishes, David B.

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

From: Catherine Daly <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Friday, August 29, 2003 10:55 AM

Subject: Re: Poetry Slams

*I've been following this discussion -- as I did the one I only dimly
remember a while ago -- with renewed interest, as each American metro
area has a different slam / performance poetry. Here in Los Angeles, of
course, the racial division is obvious, and as the person who started
this thread backchanneled to me, African American performance poetry,
post-punk / diy performance poetry / art / music, and plain ol'
performance poetry, while they overlap, and probably most in slams, are
divisions everywhere, and she is locating some of this in the griot
tradition, which attribution and distinction, I might add, has been a
VERY DIVISIVE AND POLITICAL ISSUE here in LA.*

*I'm testing out what I know are prejudices of mine about LA local poetry
/ performance poetry because 1) this is hotly under debate now on our
own lists, 2) it really is, in my opinion, save for the Watts Writers
Workshop students of students, one of the worst places to hear a poetry
reading of any stripe.*

*White performance poetry in LA is not the vibrant multicultural slam and
performance scenes which are not white, or those which are really visual
art or music. The community is knee-jerk anti-intellectual, more than a
little bubba political, and insular.*

Local performance poets without college degrees rarely or belatedly pursue them, and performance poets without graduate degrees rarely pursue them. Constant performance is avocation or hobby, and it is common to participate in four to as many as sixteen open mike nights (at 3 hours per) a month. Most performance poets take private classes (generally actors here take loads of private classes, so, etc.) from other local performance poets in which exercises are assigned, and these produce the work memorized and performed (you can trace the exercises through the open mike nights).

A large quantity of money is spent on self publication and on private workshops (for example, about the same amount of money as tuition at the local public colleges), and those who are not self-publishing or taking workshops from certain local performance poets are not particularly welcome. Almost all of the venues are alcohol free (most participants are twelve stepping. Many poems are related to "drunkalogs"), but these venues include

- 1) almost every Barnes & Noble, Borders, Bookstar, etc. in the major metro area,*
- 2) almost every cute coffee shop,*
- 3) many museums / cultural institutes,*
- 4) the branch libraries.*

Most venues which do not have an open mike featuring this group of white poets do not allow poetry readings of any kind because they do not want an open mike featuring this group of poets. These poets do not attend readings of poets outside the circle.

So, perhaps I'm wrong, this is a vibrant community doing vital work and I'm a space alien?

*Be well,
Catherine Daly*



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647. **August Highland**
FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
Sun 31 Aug 2003

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF THE
MUSE APPRENTICE GUILD
GOES PUBLIC
AUGUST 31/SEPTEMBER 01!!!

THE MUSE APPRENTICE GUILD:

- 'ANSWERING THE QUESTION "DOES POETRY MATTER?"
- CHANGING THE MAP OF THE WORLD OF LITERATURE
- EXPANDING THE CANON INTO THE 21ST CENTURY'

WWW.MUSE-APPRENTICE-GUILD.COM

august highland

muse apprentice guild

-- "expanding the canon into the 21st century"

www.muse-apprentice-guild.com

culture animal

-- "following in the footsteps of tradition"

www.cultureanimal.com

Outgoing mail is certified Virus Free.

Checked by AVG anti-virus system (<http://www.grisoft.com>).

Version: 6.0.512 / Virus Database: 309 - Release Date: 8/19/2003

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648. **Jukka-Pekka Kervinen**

xStream #13 online

Sun 31 Aug 2003

xStream -- Issue #13

xStream Issue #13 is online:

1. Regular: Works from 7 poets

(Raymond Farr, Andrew French, Thomas Fink, L.B. Sedlacek, Michael Ruby, Rochelle Hope Mehr, John Byrum)

2. Autoissue: Computer-generated poems from Issue #13 texts, whole autoissue is generated in "real-time", new issue in every refresh.

Submissions are welcome, please send to

██████.

Sincerely,

Jukka-Pekka Kervinen

Editor

xStream

WWW: <http://xstream.xpressed.org>

email: ██████

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649. **Alan Sondheim**

death i cant escape thee

Sun 31 Aug 2003

death i cant escape thee
death thou art behind me
death i cant escape thee
death thou are behind me

death thou dost confound me
death i can't escape thee
death thou dost confound me
death i can't escape thee

death i die in sleep of thee
death thou dost confound me
death i die in sleep of thee
death thou dost confound me

death thou art upon me
death i die in sleep of thee
death thou art upon me
death i die in sleep of thee

death i can't escape thee
death thou art upon me
death i can't escape thee
death thou art upon me

"i can't escape death. it is always there. it troubles my dreams. i find myself dying. i find myself decaying. my body is my loss. i feel it slip away. i am confounded. there is nothing i can do."

"little simple romantic poem:

"Country Fire"

"the firebells bray at night;
"the countryside grows chokedly in flame;
"we attempt to flee the holocaust,
"are turned back, from the crossroads, in pain.

"in our dry light and open rafters
"we find reflected only traces
"of our being; aghast, we stare upon ourselves
"in contemplation of our hollow faces.

"from every eave, from every black, charred beam,
"from all burnt corners, all seared broken boards
"that stare exposed, no longer name a room,
"we read our parts, of chattels, not of lords."

"Cain

"Did you know what would be there, among your rotten hills?
"The vileness that destiny has pressed upon you?
"In filth and vengeance, see the crowd that mills,
"The cross upon his brow, the rain of glows!
"His eyes transfixed by spears, he staggers home;
"His claws are torn in blood, and still they come!
"His cracking body, broken teeth with foam,
"Proclaim the bawdy nights, the flow of rum.

"Wenches screaming in a thousand poses,
"Gambling wildly, in all sorts of ruses,
"Returning home to take the ready doses,
"To ease his steady pain and salve his bruises:

"Found bottle on the table, candle in the parlor;
"Knife on the bench and glass in the cupboard;
"Danced in circles with a thousand harlots,
"Feeling tense and turning, burning in the discord!

"His mother good as dead, his father gone,
"His brother in his bed in his dark room--
"He pushed aside the curtains with a groan,
"And in his wild frenzy caught his doom!

"And ours. For who can tell--that mark that lay upon him
"Might yet be our god. And now you know the rest--
"His body smashed, His heart, His eyes gouged out,
"He lies upon the Crossroads, Cain's bequest."

650. **flora fair**
Re: Poetry Slams
Sun 31 Aug 2003

Just to clarify for all-

By "intimacy", I did not mean the intimacy of reading alone, but the intimacy of the audience's relationship to the readers at slams. And it's more of a question on my part. If the competition is more about the performance and instant rejection or acceptance, does the actual work itself (the content, message) get lost in the "show"? Is the ultimate goal of a slam to communicate or to win? And should poetry communicate something at all times -- be it a feeling, an idea, etc? And is the poem itself the thing, or is it the performance?

As for "stand alone", I meant, can it still touch the reader or be compelling without being performed? Or, if it were just read, not performed, would it still carry an effect? I've always thought that it should. And my question was then, does slam poetry do this, or does it exist best in the context of the performance?

I hope this clears up any issues of print elitism.

Flora

--- Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> i agree w/ much of what you say in what i've

> deleted. i'm responding

> to the below.

>

> >...

> > I find Maria Damon's comments a bit

> bizarre--after all, if people are

> >interested in forming a group of fellow writers to

> discuss their craft--

> >this occurs in any area of writing I know of.

> > Often the "Language Poets" referred to

> themselves as not a movement,

> >but a community of writers.

>

> my issue wasn't with community or discussion but
> with what i felt
> what a fetishizing of the notion of "craft." slams
> are community
> formations for sure, and slam culture is often very
> community-based.
>
> >
> >"Intimacy"--is being shared in the group responses,
> not just as something
> >isolated on the page.
>
> my point exactly. there is intimacy in the
> performer's breath, body
> language, voice timbre etc. not just in the private
> reading
> experience.
>
> >As for a "poem standing on its own"--at some level
> that is what poems are in
> >the process of trying to achieve.
>
>
> not necessarily. poems have contexts. slam poems
> especially. in my
> reading the implication was that if a poem doesn't
> "stand on its own"
> on a white page, it's not a poem. that's what i was
> taking issue with.
>
> xo, md
>
> --

Do you Yahoo!?

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651. **Maria Damon**

Re: Poetry Slams

Sun 31 Aug 2003

At 7:55 AM -0700 8/31/03, flora fair wrote:

>Just to clarify for all-

>By "intimacy", I did not mean the intimacy of reading
>alone, but the intimacy of the audience's relationship
>to the readers at slams. And it's more of a question
>on my part. If the competition is more about the
>performance and instant rejection or acceptance, does
>the actual work itself (the content, message) get lost
>in the "show"? Is the ultimate goal of a slam to
>communicate or to win?

i think it's to communicate, but not necessarily the "content" or message. a lot of things are being communicated. the winning stuff is just a gimmick and everyone knows it. it's not the main point.

| *And should poetry communicate something at all times -- be it a feeling, an idea, etc?*

well, whether it should or not, i'd suggest that it does. but the poet is not necessarily in control of what is communicated.

| *And is the poem itself the thing, or is it the performance?*

here is where i find it hard to separate. the poem **is** the performance, in that instance. that's why i actually often prefer the terms "poetic activity" or "poetic event" to "poem," as the latter tends to be (mis)understood as disembodied words on the page that are then epiphenomenally "brought to life" in a secondary event by a performer. in the case of the slam, the performance **is** the poem, whether or not the poem also has another life on a page.

| *As for "stand alone", I meant, can it still touch the reader or be compelling without being performed?*

perhaps, different readers in different ways. but it is a different poem.

| *Or, if it were just read, not performed, would it still carry an effect?*

maybe but it'd be a different effect.

| *I've always thought that it should.*

| *And my question was then, does slam poetry do this, or does it exist best in the context of the performance?*

some slam poetry exists only in the moment, some has another life on a page. different poets, poems and hearers/readers will have different experiences of these. it is hard to generalize about "slam poetry"

I hope this clears up any issues of print elitism.

Flora

*--- Maria Damon <[REDACTED]> wrote:
i agree w/ much of what you say in what i've
deleted. i'm responding
to the below.*

>...

*> I find Maria Damon's comments a bit
bizarre--after all, if people are
>interested in forming a group of fellow writers to
disuss their craft--
>this occurs in any area of writing I know of.
> Often the "Language Poets" referred to
themselves as not a movement,
>but a community of writers.*

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what a fetishizing of the notion of "craft." slams
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>isolated on the page.*

*my point exactly. there is intimacy in the
performer's breath, body
language, voice timbre etc. not just in the private
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experience.*

*>As for a "poem standing on its own"--at some level
that is what poems are in
>the process of trying to achieve.*

not necessarily. poems have contexts. slam poems

*especially. in my
reading the implication was that if a poem doesn't
"stand on its own"
on a white page, it's not a poem. that's what i was
taking issue with.*

xo, md

--

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<http://sitebuilder.yahoo.com>*

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652. **Maria Damon**

Re: title haunt

Sun 31 Aug 2003

aw miekal, modesty doesn't suit you. it's probably just lovely. how much are they asking.

At 11:16 AM -0700 8/31/03, mIEKAL aND wrote:

>I havent seen a copy of this in years. This is my first chapbook
>issued as a special issue of the WISCONSIN REVIEW. Strong Iowa
>Writer's Workshop influence in juxtaposition to everything Ive
>published since. Frightening. Everyone has to start somewhere.
>
>
>The Steady Hiker Reverie. Drawings By Debra Rozelle.
>by And, Miekal.
>
>about this copy seller information
>
>condition:
>Book: Fine
>
>Edition: 1st edition
>Publisher: Wisconsin Review, Oshkosh, WI
>Date Published: 1978
>Description: Fine in wraps.
>Special Attributes: first edition
>

><http://www.ALIBRIS.COM/search/detail.cfm?chunk=25&mtype=&qauth=miekal%20and&S=R&bid=8102820257&pqtynew=&page=1&matches=4&qsort=r>

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653. **Jeff Chester**

Thank you!

Sun 31 Aug 2003

This is a multipart message in MIME format

charset="iso-8859-1"

See the attached file for details

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654. **Ron**

Chicago Review question

Sun 31 Aug 2003

Can somebody give me the details of when The Chicago Review did its special issue on the Objectivists -- I think it was in the early 1980s. I need the year & season, also vol. number etc.

B/C please

Thanks,

Ron Silliman

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655. **mIEKAL aND**

title haunt

Sun 31 Aug 2003

I havent seen a copy of this in years. This is my first chapbook issued as a special issue of the WISCONSIN REVIEW. Strong Iowa Writer's Workshop influence in juxtaposition to everything Ive published since. Frightening. Everyone has to start somewhere.

The Steady Hiker Reverie. Drawings By Debra Rozelle.
by And, Miekal.

about this copy seller information

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Edition: 1st edition

Publisher: Wisconsin Review, Oshkosh, WI

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[chunk=25&mtype=&qauth=miekal%20and&S=R&bid=8102820257&pqtynew
=&page=1&matches=4&qsort=r=](http://www.ALIBRIS.COM/search/detail.cfm?chunk=25&mtype=&qauth=miekal%20and&S=R&bid=8102820257&pqtynew=&page=1&matches=4&qsort=r=)

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656. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: title haunt

Sun 31 Aug 2003

a deal at \$11.95, been out of print for more than 20 years...

On Sunday, August 31, 2003, at 09:26 AM, Maria Damon wrote:

aw miekal, modesty doesn't suit you. it's probably just lovely. how much are they asking.

At 11:16 AM -0700 8/31/03, mIEKAL aND wrote:

I havent seen a copy of this in years. This is my first chapbook issued as a special issue of the WISCONSIN REVIEW. Strong Iowa Writer's Workshop influence in juxtaposition to everything Ive published since. Frightening. Everyone has to start somewhere.

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[chunk=25&mtype=&qauth=miekal%20and&S=R&bid=8102820257&pqtyn](http://www.ALIBRIS.COM/search/detail.cfm?chunk=25&mtype=&qauth=miekal%20and&S=R&bid=8102820257&pqtyn)

ew=&page=1&matches=4&qsort=r

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657. **dbuuck**
WTO Actions?

Sun 31 Aug 2003

Anyone out there going to Cancun for the WTO meetings?
b/c pls.
thanks
David Buuck

mail2web - Check your email from the web at
<http://mail2web.com/> .

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658. **dbuuck**
Announcing *Crop*, by Yedda Morrison

Sun 31 Aug 2003

Crop
Yedda Morrison
Kelsey St. Press, 2003
Poems, 88 pages, \$11
ISBN: 0-932716-65-2

www.kelseyst.com
www.spdbooks.org

"From insecticide to plastic heels, no one has explored the disturbing intimacies between persons and things that arise in a system of exploited labor with as much insight as Yedda Morrison. Addressed to a world in which everything is brutally functionalized, her poetry unflinchingly confronts the violence behind the production of the sweet. One of the most original and aesthetically powerful books I have read in years." -Sianne Ngai

"In the future, historians will look back and wonder why the year 2003 marked a paradigm shift for poetry. Dozens of concurrent events aided this shift, but Yedda Morrison's first book CROP showed us how poetry can be made interchangeable with activism." -Kevin Killian

"Yedda Morrison's CROP spans ideologically charged sites - the factory, the agricultural field - seeking to make heard the 101% social constructedness of all that "on-site" work through a relentless engagement with the gendered

discursive suturing that supports it. From the actual valleys of Northern California to Installation Body-Machine Art, Morrison's writing is an overtly staged poetry; topicality is given the tight squeeze in order to counter a full re-absorption into "proper" field designations - journalism, art criticism, programmatic politics, etc. These poems don't just twizzle their "localities" - they converge on them to move them." -Rodrigo Toscano

mail2web - Check your email from the web at
<http://mail2web.com/> .

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659. **nuyopoman**

Slam

Sun 31 Aug 2003

Always a treat to read Slamattacks on the Poetics!

Slam continues as the most vibrant grassroots poetry movement in US. I enjoy the balance of private Gluck as Laureate, reminding us that the Dickinson model is still appropriate -- while Russell Simmons' Def Poetry Jam on Broadway prepares to set sail for a tour of Europe this fall, spereading the Gospel according to Hiphop, Slam, and PerfPo. Sandwiched in the middle: Dana Gioia at the NEA.

Slam, like Tchaikovsky, is a great way to introduce an art -- Ornette plays few lullabyes for your infants. Note that one can say Slam w/o a name, because you do not go to a Slam to see a poet, generally, but to participate in an event. An intimate poetry reading in 2003, well, most ears so clogged with rhetoric and commercialspeak that they cannot hear, are bored. How do we enlarge that audience. A Slam, with its attendant mock-hype and hilarious pep rally for poetry, hecklingappropriate scene, is a good starting point to demystify poetry....

Slam is great for high schools and colleges, a forum for getting arts funding like athletics -- Slam! The (Mock) Olympics of Poetry!

Death of Walter Ong this week saddens. Those who would speak of the longlasting works of Walt Whitman should check out the griots (jeliya) of West Africa, whose 800 year old (authorless) "poems" still are central to West African culture...

And indeed, to hear the African American, Asian, Latino cultures represented at a slam does bring eyebrow arch to many a "straight" reading...

I think of Def Jam cast poets Beau Sia & Lemon (who blew off the roof w/ his recitation of "Shine," a classic of African American oral poetry) & Maya del

Valle and Stacey Ann Chin, as using rhyme not in/as scheme but as one tool of hip-hop inflection.

Bob Holman

Bowery Poetry Club

308 Bowery NY NY 10012

 www.bowerypoetry.com

Professor of Writing, Columbia University

www.bobholman.com

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660. **subrosa**

Seattle SUBTEXT Readings Continue

Sun 31 Aug 2003

Subtext continues its monthly series of experimental writing with readings by David Perry and C. E. Putnam at the Richard Hugo House on Wednesday, September 3, 2003. Donations for admission will be taken at the door on the evening of the performance. The reading starts at 7:30pm.

David Perry lives in Brooklyn, New York, and works as a freelance editor, multimedia producer, landscaper, occasional adjunct English professor (most recently at St. John's University) and writer. He is the author of two books, *Range Finder* (Adventures in Poetry, 2001) and *Knowledge Follows*. Recent poetry is forthcoming or has appeared in *Baffling Combustions*, *DC Poetry Anthology 2003* (<http://www.dcpoetry.com/anth2003.htm>), *The Poker*, *The Baffler*, and *Monkey Puzzle*. He also has work in the Subtext poetry archive at: <http://www.speakeasy.org/subtext/poetry/davidperry/>.

C.E. Putnam was born in Seattle Washington and has lived in three world capitals (London, Washington DC, and Bangkok). He maintains P.I.S.O.R. (The Putnam Institute for Space Opera Research) & operates *FiftyCentsOffPress*. *Monkey Puzzle*, *Bird Dog*, *Pom2*, *Ixnay*, *6ix*, *Pavement Saw*, *Tin Fish*, *Skanky Possum* and <http://canwehaveourballback.com/6putnam.htm> contain some of his writings. He currently lives in Seattle and is a co-curator of the Subtext Reading Series.

The future Subtext 2003 schedule is:

Oct 1 â€” Jacqueline Waters (Brooklyn, NY) and Donna Stonecipher

Nov 5 â€” Philip Jenks (Portland, OR) and Doug Nufer

Dec 3 â€” Laynie Browne (Oakland, CA) and Robert Mitterthal

For info on these & other Subtext events, see our website:

<http://www.speakeasy.org/subtext>.

661. **Haas Bianchi**

Re: Slam

Sun 31 Aug 2003

calling slam a "grassroots poetry movement" is like calling Fox "fair and balanced" Slam is commercial, very commercial and it is more akin to performance art than to Poetry. Sure Def Poetry Jam is going to Europe he has a ton of money from all the other "art" he does and can finance it. And then there is the gospel according to hip hop that has been co-opted by Mr Mathers, Sean John and company...

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

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

Sent: Sunday, August 31, 2003 3:48 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Slam

Always a treat to read Slamattacks on the Poetics!

Slam continues as the most vibrant grassroots poetry movement in US. I enjoy the balance of private Gluck as Laureate, reminding us that the Dickinson model is still appropriate -- while Russell Simmons' Def Poetry Jam on Broadway prepares to set sail for a tour of Europe this fall, spreading the Gospel according to Hip-hop, Slam, and PerfPo. Sandwiched in the middle: Dana Gioia at the NEA.

Slam, like Tchaikovsky, is a great way to introduce an art -- Ornette plays few lullabies for your infants. Note that one can say Slam w/o a name, because you do not go to a Slam to see a poet, generally, but to participate in an event. An intimate poetry reading in 2003, well, most ears so clogged with rhetoric and commercialspeak that they cannot hear, are bored. How do we enlarge that audience. A Slam, with its attendant mock-hype and hilarious pep rally for poetry, heckling appropriate scene, is a good starting point to demystify poetry....

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whose 800 year old (authorless) "poems" still are central to West African
culture...*

*And indeed, to hear the African American, Asian, Latino cultures
represented
at a slam does bring eyebrow arch to many a "straight" reading...*

*I think of Def Jam cast poets Beau Sia & Lemon (who blew off the
roof w/ his
recitation of "Shine," a classic of African American oral poetry)
& Maya del
Valle and Stacey Ann Chin, as using rhyme not in/as scheme but as
one tool of
hiphop inflection.*

*Bob Holman
Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery NY NY 10012
██████████ www.bowerypoetry.com
Professor of Writing, Columbia University
www.bobholman.com*

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662. **Kazim Ali**

Re: Slam

Sun 31 Aug 2003

--- ██████████ wrote:

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- >
- > Slam continues as the most vibrant grassroots poetry
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- >
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>
>
> Bob Holman
> Bowery Poetry Club
> 308 Bowery NY NY 10012
> [REDACTED] <A
> HREF="www.bowerypoetry.com">www.bowerypoetry.com
> Professor of Writing, Columbia University
> www.bobholman.com

=====
=====

WAR IS OVER

(if you want it)

(e-mail [REDACTED])

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663. **Alan Sondheim**

How Obsession Makes Everything All Right

Sun 31 Aug 2003

How Obsession Makes Everything All Right

"This is a paper copy."sire imagine flying without radar into heavy get
the i"This is a paper copy."a of what kyb!npho o kheap o : d "This is a
paper copy."adt!me longer speak, every night await "This is a paper
copy."ath, every night another life is born to become the thing, no longer
speak, every night awaiting "This is a paper copy."ath, every night
"This is a paper copy."ath i cant escape thee
"This is a paper copy."ath thou art behind me
"This is a paper copy."ath i cant escape thee
"This is a paper copy."ath thou are behind me
"This is a paper copy."ath thou dost confound me
"This is a paper copy."ath i can't escape thee
"This is a paper copy."ath thou dost confound me
"This is a paper copy."ath i can't escape thee

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"This is a paper copy."ath thou art upon me
"This is a paper copy."ath i can't escape thee
"This is a paper copy."ath thou art upon me
"i can't escape "This is a paper copy."ath. it is always there. it
troubles my dreams. i find "His mother good as "This is a paper copy."ad,
his father gone,

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